The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

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

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The Examiner

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ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 31 day, 0h 43m, evening, W.
New Moon 11th day 9h. 12m., morning S. E.
First Quarter, 19th day, 9h. 54m., even. E
Full Moon, 25th day, 7h 52m., morning, S. E.

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

R. REDDIN

Attorney and Barrister-at-Law,

CONVEYANCER, &c.

Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.

(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)

September 3, 1866 tf

Grain! Grain! Grain!

THE highest price given for BARLEY and OATS, at

Coles's Brewery and Distillery,

☞ Constantly on hand, at prices cheaper than can be purchased in the market, the best of Rum, Brandy Gin, Whiskey, and a superior article of Malt Whiskey. Also—X, XX, and XXX Ale.

Charlottetown, June 20, 1868.

CARD.

THE Subscriber begs to thank the public for the liberal patronage extended to him during the last year. Having enlarged and fitted up his establishment at the Old Stand, LORD'S WHARF, is now prepared to execute with despatch all orders which he may be favored with in his line as SHIP and GENERAL BLACKSMITH. Fishermen will find Anchors of all sizes for Boats cheaper and better than can be found at any similar establishment in the City.

GEORGE H. FOSTER.

Lord's Wharf, Ch'town, Feb. 17, 1868. 1y

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

NEW PAINT SHOP!

THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the public in general, that he has opened a new PAINT SHOP above the Carriage Factory of McPhail & Hunter, Kent Street, where all orders left, either in the

House, Sign, or Carriage Painting,

will be attended to with punctuality, neatness, and on reasonable terms.

FRANCIS McGRORY, Painter.

McPhail & Hunter's Carriage Factory, Kent Street, May 4, 1868.

A Fortune for Sale!

IN consequence of the death of the Proprietor, the Subscriber is instructed to offer for positive Sale, that beautifully situated well known property, the

Half Way House, Vernon River, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

The Land consisting of about 40 acres, is in that state of cultivation that it has been for some years past, and will for years to come, yield a clear net profit, more than sufficient to pay the interest on the amount of purchase money asked for the whole establishment. As a money making investment this is an opportunity seldom equalled in these Provinces, which fact can be positively proved to any person about purchasing. The Stock of Liquors and Stock of Goods in the Store can be taken or not at the option of the purchaser.

For particulars, address.

GEORGE ADAMS,

Half-way House, Vernon River. May 18, 1868 tf

TO LET!

THE HOUSE and SHOP in KENT STREET, lately occupied by Mr. JOHN HUDSON, with large STABLE, COACH HOUSE and WAREHOUSE attached. Apply to

W. E DAWSON,
WILLIAM DODD,
Assignees of
JOHN HUDSON.

Ch'town, Sept 7, 1868.

Kerosene.

50 BARRELS

KEROSENE OIL.

FOR SALE BY

I. C. HALL.

Nov. 16, 1868.

WOOL. WOOL.

CASH PAID for WOOL, on delivery at the Store of H. J. CALLBECK

Charlottetown July 13th, 1868. tf

Cheapest School Books

AT

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

Sept. 7, 1868. *Queen Street.*

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

MAILS.

Winter Arrangement!

THE Mails for the neighboring Provinces and the United States will, until further notice, be closed at this Office every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Mails for Great Britain, Newfoundland, and the West Indies, will be closed every alternate Friday and Monday, at 7 o'clock, p. m., as follows viz:—

Friday, December 25,	Friday, March 5,
Monday, do 28,	Monday, do 8,
Friday, January 8,	Friday, do 19,
Monday, do 11,	Monday, do 22,
Friday, do 22,	Friday April 2,
Monday, do 25,	Monday, do 5,
Friday, February 5,	Friday, do 16,
Monday, do 8,	Monday, do 19,
Friday, do 19,	Friday, do 30,
Monday, do 22,	Monday, May 3.

Mails for Summerside and St. Eleanor's, via Bedeque, will be closed every Tuesday and Friday, at 9, a. m.

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

J. A. McDONALD,
Postmaster General

General Post Office, Ch'town, December 16, 1868.

FARM FOR SALE AT ROSENEATH.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for SALE his VALUABLE FREEHOLD FARM, in the flourishing settlement of ROSENEATH, on the MAIN POST ROAD, being six miles from GEORGETOWN, and Two miles from a good shipping place. The FARM consists of

One hundred and thirty acres of very rich and fertile land

fit for any kind of crop; 90 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation, and the remaining forty acres are covered with hard and soft wood. There are a good new Dwelling House, Barn and outhouses on the premises, and well watered. The above property is well situated for mills, Churches, Schoolhouse; is partly covered with mussel mud, and within 1½ miles of the shore, where abundance can be obtained.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAKE.

Roseneath, Lot 52, Dec. 14, 1868. tf

SUGAR AND MOLASSES

20 hhds SUGAR,
50 Puncheons choice MOLASSES,
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.

KEROSENE

20 Bbls KEROSENE,
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.

BUTTER CRACKERS

10 Bbls. BUTTER CRACKERS
10 Bbls SHIP BREAD
For Sale by
CARVELL BROS.

Oct 19, 1868.

Partnership Dissolved.

THE Partnership hitherto existing between STONE & BOVYER, Hardware Dealers has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Henry Bovyer retiring through ill health.

Mr. Stone will carry on the business as heretofore. All persons indebted to the late Firm are requested to make an early settlement with him.

British Hardware Store, Reddin's Building. Ch'town, Jan. 25, 1869.

THE SMUGGLER OF ST. JEAN;

OR, THE

HIDALGO'S WARD.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH COAST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VIII.—[continued.]

The old man had arisen and bent one knee upon the cold, damp stone, with his hands clasped and raised towards heaven. Estelle quickly took him by the arm, and when he was again seated upon the pallet, she said to him:

"You shall go hence, sir, even though I have to bear the blame openly before my guardian. I saw you when you entered the court last evening; and I saw how your presence affected Don Bernardo; and after I had sought my pillow strange dreams came to me. It seemed to me that you had come, in a dark hour, to help me. This dream returned to me again and again. I arose from my bed to seek you, for it seemed to me that you were in need of help. In one of the dark passages of the castle I met Pepin, who had also been led to wander from his place of rest on your account. But before I met him I had seen something else; and he had seen it too——'

The old porter laid his hand upon Estelle's arm and would have placed the other hand upon her lips if she had not put it away.

'Fear not, good Pepin,' she said. 'I shall tell this man everything. I know we may trust him.'

'Sweet lady,' murmured the worn and weary pilgrim, 'you shall never regret the impulse that led you to place confidence in me. Help me—save me; and I swear that I will at no distant day remove the tyrant's hand from your fate. Now tell me—what saw you before you met Pepin?'

Pepin had removed his hand from the maiden's arm and retired to the opposite side of the cell, where he leaned against the wall, with his brow resting upon his hands; and thus at liberty, Estelle answered:

'I saw Don Bernardo bearing you away to these dark depths upon his shoulder.'

'And,' said the prisoner, *with a shudder*, 'if I remain here, his next potion will be a fatal one; for, lady, I tell you, he fears me with a mortal fear. Deliver me from his power, and you shall be the gainer with me,'

Estelle turned beseechingly to her companion

'Pepin,' she said, advancing towards him, 'we must save this man. We must lead him out from the dungeon. We can do it.'

'And what shall be the result to me, Senorita?' returned the old servitor, dubiously.

'Let the blame fall on my shoulders, good Pepin. I am willing to bear it.'

'Ah, *Estelle that cannot be. I am the responsible one*; and to me the don will look for explanation.'

At this point the prisoner again rose from the pallet.

'My friend,' he said addressing the porter, 'if you will trust me, the matter may be easily and safely arranged. Leave the castle with me. Let us both go forth and seek another shelter for a time.'

'But this is my home,' responded Pepin, *slowly shaking his head*. '*I was born here*, and here have all the years of my life been passed. It would be hard for me to forsake the old place now, with the frosts of three score years upon my brow.'

'I ask you not to forsake it,' said the prisoner. 'Lead me into the outer world, and bear me company to a place of safety, and I swear to you, by my hopes of salvation that the blighting touch of winter shall not fall upon the vines until you are back in your old lodge, peaceful and contented.'

'Who are you, that speaks so positively, demanded Pepin. 'Remember, sir, you are a stranger to me. You know me, but I do not know you. Before I trust you so far, will you, at least, pronounce your name?'

The wayfarer bent his head reflectingly, and at length he answered:

'I will speak my name on one condition.'

'What is it?' asked Pepin.

'It is this: You shall, for the present, ask me no more questions. But, if you trust yourself with me beyond the reach of Don Bernardo d'Acosta I will tell you all you can wish to know concerning me.'

'I promise,' said Pepin. 'Tell me your name, and I will ask no more questions without your permission.'

'My name is MICHAEL FERRARA.'

'*Michael Ferrara*!' repeated the porter, half to himself, and as though he did not at once catch the significance of the name. But presently a gleam of intelligence shot across his face and seizing the old man by the arm he exclaimed:

'Ha! I remember you now—I remember you very well. You were——'

'No matter what I was,' interrupted the prisoner, placing his finger upon Pepin's lips. 'Let my simple name suffice for the present. You might as well ask me questions direct as to open a train of surmises. Let my name satisfy you.'

Old Pepin was almost beside himself with anxiety and curiosity, *as his manner plainly* showed. He still held the aged pilgrim by the arm, and gazed eagerly into his face.

'Michael Ferrara,' he said, speaking in a low tone, 'I know you very well now that you have spoken. I wish I could know more.'

'Come with me from this place, and you shall know all,' replied Micheal. '*Padre Santo!* I'll tell you something that will make your ears crack.'

'And I must remain here,' interrupted Estelle, dejectedly.

'Certainly,' replied Pepin. 'Mercy! what should we do with you? *Why should you* go away? Our object at present is, to get Michael Ferrara safely off; and if he goes, I must go with him out of harm's way, for Don Bernardo will know full well that these doors could not have been opened without my aid. As for you, lady, you have nothing to fear. You will return to your chamber, and your guardian cannot mistrust your connection with this affair.'

'But,' said Estelle, who saw plainly enough that the porter's mind was made up to go, 'when shall I see you again? How shall I see you? How shall I know of your safety? Good Pepin, I must in some way be made acquainted with your whereabouts; for who can tell how soon I may need a friend?'

'Be not troubled, lady,' returned the porter. As soon as Michael and I are in a place of safety we can easily contrive some way of communicating with you. It shall not be a week before you hear from us. You shall gain information from us, and we may want information from you. So keep an eye upon all that transpires within the castle.'

Having thus spoken to the maiden, Pepin turned to the prison.

'Michael Ferrara,' he resumed, speaking very deliberately, 'I have made up my mind that I will go with you. And yet I cannot tell you clearly why I go. Of course I go partly to serve and save you; and I go partly in hope that you may be able, in some way, to help the lady Estelle; but beyond all this there is a spirit whispering to my soul that my line of duty lies in the path you are to travel.'

'By Saint Paul!' exclaimed Michael, grasping the porter's hand, 'you speak the truth. Your duty does lie as you have said. And if you find it not so, my life is yours.'

'I go—I go,' pronounced Pepin; 'and,' he added, turning and picking up the lantern, which Estelle had set upon one of the posts of the pallet, the sooner we are away from here the better.'

'Well spoken, good Pepin. Let us away at once. I shall not need your help, save that of guidance.'

Pepin had taken a step towards the door, when Dona Estelle laid her hand upon his arm.

'One word,' she said, 'before you leave this place, for we may not have opportunity to speak above. You will not forget your promise. You will communicate with me as *soon as you can*?'

'I will, lady.'

'And one thing more: I shall trust Nina with the secret; as you may communicate with her if it should be more convenient.'

'I shall not fear to trust her,' said Pepin. And then Estelle turned to Michael Ferrara;

'I know not why it is, sir; but I have a strong faith in your ability to help me.'

'Cherish that faith, sweet lady and fear not disappointment. Bear up yet a while longer, and in the end you shall not want for consolation. You shall hear from me soon.'

Without waiting for further remark Pepin passed out from the cell, and led the way to the great hall, where he gave the lantern in to Estelle's hand, and bade her seek her chamber at once.

'We shall not want the light,' he said, 'for it might prove more dangerous than serviceable. I know every path, and the stars will serve me well enough.'

There were a few simple words of parting, and then the maiden glided noiselessly away to her chamber, where she sat by the window for a full hour before she sought her pillow.

Meanwhile Pepin and his companion made their way unobserved from the castle, and were ere long thread ng one of the forest paths that led toward Denia.

In the morning Don Bernardo was early astir, and having entered his library he paced to and fro a long while, with his head bent and his hands clasped behind him. At length he summoned a servant, and ordered that his breakfast should be furnished, as soon as possible, in his own room. Ere long the meal was brought to him, and when he was alone, he locked his door, and then sat down and eat very sparingly of the bread and meat, and drank some of the hot wine. After this he arose and went to a small cabinet, whence he took a folded paper and a phial, the one containing a white powder, and the other, a colorless liquid, a portion of both of which he carefully mixed with the food he had left upon the tray. Having done this, he tied the bread and meat up in a napkin, and placed the small bottle of wine in his pocket.

'Now, my good Michael Ferrara,' he muttered, as he lighted the lamp of his lantern, 'you shall be well taken care of. We'll find you a home under the sod very shortly. A crazy man is better off dead than alive; and that you are crazy is evident enough; for not otherwise would you have ventured back here.'

When Don Bernardo had left his library he did not go out by the way of the hall; but he rolled his oaken cabinet aside, and passed out through a secret door into a passage that had *no other connection with the main part of* the castle than that with the library. It was a narrow, winding way and it led the don, by a gradual descent, to the dungeons beneath the court. He reached the door of the cell which he had shut upon his prisoner and having placed the napkin upon the pavement, he applied the key, and swung the door open.

'*Carejo!* Have I made a mistake?' he cried, when he found the cell empty. '*Infierno!* I could have sworn that I left him in here!'

He opened other doors, one after another; but with the same result. Then he went over the ground again, and looked carefully into every corner, and beneath every pallet. Finally he stood by the door of the first cell, with his hands clenched and his teeth set. Great drops of sweat stood upon his brow, and he stamped upon the pavement in rage.

'*Madre de Dios!* there has been treachery here! That weak old man could not have made his own way out from his prison!'

After a while Don Bernardo picked up his napkin and went back to the library, where he again summoned his servant this time ordering that old Pepin should be sent to him at once. The messenger was gone a long time, and when he returned he brought word that Pepin was nowhere to be found. The alcalde solved the problem in a moment, and his first impulse was to rave and swear; but he remembered himself in season, and held his temper until the servant had been dismissed. Then, however, he gave free vent to his wrath, and his raving was so impious that even a demon might have shuddered upon hearing it

He saw it all. He knew that Pepin had set the prisoner free and gone off with him.

'But,' he said to himself, after the first *storm of his passion had passed*, 'they cannot have gone far. I will soon overhaul them. By the holy evangel! I can afford to pay for *help in this strait*. But I must be careful. I doubt if I can trust even Francisco Alvarez so near to the verge of this great secret!'

CHAPTER IX.

CUT OF DARKNESS INTO THE PIT.

Within half an hour after the discovery of Pepin's absence Don Bernardo mounted his horse and set off towards Denia; but he did not go far in that direction. About a mile from the castle he came to where a path branched off to the left, and having taken this he was soon travelling back almost in the direction he had come. On he rode, at head long speed, and when he finally reined up his panting steed it was in the deep vale where the Gipsies had built their huts. Presently a young fellow, unwashed and almost unclad came and demanded to know the business of the intruder.

'I would speak with Juan Bravo,' said the don.

'I'll carry your errand to him Senor,' returned the Gipsy.

'My errand is for your master; and you will either conduct me to him, or you will bring him hither to me.'

The fellow was evidently cowed by the alcalde's haughty manner and authoritative speech, for he turned upon his heel without speaking further, and soon disappeared beyond a spur of rock that jutted out from the face of a high perpendicular cliff. In a little while thereafter Juan Bravo made his appearance, and greeted the hidalgo with a strange mixture of deference and familiarity.

'You come hither to see me, Don Bernardo?'

'Yes—I came to see you.'

The alcalde spoke with a slight show of hesitation, which the Gipsy chief did not fail to notice; but he quickly corrected himself, and proceeded more easily and firmly.

'I have come to see you on business, Juan Bravo. Will you ride with me into the forest?'

'I will retire with you to a place beyond the sight and hearing of any of my people,' answered Juan.

'That will do,' said Don Bernardo.

'Then follow me, Senor.'

The Gipsy led the way to a secluded nook where the don dismounted and secured his horse.

'Now,' said the Gitano, seating himself upon a log, 'I am ready to listen. If you *have business* for me you cannot do better than to proceed at once.'

'First,' replied Don Bernardo, also taking a seat upon the log, 'we will understand one thing: If, in the business I have in hand, I should chance to lay myself within your power, you will not forget that I, also, have some little power.'

'You need not approach me in that way, Senor,' said the Gipsy, bluntly, but without any show of ill feeling. 'If what you have to propose should be for our mutual advantage, we should be fools to fear each other.'

'You are right,' returned d'Acosta; 'and to show you that I fear not to trust you, I will be frank and explicit. When we last *met I own that I was not very cordial*. Your demand at the time did not please me.'

'Say, rather,' interposed the Gipsy, 'that my demand did not cover ground *enough*.'

'How?' uttered the don, elevating his eyebrows.

'If,' pursued Juan, with a wink and a nod, 'I had offered to keep the lady, your fair ward, instead of offering to return her to your presence, I think your answer might have been different.'

'Do you think you could have kept the damsel?' asked the don significantly.

'Never mind, Senor. I feel your thrust; and I acknowledge that the lady fairly escaped from what I thought a safe prison; but she would not do it again.'

'I suppose not. However Juan, it is not of Dona Estelle that I would now speak. In the time to come we may have our attention called in that direction; but for the present I have other matters that interest me more. Do you know my old porter—a fellow named Pepin?'

'Yes, Senor.'

'And have you seen an old, decrept sunburned, weather-beaten, white-haired man wandering about here?'

'No.'

'You would know him if you should see him,' pursued Don Bernardo. 'His dress is poor; *he trembles as he walks*; *his eyes* and his cheeks are sunken; his hair is sparce and white; and his skin is as dark as a Moor's. He left my castle with Pepin—left sometime during the night last past; and they are probably now together. If you will find them I will reward you.'

'And if I find them, Senor—what then?'

'Secure them where no mortal can communicate with them, and bring me speedy intelligence.'

'Let us understand each other perfectly,' said the Gipsy. 'Suppose one, or both of them should give battle, and, in consequence should receive *mortal harm*?'

'So much the better,' returned the alcalde, quickly. 'Such a result might save me some trouble.'

'I think I understand what you want, Senor. If it is convenient, I am to secure the two men, and bring you to them.'

'Aye—or bring them to me when I am ready to receive them.'

'And,' added Juan Bravo, toying with the handle of his knife, 'if they both should get killed you would not be greatly disappointed?'

Only bring me satisfactory evidence that *they are both dead*, and I shall be content.

'Can you put me on their track, Senor?'

'No. I can only tell you that they left the castle somewhere between midnight and morning. I imagine, however, that they went towards Denia.'

'I'll find them if I can—that is, if I have sufficient inducement.'

'And what would you consider a sufficient inducement?' asked Don Bernardo, bending nearer to the Gipsy.

'I want pay for my labor, and pay for my success,' replied Juan, bluntly. 'The pay for my labor I must have in advance, and the pay for success I will take when that success is gained.'

'I object not to that. Now name the price.'

'I have it in my mind, senor. I will take forty pistoles down; and I must have sixty when the work is accomplished.'

'You mean sixty in all.'

'No. I mean a hundred in all.'

The alcalde winced at this; but he offered no objections.

'I have not the gold with me,' he said, after he had swallowed the proposition, 'but I have it at the castle.'

'It is just as well,' returned the Gipsy. 'I will call upon you on my way to Denia.'

'But you must be on the road at once, Juan. The sooner you start in pursuit, the more likely will you be to gain the addition al sixty pistoles.'

'I understand it, Senor. Go you to your castle, and you shall not find me far behind you.'

'A few more words were spoken, and then Don Bernardo remounted his horse, and started back towards San Martin. He took the same path by which he had come, thus travelling some miles out of the direct way, and finally approaching the castle as though he had come from Denia. He had not been in his library five minutes before a servant brought him intelligence that a man wished to see him in the lower hall. He directed that the man should be sent up to him; and when the visitor was finally ushered into his presence, a shade of disappointment passed over his face, for he had expected to see the rough, uncouth garb of the Gipsy chief; but instead thereof he beheld a well-dressed, gentlemanly looking individual, with dark curling hair and glossy black beard.

'Senor!' said Don Bernardo, arising from his seat, 'when I sent for you I thought to meet one whom I knew.'

'Ha, ha, Senor Alcalde. You see I am rigged for work.'

'How?' cried the don. 'Is it Juan Bravo?'

'Come for his forty pistoles,' replied the disguised Gipsy with a long laugh.

'By Saint Peter, you shall have them; and that, too, right quickly, for I would have thee at work.'

The alcalde gazed a moment upon the chieftain, seeming to wonder at the marvellous change wrought by the disguise, and then he turned to his cabinet, and took thence a leathern bag, from which he counted forty bright golden pistoles.

'There, Juan—that makes good the first pledge in the contract. The second is for you to fulfil.'

'Which I will do if I can,' said the Gipsy, after he had gathered the gold into his pouch.

He had turned towards the door, and was about to place his hand upon the latch, when the don called him back.

'Look ye Juan, I will be up until midnight. If you have any report to make, and can reach me by that time, I should like to hear from you.'

'I will come, sonor, if there is occasion. And now, since you have called back, let me ask you a question: Would you prefer that I should bring you the living men, or would you rather receive positive assurance of their death?'

Don Bernardo hesitated. He took two or three turns across the room, and then, fixing a keen penetrating glance upon the Gipsy, he said:

'Do just as you please. I do not ask you to kill the two old rascals; and yet, if you do kill them, I shall not blame you.

'A new thought occurs to me,' resumed Juan Bravo, laying the forefinger of his right hand into the palm of the left. 'I had not counted upon the shedding of blood. When *I mentioned the sum total of one hundred* pistoles, I thought only of delivering the men, unharmed into your hands. Let us make an addition. *If I bring them alive*, I have sixty pistoles in addition to those already received; but if I am forced to kill them, you shall pay me eighty pistoles in place of sixty. What say you?'

Don Bernardo did not know what to say, whereupon the outlaw continued:

'Never mind. It is well enough as it is. Twenty pistoles extra is quite a sum. I will be careful that the two old men are not harmed.'

'You mistake me,' cried the alcalde. 'I was thinking of something else when you spoke. Certainly, good Juan, if you are called upon to shed the blood of one—or of both—I shall willingly pay you the twenty pistoles extra. You may depend upon that. But, mind you, business is business, and we must proceed squarely. I must have proof that the men are dead.'

'If you see their two heads in a leathern sack, you will accept it as proof, will you not?'

'Certainly.'

'Then you shall either have the whole body or part of it; and, if I can see you again before midnight, I will do so.'

Without further remark Juan Bravo left the library, and descended to the court, where a servant was holding his horse. He was quickly in the saddle, and quickly off; and when he had gained the forest he was joined by two other horsemen, one of whom was habited as a clerk, or scribe, and the other as a servant. They were as effectually disguised as their master. He who personated *the scribe was named Manjaro*; while the servant was none other than our old acquaintance, Gurabano, the pastry cook. The chieftain had not thought it prudent to take Matobar with him, as he was a little too apt to make free with the bottles of the wine-seller.

'All right,' said Juan Bravo, as his companions fell in by his side. 'We have a rich prize in view.'

'Does the hidalgo pay well?' asked Gurabano.

'Yes.'

'Have you pressed him all he will bear?'

'That remains to be seen,' answered the chief, with a suggestive nod. 'We will find our game first.'

The Gipsies put spurs to their horses, and before noon they were upon the outskirts of the city of Denia, where they drew up for consultation.

'Gurabano,' said Juan, 'you will search in the eastern section of the town. You know where our friends are located.'

'Yes.'

'And you are sure to retain a description of the men whom we seek?'

'Yes.'

'You, Manjaro, will scour the western section. You know where the Zincali dwell?'

'Yes.'

'I,' pursued *the chieftain*, 'will take the central part, and hunt it carefully through.'

'You both know where old Pachebelo's wine shop is.'

They both knew.

'We will meet there at sundown, and compare notes. Now let us be away, and be at the work. If our game is in Denia, we will find it.'

Manjaro, who took the western section of the town, was not long in gaining information that pleased him. He was sure that he had found a clue, and he followed it up; and at length he was so confident that he had discovered *the retreat of Pepin* and his companion, that he repaired to Pachabelo's wine shop, where he left a written note for Juan Bravo, and then hastened back to his post, there to keep watch until his chief and Gurabano should join him.

Old Pepin and Michael Ferrara had arrived in Denia just as the sun was rising. It had been a toilsome journey, and they had come very slowly through the forest, for the poor pilgrim was weak and faint; but they reached the town at length, and proceeded directly to a retired quarter in the western district, where dwelt a relative of Pepin's, named Manuel Gardella—an aged man who had once been a maker of pottery, but who, for some years, had been forced, from physical disability, *to live upon the bounty of two* sons, who followed the sea. And yet Manuel Gardella dined very well. His dwelling was a poor one; but the provision venders knew that he never wanted for money with which to purchase the necessaries, and even the comforts of life. It had been whispered that his two sons had been engaged in a business upon the sea not quite so honest as might have been; but of this nothing positive was known at least by outsiders.

Manuel Gardella received Pepin very kindly, as he also did Michael Ferrara; and when they had rested he gave them a good breakfast, *of which they stood much in need.* After this Pepin told to his kinsman the whole story of his flight from the castle, together with the circumstances which had led to it. The old potter listened attentively, and when the narrative was concluded he declared that he would shelter and care for the two fugitives until they chose to leave him.

'We will remain here for the present,' said Pepin; 'for Don Bernardo knows not that you are a relative of mine.'

Gardella assured them that they would be safe beneath his roof, at least for a time; so they made up their minds that they would remain with him until Michael had gained more strength. The day was passed in pleasant conversation, and at an early hour the guests were shown to their apartment. They were to sleep in one room, but they had two cots.

'You are very weak, good Michael,' said Pepin, as his companion sank upon his bed.

'Yes.'

'But you will be better.'

'I hope so.'

'You feel safe here?'

'I hope I am safe.'

'Why—what can harm you beneath my *cousin's roof*?'

'The alcalde is powerful.'

'Pshaw! Don't be down-hearted. Be hopeful, Michael.'

And was Pepin without fear? He may have been; but at all events he lay awake long after his companion had fallen asleep; and he prayed very devoutly.

Some time during the night Pepin was aroused by a loud noise below. He started to his elbow and listened. All was still now, but he was sure that he had not been mistaken. He was upon the point of gliding from his cot to see if anything had befallen his kinsman, when he heard the sound of footsteps upon the stairs; and presently afterwards the door of his chamber was opened, and a light flashed in upon him. He started up, and reached towards the head of his cot for his blunderbuss; but the weapon was not there. He was not in his old lodge. As his startled senses became clear, he looked towards the door, and saw three stout men; but he could not tell who they were, for they were black masks upon their faces. Without speaking a word two of them set upon him; bore him to the floor; and bound a napkin over his mouth, and lashed his hands behind him. He resisted to his utmost; but his resistance availed him nothing.

In the meantime the third ruffian had approached the cot whereon lay Michael Ferrara, and the weak old pilgrim was bound and gagged as his friend Pepin had been. After this the two unfortunates were borne down into the lower room, where Pepin, whose eyes were still left open, saw Manuel Gardella lying upon the hard tiling, bound hand and foot, with a thick packing upon his mouth. But he had little time for observation. The light was extinguished, and the two men who had bound him now took him upon their shoulders, and bore him out into the street, their companion following close upon their heels with the lighter frame of Michael Ferrara. Pepin tried to cry out, but not a sound could he utter; and when he struggled to free himself his bearers punched him with his fists until he was glad to desist.

Away, through the narrowest, darkest streets, hurried the ruffians with their burdens, stopping not until they reached a *citron grove outside the town, where three* horses were hitched. Here the legs of the prisoners were bound, and then their captors sat down to rest awhile.

'How is it,' said one. 'Will we give them up dead or alive?'

'Don Bernardo does not want them alive,' spoke a second voice.

'Hush!' commanded the third, in a tone of authority. 'I am thinking. We must make the most we can of this job.'

'And will not the hidalgo pay more for their trunkless heads than for their bodies?' queried the first speaker.

'Yes.'

'Then our course is clear enough.'

'At all events, returned he who had spoken with authority, '*we will not stop to dig* graves so near the town. The matter is in my hands and I will attend to it.'

Pepin heard all this, and with a pang that well nigh broke his heart he sank back, and turned his thoughts heavenward; for he fully believed that he had little more time to spend on earth.

[To be Continued.]

A SECOND CRIMEAN WAR.

In that phrase, "a second Crimean war," there lies, as it seems to the London *Spectator*, the germs of a sound radical Eastern policy—a policy which will work, as the policy of defending Turkey will no longer do. That policy is to await the inevitable hour when Germany, relieved of her momentary difficulty will forbid further Russian advance. Let this country determine that under no circumstances will it enter on a second Crimean war, and its course becomes thenceforward, though painful, at least sufficiently clear. There will then be, should war after all break out between Greece and Turkey, but two practical dangers for Great Britain. Russia may win the game so completely as to menace Constantinople, may, that is, beat or bribe France, which is clearly intent on defending Turkey. In that event we can defend Constantinople without defending the Turks, and with all Germany for an ally instead of Napoleon. The Germans are just now driven as it were by force, into an unnatural alliance with the Czar, but they will no more allow Russia to possess herself of the Dardanelles, or of the Danube, than of Berlin or Vienna. Russia will scarcely fight Germany alone, and Germany plus England would be an overmatch for any conceivable Continental league, so visible an overmatch that it is difficult to imagine a statesman venturing the experiment. Or—it is conceivable, though improbable,—France may single-handed defeat Russia, and claim from the grateful Turks not the remainder of their suzerainty on the South shore of the Mediterranean, a change of no moment to Great Britain, but Egypt, the key of our Indian House. Then, also, the course of Great Britain will be clear, and she will have two allies, the German people intent on working out their unity, and the one-armed friend who never fails us, or betray us or interferes with us, or ask to share the spoil, the great military monarch which we remember for one day once a year as the Indian Empire. The explosion has not yet occurred, and when it occurs it may be the duty of all patriotic Englishmen to support the policy on which the Cabinet may resolve; but of all statesmen in Europe Lord Clarendon is the one most likely to forget that, with the rise of Germany, the alliance of France and England ceased to be indespensible to the security of Constantinople,

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On the 6th ult., London was visited in full daytime, with the darkness of night; and at 1 o'clock no object was visible at an arm's length except by rid of lighted gas. Not the slightest appearance of fog near the ground was visible, to account for this extraordinary absence of daylight. A dense yellowish pall hung over the town, but so high that the housetops and the steeples of the churches were lost not in any wreath of visible mist, but in the mere gloom and shadow of ordinary midnight, when there is no moon in the heavens. The street lamps were lit, so were the gas burners in all the shop windows throughout the city. Though the day was far from bright in the suburbs, the absolute darkness was confined to the central districts of the metropolis, and was thickest in the streets near the river. Journeying northward, the wayfarer had a comparatively light grey sky before him, while on turning to look back he saw the houses still obscured by the overhanging density of the higher atmosphere. Later in the day the fog descended, and a drizzling mist spread over all the neighborhoods round London.

Earl Spencer, the new Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, received addresses on Jan. 19th, from the Municipal of Dublin and the Provost and Fellows of the University. In replying to the compliment he alluded to the benefits arising from a development of the resources of the country, and expressed a hope that confidence would soon be entirely restored. He promised that the Cabinet should give their anxious consideration to the question of liberating political prisoners.

At this season, when coughs and colds are so prevalent, an effectual remedy, and one easily obtained Perry Davis' Vegetable PAIN KILLER. It is no new nostrum, vended by unknown agents, but has stood the test of over twenty years and, those who use the article, internally or externally, will connect with it grateful recollections of its worthy inventor.—HASTINGS' CHRONICLE, C. W.

PAIN KILLER.—The testimonials borne to the efficacy of this valuable medicine are sufficient to warrant its introduction into every house. Our own opinion is that no family should be without a bottle of it for a single hour. In flesh wounds, aches, pains, sores, &c., it is the most effectual remedy we know of. A bottle will last for a very long time, and its low price places it within the reach of all. Our readers will remember that the Messrs. Perry Davis & Son have opened a house in Montreal, whence Canadian orders are supplied.—NEWS, ST. JOHN'S, C. E.

DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—From the reports of dealers in this city, we think no proprietory medicine has had a larger sale. Its valuable propensities as a speedy cure for pain, cannot fail to be generally appreciated, and no family should be without it, in case of accident, or sudden attacks of dysentery, diarrhœa cholera morbus, and even Asiatic cholera, yields to its magic power, as we see by reports from those sections in the south west where the disease has been particularly virulent to great numbers.—MONTREAL TRANSCRIPT.