# 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

VOL. XVIII. ] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MONDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1869. [ NO. 41



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### ALMANAC FOR FEBRUARY, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 3d day, 0h 43m, evening, W.
New Moon, 11th day, 9h, 42m., morning, S. E.
First Quarter, 19th day, 0h, 54m., even. E.
Full Moon, 26 h day, 7h 52m., morning, S. E.

| D. M. | DAY OF WEEK. | SUN rises | SUN sets | Sun slow clock | Moon rises | High water. | Day's length. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | h m | h m | m m | s H 3 | h m | h m |
| 1 | Mon | 7 20 | 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 21 | 4 4 | 36 |
| 4 | Thur | 25 | 3 | 14 13 | 2 21 | 5 0 | 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 36 | 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 35 | 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 | 25 | 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 38 | 50 |
| 27 | Sat | 50 | 37 | 12 53 | 7 29 | 11 38 | 51 |
| 28 | Sun | 48 | 38 | 12 42 | 8 43 | even | 52 |


### R. RODEN

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

### 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, Lower 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.

Lower 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. BOYER's, Great George Street, Nov 16, 1868. tf

### 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.

### 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. }

### 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 }

### "LONDON HOUSE,"

Established 1820

THE Subscribers beg to inform their customers, that they have REMOVED from DODD & ROGERS' building, to their

**New Brick Store.**

AT THE

OLD CORNER, QUEEN SQUARE

where they have just opened one of the largest Stocks of

British, Foreign, & West India Goods ever imported into the Colony.

G. & S. DAVIES.

Charlottetown, Nov. 23, 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.

THOMAS OWEN,
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 ½ 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.


### THE SMUGGLER OF ST. JEAN;

OR, THE

### HIDALGO'S WARD.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH COAST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER VI.—[continued.]

Towards the middle of the afternoon Francisco Alvarez returned and sought his master in the library. He had followed Leon Murillo to Denia, and had made all possible inquiry.

'First,' said the alcalde, his whole manner both of tone and bearing showing how interested he was, 'did you learn anything of the parentage?'

'No, Senor—nothing reliable. Some say his father was a Pasiego, and one of the most daring Contrabandistas of Santandar; others say his father was a Gipsy; but we know this latter assertion must be false. The young rascal has no Gipsy blood in his veins.'

'You are right, Francisco. The Zincali tide does not flow there. But what else? Did you learn whence he came?'

'Not to my satisfaction, Senor. He has been here, upon our coast, for some time—a year, or more. He is a wanderer, and is not altogether a Smuggler. I am informed by one who has seen him in the arena, that he is one of the most daring bull-fighters in Spain, and one of the most successful.'

'Ah!' cried Don Bernardo, clapping his hands, 'now I remember him. It was he who stepped into the arena and saved the life of Sancho, the matador, when the big bull of the Morena proved so dangerous.''

'Yes, Senor, the same.'

'And, if I remember rightly, he used only a short knife at that time.'

'Only a *short knife*, Senor.'

'And he slew the bull at one stroke?'

'At the first stroke, Senor.'

'*Santo Dio-o!* he is a marvel! What think you of him, Francisco?'

'I think him a marvel, Senor.'

'But of what blood is he?'

'I think Castilian.'

'Have there been any contraband goods seized lately?'

'No, Senor.'

'Then we can make no complaint against this fellow if we arrest him?'

'None, Senor.

'Keep your eyes open, Francisco, and if you can pick up any further information concerning this Smuggler keep it for me, will you?'

'I will, Senor.'

'That will do.'

The clerk went out, and the alcalde was once more left alone.

Half an hour after this, as the sun was resting upon the peaks of the Sierra, a poor wayfarer entered the court of the castle, and begged for shelter and food. He seemed an old man, and his garb was thin and ragged. His hair was thin and sparse; his skin almost black from long exposure, and his frame wasted and worn. He sank upon a stone at the foot of the steps that led up to the door of the domicile, and as he sat there, old Pepin, the porter, brought him a cup of wine.

'Good sir,' said the latter after the wayfarer had drank, 'you seem worn and weary. You must have travelled far.'

'Very far,' replied the beggar, placing his bony, attenuated hand within the folds of his frock, as though he would hold his poor, weary heart in its place. 'Alas! I have suffered much. Give me shelter—give me food.'

'You shall have food very soon,' said Pepin. 'Drink more of the wine.'

'I dare not drink too much, kind sir. I am so weak that I already feel the little I have taken mounting to my head. Ah, I need something more substantial. But, tell me,—who is lord of this castle?'

'Don Bernardo d'Acosta.'

'Then Don Bernardo still lives?'

'Yes.'

'Is he a kind man?'

'He treats his servants very well,' said the Porter.

'You have lived with him some time?'

'Ever since he was a boy. I was with his father before him; and I have served him since his father died.'

'You were with him, then, when his child was stolen from him?'

'Yes,' answered Pepin, quickly; 'and from that time he has not been what he was before. Did you ever know my master?'

'I knew him many years ago.'

'Did you know him when his boy was stolen away by the Gipsies?'

'Yes.'

'And perhaps you knew that for five years after that he hunted Spain all over.'

'I knew something of it.'

'And perhaps you knew that, when he found all search in vain, he went away to travel hoping that a change of scenery might relieve his mind.'

The wayfarer nodded.

'But,' pursued the porter, shaking his head sorrowfully, it was all of no avail. The blow was so severe that poor Don Bernardo cannot wholly recover from it. He is not what he was before. Still, you must not understand me to mean that we do not like him; for, indeed, he is a very ——'

Pepin's speech was cut short by the sound of footsteps close at hand, and upon looking up he beheld Don Bernardo just coming out from the hall. The alcalde saw the white-haired beggar sitting upon the stone, and he stepped down and stood before him.

And Don Bernardo looked into the beggar's face; and the beggar looked into Don Bernardo's face!

And Don Bernardo trembled, and grew pale; and presently he moved forward, and placed his hand upon the wayfarer's shoulder. He gazed a few moments longer into that worn and weather-beaten face, and then he turned to his porter.

'Pepin, why stand ye there? Go and prepare food for this man.'

'The cook is at work, Senor.'

'Then go and fix a bed for him.'

Pepin went away and as soon as he was out of sight the alcalde tightened his grip upon the beggar's shoulder.

'Who are you?' he asked, in a hoarse whisper.

'Don't you remember me, Senor?'

'Aye—I think I do. Thou art MICHAEL FERRAPA!'

'Yes Senor, I am the man.'

*Santo Dios!* I thought so!' exclaimed the don, starting back, and gazing still into that wasted face. 'Where did you come from? *Infierno!*—Has the grave or the sea vomited you forth? Say—tell me—are you, in solid truth, MICHAEL FERRARA?

'Indeed I am, Senor. I am the man——'

'Never mind any explanation here,' interposed the alcalde, placing his hand over the poor man's mouth. 'Come with me to my library. Come,—I have a soft couch there; and there you can tell me your story.'

Thus speaking Don Bernardo took the beggar by the arm, and lifted him to his feet, and then supported him up the steps and through the hall. Some of the servants witnessed the scene, and they wondered to see their noble master leading the ragged wretched wayfarer in so brotherly a way. He led him thus up the broad staircase to the library, and then he went and got food and took it in with his own hand. While the beggar was eating, the alcalde came out, and having carefully locked the door behind him, he sought his porter, and when he had found him he questioned him very sharply. Old Pepin's answers were all prompt and honest, and finally his master sent him about his business.

'All may yet be well,' said Don Bernardo to himself, as he moved back towards his library. 'He has not yet told his secret. Let me find where he has been in Valencia of late, and whom he has seen, and then I shall know what to do with him. If there is need of medicine, I think I have some in my library that will cure him.'

* * * * * * * *

At midnight the alcalde opened the door of his library and stepped cautiously forth. He had a small lantern fixed by a strap to his waist, and upon his shoulder he bore a human form. It was a form thin and wasted, and the alcalde was stout and strong, so he had no difficulty in carrying it. He went down into the hall—down into the basement of the domicile—and then down into the cellar,—and thence he went to the dungeons that had been built far beneath the paved court, and in one of them upon a damp, decaying pallet, he placed his burden. He stopped just a moment to look once more upon those wan features, and then he turned from the dungeon, and carefully locked the door after him.

'I must think of this,' he muttered, as he walked slowly back towards his own apartment. 'This dose will give him a quiet slumber.—The next may set him free from his sufferings forever.—We shall see.'

CHAPTER VII.

DOWN IN THE DUNGEON.

The dungeons beneath the castle had been used for many years only as a place of safe lodgment for criminals who had been brought to San Martin for trial; and old Pepin, the porter, acted as turnkey of the prison. Don Bernardo kept in his own possession the keys to all the vaults and cells within his domain; but Pepin had a few curiously contrived skeletons keys, by the help of which he could open the doors of those same places at his pleasure. He had been allowed to keep these skeletons because it was sometimes necessary that he should have access to the cells when his master was away; and no one ever dreamed that the gray headed old serving-man could, by any human means, be induced to do anything that might lead him from the line of his strictest duty.

Don Bernardo, after he had shut the door upon the poor beggar, and regained the main hall, stopped to reflect. The thought had crossed his mind that he would call to his porter and get the skeleton keys, but upon further consideration he concluded that he would not do it.

'If I take those keys away from him, he will suspect something:—I must not do that.'

The alcalde walked on to the top of the great stair-case, slowly and thoughtfully. When he had gained the upper landing he fancied that he heard something, or somebody, moving beside himself. He stopped and looked around, but could see nothing, and after a while he passed on to the library.

'In the morning,' he soliloquized, after he had shut himself in, 'I will send Pepin off upon some errand that will keep him away the whole day. I'll send him to San Felipe,—that will keep him into the night;—it will keep *him* until I can dispose of this bird of ill-omen; and I can take his keys if I wish.'

Thus speaking the don nodded his head as though he had reached a satisfactory conclusion, and shortly afterwards he took up a candle, and went to his sleeping chamber, which was only separated from the library by a small dressing-room. The great clock in the hall struck one as Don Bernardo laid his head upon his pillow.

When the alcalde stopped at the head of the stairs, and listened and gazed around in search of the cause of the noise he fancied he had heard, he did not look so sharply as he might have done; for, no sooner had he passed into the library than old Pepin, trembling from head to foot, crawled out from the recess of a window not six yards from the landing; and having assured himself that his master was out of the way, he slipped the cover from a dark lantern which he carried, and descended the stairs. Having arrived at the lower landing he moved cautiously across the hall, and just as he was preparing to turn into a passage that led to the servants' dormitory, he was brought to a sudden standstill by the appearance of a human figure directly in his way.

'*Santa Madre!*' he ejaculated, trembling violently as he beheld the dark-looking object.

'*Santa Diosa!*' dropped from the lips of the dark-robed figure at the same instant.

'Who are you?' demanded Pepin, gathering courage when he found that the stranger did not breathe forth fire.

'Mercy!—this is Pepin!'

'Of course it is Pepin. And now who are you?'

The old porter held up his lantern as the dark mantle fell off, and recognized the features of Estelle d'Avila.

'*Padre Santo!* What are you doing here, Senorita?'

'What are you doing, Pepin?'

'I am the porter, you know, and it is my duty to see that all parts of the castle are secure before I retire.'

'Do you often remain up as late as this, Pepin?'

'Not quite, Senorita; but then you must understand that I have a right to be up as late as I please.'

'And have not I the same right?'

'Perhaps you have, Dona Estelle; but it does not look very well to see you wandering about these dark passages at this hour.'

The maiden could not look into Pepin's face, for the lantern cast no ray of light that way; but she knew that it was an honest, open face; and she knew that a kind heart beat in his bosom. She reflected a few moments, and then placed her hand lightly upon his arm.

'Pepin,' she said, persuasively, 'will you come where I can speak with you? I am glad I have found you.'

'I don't know,' replied the old man, shaking his head. 'I ought not to countenance your night-wanderings. It is unseemly very unseemly.'

'Perhaps,' retorted Estelle, in a significant tone, 'if Don Bernardo were to know, and where and when we had met, he might think your wandering as unseemly as mine.'

'Mercy, Lady! I hope you would not tell Don Bernardo of this.'

'Of course not, Pepin. I think you are my friend. I think you are true.'

'Certainly I am, Estelle.'

'And' pursued our heroine, 'I think my father used to be very kind to you.'

She touched him there upon a tender spot.

'God bless you, lady, he was like a brother to me. There are not many men like Don Carlos.—But come this way. If you wish to speak with me, we can find a place in the vestibule.'

It was a small entry-way, between the court and the hall, into which the porter conducted the maiden, and when he had closed the door, and shot a small bolt near the latch, he opened his lantern and allowed the light to fall where it pleased.

'Now, Senorita,' he said, 'I am ready to listen. We shall not be likely to be disturbed here; but yet you had better speak in as low tones as possible. I don't believe that walls have ears; but I believe that ears are very apt to be dangerously near when they are least wanted.'

With this piece of advice the old man folded his hands and waited for the lady to speak.

'Dear good Pepin, I know I may trust you.'

'Of course you may; so don't waste any more time in circumnavigation. You've got something to say to me?'

'Yes, Pepin; and it is a very curious something too. It is about the old man that came into the castle this evening.'

'Eh, Senorita! What do you know about that old man?'

'I know nothing yet. I wish to know.'

'And what do you wish to know?'

'I wish to know all you know.'

'Really, lady, your wish is a curious one. If you don't know the man, what interest can you have in him?'

'Listen, Pepin, and you shall hear,—But you'll promise not to laugh at me.'

'Go on, Estelle. I do not feel like laughing.'

The girl drew nearer to the porter and laid her hand upon his wrist.

'Good Pepin, I saw that white-haired old man when he came into the court, and I felt a strange sympathy for him, even then. There was something in his look and bearing so worn and so desolate that my heart warmed towards him. I was in the western vestibule when Don Bernardo met that old man; and I saw the alcalde's startled look, and I heard his tones of surprise and——'

'—Sh!—Not quite so loud, Estelle.'

'I was not speaking loud, Pepin. I am only whispering.'

'Never mind.—go on.—You said you saw Don Bernardo start.'

'Yes—and I knew by the tone of his voice that he was very much moved. When I went up to my room I thought of that poor beggar. I could not get him out of my mind. When I went to sleep I dreamed of him. I woke up once, and then slept, and dreamed of him again. Three times I dreamed of that white-haired decrepit wayfarer; and each time it seemed as though he was waiting for me in some of the passages of the castle—as though he had need of my help—and as though our destinies were in some way linked together—I could not rest any more. I got up from my bed, and so strong was the impression left upon my mind that I could not resist the impulse to start forth in search of the stranger. I came out from my room, and descended to the main hall; and thence I wandered up and down all the passages upon that floor. I was returning towards the great staircase when I saw somebody coming down from the upper chambers; and without exposing myself I slipped behind one of the pillars. As I thus stood I could see the man very plainly as he passed me, for he had a lantern secured to his girdle. It was Don——'

'—Sh!—Be careful, Estelle.'

'It was Don Bernardo whom I saw, and upon his shoulder he bore a heavy burden.'

'Ah!'

'Yes, Pepin.'

'Could you make out what it was, my lady?'

'Yes. It was that white haired old man.'

'Are you sure?'

'As sure as I need to be for the purpose I have in view.'

'And what may that be?'

'It is to find that old man.'

'*Santa Diosa!* Do you think what you are undertaking, my lady.'

'Don't talk to me in that way, Pepin. I know what I wish to do, and I do not like that you should try to thwart me. If you cannot help me, you may tell me so; but don't try to dissuade me. You saw that old man?'

'Yes.'

'Ah—and perhaps you have been with Don Bernardo to help.'

'No, no, Senorita. I am like yourself, wandering on my own account.'

'And did you see Don Bernardo bearing that wasted body away?'

The porter hesitated a few moments; but finally he said, while the cloud passed from his brow:

'Dear lady, I must not fear to trust you. You are Don Carlos' child; and Don Carlos was my friend. You may trust me, and I will trust you.—I did see Don Bernardo bearing that wasted form away.'

'Perhaps you know who that old man was?'

'No, lady.'

'Think you he is entirely a stranger here?'

'No;—he said enough in my hearing to convince me that, at some former period, he has been well acquainted here.'

'One thing more, Pepin: Do you think the man was alive when Don Bernardo bore him through the hall?'

'I hope so, lady.'

'If he is alive, I must see him. You can help me in this.'

Pepin did not answer at once. He gazed awhile into the maiden's face and then looked down upon the floor. Finally he said:

'First, lady, let me be sure that Don Bernardo has retired. If I find him out of the way, I will go down with you to the dungeons. Will you wait here alone?'

Estelle was very willing to sit there in the dark, and without further questions Pepin took up his lantern and left her. He was gone very near half an hour, and when he returned he reported that Don Bernardo was abed.

'I have been gone some time,' he said, 'but I have been to the lodge after my keys. Have you the courage now to follow me?'

'Anywhere, Pepin.'

'Then come on. I have some curiosity to see that poor wayfarer once more.'

'I have more than curiosity to urge me on,' responded Estelle, as she followed the porter from the vestibule. 'I am moved by a power above and beyond my own will. Perhaps, you do not believe in such things, Pepin.'

'What things, lady?'

'In these mysterious whisperings from the unseen world.'

The old man shook his head.

'I don't know, Dona Estelle, what to believe. At any rate, I have no disposition to dispute you. I've seen a good many strange things in my life; and I've had a good many strange impressions. If I had not felt some wonderful leaning toward this wayfarer you would not have found me out of my bed at this hour.'

'Ah,—then you were upon the same errand with myself,' said Estelle, archly.

The old porter could not retract what he had said, so he made no direct reply; for he remembered that he had once before intimated to the lady that his legitimate duties had kept him up. He nodded, and coughed, and directed his companion to be very careful about making a misstep; and then he threw the light of his lantern ahead and moved on. No one living knew the way through the different passages of the old castle than did Pepin; and he was not long in reaching the subterranean apartments which had been formed beneath the pavement of the court. There was one line of cells leading toward the western donjon, to the doors of which Don Bernardo had keys, and *in this direction* the porter first bent his steps. Estelle shuddered as she felt the influence of the chill, damp atmosphere; but she had no thought of retreating. Once her conductor asked her if she would go on.

'Yes,' she said, 'I feel safer here than I did above. I must see that man.'

'And whom do you expect to find in him?' asked Pepin.

Pepin did not know exactly how to answer this. He had come to the dungeon with great sympathy for the unfortunate man; but he was not fully prepared to open the prison door and set him free. How should he account to his master for the empty cell? But Estelle had no such hesitation.

'We will lead you out from this,' she said. 'We will save you if we can.'

'Bless you!' cried the old man, reaching forth and taking her hand. He gazed upon her beautiful face a moment, and then continued: 'Did Don Bernardo have a daughter?'

'No sir,' replied Estelle, at once divining his thought. 'I am not the child of the alcalde. My father was Don Carlos d'Avilla; but my father is dead, and I am now Don Bernardo's ward.'

'And Don Bernardo is your enemy,' suggested the prisoner.

'Yes sir, he is,' replied Estelle, before Pepin could prevent her.

'Your father was wealthy.'

'Yes—very.'

'I think I understand.' The old man reflected a few moments, but finally he added, with considerable energy: 'By my soul, lady, I believe we may be of service to each other. I am in one of the cells beneath the castle, am I not?'

'Yes sir.'

'And who put me here?'

Again Pepin would have interrupted; but Estelle was too quick for him:

'Don Bernardo d'Acosta, put you here, sir.'

'Aye,' exclaimed the wayfarer, with a flashing eye; 'and I know how he did it. He gave me a potion that deprived me of my senses. In mercy's name, lead me hence. Set me free from Don Bernardo's power, and I will repay you, if I live. If I do not live, you shall be repaid!'

*To be Continued.*

### MODERN CRUSADING.

PRETENSION VANQUISHED,

Men of intellect, who have the pretension to detect, and the inclination to reform, the false systems transmitted to us from a darker age, adopt different methods of accomplishing their philanthropic tasks. Cervantes laughed knight-errantry out of the field of Spain; Holloway, the great English antagonist of medical pedantry, is overwhelming and demolishing the old worn-out non-effective system of practice, by curing the multitudes it has abandoned as incurable, with his inestimable preparations. Of this extraordinary man it may be said, that if the honour of having produced him belongs to England, the benefits accruing from his discoveries are the common property of the world. His Pills and Ointment have acquired an immense popularity with the whole Spanish race. The government of old Spain, the proudest and least pliable of all the European monarchies, has waived its general prescription of foreign medicines in their favour; and the less exclusive republics of South America have, with one voice approved and naturalized them. In the cities of the coast, on the llanos and pampas of the interior, in the valleys of the Andes, and on the alluvial borders of the Amazon, the Orinico and La Plata—in fact, in every part of South America, whether thickly or sparsely populated, these medicines are in constant demand. In the centres of civilization, they have, to a great extent, displaced the old *materia medica*, and among the Indians they have supplanted the traditional remedies of the native doctors.

Had Professor Holloway introduced his two specifics for all the varieties of disease under the sanction of the medical colleges of Europe; had been supported in his efforts to disseminate them by the whole wealth and influence of the profession; had regular physicians, surgeons, and apothecaries everywhere advocated their use—still the progress made by his Pills and Ointment, in a period of some twenty years, among all the races of the earth, might well have been deemed extraordinary. But none of these elements of popularity were at his command. On the other hand, a solid barrier of professional prejudice opposed him. He has broken it down. Medical dogmatism has succumbed before the wonders accomplished by his remedies. His arguments have been cures. The million, no longer a blind Samson, as in the slavish past, but intelligent and independent in thought and action, has raised him with its broad hands to eminence and wealth, as a grateful return for the precious lives saved and prolonged through his instrumentality.

It is the curse of various drugs relied upon by the faculty as specifics, that in subduing one disease, they lay the foundation of another—the complaint originated by the medicine being very frequently the more dangerous of the two. Mercury may relieve an affection of the liver, but it imperils the soundness of the bones, and shrivels the tendons. Opium may quiet pain, but its reaction shatters the nervous system. Colchicum and arsenic may mitigate the pangs of gout and rheumatism, but they substitute palsy and paralysis. There are no such drawbacks to the usefulness of Holloway's Pills and Ointment. More certain, direct and thorough in their remedial operation than any other medicine, their general effect upon the system and constitution is not merely harmless, but beneficial.—*Hampshire Express.*


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