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.'---Eurpiides

VOL. XVIII.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, MAY 24. 1869. NO. 55]

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 Bearisto, 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,	Campbelton, Lot 4,
" John Kelly,	Crapaud,
Hon. A. A. McDonald, Mr. Geo. A. Hughes,	Georgetown,
" George Forbes,	Vernon R'r. Bridge,
John McDougall, Esq.,	Orwell,
Mr. John French,	Sturgeon,
James O'Brien,	Montague,
" Michael Daly,	Cardigan Bridge,
" Donald McDonald,	Little Pond, Lot 56,
" Peter Sinnott,	Morell,
Dr. McIntyre,	Souris,
Hon F. Kelly,	Fort Augustus,
Captain John McIntyre,	Fairfield,
Patrick Griffin, Esq.,	St. Andrew's,
Mr. Ronald MacDonald, (Garahelia.)	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 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 h	SUN rises m	SUN sets h	SUN sets m	Sun slow clock m	Sun slow clock s	Moon rises h	Moon rises m	High Water h	High Water m	day's Length h	day's Length 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	6	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	2	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

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 Patterns 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

PAPER HANGING!

4500 PIECES ENGLISH ROOM and HALL PAPER, in great variety.

For Sale Cheap

G. & S. DAVIES,
London House.

April 26, 1869.

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

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.

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'own 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

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.

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

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 5in

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 Picton, 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 Picton for Charlottetown, on arrival of Train, same day.

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

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

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.

OBSERVE THE PRICES

AT

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

The Centre of Attraction.

ROBERT YOUNG, has this SEASON Received the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of

Staple and Fancy

DRY GOODS

that he has ever had the pleasure of offering to the Public of Charlottetown, and which, as regards price and quality, he feels confident cannot be surpassed on the Island

The following articles deserve the special attention of intending purchasers;—

Fancy Dress Goods from 10½d per yard,
Winseys from 11d per yard,
French Merinos from 5s per yard,
Crimean Shirting from 1s 6d per yard,
Scarlet and Blue Twilled Flannels all wool, from 2s 3d per yard,
Ladies' Clouds from 2s 11d,
Grey Cottons from 4½d per yard,
White Cottons from 5d per yard,
Men's Under Shirts and Pants from 4s 3d,
Hoop Skirts from 1s 9d,
Fast Colored Prints from 7d per yard,
Gents' Paper Collars from 4½d per box,
Beautiful Stays from 1s 9d,
All Wool Tweeds for Gents' Wear, from 3s 11d per yard (Cheaper than Homespun.)

Together with a Large and Well Selected Stock of Shawls, Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Ribbons, Flowers, Feathers, Sontags, Hoods, Pelerines, Furs, Hats, Bonnets, &c., &c. , &c

Terms Cash, and no Second Price.

Queen Square, Ch'town, Oct 26th, 1868.

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,
ASORTED 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

Calanas, Partagas, Tigaros, Star & Rosarilo Brands.

100,000 German Cigars,

of all Grades and Prices.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

COLFORD BROTHERS,
78 Granville Street.

April 19, 1869.

Sugar & Molasses!

5 Hogsheads SUGAR,
10 Puncheons MOLASSES,
Ex 'Alhambra,' from Halifax, for sale by
CARVELL BBOS.

April 26, 1869. 1m

Flour!

500 Bbls. Canada and American FLOUR, for sale by
CARVELL BROS.

April 25, 1869. 1m

Mackerel Barrels.

2000 BARRELS, 500 OLD BARRELS. For sale by
CARVELL BROS.

April 26, 1869. 1m

Salt.

5000 BUSHELS LIVERPOOL SALT,
1000 BAGS do do
100 Bags fine do do
For sale by
CARVELL BROS.

April 26 1869. 1m

CRAPAUD

The Subscriber's Stock of GENERAL MERCHANDIZE consists of

DRY GOODS

in variety,

Groceries of all kinds, Iron and Steel, Nails and Spikes of all kinds, Paints Oils, and Varnishes, all kinds.

Carriage Builders' and Painters' Stock.

Axes, Shovels, Forks, Whips, Hoes, Plough Metals, Locks, Hinges, Screws, Files, Glass, Putty, Sheathing Paper, Tar, Rosin, Salt, Spoons, Table and Pocket Cutlery in variety, Clocks, Apples, Confectionary.

BOOTS & SHOES.

Drugs and Patent Medicines, Dye Stuffs all kinds, Sole and Upper Leather, Oil Stones, Codfish, Chain Traces and Backbands, Cordage, Chain for Mud Diggers, Brooms, Pails, Tubs, &c.

Door Roller 9 Hangers, Paper Hangings, Window Blinds, Skates, Sleigh Bells, Stationery.

Sheet Lead and Zinc, Enamel Cloth, Patent Leather,

which, with articles not above mentioned, comprise nearly all required for the Country Trade, and is the largest and best assortment of General Merchandise in this vicinity and will be sold low.

GEORGE HOWATT.

Crapaud, April 5, 1869.

THE STANDARD

LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1825.

Constituted by Special Acts of Parliament.

GOVERNOR:

His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry, K. G.

CHIEF OFFICES:

EDINBURGH—3 and 5 Great George Street, (Head Office)
LONDON—82, King William Street, E. C. 3, Pall Mall East, S. W.
DUBLIN—66 Upper Sackville Street.

Rates of Premium moderate.

Profits Divided every Five Years.

Annual income of Company upwards of £700,000 stg.

Invested Capital and Accumulations upwards of £4,000,000 stg.

J. LONGWORTH,
Agent at Charlottetown.

Mar. 22, 1869.

BRYAN BLONDAY;

OR,

The Blue Ranger of the Mohawk.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER III.

Early in the morning of the day mentioned in the last chapter, Bryan Blonday left his inviting bed, in the neat cottage of Fielding, and without an object and reflecting upon the beauties of his mistress, strolled toward the more compact portion of the settlement.

In his walk, he met Carl Knipper, the servant at the castle, and the one whom we have alluded to as Bryan's confident.

Carl was a square-built, hardy-framed, red-faced, shrewd, generous hearted Dutchman, most devotedly attached to Blonday, and to the lovely Viola Fordham. He knew of their mutual attachment, and by his ingenuity and faithfulness had often enabled them to meet without the knowledge of Abram. He had also been the bearer of many little notes between them; and he very justly regarded himself as one deeply interested in Bryan's welfare.

Carl was considerably past fifty years of age, and a widower, yet he took a deep interest in all love matters.

'There is no impediment now,' he muttered: 'Van Kempen the elder is bestowed in the grave, and Hans cares no more for his cousin than he does for his swine.'

'Good morning, Carl,' he cried to his friend, 'Where away so early?'

'Good morning, Master Bryan,' replied Carl, coming to a full halt, and removing a short black pipe, his constant companion, from his mouth. 'I have been to the river to look after my lines!'

'And what luck, Carl?'

'Donder! none at all!'

Carl was a keen sportsman, and above all things delighted in Isaac Walton's pastime

'Rather early for the fish, is it not?' Bryan observed. 'You are not usually unfortunate.'

'It is early,' said Carl, 'but then the weather is unusually fine, and I desired to try my luck.'

'Carl,' said Bryan, earnestly, 'I am in need of your assistance once more. Can I count upon you?'

'To be sure you can, Master Bryan; why do you ask me?'

'I did not know but you had changed your views. These are changing times, Carl; didn't you know it?'

'I shall never change in my friendship for you,' said Carl, with an impressive gesture, 'In what can I assist you?'

'I desire to see Viola.'

Carl smiled

'Will you inform her?'

'To be sure I will.'

'And can you let me know her determination?'

'Yes. When shall she meet you?'

'Oh! at night when the moon is up.'

'Well, then, if you pass the north gate of the wall and find a red cloth suspended from it, she will meet you.'

'The old signal, eh, Carl?'

'Yes, I have preserved it, though for the matter of that it has been but little in service lately. To tell you the truth, I was afraid you had deserted the pretty Viola.'

Pshaw! Carl. Don't you know that I never desert my friends. I am truer hearted than that would seem.'

'I never doubted your heart,' said Carl; 'but then you know love will not endure forever, especially when it is always thwarted and opposed. I have tried it, Master Bryan.'

'Indeed!' said Bryan, turning to depart. 'Don't forget the signal, Carl, for I shall pass the north gate in the afternoon.'

'I will not forget it, if there is any occasion for it. Something unforseen by us may prevent her consent.'

'Then hang out a white signal instead of a red one.' said Bryan. 'In this way I shall avoid suspense and uncertainty.'

'A good idea!' cried Carl. 'I will do so.'

And Bryan continued his walk towards the inn of Van Kempen's castle, and Carl Knipper walked leisurely toward Van Kempen's mansion. A smile wreathed his ruddy lips.

'Ah, my God,' he muttered, reverently closing his eyes, and elevating his hands; 'if master, Hans, was a gentleman like that gallant Bryan, it would be a pleasure to serve him. Won't he make a husband for the proud Viola—proud and good.

The keeper of the tavern here spoken of, was another of Bryan's friends. Peter Schnapps, for that was the publicans name, was perfectly independent of the Van Kempen interest, for he was the owner of the house and lot, and, as was his pompous boast, owed no man a penny. Like Carl Knipper, he was a Dutchman honest, obliging and careful, and in the pursuance of his vocation, was the possessor of a flourishing trade. He was a Whig, a firm and decided one, though, like many others, the force of circumstances compelled him to be quiet

Bryan's gentlemanly bearing, and above all his sentiments, and his eloquent, bold, and such undisguised manner of asserting them, had strongly attached the innkeeper to his interests; and he often swore most lustily, that the Foundling of the Mohawk would become *the* great man of the settlement.

Toward the inn, which was a comodious double mansion built of logs, Bryan pursued his walk, as we have said. His mind was full of Viola Fordham, and the delights of his future interview, and he paid no attention to his whereabouts until the voice of Peter Schnapps sounded in his ears. Then he turned and saw the publican standing in in the door of the inn.

'Are you the man to pass your old friends without a word, Bryan Blonday,' Peter cried.

Thus addressed, Bryan shook off his reverie, and said:

'Indeed, good Peter, I had forgotten myself. I had intended to visit you, but was about passing your door, so intent was I in thinking of other matters.'

'Well, come in then. I have wished for you many a time these few days past, for a strange gentleman has made a great many inquires about you—a very great many.'

'A strange gentleman?' said Bryan. 'Who could it be, Peter? I am sure that I am not known out of the settlement.'

'He was an attorney,' said Peter, 'a curious man, indeed. He had been to visit the will of old Van Kempen!'

'Did you learn his name?'

'Fozzle.'

'And what did he want of me?'

'Come in, and then I will tell you all.'

Bryan entered the inn, and seated himself Peter also took a chair, and when he had composed his limbs to his liking he said:

'You see, after the lawyer had make old Abram's will, he came down to my house, and stayed several days. He was the most inquisitive man I ever knew. He almost blinded me with questions. He wanted the history of every man in the place and woman too. He gleaned all the particulars of Van Kempen's marriage, and finally desired a full history of your own life.'

'But how knew he aught of me?' asked Bryan, with some considerable trepedition.

'Oh, you were spoken of as a great Whig, and the only one in the settlement who dare oppose the Van Kempens. After he had heard this, he inquired all about you!'

'Was he a Whig?'

'That's what no one could discover, but I believe he was.'

'Where is he now?'

'Returned to Albany, but he will be here again in a few days.'

'And for what object?'

He says that he designs to settle in this region

'He must be a singular man.'

'Didn't I say that he was? He is a keen one though, I warrant you. If it should turn out that he was a Whig, he would be a great help to us in this Tory region.'

'True. When he does return, inform me of it. I am at a loss to know in what way he can be interested in me.'

'I will let you know, indeed I will,' cried Schnapps. I persuaded him to go to the cottage and see you, but he declined, saying that he should have another opportunity before long.'

As Peter had unfolded his budget, Bryan returned to the cottage for his breakfast. During the meal he was silent and thoughtful, his mind being filled with speculations regarding the stranger.

It was a long and tedious morning to Bryan, notwithstanding the beauties that surrounded him. The winter, long and gloomy in these latitudes, had disappeared, and bright and balmy spring had asserted its domain. The hues of early vegetation were emitting their fragrant perfume, the waters glanced brightly in the sun, and the birds of that clime had returned to their wonted haunts.

'Will she meet me?

This question he asked himself a thousand times.

'Will she meet me?'

And he would watch the sun and exclaim against the tardiness of his movements.

He was restless, irritable and discontented. He moved from place to place without an object, but no sooner had he gained a position, than he desired another.

No situation is perhaps so unpleasant as an ardent lover waiting for an interview with the idol of his heart:

The sun eventually declined westward. With eager steps Bryan bounded from the little lawn, and hastened toward the northern wall of the castle fence. As soon as he could discover the gate, he saw that a red cloth was fluttering from a post.

He clasped his hands, and exclaimed:

'She will meet me.'

This was a delightful relief to his excited feelings.

'She will meet me, and I am happy.'

And he returned to his home, to await the further flight of time, in the solitude of his own chamber. His head was so full of rejoicing that he could not tolerate society.

Seated at the little table by his bedside, he amused himself, and whiled away his time in examining the little keepsakes that Viola had given him, and in re-reading her billets, which he had already perused a thousand times. After all, he was able to discover new beauties in both the language and chirography.

Soon after Bryan had quitted the north wall, Hans Van Kempen emerged from the gate, intent upon a stroll beside the river. Like Bryan Blonday, he too, was in love.

The heart of the Patroon was agitated by several passions. He was a little sad, somewhat angry, and immensely jealous. His eye caught the red cloth.

'What the devil does this mean,' cried he, gazing at it.

It perplexed him sorely. Any little incident in the least mysterious, will aggravate a jealous man.

'I see,' he said after a little reflection 'Some d—d Whig has placed it there as a mark of contempt for the flag of England. I have it, it is the work of that rascal, Bryan Blonday.'

Of course, let the mischief be what it may, a jealous man always attributes it to his rival.

With very unamiable feelings Hans Van Kempen took the cloth from the gate, and as he was rending it into innumerable shreds, he exclaimed:

'Ah, that cursed Bryan Blonday! Would that I could tear his heart in the same manner.'

After the signal was demolished, the rage of the Patroon cooled. He threw the fragments upon the ground, and then pursued his walk.

Hans indulged in a long reflection upon the banks of the river. He resolved in his mind a hundred plans for the removal of his rival but none of them seemed likely to effect his purposes.

'Curse him,' he exclaimed, 'but for his handsome face, and bold address, Viola Fordham would be mine without an effort. Aye, and so would her fortune.'

Hans turned to go home. As he approached the gate, he saw the fragments of the signal upon the ground, and once more his thoughts reverted to it, and the manner in which he discovered it.

'It is mysterious,' he muttered. 'If any one had desired to insult me, they would have placed the emblem where I would most likely discover it. This rag might have fluttered unobserved a hundred years, but for the merest accident. What can it mean?'

And in a moment the Patroon was seated upon the grass in a brown study.

'I have it!' he cried at length, jumping up under the influence of some powerful excitement. 'I have them now. By G—d it is a signal! I'll sift this matter to the bottom.'

And Hans opened the gate, and ran up the yard like a furious madman.

Near the entrance to the mansion he discovered Carl Knipper. He instantaneously halted and called him.

'Carl Knipper, come hither.'

Carl slowly approached.

'Listen to me, said Hans, endeavoring to appear calm. 'Tell me the truth, too, if you value your ears.'

Carl was as calm as a moonbeam.

'Do you know aught of a red cloth appended to a gate?'

Carl was cool. Not a muscle moved.

'Yes,' he answered promptly.

'What does it mean? Who placed it there?

'I did,' replied Carl.

'For what purpose?'

'As a signal.'

'Well, go on! What the devil do you stop for!' exclaimed Hans, almost bursting with impatience.

'As a signal for Peter Schnapps,' answered the servant, who had only hesitated in order to think of an excuse.

'And what are you exchanging signals with Peter Schnapps for?'

'To tell him that I would go on a fishing voyage to-night,' answered Carl.

'The devil!' exclaimed Hans, and retreated to his own room, fully believing the assertion of his servant

Carl was a diplomatist. He had lied lustily, but he had lied in character, and he succeeded

'More moonshine after all,' exclaimed Hans, throwing himself into a great chair, that had been his uncle's favorite. 'Oh! if it had been the work of that Bryan, or a signal between him and Viola, it should have cost his life.'

And this reflection consoled the Patroon.

'I will watch Viola,' he exclaimed. In the most silent and secret manner I will keep a strict watch upon all her movements. Let me once detect her in a correspondence with the Foundling, and by the God that made me, it shall fare ill with her.'

Carl returned to the kitchen immediately after the departure of his master, and with the society of his short black pipe, he chuckled over the success of his falsehood.

'It will do,' Carl would mutter. 'Let the poor young people meet. It is not right for master Hans to interfere.'

The first beams of the bright April moon found Bryan Blonday seated in the little grove where he had appointed to meet Viola. A few feet from him flowed the tranquil river, soothing the excitement of his mind by its low and gentle murmur.

'She will come,' he thought, 'Viola is true to her word. A few moments more and she will be beside me.'

But Bryan was kept a long time in waiting. Indeed, his patience was most severely tried, and once or twice hopes entirely deserted him. Then he would remember the earnestness of Viola's love, and his spirits would at once rise, and he exclaim;

'She will be here! I would risk my life upon her faithfulness.'

It was a long time before Viola could leave the precincts of the Castle unobserved. The housekeeper must be avoided, the servants shunned, and a dozen little perplexities surmounted, but at last she avoided them all, and closely muffled in her shawl she tripped lightly down the lawn, toward the northern gate.

The faithful Carl was there to let her out.

'Now, I will remain here,' he said, 'until you return. If there is anything occurring, I will whistle, and then you must remain within the shelter of the grove, and on no account make your appearance. You can easily hear me.'

Viola thanked the faithful old man for his ingenuity, and then hastened toward the grove. Bryan heard her light and rapid footfall, and the blood rushed swiftly through his veins.

'I was right,' he thought. 'Viola is coming.'

In a few moments she was folded in his arms.

'Ah, dearest' exclaimed Bryan, when his excitement had somewhat subsided, 'this is indeed a bliss and a faithfulness that more completely endears you to me. When shall we meet thus, to part no more whilst life remains?'

'Alas!' said Viola, 'I know not.'

'But surely,' urged Bryan, somewhat vehemently, 'The death of your uncle has left you free to act as you choose?'

'No.'

'And why.'

'He has appointed another guardian.'

The countenance of the youth fell

'Is it possible,' he exclaimed, 'The malignity of that man will pursue me after his death.'

'Alas!' said Viola, 'I am no more my own master now than during his life.'

But who is your new guardian?'

'Hans, my cousin.'

'Great God!' exclaimed Bryan, 'But why do I speak. He could not legally depute the trust confided by your mother to him. It is but a mockery, and of no obligation whatever.'

'But Hans avers to the contrary.'

'Hans lies,' cried the youth. 'It cannot be. It is but a device of his own, and for his own purposes. Believe him not but trust to me, I will not deceive you.'

'But you may be deceived yourself.'

'Impossible. I know that I am right.'

'Would that it were so,' replied Viola. 'I dread the power of my cousin Hans, and he has already proposed himself as my husband. I trust, however, that he will no further urge his suit

Bryan was alarmed. He thought of the wealth of the young Patroon, of his powerful interest, and he knew him to be most unscrupulous. He gazed into the face of his mistress with a sorrowful expression. He was truly despondent.

'Why are you sad?' asked Viola.

'Have I not enough to make me sad?' said Bryan. 'In wealth and power I am no match for your cousin, and if he earnestly proposed to you, you may rest assured that he will not tamely give you up.'

'But dearest, I promptly and determinedly refused him. I told him that our union could never take place.'

'No matter for that, it will only stimulate his efforts. Hans hates me. He will pursue you in order to pain me, if for no other reason. I know him, and am confident that he will endeavor to compel you to the alliance that he desires. He does not care for your love. He only desires success and the possession of your wealth.'

'But surely, Bryan, you do not distrust me! Do you suppose that I can be forced to wed a man I dislike? Hans Van Kempen does not attempt the thing!

Bryan was about to reply, but a shrill whistle from the gate attracted his attention.

'There is danger abroad!' exclaimed Viola in alarm. 'It is the signal of the faithful Carl Knipper!'

'What danger?' asked Bryan.

'Something that requires caution at our hands. Let us remove farther within the shadow of the grove!'

Bryan complied with the request, and the lovers seated themselves upon the very brink of the river bank.

CHAPTER IV.

STAR GAZING.

Mrs. Naomi Billious, a maiden lady of some fifty long, unmarried, and unwooed years, was the housekeeper, or general superintendent of the female department of Van Kempen's castle. She had been inducted by Abram, and the kitchen sceptre duly placed into her hand, several years before this period, and for a long time the neighbors and servants supposed her to be the very goodness of good nature, affability and kindness. She was a prudent careful manager, and very attentive to the wants and interests of her employer.

The fact was, the old damsel was making a most desperate effort to entrap Abram in the matrimonial, and the virtues that she practised, were only asumed for her especial purposes.

There is no parallel to the perseverance and patience of an old maid, whose hook is baited for a matrimonial victim! No art, that promises the most faint hopes of success, is neglected; no means, however unscrupulous or indelicate, are passed over. Night and day, morning and evening, the brain is racked, and the ingenuity strained, to ensure success.

But even the patience of an old maid cannot endure forever. Naomi Billious exhausted all the arts known to women of her class, and even invented new ones — but it was all useless. Abram Van Kempen, the ungrateful dog, was both blind and deaf to all her excellencies. He never bestowed even a smile upon her.

Naomi eventually gave up in despair. With a proud curl of her lip, and a disdainful toss of her head, she quoted the hackneyed lines—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

(Continued on fourth page)