The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Euripides.

VOL. XX.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JULY 26. 1869. [NO. 37

The Examiner

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY BY

WALTER C. GRANT,

AT HIS OFFICE, HILLSBOROUGH STREET, NEAR KING'S SQUARE.

TERMS.

Fifteen Shillings, per annum, half in advance.

We have appointed the following Gentlemen to Act as Agents for the "Examiner," viz:—

William Rearisto, Esq., Owen O'Neill, Esq.,	Summerside,
Mr Joseph Sharpe	Linkletter Road,
Richard Reid, Esq.,	Alberton,
Mr. William Callaghan,	Miminegash,
" Lawrence Hogan,	Hope River,
Nicholas Conroy, Esq.,	Tignish,
Mr. John Doyle,	Skinner's Pond,
Joseph Arsenault, Esq.,	Egmont Bay,
Mr J. H FitzGerald,	Wellington,
Onesime Gaudet, Esq.,	Miscouche,
Mr John Breen,	Princetown,
Thomas Laughlin, Esq.,	Lot 16,
Mr. Bennett McLellan,	Indian River,
M McKinnon, sen., Esq.,	Lot 14,
Michael Kilbride, Esq.,	Lot 11,
Mr. Peter Hughes,	South West,
" Patrick McLellan,	West Point,
" Thomas O'Connor,	Campbellton, Lot 4,
" John Kelly,	Crapaud,
Hon A A. McDonald, Mr Geo A. Hughes,	Georgetown,
Mr George Forbes,	Vernon R'r Bridge,
John McDougall, Esq.,	Orwell,
Mr. John French,	Sturgeon,
James O'Brien,	Montague,
Wm. P. Lewis,	Cardigan Bridge,
Mr. Donald McDonald,	Little Pond, Lot 56,
" Peter Sinnott,	Morell,
Dr McIntyre,	Souris,
Hon F Kelly,	Port Augustus,
Captain John McIntyre,	Fairfield,
Patrick Griffin, Esq.,	St. Andrew's,
Mr. Ronald MacDonald, (Garahella.)	Pisquid,
Anthony McCormack, Esq., Mr. Simon Bulger,	St Peter's Bay,
Joseph McAulay, Esq.,	Black Bush,
John Stewart, junr., Esq.	Red Point, Lot 46
Dugald McDougall, Esq.,	Dundas,
Lawrence Peters, Esq.,	Rollo Bay,
Mr. Angus McDonald,	Goose River,
J C. Underhay, Esq.,	Bay Fortune

ALMANAC FOR JULY. 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 1st day. 8h. 34m., Evening N E.
New Moon, 9th day, 9h. 25m., morn., S E.
First Quarter, 16th day, 2h 35m morn., N W.
Full Moon, 23d day, 9h. 42m. morn., N. W.
Last Quarter, 31st day, 0h. 54m. even., W

D M	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	Moon rises	High Water	days Long
		h m	h m	m s	h m	h m	h m
1	Thur	4 18.7	49	3 31	morn	4 15	15 31
2	Frid	19	49	3 42	0 7	4 40	30
3	Sat	20	49	3 54	0 32	5 41	29
4	Sun	4 21.7	48	4 4	1 0	6 30	15 28
5	Mon	21	48	4 15	1 30	7 24	27
6	Tues	21	48	4 25	2 9	8 20	27
7	Wed	22	48	4 35	2 45	9 13	26
8	Thur	2	48	4 45	3 34	10 6	25
9	Frid	24	47	4 56	sets	10 59	24
10	Sat	24	47	5 3	8 43	11 49	23
11	Sun	25	46	5 11	9 27	morn	15 21
12	Mon	26	46	5 19	10 4	0 37	20
13	Tues	27	45	5 26	10 38	1 28	17
14	Wed	28	44	5 33	11 7	2 18	16
15	Thur	29	44	5 39	11 28	3 6	15
16	Frid	30	43	5 45	morn	4 57	13
17	Sat	31	42	5 50	0 9	5 53	11
18	Sun	32	41	5 55	0 42	6 53	15 9
19	Mon	33	40	5 59	1 18	7 56	7
20	Tues	34	39	6 3	2 0	8 56	5
21	Wed	35	38	6 6	2 50	9 57	3
22	Thur	36	37	6 9	3 38	10 54	2
23	Frid	37	36	6 10	rises	11 42	14 59
24	Sat	38	35	6 12	8 20	27	57
25	Sun	39	34	6 13	8 53	seven	14 55
26	Mon	40	33	6 13	9 20	0 49	53
27	Tues	41	32	6 12	9 47	1 29	51
28	Wed	42	31	6 11	10 8	2 8	14 49
29	Thur	44	29	6 10	10 35	2 46	46
30	Frid	45	28	6 8	11 0	3 25	43
31	Sat	46	27	6 5	11 30	4 6	41

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,
DUNN'S BLOCK,
QUEEN STREET,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.
June 28, 1868.

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office:--Great George Street,
Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866. tf

B. WILSON HIGGS
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, ... P. E Island.
May 27, 1867. 1y

A. McNEILL,
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
May 31, 1869. tf

BELL'S
TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT
QUEEN STREET
Charlottetown - - - P. E. Island.
THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning thanks for the patronage with which he has been favored during the past year, and would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he is still prepared to attend to all orders in his line of business with punctuality.
CUTTING
Parties desirous of having Garments or Patterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.
JOHN BELL.
January 8, 1869.

MR. W. H. POPE
Begs to inform the Public that he has resumed
THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW.
Office—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 8, 1869.—1m

PAPER HANGINGS
4500 PIECES ENGLISH ROOM and HALL PAPER, in great variety.
For Sale Cheap
G. & S. DAVIES,
April 26, 1869. London House.

To the Travelling Public,
THE SUBSCRIBERS would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened out, in this city a
FIRST CLASS HOTEL,
to which they have given the name of the
UNION HOUSE,
This Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated on the corner of
Queen and King Streets, Ch'town, P. E. I.
(The stand is well known as having been in the occupation of Mr. J. G. Eckstadt.)
It is the intention of the Proprietors of the UNION HOUSE to furnish First Class accomodation to travellers, and do all in their power to render a stay in Charlottetown pleasant and agreeable.
A First Class Ice Cream and Oyster Saloon, and a Barber Shop, are kept in connection with the House.
The Union House is pleasantly situated near wharves, and steamboat landings, and will be found convenient for travellers in all respects.
All matters pertaining to the wants and convenience of Guests will be promptly attended to by the Proprietors.
O'NEILL BROTHERS.
Ch'town, Sept 28 1868. tf

PIPES! PIPES!! PIPES!!!
MEERCHAUM.
WARRANTED the Genuine ARTICLE, at the
UNION HOUSE.
Tobacco! Tobacco! Tobacco!
THE RALE TWIST at the
UNION HOUSE.
Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!
OF the FINEST FLAVOUR, at the
UNION HOUSE.
A Large Stock of the above Articles have been imported by the Subscribers, and will be sold, Wholesale or Retail, in bond or duty paid, at a small advance on cost,
O'NEILL BROTHERS.
Union House, Queen Street, May 17, 1869 6w
N. B.—Our Pipes are of the Best Quality; our Tobacco cannot be surpassed in this Market; our Cigars are second to none. Call one, call all, but don't all call together.
O'NEILL BROS.

A. HERMANS,
Bell-Hanger, Gun and Tin-Smith,
Dorchester Street,
(Next to Reading Room Building.)
BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand
A neat Assortment of
TINWARE, KITCHEN UTENSILS, &c., &c., &c.
ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.
Having lately made large purchases in the Cheapest Markets, intended for House Builders, such as
Gas Fitting, Water Closets,
Bell Fittings, &c., &c.,
I am prepared to SELL THEM at RATES AS LOW AS CAN BE HAD IN THE CITY, and will fit them up in a good workmanlike style.
To a generous public, I would say, that all orders in THIS BRANCH OF MY BUSINESS will be attended to with Despatch.
A Lot of First Class WATER COOLERS on hand.
SAYERS' CRYSTAL BLUE,
Sold Cheaper than ever.
July 12, 1869

9,000.
NINE THOUSAND
ROOM PAPER!
ROOM PAPER.
JUST RECEIVED at HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE, QUEEN STREET—
Nine Thousand Rolls ROOM PAPER from 3d per Roll, upwards.
H. A. HARVIE.
May 24, 1869.

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER,
Water Street, opposite the Telegraph Office
FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.
300 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.
Ch'town, P. E. I. August 3, 1868 1y

H. HASZARD,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
N. B—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.
April 26, 1869.

RUBEN TUPLIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUCTIONEER,
AND GENERAL AGENT.
Margate, - - - P. E. Island.
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brenan, Charlottetown.
R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22 1869. 6m

R. A. FELLOWES
VETERINARIAN.
Attends professionally to accidents, and the Diseases incidental to
Horses, Horned Cattle, Sheep, Dogs,
and all domestic animals.
Rochford Square, Ch'town, May 10, 1869. 1al pat 3m

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPNY OF LONDON!
Established 1803.
HEAD OFFICES:
1 Old Broad Street, and 16 Pall Mall, London.
SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, - - - - £1,965,000.
$105,000 Deposited at OTTAWA for the protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.
PAID UP CAPITAL, - - - - - - - $400,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - - - - $250 682 28
TOTAL ASSETTS, - - - - - - - $650,682.28

Ætna Life Insurance Company of Hartford Conn.
Established 1829.
Accumulated Assetts, 1st May, 1869, over, - - - - $12 000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities, - - - - - - $3,000 000
Deposited at Ottawa, - - - - - - - $100,000
Policies strictly non forfeiting. All Profits annually divided among the assured. The combined lines of these leading Offices offer undoubted security, and every facility for effecting Insurance on every Description of Property.
For further information apply to
FENTON T. NEWBERY,
General Insurance Agent.
(Office Water Street, next to Telegraph Office.)
Charlottetown, 7th June, 1869.

HALIFAX, HALIFAX.
THE SUBSCRIBERS have in Stock a LARGE ASSORTMENT of Choice
Virginia Tobacco,
comprising various Brands and Qualities, viz:—
NATION'S PRIDE, 6's,
BRIGHT POCKET PIECES,
ARGOSY BARS,
GOLD BAR,
JUNE APPLE,
ROYAL TWIST,
PINE APPLE, 4's,
TEMPTATION ROLL,
SILVER CAKE,
PEACOCK, 1 lb, ½ lb,
MAY APPLE, OLIVE,
ADMIRATION TWIST,
NAVY, 1 lb ½ lb ¼ lb, 8's & 12's
&c., &c., &c.,
all of which will be SOLD LOW in Bond or Duty Paid.
—ALSO—
30 000 Havana Cigars,
from $30 to $100 per M.,
among which are
Cutanas, Partagas, Tigres, Star & Rosarito Brands.
100,000 German Cigars
of all Grades and Prices.
All orders will receive prompt attention.
COLFORD BROTHERS,
78 Granville Street.
April 19, 1869.

JUST RECEIVED,
AND FOR SALE
Cheap for Cash,
HEARTZ & SON
HAVE JUST RECEIVED per Steamer from Britain, a LARGE ASSORTMENT of
Dry Goods, &c, &c.
And a further supply expected in a few days by midsummer vessels.
The above Goods, along with stock on hand, the subscribers offer to their customers
VERY LOW,
as they wish to make quick sales of the same, to prepare room for FALL importations.
Intending purchasers will please call and examine for themselves.
HEARTZ & SON
August 3 1868.

J & T. McAVITY,
Importers and Manufacturers
HARDWARE,
No 9. Water Street. St. John. N. B.
HAVE always in Stock a large assortment of
SHIP-BUILDERS'
HARDWARE,
viz:—Composition Butt Bolts, 7 to 15 inc Composition and Iron Clinch Rings, Brass Hinges of all descriptions, Brass Harps, Hooks, Locks, Knobs, Brass and Galvanized Wire for Skylights, Skylight Hinges, Thompson's and American Augers, Deck Plugs, Sheet Lead, Scuppers, Water Closets, Lead Figurs, Staples' Patent Planking Screws, Cramp Screws,
PATENT ROLLER BUSHES,
Side Lights, Deck Lights, etc., etc.
RUDDER BRACES cast with despatch.
MILL SUPPLIES, viz:
Butcher's Mill Saw Files, Tallow Cups, Oil Cups, Steam Whistles, Guage Cocks, Water Guages, Water Guage Glasses, Steam Guages, Globe Valves, Check Valves, Steam Stop Cocks, Nuts and Washers, Copper Belt Rivets, Stock and Dies, Iron Pipe & Fittings.
PLUMBER'S GOODS, viz:
Composition Bib Cocks, Stop Cocks, Basin Cocks, Basin Plugs, Water Closets, Ship's Water Closet Mountings, Ale Pumps, Cistern and Force Pumps, Ingot and Strip Tin, Iron and Composition Gas Pipe, Lead Pipe, etc.
Mechanics' Tools in great variety, consisting of Ward and Paynes Edge Tools, Spear and Jackson's Saws, Mathieson's Planes, Broad's & Spiller's Tools, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. Cut Nails and Spikes, Horse Nails, Sheet Zinc, Sheet Lead, White Lead, Oil, Putty, Glass, Blasting Powder, Iron Wire, Strip and Ingot Tin, Rivets, Stone Bolts, Shovels, Irish Spades, &c.
April 19, 1869. 3m

EDWARD RYDER,
PLAINER, GLAZIER
AND
PAPER-HANGER.
Dorchester Street a few doors South of "PAVILION HOTEL."
N. B—All orders in the above line will receive prompt attention.
Ch'town, May 31. 1869.

MAKE YOUR OWN YEAST
CHOICE NEW HOPS for family use, in QUARTER, HALF and POUND PAPERS. For Sale by
W. R. WATSON.
City Drug Store, Victoria Building, Ch'town September 18, 1868.

PAPER COLLAR FACTORY.
ST. JOHN, New Brunswick,
THE PAPER COLLAR FACTORY having recently been purchased by the Subscribers, is in a position with additional machinery and fixtures, to SUPPLY THE TRADE with a class of
COLLAR
which for EXCELLENCE OF MATERIAL, SUPERIORITY OF FIT and CHEAPNESS, defy competition by American Manufacturers.
The "EUREKA," round corners is now the favorite style and in great demand wherever introduced. It is deservedly esteemed by all who wear it.
WHOLESALE ORDERS sent to the Factory, St. John, N. B., will meet with prompt attention.
E. WILLIS & CO.,
June 21, 1869. Proprietors

TO THE TRADE.
JUST RECEIVED, ONE CASE CUTLERY containing—
100 Dozen Pocket KNIVES (assorted)
3 do RAZORS,
3 do SHEARS,
10 M NEEDLES,
Will be sold extremely low in lots to suit purchasers.
N. RANKIN.
June 18 1869. Auctioneers' Row

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.
30 DOZEN HAY RAKES,
10 Dozen Scythes SNEATHS,
15 do Hay FORKS,
10 Boxes Scythes STONES,
Ex Alhambra from Boston.
N RANKIN.
June 18, 1869. Auctioneers' Row

Canada Flour.
JUST received, ex Steamer Merrit, from Montreal—
400 bbls choice Canada Flour.
50 do White Cornmeal.
J. & T. MORRIS
May 24, 1869

FOR SALE OR TO LET.
THAT pleasantly situated DWELLING HOUSE and PREMISES, the property of the Subscriber, on the Princetown Road opposite St. Dunstan's College, and not more that one-and-a half mile from Charlottetown The purchaser or Tenant can have from Twelve to Seventy Acres of Land, as may be agreed on. The House is suitable for a respectable family, and immediate possession can be given. Apply to
JOHN MORRIS.
Ch'town, June 25, 1869. 6in

Royalty Lot for Sale!
THE following valuable LOTS, situate on the Union and Royalty Roads, near Wright's Bridge, are offered for sale, viz:—
Nos 356 357, 358 381 382 387, 388, 422, 423, 424 425, 432 433, 460 461, 466 467 565, 568 in all 19 Lots, containing about 225 acres of Superior Land well watered, and surrounded by public roads.
For Terms and further particulars apply to
G. W. DeBLOIS.
May 17, 1869.

NEW FISH MARKET.
For Sale, every day except Sundays, at the New Fish Market.

Fresh Salmon,	Finnan Haddies,
" Codfish,	Corned and Dried Cod fish,
" Haddock,	Smoked Alewives,
" Trout,	Bay of Island Herring,
" Herring,	" in bulk and barrels.
" Lobsters, &c.	

The Fresh Fish are packed in ice as soon as received at the establishment, and their perfect freshness thus insured.
N.B.—Fish delivered in town free of extra charge.
July 5, 1868.

RIORDAN & PATRICK,
IRON FOUNDERS,
Near McKinnon's Tannery.
Stoves, Ship Castings, Mill Castings,
AND
PLOUGH METALS ALWAYS ON HAND.
N.B.—Mr. Robert Smallwood, Kent Street, next door to the residence of Hon. George Coles, has been appointed Agent, and will receive orders and deliver Castings at his establishment.
July 5, 1869.

THE MANIAC'S SECRET,

OR THE

Privateer of Massachusetts Bay.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.

Our story opens at a time when patriot hearts were beating fearfully, and when the prayers for liberty were uttered from souls that could not bear a tyrants rule. Throughout the country all eyes were turned towards the scenes which were occurring around Massachussetts Bay. In Boston was quartered the British army, under Genera. Gage; in the harbor lay a British fleet under Admiral Graves; while the suburbs were occupied by Washington and his patriot forces. Everything was ripe for hostilities. The patriots had begun to form societies in opposition to the king's Officers, and the tories were loud and rand in their abuse and condemnation. In fact, the Britons themselves never vented one-half the low abuse upon the patriots that came from the tories; for the latter had a double cause for opposition. They not only wished to bow the neck to England's king, but their wealth was endangered by revolution.

But the political heavens were black and portentous. Every day saw some new wrong or insult heaped upon the colonists, and every night covered with its darkness some new movement of wickedness and shame on the part of the invaders. Those noble men who were truly the fathers of our nation, were armed in soul with such resolves as England could not shake and their influence upon the hearts of the liberty loving people was fast spreading.

It was a cold, bleak day in mid-winter—towards the latter part of January, 1775. At the head of the low, pebbly cove which makes down between the mouth of North River and the Bay in what is now called South Scituate, stood a small cottage. It was built near the river, and not far from the point where vegetation commences. The cot was only one story high, and connected with it were a shed and boat-house, the latter forming a right angle with the other buildings, and opening upon the river, the high tides reaching almost to its doors. A neat fence of quaintly arranged cedar pickets enclosed the yard, and here and there a leafless thorny twig which appeared above the snow told that roses bloomed there in the summer time.

Within the cot, in the principal living room, burned a generous fire which sent out a cheerful warmth into the apartment. Upon a high backed, settee, on one side of the wide fire-place, sat a man engaged in reading. He was a short, thick-set man, some five and fifty years of age, with broad, heavy shoulders, and a wide, full chest. His head was bald upon the top, and the long, shaggy locks which hung down about his ears were grey and wavy. His face was broad and open, bronzed by long years of exposure, and beaming with soul and generousness. His eyes were of a bright hazel and still undimmed. Such was Mathew Clyne. He had once been captain of a merchantmen, but of late years he had spent most of his time fishing. In early life he had met with a misfortune which crippled his energies for awhile, and since then he had not been far from the waters of Massachusetts Bay. As he sat there now, with the glowing fire-beams lighting up his face, he showed the pure patriot in every liament; and he was such a one, too, as might do much service in an emergency, for those muscles were like net works of steel, and the stout cords like thews of twisted hemp.

And there was another occupant of the room, and one who, save in soul and heart, was as unlike the other as possible. It was a girl—a bright eyed, joyous looking creature, with sunny brown curls floating about her neck and temples, and the beauty marked dimples playing about her cheeks and chin. She had hardly seen twenty years of life yet, and the warm blood of youth flowed generously in her veins. In form she was as near perfect as one could hope to find—of a medium height, full and symmetrical, and glowing with the health of exercise and frugal temperance. From her lustrous hazel eye beamed that invelight which so readily captivates the beholder, and which can never find birth save where the soul is pure. This gentle loving being was the light of the old man's humble cot, and her kind care and sweet notes had long since dispelled the gloom of the past.

'Belinda,' spoke the fisherman, resting the paper he had been reading upon his knee, 'we are to have a squad of those British troops close by us.'

The girl laid down the pin with which she had been rolling out some dough, and turned towards the speaker. A shade of quick fear dwelt upon her fair face, and her bright eyes threw an anxious glance towards the newspaper, which was the last number of the *Boston Gazette*.

'What is it father?' she asked.

'A company of British Troops are coming down to Marshfield, under Captain Balfour,' returned the old man, while an expression of indignation worked upon his features.

'But for what?' asked Belinda. 'Why should they be sent this way?'

'Why, you see the villanous tories have formed a league in Marshfield, under old Tim Ruggles—the black-hearted scoundrel! and they are trying to form more of 'em. The members bind themselves by oath to oppose our continental Congress, and to put down all patriot meetings. So some of the patriots of Plymouth threatened to break this nest of tories up, and Ruggles has sent to Boston for help.'

'But are you sure they will find help father?'

'Why, certain. General Gage has ordered a hundred of his soldiers here, and they are coming now, with three hundred stacks of arms so that the tories can be armed in case of need. What d've think of that?'

But Belinda did not reply. She was engaged with her own reflections. She had heard of the brutal conduct of the British soldiers when they could get rum and opportunity, and she knew that her father's cot would be directly in the way of the marauders should they chance to turn their steps towards Scituate. And more still: she knew that a large quantity of finely cured fish was stored in the boat house, and some of the Marshfield tories knew it. This might offer an inducement to the cupidity of the soldiers.

'You aren't afeared, Belinda?' said the old man, noticing the girl's look.

'No, no, father, I am not afraid,' she quickly replied. 'But yet you know what the nature of those men is. O, I wish they could be swept from our land. They are a foul pest here, and a blight upon our soil. How long will they stay?'

'Not long, my child—not long. The people of our colonies will not long brook their insolence; and when the stroke falls, it will fall with a crash.'

'But why not rise now?' uttered Belinda, warmly. 'Why not start up and throw off the yoke?'

'Ah, sweet one,' returned the old man, shaking his head sadly, 'we must bear it yet awile longer, for we are not yet prepared. And there is another thing; the first blow must be struck by the tyrant.'

'But has he not already struck the first blow?' cried the maiden, with kindling eye. 'Is not his continued oppression enough?'

'Not quite, Belinda,' answered Mathew, who when deeply affected spoke freely, and without that peculiar idiom which marked his conversation in lighter moods. 'We can oppose the acts of the tyrant without a direct resort to arms so long as those acts aim only at the curtailment of our national rights; but should we take up arms now, and thus be the first to resort to force, we might be blamed by thousands who will be with us while we only act on the defensive. But the time is soon coming, my child. The Briton is chafing and mad, and his temper will ere long break forth. Let him but strike one blow—let but one man fall in a conflict of his own seeking, and the clang shall awaken every true heart in the country. Wait, wait, my child, and be sure the work shall commence ere long.'

As the old man ceased speaking, Belinda turned to her work, but her countenance was heavy with fear and sadness. She had allowed a spirit of dread to come upon her, and she could not drive it off. She had made her bread, and placed it upon an iron pan before the fire, when a quick step was heard upon snow crust without. Belinda seemed to recognize the step at once; for she turned her ear quickly towards the place from whence the sound came, and a look of joy sprang to her face. In a moment more the door was opened, and a young man entered.

The new comer was habited in a seaman's garb, but the dress was nearly new, and made up with more than ordinary neatness and care. He was not very tall, nor yet was he short, but he had a squareness and solidity of frame that made him look less tall than he really was. His hair was light brown in color, and clustered about his neck and temples in closely curling ringlets. His eyes were of that bright, deep grey which bespeaks genius, and his other features were noble and bold in outline, and full of real manly beauty. He was, in truth, such a one as a keen-eyed commander-in-chief would have selected to lead an adventure when cool, dauntless courage and calm judgment were required for these qualities were plainly written upon his face. He stood erect, like one who knew his power, and his movements were characterized by that ease and grace which denotes experience in the world. Such was Rolin Lincoln, an orphan—a native of Plymouth, and a descendent of one who came over in the 'Mayflower" on her second voyage to this country. He had followed the sea since boyhood, and his last voyage he made as a first mate of an Indiaman, which sailed from Salem.

Rolin bowed respectfully to the old man, and then, with a faint smile, he turned towards Belinda. He took her hand, and it trembled within his grasp. A soft moisture diffused his face, and a warm moisture gathered in his eyes. She noticed the strange expression of his face, and, while the tell tale blood mounted to her fair brow, she dropped her eyes to the floor, and her answer to the youth's greeting was low and tremulous. She placed a chair near the fire for him, and then seated herself where she could watch her bread.

'Well, Rolin,' said Mathew, as the youth sat down, 'so we are to have the British soldiers close at hand?'

'Yes,' returned the youth, while an involuntary clutching of his hands told how deep were his feelings. 'They are coming to morrow.'

'So soon?'

'Yes, on the twenty-third, and to day is the twenty-second. I am sorry that they are coming, for I fear their presence may stir up premature trouble.'

'And will they not be committing depredations through the country?' asked Belinda, tremulously.

'I cannot tell,' returned Rolin. 'I only know their dispositions, and if they do leave our people in peace, it will be because they fear the cold weather. They are to have comfortable quarters at Mashfield.'

After this there was a silence of some moments. Rolin seemed to be dwelling upon some subject which weighed heavily upon him, and the old man seemed to be waiting for him to speak. Belinda was more tremulous than ever, for never before had Rolin regarded her with such strange looks, and never before had she felt so strangely in his presence. Surely there was an electric chain connecting those two souls, for without a word to guide their thoughts they had both arrived at a point where the angle of friendship meets, and where the life tracks must cross and diverge from that point more, or where they must unite forever.

A little while the youth sat with his head bowed, and then his eyes rested a moment upon Belinda. A slight tremulousness was visible in his neither lip, and his face turned a shade paler.

'Captain Clyne,' he said at length, looking the old man in the face, and speaking low and deeply, 'the time has come when those who have hopes to set at rest should rest them now. In the events which are clearly foreshadowed over our land we must know our friends, and especially must we know those who will demand our care and protection. He is doubly armed in battle who holds protection over some loved one that looks to him for safety. At this moment I am alone in the world, with only my country and my friends. All ties of kindred have been severed, and for many a long year my heart has been alone on earth in its deepest heatings. But I would have it so no more, nor can it be, for already another has found its holiest love, and another image than my own appears upon its tablets. I must speak plainly, and you will answer me the same. We can neither of us know what dangers may fall upon our homes, nor what evil may come upon the unprotected. Will you, can you, give to my keeping—to my love and care — give to my soul — your sweet child? Not to take her from you, but rather to take me to your home, and make me your child too?'

Matthew Clyne started up from the settee and caught Rolin by the hand; but he did not speak. He gazed a moment into the noble face of the youth, and then sank back upon his seat again. In the meantime, Belinda had covered her face with her hands, and the warm tears were trickling down between her fingers. The old man gazed upon her, and when he could trust his voice, he said:

'Belinda, my child — you must answer our friend. Or, perhaps you have already answered him?'

'Not in words,' quickly returned Rolin. 'I have not asked her the question that has been laid up in my soul, for I knew not all your wishes. I only knew that she was as your very soul and life to you, and to you I felt in duty and honor bound to make the first proposal.'

'Speak, Belinda,' said Matthew, struggling with his feelings.

'Ay,' added Rolin, moving his seat near to Belinda's side, 'speak to me.'

The maiden raised her eyes, and a joyous smile beamed through her tears. Rolin moved still nearer, and extended both his hands.

'Come,' he whispered. 'If to me you will give your love and trust your life, then come to me now.'

Belinda cast one quick, searching glance into her father's face, and she saw a look of such holy joy resting there that she could not mistake it. Then she turned towards Rolin. For long months—aye, for years—she had loved him, and many a time she had prayed that he might love her, and that God would make her worthy of him. She felt a wild, thrilling realization of the fruition which had thus answered her prayerful hopes, and with a low murmur of joy she arose to her feet and moved trembling forward. The youth's stout arms were wound about her fair form, and on the next moment she was upon his bosom.

'You love me, Belinda,' Rolin said, while tears dropped from his overburdened lids.

'Yes' she murmured.

'And henceforth thou art mine to love, to cherish, and to protect. Father,' he added, turning to the old man, while the fair girl still rested within his embrace, 'you give her to me freely?'

'Yes Rolin. O, I have prayed for this. I am happy now, for my dear child has a protector upon whom age has not laid the finger of frost. The winter of life is gathering about me, but I shall not heed its blasts now, for the jewel of my soul's most anxious care is safe. I have prayed for this, Rolin.'

'So have I' returned the youth. 'And you,' he added, gazing into Belinda's face, 'have you ever hoped for it?'

'I may tell you all now,' she answered; 'but I have prayed that I might be worthy to love you, and to receive your love in return.'

At that moment the old man discovered that the bread was beginning to burn, and as he arose to move it Belinda detected the danger and sprang to avert it. She turned the loaf, and was just upon the point of moving out the table for dinner, when she was again arrested by the sound of a footfall upon the snow crust. It was a slow irregular tread, and unlike any with which she was acquainted.

'That sounds like some one distress,' said Rolin; and he would have arisen and gone out, had not the fact of the stranger's safe arrival been announced by a loud rap upon the door.

CHAPTER II.

POLLY POLL, THE BROKEN MINDED.

Belinda went to the door and opened it, but she started back on beholding the applicant. It was an old woman, threescore years of age, at least, and dressed in a garb of bear skins. She was tall and slim, with sharp wrinkled features, and a face almost as dark as an Indian's from exposure. Her hair flowed down long and shaggy from beneath her bear skin hood, and was of a light gray in color, while her eyes, which were small, and deep sunken in her head, were black as jet. In addition to all this, there was a strange expression upon her face — a sort of wild wandering look, which gave her an appearance calculated to inspire a timid person with fear.

'I am cold, sweet lady very cold,' she said, looking up into Belinda's face. Her voice was harsh and discordant, and instinctively the maiden moved further back; but at the same time she bade the old woman enter.

The strange woman hobbled into the room, and seated herself in the chair from which Belinda had arisen. She then bent over the hearth and stretched out her long arms, and held her bony hands almost in the blaze. Thus she remained for some minutes, and during that time both Matthew and Rolin watched her narrowly. The latter seemed only moved by pity and curiosity, but the former regarded her so earnestly, and his face wore such an eager look that he seemed to have found something in these beldamish features which awakened more than curiosity.

As soon as she had warmed her hands, and rubbed them till the sluggish blood began to course through them again, she gazed up. She encountered the old man's look first, and for some moments they gazed steadily at each other. Both Rolin and Belinda noticed this, and they were not a little puzzled.

'My good woman, spoke Matthew Clyne, after he had found that she could stare more keenly than he could, 'might I ask you your name?'

'Sartin you may,' returned the guest, while every feature seemed to work with a sort of convulsive movement. 'But don't you know it now? Don't ye know me?'

'I do not,' replied Matthew.

'Well, now that's curious. You the great general of England, and don't know my name?'

'I am no general, madam.'

'No? aren't a general? A colonel, perhaps?'

'No.'

'Only a major.'

'I am not a major.'

'Then a captain?'

'I am called a captain sometimes.'

'Ha, ha—so I thought. Captain who?'

'Clyne. My name is Matthew Clyne.'

'Matthew Clyne,' uttered the woman, gazing more sharply than before into the old man's face. 'Clyne, did you say. Matthew?'

'Yes.' Did you ever hear the name before?'

The old man spoke nervously, and instinctively moved nearer to his guest.

'Matthew Clyne—Clyne—Clyne,' soliloquized the woman, gazing fixedly into the old man's face. 'I have heard it sir; and you must be a general. Now don't deny it, for I won't expose you. Tell me the truth.'

Of course, Matthew saw by this time that the woman's mind was wandering, but yet he felt a strong desire to find out if possible who she was and to that end he thought it best to humor any peculiar fancy she might have; so he replied:

'You mustn't tell that I am a general, for it is not known about here. Now will you tell me your name?'

'Sartin. Ha, ha, ha. I know you the moment I saw you. But I won't tell! I won't expose you. But, O, Clyne, Clyne, the general, when you destroyed your whole army — when you rushed 'em all into the mad, boiling sea! when you drew your sword and drove 'em all in—'twas a terrible one. 'O, you might have heard the shrieks of the women, and the groans of the prisoners, and the wails of the poor little sucklings that snuggled close to their mothers' breasts for salvation! You might have heard 'em, and listened one moment. But I won't tell.'

Matthew Clyne turned pale as death, and his hands trembled violently.

'Who are you?' he uttered.

'Polly Poll, I am, general. My name is Polly Poll.'

Both the old man and Rolin had heard that name often, and now they knew who their guest was. She was a poor women who had for years been wandering about through the country, bereft of reason and full of strange fancy and whim. Where she came from no one could learn, for she never could tell, and no one knew her save for the wretched thing she now was. Yet this was the first time Matthew had ever seen her. He had heard of her often for she had been in the villages both north and south of him.

But this revelation did not remove the old man's anxious desire, for to him the poor crazy woman appeared more than she did to

(Continued on fourth page.)