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.'---Eurpilides

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WALTER C. GRANT,

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ALMANAC FOR JULY. 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

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

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

GEORGE D. WRIGHT,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES,

DUNN'S BLOCK,

QUEEN STREET,

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

June 28, 1868.

R. REDDIN,

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866 tf

B. WILSON HIGGS

General Commission Merchant

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown. . . . . P. E Island.

May 27, 1867. 1y

A. McNEILL,

Reading Room Proprietor,

COMMISSION MERCHANT

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, - - - P. I.

May 31 1869. tf

BELL'S

TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT

QUEEN STREET

Charlottetown - - - P. E. Island.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning thanks for the patronage with which he has been favored during the past year, and would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he is still prepared to attend to all orders in his line of business with punctuality.

CUTTING

Parties desirous of having Garments or Patterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.

JOHN BELL.

January 8, 1869.

MR. W. H. POPE

Begs to inform the Public that he has resumed

THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW.

OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.

Charlottetown, March 8, 1869.—1m

PAPER HANGINGS

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

For Sale Cheap

G. & S DAVIES,

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 accomodation to travellers, and do all in their power to render a stay in Charlottetown pleasant and agreeable

A First Class Ice Cream and Oyster Saloon, and a Barber Shop, are kept in connection with the House.

The Union House is pleasantly situated near wharves, and steamboat landings, and will be found convenient for travellers in all respects.

All matters pertaining to the wants and convenience of Guests will be promptly attended to by the Proprietors.

O'NEILL BROTHERS

Ch'town, Sept 28 1868. tf

PIPES! PIPES!! PIPES!!!

MEERCHAUM.

WARRANTED the Genuine ARTICLE, at the

UNION HOUSE.

Tobacco! Tobacco! Tobacco!

THE RALE TWIST, at the

UNION HOUSE.

Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!

OF the FINEST FLAVOUR, at the

UNION HOUSE.

A Large Stock of the above Articles have been imported by the Subscribers, and will be sold, Wholesale or Retail, in bond or duty paid, at a small advance on cost.

O'NEILL BROTHERS.

Union House, Queen Street, May 17, 1869. 6w

N. B.—Our Pipes are of the Best Quality; our Tobacco cannot be surpassed in this Market; our Cigars are second to none. Call one, call all, but don't all call together.

O'NEILL BROS.

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 constanty on hand

A neat Assortment of

Tinware, Kitchen Utensils

&c., &c., &c.

ALL ORDERS in theabove BUSINESS will be punctually attended to

JAMES F. WHITE COOPER,

Water Street, opposite the Telegraph Office

FISH, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.

300 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.

Ch town, P. E. I, August 3 1868 1y

H. HASZARD,

Commission Merchant,

GENERAL AGENT,

AND

AUCTIONEER

Upper Queen Street,

Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.

N. B.—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.

April 26, 1869.

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

R. A. FELLOWES

VETERINARIAN.

Attends professionally to accidents, and the Diseases incidental to

Horses, Horned Cattle, Sheep, Dogs,

and all domestic animals.

Rochford Square, May 10. 1869. isl pat 3m

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.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON!

Established 1803.

HEAD OFFICES:

1 Old Broad Street, and 16 Pall Mall, London.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, - - - - - £1,965.000.

$105 000 Deposited at OTTAWA for the protection of Policy holders, in conformity with the New Canadian Insurance Law.

Hanover Fire Insurance Company of New York.

PAID UP CAPITAL, - - - - - - -	$400,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - - -	$250 682 28
TOTAL ASSETTS, - - - - - - -	$650,682.23

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.

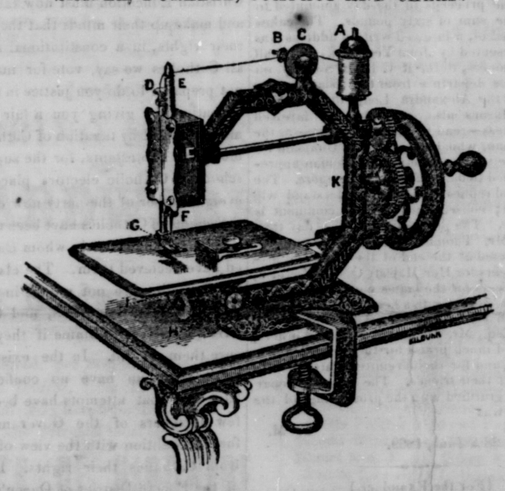
THE CELEBRATED

COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!

IMPROVED AND PERFECTED.

FOR ELEGENCE OF FINISH IT HAS NO RIVAL HIGH PRICE OR LOW.

SIMPLE, DURABLE, COMPACT AND CHEAP.



It will sew anything that can be sewed on any high priced Machine in the land, just as nicely and just as rapidly. It will sew from Swiss Muslin up to Beaver Cloth, at the rate of twelve hundred stitches per minute.

This Machine has a new style of feeding apparatus, which makes the Machine Self guiding The cloth, without the aid of either hand, will run nearly as true as when guided by Barnum's Self-sewer. This is one reason why this Machine is so easily managed by children. A girl with one hand can use it more successfully than she could ordinary Machines with two hands.

This Machine will Stitch, Hem, Fell, Tuck, Quilt, Cord, Bind, Braid, and Embroider in a most superior manner.

Printed instructions, German or English, Screw Driver, Hemmer, Oil Can, Four Needles, and Table Clamp, accompanying each Machine without extra cost.

HENRY A. HARVIE,
Sole Agent for P. E. Island

Ch'town, May 10, 1869. tf

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 Cigars,

from $30 to $100 per M.,

among which are

Catanas, Partagas, Figaros, 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, tho 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

Augnst 3, 1868.

PER 'ALHAMBRA.'

MOTT'S PREPARED COCOA,
Mott's No. 1 CHOCOLATE,
Mott's BROMA,
For Sale by
W. R. WATSON.

City Drug Store, Victoria Building, May 3rd, 1869.

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 Figures, 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

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.

BRYAN BLONDAY;

OR,

The Blue Ranger of the Mohawk.

CHAPTER X.

Through the singular colloquy we have attempted to depict, the emotions of Viola had been deeply varied. At first she paid no heed to the interruption, for she was nearly insensible. Indeed, she did not comprehend a word uttered by the Priest.

By and by, as the altercation was higher, her drooping energies seemed to arouse and she listened.

The first words that she understood was the annunciation of the trooper.

'I forbid this union.'

'Great God,' she thought, 'in this dark and bitter hour thou hast not deserted me, or given me over to death'

Thoughts of earth, of life, of hope, of happiness crowded thick and fast upon her mind.

Was it possible that she should be saved, that the sacrifice of both herself and Bryan would be prevented.

With a painful and absorbing interest she listened to the farther parley.

Gradually her interest in the event increased. She ventured to look upon her strange and daring champion, and his whole demeanor showed her that he was not one to deal in frivolties. His very face spoke of firmness and determination.

She felt the grasp of Hans upon her arm, felt that he trembled. Once she cast a furtive glance upon his features, they were pale and troubled. The sudden preponderance of hope was too much for her to bear.

The objects in the chapel danced before her eyes, the voices sounded husky and confused, and at last she felt her limbs yielding beneath her.

Soon she was insensible.

A file of soldiers of the prison guard were promptly brought to obey the call of Hans Van Kempen

They rushed into the church, and finding it nearly deserted, enquired the reason of the summons.

Hans pointed to the erect and swelling form of the Blue Brother, and rapidly explained the nature of his interruption.

'Let the ceremony go on,' cried the leader of the soldiers. 'We will protect you and the bride.'

Hans again approached the altar.

To his surprise he discovered that Viola was not there

'Where is the maiden?' he asked.

With a trembling finger the Priest pointed to the form of the Blue Brother. Hans understood the motion, and conscious of his superior force, he approached the soldier, and in a menacing tone said:

'Release the girl, and away.'

'Back!' cried the Blue Brother, in a sharp, fierce voice. 'I have released her from the jaws of the wolf, and with my life I will protect her. Stand back.'

Hans saw the flash of the dangerous weapon in the trooper's hand. He turned to ward the soldiers.

Just then the bugle sounded in his ears once more This time the strain was more full, more prolonged, and of startling nearness

Again the Blue Brother smiled confidently.

'What is that!' asked the wondering Hans

A faint hurrah, seemingly intercepted by the distance, and obstructed by inequalities in the ground, followed the sound of the bugle.

Hans was surprised, and for a moment there was the silence of death in the little chapel.

Presently Hans heard the murmuring of the crowd without the church, and gathering his scattered courage, he pointed to the Blue Brother, and cried:

'Away with him. Confine him in the prison with Bryan Blonday. One gallows will serve them both.'

The trooper laughed contemptously.

'Bravo! thou pigamy lord of small power. Call up your menials Bid them advance, but oh! most puissant and worthy here, beware of the Blue Brotherhood'

Again the bugle blast swept by, shrill and full, and close upon its dying swell came the heavy swell of a hundred voices

'Hurrah for Bryan Blonday.'

'Down with the oppressor.'

Viola had recovered from the partial swoon. She heard the sounds, and rising from the seat upon which she had been reclining, she grasped the arm of the trooper and asked.

'What means this mysterous noise?'

Before the soldier could reply, the cry again arose.

'Hurrah for Bryan Blonday.'

And now fully distinct could be heard the clatter of a troop of horsemen.

Viola clung in affright to the firm, muscular arm of the trooper

'Fear not, gentle one,' he said. 'The voice proceeds from your friends—those who have come to save you.'

And the overjoyed girl muttered a prayer of thankfulness for her timely deliverance.

Hans Van Kempen trembled in every limb He grasped the top of a pew to sustain himself, and the distortions of his coarse and sinister features were almost frightful. He He felt that he had failed upon the very point of success. In a faint, husky voice he cried:

'We are betrayed. To the prison men.'

'Huzza for Bryan Blonday.

'Huzza!' answered the crowd around the chapel.

'Hasten,' cried Hans, who saw the soldiers seemed indisposed to obey him

The bugle notes drowned his voice.

'Are you cowards. Follow me. Bryan Blonday shall be executed this moment.'

And he rushed out of the chapel, followed by the red coats.

'Huzzah for the Blue Brotherhood.'

'Huzzah for Bryan Blonday.'

'Down with the oppressor.'

The shouts sounded awfully distinct in the darkness, and filled the chapel.

'Huzzah for Bryan Blonday!' shouted the trooper unable to restrain his enthusiasm.

The Priest hastily put off his robes, seized his hat and departed for his home.

'I should join my friends,' said the Blue Brother, turning to the excited girl behind him, 'but I will not leave you The faithful Carl Knipper will conduct them to the prison.'

A rifle volley that echoed far through the wood followed this announcement, and then the shout:

'Huzzah for the Blue Brotherhood!'

'Down with the prison!'

A straggling discharge of musketry, shots, yells, and the trampling of horses followed.

Viola knelt down beside her comrade. The trooper saw from the motion of her lips that she was in prayer.

The heavy night breeze swept in at the open door of the chapel, and the light was extinguished

Still the girl started not but continued her devotion.

After a short space of comparative tranquility, one or two discharges of firearms followed, in which loud shouts were mingled. Then could be heard a succession of blows from some heavy instrument.

'They are storming the prison,' shouted the trooper.

'God grant them success,' exclaimed Viola. And the rapid blows continued.

They ceased at length, and the shout again arose:

'Huzzah for Bryan Blonday.'

'Huzzah for the Blue Brotherhood.'

These yells of defiance were answered by a faint and seemingly distant shout.

'Huzzah for Hans Van Kempen and the king.'

The trooper laughed derisively.

'The poor fools,' he said, 'this display of loyalty may gratify their dolt of a master, but it will avail them naught.'

'It may,' exclaimed Viola. 'The Tories are numerous here, and your friends may need every arm I will detain you no longer, my generous but unknown friend, I will leave the chapel'

'But whither? Beware of Hans.'

'I know a place of safety There is a house near at hand where I shall be protected'

'Where?'

'Edward Fielding's, the god-father of Bryan.'

'I will accompany you.'

'It is needless, in the darkness I shall escape'

'I am resolved,' replied the trooper, 'remonstrance is useless Let us hasten.'

And with Viola he left the chapel.

As they emerged into the open air, the shout greeted them:

'Huzzah for Bryan Blonday.'

The trooper seized the arm of the maiden.

'Now,' he said, 'you must be the guide I will only act as your guard, for I am a stranger.'

In the dark street, the shouts and confusion of the melee sounded terribly distinct, and Viola clung, terrified, to the arm of her protector. She pointed toward the cottage, but neither her hand or the designated object was visible, and he said hurriedly,

'This way, let us hasten. Alas! what a night of horrors.'

They walked on toward the cottage as rapidly as the darkness would permit them it was at no great distance, and they soon arrived there. A bright light glimmered through the widnows.

The trooper knocked at the door.

Fielding, pale and agitated, obeyed the summons.

'A young lady needs your protection,' said the Blue Brother.

Viola approached the door.

'Welcome in God's name,' cried Fielding, with an earnestness of tone that expressed his certainty.

Viola entered the cottage.

Before she was aware of it, the trooper had disappeared in the darkness, and was hastening toward the scene of strife.

The beacon fires had died away, and all was darkness. But few were in the streets, the majority of the inhabitants had fled to their houses on the first discharge of firearms.

A few of the more hardy and resolute were collected around the prison, upon the heavy doors of which the Blue Brotherhood were at work, having driven the affrighted red coats within the high wall that surrounded the castle.

Just as the trooper reached the prison, a heavy crash, and a deafening cheer, announced that the door had fallen.

'Huzzah for Bryan Blonday,' he shouted, dashing through the circle of bystanders and joining his comrades

'Hurrah for Bryan Blondy,' shouted his comrades in reply, and in a few moments the liberated youth was in their midst.

Again the air was filled with victorous exultation.

Bryan was free.

'Down with the dungeon, it is the ensign of tyrants, cried one.

'Burn it,' shouted another.

And a dozen firebrands were speedily procured, and piles of dried limbs heaped around the devoted edifice. A fire was soon kindled, and the Blue Brotherhood extended themselves in a circle around the smoking pile.

The resinous wood of which the prison was composed, soon ignited, and the building was soon enveloped in the folds of the consuming element. A bright light filled the streets, and even danced in broad and trembling streaks across the bosom of the river.

'Now retreat to the shadow of the wood,' cried Captain Drake, who, with Bryan Blonday beside him, had witnessed the commencement of the conflagration. 'The cowardly Tories and red coats will undoubtedly fire upon us, with this bright light to direct their aim.'

This hint was wisely promulgated, for, as the troopers were quitting the spot, a volley greeted them from the Castle-yard, but it was ill-directed, and fell harmless.

Before the discharge could be repeated, the troopers were completely sheltered from observation.

Meanwhile the burning of the prison progressed. As the danger of a universal skirmish had abated, the inhabitants once more flocked to their doors, and into the streets to gaze upon the illumination.

Peter Schnapps could hardly contain himself. As his bar room was filled with his neighbors many of whom were violent Tories, he dared not display his exultation then, but he mounted to his chamber, where, all alone, he danced and capered for joy.

'Down with the old fabric,' he cried. 'It is a disgrace to the settlement, a nuisance, a Whig trap. May the Lord ever prosper the Blue Brotherhood, the gallant lads.'

And Peter laughed and kept his eyes upon the sinking pile.

'Labor in vain.' he said rubbing his hands. 'I wonder if Hans Van Kempen will erect another. No doubt that the Blue Boys will as willingly destroy it. Bryan Blonday is free, too, and the wedding (oh! the devil take the mockery) is postponed.'

As soon as the troopers were congregated in the skirts of the wood, and it was ascertained that all were present, Captain Drake said:

'Now, lads, we will mount and return. By our rules, we committ no murder, and molest no private property. As deeply as this foolish Patroon has injured one of our number, we will turn him over to his own conscience, if he has any, merely promising to keep a sharp eye upon him for the future. Perhaps he may take warning from the lesson that we have just taught him.'

The suggestion of the captain was speedily followed, and the Blue Brotherhood left the the village, in the direction of the fort.

As they passed the chapel, they could not forbear another shout;

'Huzzah for Bryan Blonday.'

CHAPTER XIII.

With a heavy heart, Bryan Blonday was compelled to follow his companions.

True, he was rejoiced to obtain his freedom, rejoiced to be placed once more beyond the influence of Hans Van Kempen; but he did, most ardently, desire an interview with Viola Fordham.

Time was pressing, however, and it could. Like the heart of every lover of youth and ardour, his was obliged to content itself with picturing sometime in the future, when he should meet her, to part with her no more. The farther the distance that he left her behind, the more dear and consoling did that prospective view appear.

For the person of Viola he had no fears. He knew the strong sympathy that a distressed woman always commands, and he felt that Hans would not dare to do her a personal injury. As to a marriage, he knew it could not take place unless Viola consented and he had no fears that she would do so. This confidence in her fidelity was high and generous.

Except for the refreshment of the men or the horses, the Blue Brotherhood did not halt until they had again reached the camp.

Here they resolved upon a lengthened repose, in order to prepare themselves for the expected service at Fort Stanwix, towards which it was rumored that St. Ledger and his forces were making their way.

The rage of Hans Van Kempen was positively furious when he left the chapel and rushed towards the jail. He found the streets filled with strange armed men, and his friends, as he supposed the populace to be, had taken to their beds with most extraordinary activity.

So numerous were the horsemen, that he found it utterly impossible to make a demonstration against them, and instead of visiting the prison for the purpose of executing Bryan Blonday he was compelled to fly to his own domicile for protection against his assailants. His soldiery attempted to make a resistance, but it did not amount to anything worthy of the name.

From the window of his library which overlooked the village, he mistrusted the destruction of his newly erected jail, and received the irritating and sickening assurance, that Bryan Bonday was once more free—was once more beyond the reach of his power.

And he was not wedded to Viola Fordham.

'D——nation!' he muttered, grinding his teeth in impotent anger. 'My revenge for this shall be most ample. Time, money, and patience I will devote to the destruction of these Blue Brothers. Not one member of the association shall be spared. They are a curse in the land, and shall be exterminated root and branch'

Idle raving. Vain resolve.

It was late, very late, when Hans retired for repose. The Blue Brotherhood had departed from the settlement, and nothing was left of the prison, or to denote where it had been, save a cloud of smoke, as dark as the passions of his breast.

Then he sought his pillow—sought that bed that he had hoped to make his bridal one.

There was no rest for him. The transition from a state of exultation in which all things seemed to be what he could desire them, to his present discomfitted and disappointed condition, had been so sudden, so unexpected, that his whole system, physical and mental, felt the shock, and answered to it.

Where was Viola Fordham?

Above all other questions, this one haunted him. Where was she? Had she gone with Bryan Blonday. Had she followed the vagabond fortunes of the man she loved so blindly.

Without doubt she had, Hans thought, and thus he should be cheated out of his revenge upon her!

Morning, with its first, dull, grey tints, found him tossing restlessly on his bed. He could endure his misery no longer, but leaped out upon the floor, and approached the window.

The cloud of smoke yet arose from the ruins of his prison, and sailed leisurely away toward the wood.

'D——n the Blue Brotherhood!' he exclaimed, as the scenes of the past night recurred to him

Hastily dressing himself, he sallied forth to view the ruins, before any of the inhabitants were astir to see him.

Just as he approached the smoking ruins, he saw the person of a man, seated upon a fallen log, gazing at him.

It was too late to retreat without observation, and Hans continued to advance toward him.

On a near approach he discovered that it was Carl.

'Why are you here at this early hour?' asked the Patroon.

'Alas! alas!' said Carl, with a dolorous shake of the head, and a tone of voice deeply affecting, 'these cursed, marauding Blue gentlemen spoiled my sleep, and I have walked this way to witness the havoc they have made.'

'These are terrible times.'

'They are, Carl!'

'But we may be very thankful, your honor, that the matter is no worse. The unprincipled vagabonds might have destroyed the whole settlement as easy as the prison.'

'True, they might—for I am sorry to say that the inhabitants exhibited a great degree of cowardice!'

'Indeed!'

'Yes. They might have driven these rebels from the place and preserved both the prison and the prisoner!'

Carl seemed very thoughtful.

Hans approached him yet nearer.

'Carl,' he said, 'you are attached to me, I know.'

'Do you!' thought Carl, but he said nothing.

'I repeat,' continued Hans, 'that you have ever been obedient as a servant should be. I wish to make a few enquiries of you!'

'Where were you during the assault?'

'At the castle.'

'Were you in the village during the evening?'

'Yes, after the retreat of the Blue devils!'

'Know you ought, or have you heard anything of Viola Fordham?'

'Your honor a wife!' asked Carl, in great apparent amazement. 'Your question surprises me.'

'She is not my wife! Carl—but will you answer my question?

'I know nothing of her! I supposed that you attended her to the chapel for the purpose of marriage!'

'I did, but we were not married!'

'I have *not* seen her.'

'I left her in the chapel,' continued Hans, 'and rushed into the street to save the prisoner. This I could not do, but was driven to the castle to save myself.'

'And you have not seen Viola since?'

'I have not.'

'Surprising! But perhaps she is still in the church. In her fright the poor girl would not dare to fly!'

Hans' face brightened.

'It may be!' he said, 'let us see.'

And he walked to the church, followed by Carl.

The chapel door was open, and they entered it. It was deserted. Hans even examined the pews in detail.

'She is not here,' he said.

'Perhaps,' said Carl, seeming much perplexed, 'after the enemy left, and all became still, she retreated to the castle'

'But the gates, Carl; she could not pass the gates.'

'But you forgot. The soldiers and servants were upon the lawn all night. Perhaps they admitted her.'

'It may be,' said Hans.

'It is quite likely.'

'Listen, Carl! You know she—she—used—for—once had—a—a—kind of an affection for—for Blonday.'

'Yes.'

(*Continued on fourth page.*)