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

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The Examiner

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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR MAY, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 3d day, 9h. 28m., morn., S. W.
New Moon, 11th day, 11h. 55m., morn., S.
First Quarter, 18th day, 5h. 17m. even., S.
Full Moon, 25th day, 11h. 11m., morn., N.

D M	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun slow clock	Moon rises	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	m s		h m	h m
1	Sat	4 51	7 4	3 4	morn	2 49	14 13
2	Sun	49	5	3 11	0 35	3 39	16
3	Mon	47	6	3 18	1 15	4 33	19
4	Tues	46	7	3 24	1 48	5 28	22
5	Wed	45	8	3 30	2 18	6 23	24
6	Thur	44	9	3 34	2 49	7 17	25
7	Frid	43	10	3 39	3 12	8 7	27
8	Sat	42	12	3 43	3 36	8 54	30
9	Sun	41	13	3 46	4 2	9 38	14 32
10	Mon	40	14	3 48	4 30	10 20	34
11	Tues	39	16	3 50	sets	11 2	37
12	Wed	38	17	3 52	8 20	11 42	39
13	Thur	36	18	3 52	9 20	morn	42
14	Frid	35	19	3 53	10 20	0 22	44
15	Sat	34	7 20	3 52	11 15	1 7	46
16	Sun	33	21	3 52	11 59	1 55	49
17	Mon	31	23	3 50	morn	2 44	52
18	Tues	30	24	3 48	0 47	3 36	54
19	Wed	29	25	3 46	1 24	4 35	56
20	Thur	28	26	3 43	1 58	5 38	58
21	Frid	27	27	3 39	2 30	6 42	15 0
22	Sat	26	28	3 35	3 1	7 45	2
23	Sun	25	29	3 31	3 28	8 45	4
24	Mon	24	30	3 26	4 7	9 39	7
25	Tues	23	31	3 20	rises	10 30	10
26	Wed	22	32	3 14	8 34	11 20	11
27	Thur	21	33	3 8	9 38	even	13
28	Frid	20	35	3 1	10 28	0 51	15 15
29	Sat	19	36	2 53	11 10	1 38	17
30	Sun	18	37	2 45	11 50	2 25	18
31	Mon	17	39	2 37	morn	3 11	20

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

Grain! Grain! Grain!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at
Coles's Brewery and Distillery,
☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy, Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.
Charlottetown, June 20, 1868

JOHN F. BRINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
May be consulted at the Office of John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.
RESIDENCE:
Mrs. BOVYER's, Great George Street,
Nov. 16, 1868. tf

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

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 Paterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.
JOHN BELL.
January 8, 1869.

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER,
Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Wharf
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

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

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 accommodation 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

WILLIAM KOUGHAN,
Ship Broker & General Agent,
Queen's Wharf.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.
REFERENCES:
Messrs. Peake Brothers & Co., Carvell Brothers, I. C. Hall, Esquire
Feb. 8, 1869.

GOLD & SILVER,
Watches, Clocks, Chains,
BROACHES, EAR-RINGS, PENCILS, BUCKLES, STUDS,
and a large assortment of
BLACK EAR-RINGS, BROACHES AND CHAINS.

ALSO—A varied assortment of SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES to suit any sight, for sale by the Subscriber, opposite the City Hall.

ROBERT SNEESTON, Watch Maker.
N. Side Queen Square, } Ch'town, June 15, 1868. } 1y

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 constantly on hand

A neat Assortment of
Tinware, Kitchen Utensils,
&c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in theabove BUSINESS will be punctually attended to.

Dissolution Notice.

THE Copartnership hitherto existing between STANFORD WELLS & JAMES PHILLIPS, of Charlottetown, Marble Workers, has been dissolved by mutual consent.

The business will in future be conducted under the name of
JAMES PHILLIPS.

The Subscriber has constantly on hand a supply of
Italian and American Marble
FOR
MONUMENTS,
HEADSTONES,
TOMBS,
TABLETS,
TABLE TOPS,
&c., &c.

A superior style of Workmanship to any on the Island. Terms moderate.
JAMES PHILLIPS.
Charlottetown Marble Works, } Nov. 7, 1868. }

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.

WRIGHT'S
INDIAN VEGETABLE SUGAR
COATED PILLS!

CURE SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, FEVER and AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, COUGHS, COLDS, PAIN IN THE BONES, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, PILES, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIZZINESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c., and are

Warranted to Purify the Blood.

For Sale at the Principal Office, No. 372 Pearl Street, New York, and by Druggists and Storekeepers generally.

W. R. WATSON,
Charlottetown,
Agent for the Island.
July 27, 1868. 1y

Private Boarding.

A FEW PERSONS can be accommodated by the Subscriber with Board at the pleasantly situated COTTAGE fronting on Hillsborough Park.

ARTEMAS G. SIMS.
Ch'town, April 12, 1869.

TOBACCO!

JUST received per *Commerce* and *St Lawrence*, via Halifax, a large and varied assortment of fancy Tobacco, viz:—

12 boxes Best Gold Bar,
12 Caddies Best Navy,
12 do Temptation Roll,
12 do Beauties, Extra fine,

Wholesale and Retail for Cash or approved Credit.

O'NEILL BROS.
Union House, Queen Street, } Nov. 23, 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 inch Composition and Iron Clinch Rings, Brass Hinges of all descriptions, Brass Hasps, 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.

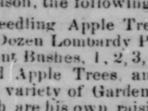
MILL SUPPLIES, viz:
Butcher's Mill Saw Files, Tallow Cups, Oil Cups, Steam Whistles, Guage Cocks, Water Guages, Water Guage Glasses, Steam Guages, Globe Valves, Check Valves, Steam Stop Cocks, Nuts and Washers, Copper Belt Rivets, Stock and Dies, Iron Pipe & Fittings.

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

TREES,



SEEDS, PLANTS, VEGETABLES!

THE Subscriber will offer for Sale in their proper season, the following:—

100 Dozen Seedling Apple Trees (good grafting stalks), 50 Dozen Lombardy Poplars, 40 Dozen Black Currant Bushes, 1, 2, 3, and 5 years old, a few Grafted Apple Trees, and some Weeping Willows; a variety of Garden and other Seeds, among which are his own raising of Drum-head Mammoth, Drum head and Flat Dutch Cabbage Seed, grown from the earliest and largest heads, the Plants from which he confidently recommends for their uniformity in heading.

Being satisfied that, with well directed efforts, Market Gardening will pay, he intends to supply the City Market with Plants from the above and other Seeds of the Cabbage tribe. The Plants will be carefully put up in suitable boxes in damp soil, and will be easy to handle and safe in dry weather.

He is making preparations to cultivate about two acres of Cabbage and two of other Vegetables, a part of which he will offer for sale at the Market House, Charlottetown, during the Spring, Summer and Autumn. He would also intimate to the inhabitants of Pownal Village and vicinity that he will be happy to use the Waggon as an Express on Market Days.

Cash Paid for EGGS at the Shop while navigation is open.

JAMES J. GAY.
Pownal Village, Lot 49, } May 3rd, 1869 } 8in

MAILS.

Summer Arrangement.

THE Mails for the United Kingdom, the neighboring Provinces, the United States, &c., will, until further notice, be closed at the General Post Office, Charlottetown, as follows, viz:—

For Canada, New Brunswick, and the United States, via Shediac, every Monday and Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

For Nova Scotia, via Pictou, every, Tuesday Wednesday and Saturday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland and the West Indies, every alternate Tuesday and Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, as follows, viz,—

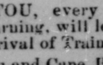
Wednesday, May 5	Tuesday, Sept'r 7
Tuesday, do 18	Wednesday, do 8
Wednesday, do 19	Tuesday, do 21
Tuesday, June 1	Wednesday, do 22
Wednesday, do 2	Tuesday, Oct. 5
Tuesday, do 15	Wednesday do 6
Wednesday, do 16	Tuesday, do 19
Tuesday, do 29	Wednesday, do 20
Wednesday, do 30	Tuesday, Nov. 2
Tuesday, July 13	Wednesday, do 3
Wednesday, do 14	Tuesday, do 16
Tuesday, do 27	Wednesday, do 17
Wednesday, do 28	Tuesday, do 30
Tuesday, Aug 10	Wednesday, Dec. 1
Wednesday do 11	Tuesday, do 14
Tuesday, do 24	Wednesday, do 15
Wednesday, do 25	

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, to be forwarded by Steamer, will be closed every Monday and Thursday evening at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Souris and Georgetown, per Steamer, every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

Letters to be registered, and Newspapers must be posted at least half an hour before the time of closing the Mails.

JOHN A. McDONALD,
Postmaster General.
General Post Office, Ch'town, May 5, 1869. 3i



P. E. Island Steam Navigation Co's. Steamers.

THE Steamer PRINCESS OF WALES or ST. LAWRENCE will leave Charlottetown as under, until further notice.

For PICTOU, every Monday morning at 5 o'clock, returning, will leave Pictou for Charlottetown, on arrival of Train, same day.

For Pictou and Cape Breton, every Wednesday morning, at 5 o'clock, leaving Pictou for Cape Breton, on arrival of Train, same day; returning, will leave Cape Breton every Thursday morning, and Pictou, on arrival of Train same day

For Pictou and Georgetown, calling at Sourts, (weather permitting) every Thursday morning, at 5 o'clock; returning, will leave Georgetown for Picton and Charlottetown, every Friday morning, at 5 o'ctock

For Summerside and Shediac, every Tuesday and Friday morning, at 6 o'clock; returning, will leave Shediac on Wednesday and Saturday on arrival of the Train from St. John.

Steamer HEATHER BELLE will, until further orders, leave Mount Stewart Bridge every Friday morning about 7 o'clock, returning about 4 o'clock p. m.

Port Selkirk every Tuesday morning about 7 o'clock, returning about 4 o'clock, p m.

Crapaud every Monday (weather permitting) about the time of high water for Charlottetown.

F. W. HALES,
Secretary.
Ch'town, May 7, 1869.

BRYAN BLONDAY;
OR,
The Blue Ranger of the Mohawk.

CHAPTER I.
THE DYING MAN'S WILL.

Not many miles above the present site of the village of Caughnawage, there was, in 1777, a massive, extensive stone building, called at that time Van Kempen's Castle. It was reared upon the bluff bank of the Mohawk River; and it did indeed resemble a castle, and in many stormy times, of which there were many in those days, it was used as such.

In reality, however, and ordinarily, the structure was used as a farm-house, or rather, as a Manor house for Abram Van Kempen. Its owner and occupant, was a wealthy and extensive landholder in that region, and many of his rich, luxuriant acres surrounded his residence. From the window of his own domicile, he could see quite a village, composed of neat cottages, occupied by his tenants, and those who were more or less associated with his business and interests.

The settlement which was, in the first instance, merely an agricultural one, did not fail to attract the attention of the petty traders and speculators, with which the country swarmed; and soon after, the possessions of Van Kempen became noted for their neatness, extent, and productiveness, several "stores' were located thereaway, and finally a church and tavern were reared.

All these circumstances contributed to make Van Kempen's castle a place of considerable trade and notoriety. The Valley of the Mohawk, was the most populous region of the colony of New York, if we except the region immediately contaguous to the great city.

It was rich, also, in its agricultural products, and offered many inducements to adventurers. The house we have mentioned, was large, two stories high, and so heavy and solid was the masonry comprising it, that it could withstand the battering of heavy artillery. The windows were high, narrow, and shielded with strong iron bars, thickly set; and the pondrous oak doors were completely filed with the huge iron spikes, and secured by locks of the most undoubted construction.

In addition to these formidable securities, a tall stone fence, of quarried granite, and covered with cement, surrounded the castle; inclosing the garden, a tasty and well-trimmed park, a fruit orchard, and a yard that sloped towards the river, studded with little groves, and adorned with clumps of flowring shrubs.

The enclosures, within which the castle was situated, was entered by means of several gates, and they, like the doors of the dwelling, were strengthened by every appliance that art and ingenuity could suggest.

Abram Van Kempen, the owner of the castle, and of the fair lands surrounding it, was, at the time this narrative opens, nearly sixty years of age, feeble, worn and emaciated. He had once possessed a strong iron constitution, but he early made the acquisition of wealth the raving object of his existance, and toiled and studied beyond the powers of his endurance. Now in the decline of life, in the room of enjoying a green old age, in which to partake of the fruits of his labors, he was suffering from palsied limbs, soured disposition, and the prospect of a speedy and unregretted departure from the scene of his greatness.

We say unregretted departure, for Abram had not many friends, in fact, no real ones. He was always miserly, and never scrupled to resort to low, unmanly acts to forward his views; and beside, his nature was ever cold, unsocial, and morose. It may be easily seen therefore, that nothing but interest, the power of gold, could attach any one to his person or his fortunes.

Van Kempen was married in early life to a young lady of the Massachusetts colony, whose only dower was a beautiful person, a cultivated sensitive mind, and a proud, but generous disposition. From some cause that never was explained, the marriage proved unhappy, and the cruel and callous husband absolutely drove his wife from beneath his roof. Where she went no one knew, and her fate had long since ceased to be a matter of discourse.

If we except a large retinue of servants, an inseparable attachment to the establishment of a Dutch settler in the region of the Mohawk, in the times of which we write, Van Kempen's family was small It consisted of himself, a favorite nephew, Hans Van Kempen, as he was called, a niece, the daughter of a deceased sister, her servant or rather her waiting maid, and demi-companion, a housekeeper, a matron of great experience, with a vinegar disposition, as all housekeepers have, and the servants before alluded to.

Hans Van Kempen was the constant companion of his uncle, and he was in every sense a kindred spirit. He was of a tall slender build, with light grey eyes, hair of fiery red, a coarse large mouth, an inveterate pug nose, and sallow and sunken cheeks, and these features, added to an awkard, shuffling gait a sheepish and diffident manner, and a dread of society, made him appear like a changling.

Yet he was far from a fool—indeed so much so, that the knave predominated He possessed as much low cunning as his uncle, was penurious to meanness, and was also endowed with no small share of courage and daring.

For many years he had resided with his uncle. He had searched his character, studied his foibles, espoused his prejudices, and in fact used every effort to secure his confidence, and he had succeeded to a charm The rich landholder was childless, so far as he knew or cared, and determined, therefore, to make Hans his heir, and a representative of a long line of Van Kempens, after his demise.

Viola Fordham, the niece, was a most lovely girl, of some nineteen years, and she bloomed in the cheerless mansion of her uncle and guardian, like a rose in the desert. She was eminently beautiful, with dark brown hair, hazel eyes of almost supernatural brightness, a fair, clear complexion, lips of the richest red, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. Her form was large and full, but there was nothing of coarseness about it; it was, in fact, most exquisitely moulded.

The mother of Viola had married an English officer, who visited the country during the French war, and who, immediately after his union, returned with his bride to Europe. He continued to reside there until his death, which occurred a few years after his marriage, and then his wife with her only child, Viola, returned to America, the possessor of an extensive fortune, and took up her abode with her brother.

After being comfortably settled at the castle, she devoted herself to the education of her daughter, in which task she labored continually until her death, which happened two years previous to the date of this tale. In her dying moments she entrusted her child and her immense fortune, to the care and custody of her brother.

Like most other men of wealth and aristocratic pretensions, Van Kempen was a Tory. He was a most bitter and virulent one, too, and nothing but his age and infirmities prevented him from taking the field in his own person He cursed the Whigs, as an unprincipled rabble, whose object was the subversion of all order and government, that they might be enabled to plunder the rich and fortunate.

Hans, of course, echoed the sentiments of his uncle. His narrow mind could not comprehend the truth and nobleness of patriotic principles, and he he often thought with delight upon a red coat, a tall plume, and the unrestrained privilege of murder and robbery amongst his Whig neighbors. Although he would undoubtedly have professed Whig principles, had his uncle taken the lead, yet, in this case, his sentiments and natural prejudices were in favor of the king.

He already looked upon himself as the possessor of his uncle's wealth, and had more than once chalked out the course he should pursue, when he, in fact, took possession of his expected dower.

Early one bright morning in April, the family of the castle were aroused from their slumbers by the appearance of unusual and very alarming symptoms in the rich old landholder The family physician was immediately summoned and declared soon after his arrival, that the life of his patron could be prolonged but a few days at furthest. This was appalling news to the miser, yet he was forced to credit it; and in order that all things might be prepared during his life, according to his wishes, he at once sent for a lawyer to arrange his will.

Hans himself attended to this request. In 1777, lawyers were not so much abundant as at the present day, and to procure one was often a matter of difficulty. Abram Van Kempen was, withal a man of notoriety, and he must needs have one of no small celebrity. Albany was the nearest point at which one could be procured, and to Albany Hans posted as fast as the limbs of a fleet horse could convey him.

Arrived there, he was recommended to one John Fozzel, whose qualifications seemed most likely to meet the emergency.

Fozzel was every inch a lawyer, not only in professional keenness and sagacity, but all his feelings, all his instincts—his ambition—his desires—his talents, delighted in the mazes, the perplexities, the scheming, the trickeries of litigation.

He was some fifty years of age, small in stature, yet possessing an eye and a mind that comprehended all the points and bearings of any matter presented to him, with the quickness of lightening. In his management he was cool, quiet, and stealthy, yet scarcely seeming to know his own, or his clerk's situation.

Fozzel accompanied Hans to Van Kempen's castle. In a little time after his arrival, he was seated beside the dying man's bed.

The occasion that had called the attorney to the place was alluded to by Abram.

'I believe,' he said faintly, 'that these cursed Whigs (God forgive me for profanity) have not yet subverted the laws of the land, and as I have but a few moments to live, or rather, but a few days at furthest, I am desirous of disposing of my temporal matters.

'I suppose you desire a will of me?' replied Fozzle.

'I do.'

Parchment was forwith procured, the writing implements, and after the preliminaries were all arranged, the attorney said:

'Now express your desires regarding your property, and I will incorporate them in this instrument.'

'It is an easy matter' replied Van Kempen; 'excepting a few annuities, and some other trifling matters, I shall leave my effects to my nephew, Hans Van Kempen.'

'Are you childless?' asked Fozzel.

Abram started.

'I am.'

'Were you ever married?'

The sick man stared.

'Why do you ask me that?'

'It is important that I should know.'

'Yes, I was married'

'And your wife is dead?'

Abram hesitated, but finally answered.

'She is.'

The will was finally completed in due form. Fozzel had been informed that his client was wealthy, but the extent of his possessions, as they were enumerated, and described to him by Abram, absolutely startled him.

He could not help exclaiming, mentally:

'What an *immense* property! Every day increases its value. This Hans Van Kempen is truly fortunate.

'I have another matter,' said Abram, after the will was signed, duly witnessed, and the room cleared.

'Mention it,' said Fozzle.

'When my sister died, some two years since, she made me the guardian of her daughter, who is now an inmate of my house. She also placed in my hands her fortune, which is very large, and which she is totally unqualified to manage. In view of my present situation, cannot I appoint a new guardian and a new agent for the custody of the money?'

'Of course.'

'Without her consent?'

'She had better be consulted.'

'Is it absolutely necessary?'

'Perhaps not.'

'But are you sure?'

'Yes; quite sure.'

'Then I appoint Hans as her guardian and agent.'

'How old is your niece?'

'Somewhere about nineteen.'

'When does she come into possession of her property'

'When she marries.'

'And not before?'

'No.'

'And in case she never marries?'

'It reverts to me and my heirs.'

Fozzle smiled, but the sick man did not observe it. The matter was duly arranged, and Hans Van Kempen was appointed the guardian and agent of his fair cousin, Viola Fordham.

After receiving his fees, Fozzle resumed his journey home; but before he left that delightful region of the country, he resolved to spend a day or two at the little inn, in the settlement.

In a few days after the departure of the attorney, Abram died. If there was not much grief exhibited at his funeral, there was much of pomp displayed, and the attendance was numerous.

Hans Van Kempen at once assumed a new character. He was suddenly transformed into a great man—the great man of that rich region

He was the patron of the settlement of Van Kempen's Castle, and the possessor of immense wealth.

CHAPTER II.
THE FOUNDLING.

At the extreme eastern part of the settlement of Van Kempen's Castle, sheltered from the winds of the north and south, and fronting the sunny and genial south, was a long cottage of somewhat unusual dimensions, and which at once drew the attention of the passer-by, on account of the superior neatness and taste everywhere displayed about it.

The windows and doors were trellissed with sweet vines, and a neat pailing of pointed faggots completely enclosed it, protecting a small but luxuriant lawn from the depredations of strolling cattle At a little distance in the rear was an ample vegetable garden, and even this homely and neglected spot bore ample traces of a refined and gentle hand, for every spare space not appropriated to vegetables of the esculent kind, was carefully planted with flowers, which, in their season, emitted a delicious odor, and unfolded their gorgeous and variegated petals to the bright rays of the sun.

The building itself was of superior workmanship and finish. It was compact and conveniently arranged, and bore about it an air of superlative comfort and contentment. Its very external seemed to speak of peace and plenty within.

It was the residence of Edward Fielding, a somewhat aged man, who had long been in the service of Abram Kempen, as a field laborer. By his strict economy, his faithfulness, and the watchfulness that he displayed for his master's interest, he had secured his confidence, and had been favored with many privileges

Fielding was a descendant of the pilgrims, and partook largely of their peculiar characteristics. He was deeply impressed with a love of Whig principles, yet, knowing the impotence of his principles, he had carefully concealed his sentiments from his employer.

His family was composed of his wife, who occupied the cottage, a daughter, a blooming and modest maiden, the attendant of Viola Fordham at the Castle, and a youth of some nineteen years, known in the neighborhood as the "Foundling of the Mohawk,' though he had been christened by his self-constituted guardian by the name of Bryan Blonday.

No one could pass a day at the settlement of Van Kempen's Castle without the confident conviction that Bryan Blonday was one of the most important personages of the place, for either for good or bad, for praise or censure, his name was upon the tongue of every gossip, and every youth and maiden.

Bryan was a remarkable young man, for though a boy in years, there was that in his precocious nature, such an air of nobleness in his carriage, such evidences of thought and intellect in his language, that he had become the companion of men, and one possessed of more than a usual share of influence also.

When but a few months old, Fielding discovered him, warmly clad, and safely bestowed in a box, upon the banks of the river, near a place of his usual labor. The box also contained a small supply of clothing, a gold ring of peculiar formation, and a note addressed to the honest laborer, in which he was requested to rear the child, name him Brian Blonday, and retain the ring in some safe and secure place, until the infant was of an age to mingle in the world, and then to present it to him as the gift of his mother.

This singular trust Fielding had most religiously fulfilled. He bore the child to his home, placed it under the charge of his excellent wife, and now that he had acquired the stature of manhood, he felt that his affection could not have been greater were he his own child. He had been scrupulously trained and educated and the seed had fallen upon good ground, and brought forth its hundred fold

In the early times of which we are talking, the means of procuring an education were of difficult attainment Indeed but very few enjoyed them, but fortune favored Bryan, for his protector proved a most competent instructor, and his mind was early filled with solid and useful facts. At length Abram Van Kempen was forced to procure a professed teacher for his nephew Hans, and Fielding prevailed upon his employer to suffer the foundling to partake of his instructional provisions.

To this arrangement Abram consented, as soon as he ascertained that it would be the occasion of no additional expense

For several years, therefore, Bryan was daily in attendance at the Castle. He soon became a favorite with the teacher, who chanced to be a man of excellent mind and principles, and who early discovered that his young pupil possessed talents of the highest order He gave him every advantage in his power, and the result was that he made such proficiency as left Hans far in the background.

This circumstance was eventually productive of much mischief, for it excited the jealousy of Abram, and transformed Hans into a bitter and relentless enemy. As the boys grew older, and as they approached manhood, another subject of contention arose, which will be explained in its proper course.

As we have said, Brian Blonday was, at the time of which we treat, some nineteen years of age. He was of a slight figure, one that would, at a first glance, be called very slight; yet a careful observation would show that there was an abundance of full, well rounded muscle, and a true and classic symmetry of figure, denoting strength and agility.

His features were handsome, and wore an expression of that keen and active mental energy of such vast utility in times of excitement and danger. His forehead was full and broad, and rather high, the eye black and keen, and the mouth of that kind denoting firmness and decision. His hair was bright and sunny and scarcely threw a shadow upon his pale cheek.

There was an indescribable grace, purely national and easy, in all the movements of the young man. There was none of the stiffness and awkwardness usually observant in backwoods youth about him, but in any and every society he was graceful, cool and interesting

Such was Brian Blonday in person, as near as we can describe him. He was equally as superior in mental endowments.

His courage amounted to absolute daring. From the first commencement of the quarrel between the mother land and the colonies, he had espoused the people's cause, and although the great mass of people at Van Kempen's Castle were Tories, he had publicly and earnestly avowed his opinions.

His opinions, and his firmness in expressing them, were secretly applauded by a few, among whom was his protector and friend, Fielding; but, during the life of Abram, it was a dangerous matter to be known as a Whig, and the Tories were therefore, permitted to have it all their own way.

The taste displayed about Fielding's cottage was Bryan's work. He had erected the paling, he trained the vines, he trimmed the lawn, he planted and watered the flowers. From his earliest boyhood he had delighted in his moral task, and his far-sighted guardian hailed with delight this unmistakable evidence of the purity of his mind.

For a year or two before the death of Mr. Van Kempen, that wealthy man regarded Bryan with especial hatred. He had even desired Fielding to cast him off, and turn him loose upon the world, alleging that he was a viper who would eventually repay his kindness with a sting. Sometimes Fielding would allay his wrath by entreaties, and sometimes by an unyielding display of firmness

The cause of this hatred was a partiality in the mind of his niece, Viola Fordham, for the person of this Foundling. For a long time Abram had determined to unite her fortune with his own, by a marriage between her and Hans.

Abram never thought or cared about the affections of the parties that he intended or desired to unite—he merely thought that, in point of blood and property, Hans was the only person in that distant region worthy of her hand; and then he thought, too, that her fortune, consisting of the most part of ready money, would make an imposing and formidable addition to the power and influence of his nephew. He had often instructed Hans in his intentions.

Viola Fordham did love the Foundling. It was notoriously the talk of the whole settlement, and not a man or woman could be found who wondered at it. Bryan was so handsome, so accomplished, so bold, and evidently so much superior to his accociates, that it could not be otherwise than that Viola should love him.

Yet no one deemed it to be other than a youthful, thoughtless passion, which every one experiences a hundred times in life. It merely seemed a natural and decided preference between playmates, that would leave no trace in after years.

The attempt to keep lovers apart, is, in general, a useless one; especially if they are of the determined and resolute class, as were Bryan and Viola. The youth had been forbidden to visit Van Kempen's Castle, or the grounds in its vicinity, by the crusty Abram; yet he had managed, by the assistance of one of the landholder's servants, to communicate occasionally with the object of his adoration. When Abram payed the debt of nature, it seemed that fortune had favored him, for he did not doubt but all restrictions regarding his movements and his conduct would cease.

In this, Bryan was destined to disappointment. Abram Van Kempen had transmitted his hatreds and his jealousies, as well as his broad acres, and Hans was his sole heir.

The nephew had determined to drive his poor and almost unfriended rival from the field.

'I must bestir myself now,' said Hans, as he was sitting in his uncle's usual room, a few days after the burial. 'I am now the possessor of vast wealth; aye, and the master of innumerable vassals. It is in my power to crush this Bryan Blonday, this nameless foundling, who seems to be so unusual a favorite in this settlement. Without doubt, the poor fool thinks himself certain of the love of my fair cousin. Viola, because from unavoidable circumstances she has tolerated his presence. I am her guardian now, and shall at once enter upon my duties.'

Small minds always over estimate their power and advantages. The complacent Hans supposed that nothing could be easier for him, than to execute what he had resolved upon. With him, wealth constituted might, right, and justice.

'I may as well,' he thought, pursuing his reflections, 'see her at once, and inform her of her uncle's arrangements in regard to her.'

And after summoning a servant, he ordered Viola to be informed of his desire for an interview.

Viola had not been ignorant of her uncle's designs regarding herself and Hans. She knew that her marriage with her doughty cousin had been a favorite project with him; it is not necessary to inform the reader, that she recoiled from such a project with disgust. Although she felt a proper interest in her cousin's well doing, she could not forbear contrasting awkward and interior appearance, and his narrow, sordid mind with the noble bearing, and generous impulses of Bryan.

She felt that she would as soon wed an ogre as her cousin, Hans Van Kempen.

She obeyed the summons of the servant, and hastened to meet Hans. She had long desired an interview, for she knew nothing of her uncle's arrangement's in regard to herself, and felt a natural anxiety upon that subject. She supposed that Hans desired to see her in relation to her own affairs.

The new proprietor of Van Kempen's Castle, received her very graciously, yet with a ludicrous dignity. He very politely conducted her to a seat, and assumed all the airs that could show him as the conscious proprietor of the establishment

Viola knew her cousin's charactor and was not surprised at his foolishness. She accepted the seat appointed to her, with becoming gravity and then calmly awaited the commencement of the conversation. He did not keep her long in waiting.

'Of course,' he said, since the death of our uncle, there must be a new administration of affairs, and I suppose that you desire to know something concerning them.'

'I do.'

'You know that your fortune, left you by your mother, as well as the guardianship of your person, was entrusted to him?'

'To be sure.'

'Well, before his death, he was pleased to appoint me as the guardian in his place, and the money is also with me.'

'Indeed, and by what right did my uncle make these arrangements without my consent?'

Viola was alarmed. Besides, she was indignant. She saw, at once, the advantage that Hans would thus obtain over her, and she knew him too well not to fear him.

'Oh,' said the nephew, coldly, 'he had an undoubted right to do so, as the attorney informed him. Without doubt, he was influenced by a desire to benefit you.'

'He ought, at least, to have consulted me.'

'True, but I hope you do not feel dissatisfaction at the appointment he has made. I hope I need not assure you that I will, in all things, be governed by your comfort and wishes.

Viola knew not what reply to make. She was dissatisfied, but upon a little reflection, she deemed it to be most prudent to keep it to herself; she therefore said:

'I hope you will.'

'Of course I will,' cried Hans, delighted with her seeming passiveness. 'You must know, Viola, that you are very dear to me. We have long been members of the same family, and—in—fact, ought to be—a—on very friendly terms.'

The rich blood mantled the girl's cheek. This was approaching a very disagreeable subject, a subject that she dreaded. She did not like the expression of her cousin's countenance, either; for, as far as it was capable of expression, she saw that the hateful marriage project of her deceased uncle had met with favor at the hands of Hans.

'We shall be near enough,' she said hastily, 'yet I should have though that my uncle would have entrusted me with my own affairs, I am sure that I am now of sufficient age.'

'Of age enough, perhaps, but then you lack the judgment and experience necessary for its management.'

'Indeed! I can scarcely see wherein you have the advantage in respect to these qualifications.'

'You forgot that your sex disqualifies you for the management of monetary affairs.'

'Then a woman should know nothing of her own business.'

'Not that, exactly; but then, they should always have a guardian, a protector, if you please.'

And Hans attempted a smile

'And always in bondage,' returned Viola.

'I hope, and indeed it is reasonable to hope, that you, like all other of the women of our land, will select for yourself a guardian who shall also be a companion,' continued Hans; and with a sort of spasmodic motion he moved his chair to the shrinking girl, and attempted to look at her with an air of tenderness and regard. 'I do, Viola; I could wish; nay, I do wish, that I might direct your choice.'

'Does that duty pertain to your duty as guardian?' asked the girl, with spirit.

'No, but it pertains to the—of—the love I entertain for you!' stammered Hans, wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

Here was an avowal! Plain enough too. Hans was in the field. Viola's worst fears were realized.