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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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR SEPTEMBER 1869

MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 6th day, 1h. 54m., eve., N.E.
First Quarter, 11th day, 5h. 11m. even. S.
Full Moon, 20th day, 4h. 29m. even. E.
Last Quarter, 28th day 4h. 57m. even., N

D M	DAY OF WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun fast of clock	Moon rises.	High water	day's Length
		h m	h m	m m	h m	h m	h m
1	Wed	5 29	6 35	0 13	morn	6 43	13 13
2	Thur	26	34	0 32	0 54	7 43	8
3	Frid	28	31	0 51	2 0	8 46	3
4	Sat	30	30	1 10	2 10	9 45	12 57
5	Sun	5 31	28	1 30	4 24	10 42	30
6	Mon	32	26	1 50	sets	11 32	54
7	Tues	33	24	2 10	7 37	morn.	51
8	Wed	34	22	2 30	8 9	0 22	48
9	Thur	35	20	2 51	8 43	0 11	45
10	Frid	37	19	3 11	9 20	1 59	42
11	Sat	38	17	3 32	10 0	2 46	39
12	Sun	5 39	15	3 53	10 43	3 35	12 36
13	Mon	40	13	4 14	11 29	4 29	33
14	Tues	41	11	4 35	morn	5 29	30
15	Wed	42	9	4 56	0 25	6 32	27
16	Thur	43	7	5 19	1 23	7 36	24
17	Frid	44	5	5 39	2 30	8 38	21
18	Sat	45	4	6 0	3 28	9 32	19
19	Sun	5 46	3	6 21	4 20	9 54	12 17
20	Mon	47	1	6 42	rises	10 21	14
21	Tues	48	59	7 3	6 42	11 6	11
22	Wed	50	57	7 24	7 7	11 45	7
23	Thur	51	54	7 45	7 30	even	3
24	Frid	52	51	8 6	8 0	1 58	11 59
25	Sat	53	48	8 26	8 30	1 31	55
26	Sun	5 54	46	8 47	9 8	2 10	11 52
27	Mon	55	44	9 7	9 58	2 49	49
28	Tues	56	43	9 27	10 43	3 28	47
29	Wed	57	41	9 47	11 42	4 15	44
30	Thur	58	39	10 6	morn	5 9	41

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

DUNN 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 Propietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. I.

May 31 1869. tf

BELL'S

TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT

QUE EN 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,

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!!!

MEERHAUM

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 hd.

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 3½ per Roll, upwards.

H. A. HARVIE.

May 24, 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.

REUBEN TUPLIN;

COMMISSION MERCHANT.

AUCTIONEER.

AND GENERAL AGENT.

Margate, - - - P. E. Island.

REFERENCES :

Hon. D. BRENAN, Charlottetown.

R. T. HOLMAN, Summerside.

April 22 1869. 6m

AMERICAN

OYSTER SALOON.

Queen Street,

Opposite W. R. Watson's Durg Store

Best of Liquos Always on hand.

BENJAMIN PETTIGREW,

PROPRIETOR.

Charlottetown, ... P. E. Island

N B--Families supplied with Fresh OYSTERS.

Aug 2 1869. 3m

T. T. T.

GOOD TEA, SUGAR, MOLASSES and other GROCERIES, together with

DRY GOODS,

&c., &c.,

at the WEST END STORE,

Rochford Square.

June 28, 1869.

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.

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 offers 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,
AMORET 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 ig ars,

from $30 to $100 per M.,

among which are

Catanas, Partagas, Tigaros, 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.

EDWARD RYDER,

PAINTER, 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

COLLARS

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 SCISSORS,
10 M NEEDLES.

Will be sold extremely low, in lots to suit purchasers.

N. RANKIN,

June 18, 1869. Auctioneers' Row

EXCURSIONS

For July and August, by Steam Navigation Co's. steamers.

PERSONS desirous of obtaining RETURN TICKETS, available for one week, to and from any place called at by Co's. Steamers, may purchase the same for One and a Half fare, or parties of five or more may obtain the same at one single fare, one ticket only being issued to the party

☞ Season Tickets, at reduced fares, can be had on application at the office.

By order,

F. W. HALES, Secretary.

July 5, 1869.

FLOUR. FLOUR.

JUST RECEIVED from MONTREAL,--

100 bbls. extra Canada FLOUR,

For sale low.

GEORGE HOWATT.

Crapaud, Aug 2, 1869.

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

PAPER COLLARS

FOR THE MILLION

AT

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

Linen Faced Paper Collars,
Linen Fibre Paper Collars
Enameled Paper Collars,
Cloth Buttonhole Paper Collars
Round Point Paper Collars,
Square Point Paper Collars,
Shakespeare Paper Collars,
Byron Paper Collars,
Garotte Paper Collars,
Printed Paper Collars,
Fancy End Paper Collars,
Eureka Paper Collars,
Paper Cuffs,
Paper Shirt Fronts, at

ROBERT YOUNG'S.

North Side Queen Square,

Ch'town, June 21, 1869. tf

FIRST ARRIVAL!!

FINE GOODS!

For Spring, 1869,

AT THE

British Warehouse!

THE SUBSCRIBERS have just Received from LONDON, via HALIFAX, per Steamer "ALHAMBRA"--

3 Cases DRY GOODS,

now open and ready for inspection.

W. & A. BROWN.

April 26, 1869

GLASGOW HOUSE,

QUEEN STREET.

NEW GOODS

FOR

Spring and Summer, 1869.

The Subscriber begs to call the attention of intending purchasers to his extensive Stock of

Staple & Fancy Dry Goods

GROCERIES

AND

GENERAL MERCHNDIZE,

which have been personally selected with great care in GREAT BRITAIN and are now on Sale, WHOLESALE and RETAIL

FREDERICK LEPAGE

Ch'town, June 21, 1869.

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. DESBLOIS.

May 17, 1869

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 SUBSCRIBER

BEGS leave to acquaint his Customers and the Public in general that he has engaged the services of MR. JOHN DORSEY, to take the SOLE CONTROL of his

Boot and Shoe Business,

and conduct the same, knowing him to be a first-class workman and confident that he will give general satisfaction.

Thankful for past favors he solicits a continuance of the same, promising in the meantime, not to furnish "Golden Boots," but leather of the very best quality, style and workmanship, with neatness and despatch.

FRANCIS STANLEY.

Ch'town, Sept. 6, 1869. pf tel ns 3m

THE MANIAC'S SECRET,

OR THE

Privateer of Massachusetts Bay.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XVII--Continued.

On the following morning, very soon after breakfast had been eaten, Dick Bolton arrived. He was a man about forty years of age, short and corpulent and wearing a face of the most palpable fun and good humor. His conversation was half made up of snatches from old plays, until he came directly to the business in hand, and then he took a more practical turn. He brought quite a bundle with him, and having untied it he displayed a suit of clothes, such as were then worn by men who had passed the ordinary bounds of life.

'Now,' said Dick, at the end of half an hour spent in a rattling conversation, 'we'll fix ye so that your own kinsmen would bend the knee in reverence to your green old age. I, faith, sir, I'll a tale unfold from the back of your head that'll instantaneously add threescore years to your life. Eh? how that?'

As he spoke, he held up a wig from which depended a queue of magnificent length. The hair was white, and the skull was of a very adroitly contrived oiled silk, and so arranged that it required a very close inspection, when once adjusted in its place, to tell that it was not really the skin of a bald pate.

'Now these togs'll fit ye, I'm sure,' resumed Dick, as he shook out the breeches and long stockings. 'Let's have 'em on as quick as we can.'

So Rolin prepared for the metamorphosis at once. The black silk stockings were drawn on and they fitted to a hair. Then the breeches followed, and when they were buckled and buttoned about the knees, they proved that Dick's eye was good for measuring. The long, flapped waistcoat was just the thing, and the broadcuffed, deeply trimmed coat seemed to have been made for its present wearer. The coat was then removed, and the shoes were adjusted, with their huge buckles glittering like mirrors. The wig was then adjusted carefully, and all the original hair having been securely drawn up out of sight and bound, and then Dick proceeded to arrange some colors which he had brought with him.

'Now we'll fix your face to match the dress and wig,' said Dick, 'and then ye'll be done for. By the piper's cow, ye won't know yerself.'

Dick mixed his paint thoroughly, and having drawn such lines as his long experience in the business taught him just how and where to lay on, he said:

'There, water wont wash them off, I can assure ye. When ye want to remove 'em, just take a little pure spirit, and that'll eat 'em off in a hurry. Now, Tom, what d'ye think?'

'Think?' uttered Tom, in a transport of wonder and delight; 'why his own mother would swear t'was her grandfather--blow me if she wouldn't. But let's just call up Molly, and see if she'll know him.'

Molly was called up, and when she entered the room Rolin stood leaning upon a stout, hickory staff, and trembling with apparent age and infirmity. The good woman gazed at him with astonishment.

'Don't ye remember old father Williams, Molly?' said Tom, soberly and honestly.

'Surely I remember him,' returned Mrs Wilson, regarding Rolin earnestly; 'but I never thought he had grown so old. And yet time passes swiftly away. Thirteen years ago seems but yesterday. You remember your little Molly, don't ye, father?'

Rolin was spared the necessity of a reply by an uproarious burst of laughter from Dick Bolton.

'Don't strike me, Molly for my impudence to old age,' the actor cried, 'but I have a right, sin' I made him auld mesel'.'

By this time both Tom and Rolin joined in the laugh, and Mrs. Wilson began to see into the mystery. After this Rolin was permitted to go to the looking-glass, and at first he absolutely seemed to doubt the evidence of his own senses. But he soon came to realize the fact of his metamorphosis, and turning to his companions, he said:

'I m sure I shouldn't know myself.'

'That's a fact,' returned Tom.

'And now let me tell ye a bit of a secret,' added Dick. 'You must forget entirely that you are Rolin Lincoln. Don't you even once think that such a man ever lived. Your name is Adam Williams, you are fourscore and eight last Christmas. You can't walk fast, nor stand straight, if ye do 'twill break yer back. Ye can't help trembling--and ye can t stand without leaning both hands on your staff. Ye haven't got a loud voice, and ye can't under any circumstances, speak only after this fashion.' And here he gave a perfect imitation of an old decrepit man.

Rolin copied after his tutor, and succeeded admirably.

'There, sir,' cried Dick, with a flourish, 'you'll do. Stick to that, and mind your role and you'll pass muster anywheres, and before anybody.'

Ere long afterwards, Rolin Lincoln was in the open air. He tottered along tremulously, and the people in the streets bowed reverently to him as he passed. Surely he had nothing to fear now.

CHAPTER XVIII.

All that day, after Abner Danton had gone, Belinda saw no living person, nor did she receive any more food, and late at night, weary and hungry, she threw herself upon her bed. She slept some, but dreams disturbed her, and twice she had to arise to dispel the fearful phantoms that haunted her. On the following morning she was aroused quite early by hearing some one enter the outer room, and she arose and went out, but not until the intruder had gone. She saw a mething upon the table, and going up to it she found a small loaf of black corn bread, and an earthen mug of water. She started back at beholding this, but in a moment more she remembered the threat of Danton, und a look of triumph rested upon her face.

'Ah,' she uttered, 'and this is the means he would adopt to curb my will. O, such food is ambrosia, and such drink is nectar, so that the partaking of it keeps him at bay.'

And thus speaking she sat down to the coarse repast. Her appetite was keen, and she did ample justice to the loaf. But in half an hour afterwards, came a darker cloud. She was sitting by the window, and heard some one ascending the stairs, and when the door opened her new father entered. His face was flushed, and his step was unsteady. Belinda started up, but she did not speak, for she saw by the dull, heavy tone of the major's eyes, that he was drunk.

'Belinda,' he said in a thick, hurried tone, 'I have come to tell you that you must be the wife of Abner Danton. Now, don't ye contradict me, nor disobey me, because if ye do, I'll--I'll call down dire vengeance on yer head.'

'You shall marry him!'

'But, my father--'

'Stop! I won't have a word. I've said it. You shall marry him.'

'O, father, if you were yourself now, you would not speak thus. If you love me--'

'Away! avaunt! out! I'll no more of it. By the--the-- But you know what I mean. I mean that Danton shall be your husband. Marry him, and be happy; or refuse him, and be accused of God for disobeying your own lawfully wedded father. Now mind yer eye. Forward. Don t ye dare to disobey me. Mind, I aren't a fooling now.'

As these words left his lips, he made a dive for the door. But he need not have hurried, for Belinda wished not to detain him. She saw that he was not himself, and she wished not for his presence. After he was gone she sat down again, and she was not long in coming to the conclusion that he had made himself drunk on purpose to brace himself up to the task of coming to her with that order. And this led her to another reflection. She asked herself if such a man could feel one spark of a father's love--and if he could not, was he her father.

O, how that question thrilled to her soul. Could that man be her father? She could not dwell upon the thought without agony. Proof said he was. Instinct said no. She could reason upon it no more, for her fear, her worst fear--chained her belief. She feared that Barton FitzGerald was truly her parent; that he had promised her hand to Danton, and that he would not break that promise. Also, that her refusal had made him angry, even to ugliness, but that his father's heart was softened in her presence. Yet, holding his pledged word above all else, he did not hesitate to sacrifice to it all parental love. Let her mind wander with hope as it would, she came back to this hypothesis at last.

The day passed without a visit from any one else, and just as the sun sank behind the western highlands she ate up the last of her loaf. She passed another night of wakeful dreaming slumber, and on the following morning, she found another loaf and mug of water.

Thus she passed three more days, and on the morning of the fourth she encountered Jiley, for such she had learned was the hags name, just as she was coming in with the bread and water.

'Well, miss,' said the woman dryly, 'how much longer d'ye expect to live in this way?'

'As long as they choose, I suppose.'

'But ye can be clear, can't ye?'

'I know not how.'

'Why, the gen'lm'n told me as you would be clear when ye became his wife.'

'Then I shall live here until I die,' calmly responded Belinda. She had no more thoughts of trying to move the hags heart to compassion, so she only answered her questions.

'But ye don't want to live on bread and water.'

'Yes. I like it.'

'Umph!' and with this Jiley set down the things and left.

On the next morning from this, Belinda found that Jiley had been there before her in the outer room, but the aspect of her food had become changed. The bread was not only reduced one-half, but it was dry and mouldy. She ate a piece of it, but it was ungrateful. She next raised the mug to her lips, she took one swallow, and the vessel dropped from her hands. The water was brackish, warm and nasty, utterly nauseating. A fearful shudder passed over her frame, and with a deep groan she sank back.

'God of mercy!' she uttered, 'and will they do this? Will they starve me, inch by inch, to death?'

'Yes!' uttered a voice at the door.

The poor girl looked quickly up, and saw her father. She sprang towards him and sank down upon her knees.

'Mercy! Mercy!' she prayed.

'Not a bit of it,' replied FitzGerald. 'Ye'll have no mercy from me. Once I gave my solemn word to Abner Danton that you should be his wife, and I can't perjure myself. Whatever befalls you here is of your own make, and you must abide it. When you are willing to obey me, you can send for either me or Abner--we shall both come together. Remember--I only ask you to obey me.'

'O, and in that obedience be ever miserable.'

'Nonsense! Stuff! I know better. Danton's rich and good-looking, and if ye treat him with even a decent share of respect, he'll make a loving and kind husband. I thought I'd come this morning and see how you stuck it out. You understand me now.'

'Water! water!' gasped the poor girl, as her father turned away.

'You'll need a husband first!' was the cool response.

'One drop.'

'You shall swim in it if you choose, when you send for your husband.'

'But--'

'I'll here no more.'

The major quickly started through the doorway as he spoke, and locked the door after him. Belinda heard his retreating footsteps, and when she could hear him no more, she sank down upon the floor, with her face buried in her hands, and groaned in the deep agony of her soul. She was weak now, and gradually a sense of faintness overcame her, and she was soon lost to all the horrors of her situation in a fit of utter unconsciousness.

It was near noon when Belinda became fully conscious of things about her, and the first movement she made was towards the water mug. She raised it to her lips, but she could not drink the disgusting contents. Her lips were dried and crackled, her tongue parched and furred, and her head hot and aching. She thought not of food--she thought not of friends--she only thought of water--water--water! She remembered a little brooklet in the woods, where a silvery spring bubbled up from beneath a huge rock, and then ran off through a mossy artery by winding fantastic ways, now dwelling for a while in a sandy basin, as if to repose, and anon leaping away over a pile of rocks, and then rushing on with merry voice and song.

Many a time had the fair girl knelt beside this brooklet with her birchen dipper, and scooped up the icy, sparkling water, to quench her thirst. And now that brooklet came back to her mind. She could think of nothing else, and all her desires were turned upon that well remembered song of the gushing waters. It now seemed to her that for one sweet, entrapturing draught from that cool spring she would give years of servitude and suffering. She went to her bed and threw herself upon it. Her tongue grew more hot and parched, and her lips were dry like ripened husks.

'O, God!' she cried, 'how long must this be?' And there came up an answer--low and fearful--'Thou shalt marry him!'

'Water! water!' groaned the afflicted one, as the fever burned in her blood. And the same low, searching voice answered. 'You shall have it when you send for your husband.'

* * * * * *

The sun looked red and gloomy as it seemed to rest upon the tops of the western hills, for a dense vapor had gathered upon the water, and the blinding rays of the day-king were all drank up. The doomed girl looked out upon the mist-conquered orb, and all her hopes and joys of life seemed centered in it. Earth was fading fast, and the spirit yearned for the rest which was refused her here. The thirst had now become intense. Since the noon of the day before she had tasted no drink, and the fever had now reached to every part of her system. In the agony of a bursting soul she bowed her head to ponder upon the grim fate that stared her in the face.

Had there been but the two considerations--of death, or marriage with Danton, she would have suffered on, at least while her soul held its power. But the voice of her father--his command and his malediction--were thrown into the scale, and the beam turned!

She looked out once more, and the sun's upper disk was just visible. She watched it until it had disappeared, and then she started to her feet. She rushed to the door, and kicked upon it with her feet, and with all the strength she could command she called for Jiley. Ere long the steps of the ogress sounded upon the stairs, and in a few moments more she entered the room.

'Water! Water!' gasped Belinda, with her hands clasped and her body bent forward.

'Shall I call Mr. Danton?' asked the hag.

'O, mercy!'

'Then you don't want it?'

'Yes! yes! Call him! But give me water first.'

'Ye shall have it right away!'

'The water first! The water first! O, water! water!'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CLOUDS IN ONE QUARTER BEGIN TO ROLL AWAY.

With slow, feeble steps, old Adam Williams, for so we will know him now, took his way towards the dwelling of Major Fitzgerald. He reached the house, and just as he was upon the point of plying the knocker, the major himself ascended the steps from the street. The first searching glance of the officer's eyes made the old man wince perceptibly, but a firm assurance of the impenetrableness of his disguise quickly restored his composure, and he greeted the major freely.

'This is Major Fitzgerald's house, is it not?' Adam asked.

'Yes sir; and I am that man.'

'Ah, I am happy to see you. My name is Adam Williams. Perhaps you have heard of me?'

'Can't say that I ever did. But come, walk in; and we'll talk of that when we are seated.'

So Fitzgerald led the way, and the old man followed.

'You may think it strange that I should call upon you thus,' said Adam, after they had become seated; 'but I could not resist the temptation to come once more and see my old home. For many years I have lived in the country, but the rebels are increasing there, and I wished to escape from them. Ah, sir, I cannot forget all my king has done for me.'

'Right, old father--right,' uttered the major, enthusiastically. 'If all the colonists would feel so they might have peace and plenty. But they are fools! Fools, sir, I say. Then Boston was originally your home?'

'Boston, sir? Ay, not only Boston, but this very house.'

Our old man had made himself sufficiently sure that his host knew nothing about the former inhabitants of the house, and as he knew the building was a very old one, he ventured upon this excuse for his visit. He handled his voice to perfection in its tremulous accents, and in all other respects he maintained the peculiarties of decrepid old age.

'Ah,' returned the major, 'did you live in this house?'

'For many years,' said Adam, feeling that circumstances fully justified the equivocal course he was pursuing. 'And you will not wonder, sir, that I should feel a longing desire to see the old homestead once more. But do not fear, I mean not to afflict you with my presence long.'

'Tut, tut, man; it's you who mustn't far. By my soul, you are welcome. But let's talk with something to oil our tongues, for to tell you the truth, mine is kind o' dry. What say you to a bottle of old Maderia.'

'If it would not be taxing your generosity too far--'

'Pooh, not at all.' And as the major thus spoke, he reached up to the mantel and rang a small bell which stood there.

This was just what the visitor could most have desired. He saw at a glance that Fitzgerald had already been drinking, and that he showed its effects plainly. Another bottle might loosen his tongue so that even important secrets might be got from him, for the visitor's purpose was to obtain from him a most important information.

A servant quickly presented himself at the ringing of the bell.

'A couple of bottles of that old Madeira,' ordered the major. 'Aha,' he uttered, with a peculiar smack of his lips, turning to his guest, 'good wine is good. I could live on it. It not only gives growth to the soul, but it expands the heart, and warms the system. What, what should we do without it?'

'It is truly a blessing,' returned the old man, 'a blessing which, when wisely used, can hardly be excelled.'

The major had his mouth made up for a reply, but the appearance of the wine at that moment prevented the speech. The glasses were set, the corks were drawn, and the wine poured out, and for nearly half an hour the conversation turned upon the relations between England and the colonies. But at the end of that time the wine had mounted into the major's head in such quantities that his tongue began to swing very loosely. His visitor thought that he might venture now upon the subject that lay so near his heart.

'By the way, Major,' he said in a jolly, off-hand tone, at the same time pouring out more wine for his host and a little for himself, 'how happens it that I don't see your daughter here?'

'Eh? My--daughter? Ha, ha, ha. Why what d'ye (hic) mean?'

'I was told you had one of the handsomest daughters in town.'

'Oho o-o--yes, yes. But she aren't here now.'

'Ah, gone away on a visit I suppose?'

'Ha' ha, ha--yes. She has gone on a visit.'

The visitor felt a sudden fear that he might yet miss his object. But he resolved to push on.

'Well, here's to her health,' uttered the old man, 'and may she never give you any trouble in selecting a husband.'

'By Jupiter, I'll go that,' cried the major, tossing off his glass. 'The vixen! aren't she already given me trouble enough?'

'Ah, has she?'

'Ay, she has; and enough of it, too.'

'Then I know how to pity you, for I once had a case of the same kind. I once wished a child to marry.'

'And was (hic) she stubborn?'

'Yes, very.'

'Then what d've do?'

'I shut her up.'

'And did that bring her to?'

'Yes, perfectly.'

'Then she wasn't so stubborn as mine is. Jehosophat! she sticks it out like a martyr.'