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 MARCH, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter 5th day, 1h. 31m., morn. E S E
New Moon 13th day, 4h. 34m., morn., E N E
First Quarter, 21st day, 11h. 12m., morn., N.W.
Full Moon, 27th day, 9h. 20m., even, E.

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

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. ly

JOHN F. BRINE, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,

May be consulted at the Office of John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.

RESIDENCE:

Mrs. BOYYER'S, Great George Street, Nov. 16, 1868. tf

B. WILSON HIGGS,

General Commission Merchant

AND

AUCTIONEER,

Charlottetown, ... P. E Island.

May 27, 1867. ly

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.

To the Travelling Public,

THE SUBSCRIBERS would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened out, in this city a

FIRST CLASS HOTEL

to which they have given the name of the

UNION HOUSE,

This Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated on the corner of

Queen and King Streets, Ch'town, P. E. I.

(The stand is well known as having been in the occupation of Mr J. G. Eckstadt.)

It is the intention of the Proprietors of the UNION HOUSE to furnish First Class accommodation to travellers, and do all in their power to render a stay in Charlottetown pleasant and agreeable

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

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

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

O'NEILL BROTHERS

Ch'town, Sept. 28, 1868. tf

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 pooperty, 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.

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

Partnership Dissolved.

THE Partnership hitherto existing between STONE & BOYYER, Hardware Dealers has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Henry Boyyer 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.

Flour, Leather &c. &c.

Just Received by the Subscriber,

100 Barrels FLOUR,
200 Sides SOLE LEATHER,
26 Casks MOLASSES, (in Puncheon Tierces and Barrels.
6 Casks SUGAR,
100 Boxes RAISINS,
15 Chests TEA, (Warranted,)
30 Barrels APPLES,
50 Kegs NAILS,
10 Dozen Underhill's AXES,
10 Barrels Kerosene OIL,
10 Tons IRON and STELL,
120 Bags SALT,
50 Quintals CODFISH,
6 Barrels CURRANTS.

For sale low by

GEORGE HOWATT.

Crapaud, Dec. 7 1868.

WEST INDIA

PRODUCE & FISH!

ON SALE by the SUBSCRIBER, at his WAREHOUSE, Queen Street:

30 Puns. Bright Muscovado MOLASSES,
20 " Dark and Heavy for Distillery,
100 Bbls. No. 1 Split Labrador HERRING, (Warranted.)
25 Bbls. No. 1 Bay of Island HERRING, (Spring Catch,)
100 Quintels CODFISH,
200 " HAKE,
20 Bbls. Pickled CODFISH.

DANIEL DAVIES.

Ch'town, Jan 25, 1869. 4m

TROTTING RACES!

THE CHARLOTTETOWN TROTTING RACES will take place every alternate SATURDAY, at 2 o'clock, p. m., during the Winter, commencing JANUARY 23rd. RULES and PRIZES as usual. At the last meeting in March a prize of $50 will be offered, and also the "Inn-Keeper's Plate," value $25.

Jan 20, 1869.

Common Sense

FAMILY SEWING MACHINES

only £3 17s. 6d.

AT

HARVIE'S BOOKSTORE,

Sept. 7. *Queen Stree*

WILLIAM KOUGHAN,

Ship Broker & General Agent,

Queen's Wharf,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND.

Feb 8, 1869.

NOTICE!

ON or about the 9th of MARCH there will be given in the CITY HALL CHARLOTTETOWN, for the purpose of raising FUNDS towards finishing the Parsonage near Southport, in connection with the Episcopal Church, an Entertainment, consisting of a Fancy and Refreshment TABLE during the afternoon, to conclude with a

CONCERT

in the EVENING composed of Sacred and Secular Music, under the direction of MRS. WENTWORTH STEVENSON. If the Charlottetown public will kindly patronize the above, it will be the last time they will be called upon for any aid towards this mission. Tickets for afternoon and evening, 1s 6d, children, half price.

The following ladies will gratefully receive donations for the Bazaar or Refreshment Table Southport, Mrs. Stewart: Charlottetown, Miss Sinclair.

N. B.—A Handsome Prize will be drawn for during the evening by the purchasers of Tickets for the above Entertainment, which will shortly be exhibited.

"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.

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'town, June 15, 1868 ly

WRIGHT'S

INDIAN VEGETABLE SUGAR COATED PILLS!

CURE SICK HEADACHE, RHEUMATISM, FEVER and AGUE, BILIOUS COMPLAINTS, COUGHS, COLDS, PAIN IN THE BONES, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, CUTANEOUS DISEASES, PILES, DROPSY, GRAVEL, DIZZINESS, LIVER COMPLAINTS, DIARRHŒA, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c., and are

Warranted to Purify the Blood.

For Sale at the Principal Office, No. 372 Pearl Street, New York, and by Druggists and Storekeepers generally.

W. R. WATSON,

Charlottetown,

Agent for the Island.

July 27, 1868. ly

BROOMS & PAILS.

40 DOZEN BROOMS,
40 dozen PAILS,
For sale by

CARVELL BRO'S.

May 18, 1868.

THE SMUGGLER OF ST. JEAN;

OR, THE

HIDALGO'S WARD.

A STORY OF THE SPANISH COAST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XI.—continued.

Close by the stone upon which Estelle sat was another stone, and having seated himself upon this, Leon continued:

'Will you tell me where Don Bernardo is?'

'He has gone to Denia.'

'When did he go?'

'Early this morning.'

'Did he seem uneasy?'

'More than that, sir. He seemed perfectly beside himself with trouble. I have watched him when he did not know it. He was out all night, I verily believe. At all events, he was out at midnight, and Nina saw him enter the court just as the day was breaking this morning. He called for a horse, and rode away, before the sun was fairly up.'

'Which way did he ride?'

'To the south, Senor, by the path that leads towards the Gipsy camp.'

'Go on, lady.'

'He went away, and was gone an hour, or more; and when he returned he was pale and agitated, and I could see his frame quiver as he came upon the terrace. He went to his own apartments, and put on his official garb of Alcalde; and having called for another horse, he rode away towards Denia.'

'And, lady, if I mistake not, you have had some cause for anxiety.'

Estelle caught the speaker's meaning look, and she thought she knew its import.

'Yes, yes,' she replied, 'I have been very anxious; and perhaps you know why I have been anxious.'

'I think I do; and to relieve you in a measure, of that anxiety, was one of the reasons of my sending for you. Let me tell you a story of a very recent adventure of mine.'

Nina drew near and sat down at the feet of her mistress, after which Leon resumed:

'Last night; or it may have been this morning — for I think it was an hour past midnight — I went to Denia with two of my shipmates—two brothers—named Jose and Lopez Gardella. They went to see their old father, who lives in a secluded portion of the town and I bore them company. When we entered the house we found the old man lying upon the floor, bound hand and foot, with a thick napkin bound over his mouth. As soon as we had cast off the cruel bonds, and given him some wine, he told us what had happened. Two old men had come to him, seeking shelter. One of them was Pepin, the porter of San Martin, and the other was named Michael Ferrara, a poor, weak, broken down old man, who had just escaped from the dungeons of Don Bernardo. Pepin was a cousin of Manuel Gardella's, and the aged host gladly gave him the shelter he sought. But hired spies of Don Bernardo's were upon the track of the fugitives. Last night three men entered the house, and having first bound and gagged old Gardella, they proceeded to an upper chamber, where they seized and bound Pepin and Michael Ferrara; and bore them away. Manuel Gardella could afford no help; he could not even cry out for assistance; but there he was forced to lie and suffer until we found him. He described to us the appearance of the ruffians as best he could, and I at once recognized one of them to have been Juan Bravo the Gipsy chieftain.'

'Maria Santisima!' ejaculated Estelle, with clasped hands. 'O, why could not —'

'Hold, lady. Hear me to the end. After questioning Gardella awhile, I was not only assured that Juan Bravo had been one of those ruffians, but I was confident that our old acquaintance, Gurabano, had been another. We were not long in deciding what we would do; for Jose and Lopez were ready to run any risk that might bring them in contact with the villains who had abused their decrepit old father. I believed that the Gipsies would take their prisoners to their camp, and in that direction we started. We were more fortunate than we had even dared to hope. At the foot of the hill, not more than half a league from the castle, we met the three ruffians with their prisoners, coming towards San Martin. By the light of the moon I recognized Juan Bravo and Gurabano, and without delay we gave them battle, and quickly set Pepin and Ferrara at liberty. One of the villains—a Gitano whose name I did not know — was killed outright. Juan Bravo and Gurabano we bound to a couple of trees, and then we bore the two old men away to a place of safety, where they told me their story. They told me of the part you had acted towards the deliverance of a poor old man from the jaws of death; and they told me, too, that the Gipsies were bearing them to the castle, there to deliver them into the hands of Don Bernardo, when we met them. You can judge, lady, what he meant to do with them.'

'I know too well,' said Estelle shuddering.

'But, good sir, you are sure they are now safe.'

'They are perfectly safe, senorita.'

'And you have talked with Michael Ferrara?'

'Yes, fair lady; and I bear you a message from him. He would have you to be watchful of Don Bernardo's every movement. I am not able to tell you what his full meaning is for he does not trust his secret to my keeping; but of this I am assured: he is your friend, and means in some way to serve you. Both he and Pepin were anxious that you should know of their safety, and partly to please them I sought this interview.'

Estelle murmured her thanks, and after a short pause Leon arose from his seat, remarking as he did so:

'My time is not my own at present, lady, and I must be on my way back. Should I have anything of importance to communicate to you, I will send the boy with my errand. You know where the hut of the old fisherman Miguel Pastor is!'

'Yes, Senor.'

'Then, if you have any message which you wish to send to me, or to either of your old friends, write a note, directed to Martin Jumilla, and let your maid carry it to Pastor's hut. Martin Jumilla is the name of the boy by whom I sent the fruit, and he lives with the fisherman. I wish I could tell you what the future has in store; but I cannot. I think I may assure you, however, that Michael Ferrara has the power to thwart any evil which your guardian may have in store for you. Be watchful in your place, lady; and I will be watchful in mine; for I know that the elcalde is my enemy, as he is yours.'

Estelle had many questions crowding upon her mind, but she did not ask them then. She thanked the young man for his kindness, and having made sure that she had not misunderstood any of his directions, she bade him adieu, and turned back towards the castle.

Once or twice during the walk Nina attempted to engage her mistress in conversation, but without avail. The Senorita had too much upon her mind; and those thoughts which were uppermost were such as she did not care to express, even to her faithful attendant.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ALCALDE MAKES A CAPATURE

Don Bernardo d'Acosta, as soon as he arrived at Denia, went directly to the office of the Master of Revenue, and asked for the use of the *guarda costa*, with her crew, for the purpose of overhauling a notorious Smuggler.

'The request is a curious one,' he said, with a smile, as he noticed a frown gathering upon the revenue officer's face; 'but I have a very particular reason for asking this favor. Two very important state prisoners have escaped from my custody—or, from the custody of my jailer—and I am sure they have sought safety on board the Smuggler. To recapture them I wish for your vessel. You must not allow yourself to think, Senor, that I would interfere with your business; for I can swear that the contrabandistas stand in wholesome awe of our good port of Denia, thanks to the efforts of yourself and your brave men.

'We try to do our duty, Senor Alcalde: and I think I do not over estimate our services, when I say that the king owes much of his revenue to the ceaseless vigilance of the officers of this port.

'I know he does, Senor. In fact, I am sure there is no port on this coast so thoroughly shut to the contraband trade.'

The officer of customs smiled and nodded; and informed the alcalde that he could have the *guarda costa* in welcome; and also that he could take as many of his own men as he pleased.

As Don Bernardo was in a great hurry he closed the business as quickly as possible. The custom officer was to have the vessel ready by the time he had brought his men to the landing; and with this understanding he went to his own official quarters, and selected twelve policemen to accompany him. It was near noon when his arrangements had been completed, and when he reached the landing he found a boat in waiting for him.

The guarda-costa was a brigantine, almost new, and accounted one of the swiftest sailers on the Valencian coast. Her armament consisted of four light brass guns, and her crew was made up of three officers and twenty men, who were duly supplied with small arms. As soon as the alcalde and his police men had gained the deck, the anchor was raised, and the white canvass given to the breeze; and in less than an hour they had rounded Cape Saint Martin.

'Rafael Bertrand's felucca was off here two days ago,' remarked the captain of the brigantine, as they were rounding the cape, 'and I should not wonder if she were still somewhere upon the coast.'

'The Smugglers have some secret inlets, I suppose, where they can effectually hide themselves,' said Don Bernardo.

'Yes, Senor, many of them.'

'Ha! There goes a boat from the headland of Saint Jean,' cried one of the sailors from the forecastle.

The captain, who had his glass in his hand, stepped quickly forward, and after a careful examination he pronounced it to be one of the boats of the Smuggler.

'I think,' he added, as he lowered the glass, 'that we shall find the felucca around yonder point. We will stand off a bit, as though we were bound for sea, and observe the motions of the boat.'

'Could you see who were in the boat?' asked the alcalde.

'I saw three men, Senor.'

'Were any of them old men?'

The captain looked through his glass again, and finally answered:

'No,—they do not look like old men. They are all habited in seamen's garbs.'

Don Bernardo was upon the point of speaking further when one of the men discovered the felucca lying at anchor behind the point before alluded to.

'That is the Smuggler,' said the captain; 'and the boat is making towards her.'

'Can you not board her before she can get away?' asked the alcalde.

'Very easily Senor; but we'll stand on awhile longer as we are, and then take a free sheet and run down upon her.'

In a little time the boat was seen to haul alongside the felucca, and shortly afterwards the guarda-costa went about, and, with the wind abeam, ran for the shore. The Smugglers evidently saw her coming, but they made no effort to get out of the way; for they were used to seeing her hovering about the coast; and they seldom, if ever, lay thus exposed with contraband goods on board.

In less than half an hour from the time of tacking the brigantine hove-to under the felucca's quarter and lowered her boat, into which got Don Bernardo, with the captain and ten men.

'Will they oppose us do you think,' asked one of the alcalde's police officers.

'Certainly not,' replied the captain. 'They know better than that. *Carajo*! we could blow them out of water in five minutes. These Smugglers are tough customers when attacked on shore with goods in their possession; but they are too shrewd to resist us.'

'But suppose they should have contraband goods on board now?'

'That is not a supposable case. These contrabandistas never cast anchor outside of their hiding place with such a cargo.'

As the captain gave this answer his boat touched the felucca's side, and he went on board, followed by Don Bernardo and nine of the men. Rafael Bertrand was at the gangway to receive them, and he greeted the capt. of the *guarda costa* very cordially.

'Are you out on a plesure trip?' he asked, with a light laugh.

'Not exactly' answered the revenue officer. 'I have simply come to bring the alcalde, who seeks one or two prisoners that have escaped from his custody.'

Prisoners?' repeated Bertrand, plainly showing by his look that he knew nothing of the matter. And then turning to Don Bernardo, he added,—'Senor, may I ask what kind of prisoners you have lost?'

'They were two old men,' replied the alcalde.

'None such are on board this vessel, sir. However, you may have free access to every part, from stem to stern, and from truck to keelson; and if you find them they are yours.'

'On your honor, Bertrand, you have no such men on board?' interposed the captain of the *guarda costa*.

'As I live,' replied the Smuggler, earnestly and sincerely, 'I know that I have told you the truth.'

Upon this the captain turned to the alcalde.

'Don Bernardo,' he said, 'it will be useless for you to search here; for I am persuaded that we have heard the truth.'

The hidalgo might have insisted upon searching the vessel, had he not seen something which led him to conclude that Pepin and Michael Ferrara could not have come on board. Upon the forecastle he saw three young sailors standing whom he quickly recognized as the three who had come on board in the boat; and one of them was the youth called Leon Murillo—the Smuggler and the bull fighter. The don had no doubt that the other two were those who had been Murillo's companions in the attack upon Juan Bravo; but he did not propose to trouble at present only the leader.

'Senor alcalde,' said the captain of the *guarda costa*, after waiting some time for a reply, 'what think you? Do you wish to search?'

Don Bernardo started as though he had been caught doing something criminal; and having given one more glance upon the trio on the forecastle, he answered:

'No, no, captain, I think there is no need. I have no disposition to doubt our friend's word.' As he thus spoke he turned and bowed to the Smuggler chief, and as he did so he found the gaze of that individual fixed upon him very sharply.

'You are very kind, Senor,' returned Rafael Bertrand.

But Bernardo d'Acosta did not seem to notice the words the other had spoken. He was gazing intently into the speakers face, and it was plain to be seen that he was conside ably moved.

Rafael Bertrand was a thick-set, powerfully built man, about fifty years of age, with a frank intelligent countenace, and bearing himself with that ease and grace which mark the man who, by nature holds command over his fellows. His eyes were very dark, and very bright, and when Don Bernardo found them for the second time fixed upon him in answer to his own gaze he pulled his hat over his face, and turned to the captain of the brigantine.

'We will not search, Senor; and yet our mission is not to be bootless. I see on board this vessel one whom I must arrest.'

'How, Senor Alcalde?' demanded Bertrand who had overheard the remark. 'Did you say you would arrest one of my men?'

'Yes,' replied the hidalgo. 'Yonder he stands, the tallest of the trio upon the forecastle.'

'That is my lieutenant, Senor.'

'I cannot help it. I must arrest him.'

'And for what, pray?'

'That shall be made known before a competant court. I trust however, that you will make no resistance to the officers of the law.'

Rafael Bertrand knew very well that it would not be safe for him to offer resistance to the alcalde, though this may not have been the consideration that influenced him in his decision. At all events, he was not a man used to fear; but, like all who are truly brave he could exercise judgment as well as courage.

'If you demand in the name of the law, that man as your prisoner, Senor Alcalde, I suppose you must take him. I will go and speak with him. Hold,' added Bertrand, as Don Bernardo moved as though he would interfere; 'you had better let me go first. My crew loves that man, and they might make some disturbance if your officers were to act in a hurry.'

'He is right,' said the captain of the guarda-costa, appealing to the don. 'Let him speak with the young man first.'

'Very well,' responded don Bernardo. 'So be it.'

With this Bertrand went forward, and conversed some moments with Leon Murillo; and when he came back, the young lieutenant bore him company.

'Senor Alcalde,' said the latter, looking steadily into the hidalgo's face, 'are you here for the purpose of arresting me?'

'Yes,' replied Don Bernardo, sharply.

'What have I done?'

'You shall know that at the proper time. For the present it is enough for you to know that you are arrested in the name of the law, and by ample authority. You can go with these officers quietly, or you can——'

'You need not make any threats, Senor,' interrupted Leon, standing proudly upright. 'Before an honorable court I am not afraid to meet any accusation which you can bring against me.'

Don Bernardo was forced to drop his eyes before the proud gaze of the youth; but he quickly recovered himself, and turning to his officers, he ordered them to take the prisoner into the boat.

There was a perceptible movement of discontent among the crew of the Smuggler as their lieutenant was being conveyed over the gangway, which might have broken out into open resistance had not Rafael Bertrand interfered.

'Be quiet, my men,' he said calmly and persuasively. 'I think no harm will come to Leon. Let us not interfere with the course of justice.'

One thing Don Bernardo saw before he left the felucca which he did not like. He saw these two young men who had stood with Leon Murillo upon the forecastle conversing earnestly with the crew, and he could not fail to notice that their words had the effect of brightening their countenances. If he had thought of the matter sooner he might have taken them also; but it was too late now; so he thanked Rafael Bertrand for his kindness, and then followed his prisoner over the side, muttering to himself as he went:

'Bertrand has sharp eyes. I wonder what he saw.'

And so did Rafael Bertrand mutter some words to himself after the alcalde's back was turned; and had these words reached the alcalde's ears, he might have wished that the Smuggler chief was also within his power.

Once on board the brigantine Leon Murillo was conveyed to a close apartment near the cabin, where he was securely locked up; and when the vessel reached Denia, he was taken on shore under a strong guard and conducted to the prison, where he was cast into a dark dungeon and heavily ironed. He remained there alone an hour, or more, when the heavy door was opened, and Don Bernardo, with a lantern in his hand, entered.

'Young man,' said the alcalde, seating himself upon the edge of the rough pallet, 'before I say anything else to you, I wish you to fully understand that you are completely and entirely within my power. Your very life is mine if I choose to take it. Do you comprehend?'

'I think I do,' replied the prisoner calmly.

'Then we may proceed understandingly,' pursued the hidalgo; 'and we will proceed directly to the point, too, for I have little time to spare. You were one of those who, last night, rescued two prisoners of mine?'

'I was not aware of it, Senor.'

'Did you not help to bear away two old men who were being brought bound to my castle?'

'Really, Don Bernardo, your demand is a strange one. Whom do you employ to arrest your prisoners!'

'Never mind,' retorted the alcalde, slightly wincing. 'Will you answer my question?'

'No sir!' spoke the youth, sharply and sternly. 'I will answer no question, in this place, with the bonds upon me, and with you alone for a witness!'

'Beware, Leon Murillo!' uttered the alcalde, through his grating teeth. 'You are in my hands. I can do as I please. You had better answer me.'

'I have answered you.'

'You had better tell me where these two men are.'

'Bernardo d'Acosta,' said the youth, starting up from the low stool upon which he had been sitting, and clanking his chains sharply, as he brought his hands together. 'If I knew where those two old men were I would not tell you. You have arrested me, and imprisoned me; but have charged me with no crime.'

'I do charge you!—I have charged you?' cried the hidalgo, stamping his foot. 'I charge you with having secreted two of my prisoners.'

'Then, sir,' returned Leon, with real majesty of manner, and with a look that again made the alcalde wince, 'bring me before a proper court. Do that, and I will answer to your heart's content.'

'Aha!' muttered Don Bernardo, while a demoniac expression stole over his countenance, 'I know you, and I have the vantage. If you think to croak in public you are much mistaken! You will answer me here!'

'Never!'

'And yet I say, YOU WILL!'

'I am master of my own tongue, Senor.'

'And I am master of your life, Leon Murillo!'

'I shall not dispute you, Senor. You can kill me if you please; but if you do that dastard act, there shall come upon you an hour of reckoning such as most men would gladly escape even though they found refuge in the grave.'

There was something in the youth's look, and in his tone, and in his noble bearing, that affected the alcalde seriously: but he tried to keep the emotion to himself.

'Then you will not answer me,' he said trembling with passion.

'Only as I have already answered you.'

'Young man,' pronounced Don Bernardo, in as direful a tone as he could command, consider well your situation. The avenues to this dungeon are under my direct control, and your escape is impossible. and I now, once more, demand of you the secret you would keep. Tell me, where are those two old men?'

'Let it be life, or let it be death, you shall have no further answer from me!' And thus speaking Leon Murillo resumed his seat, and folded his manacled hands upon his knees.

'We shall see!' hissed the hidalgo. 'I will come to you again when you are not so strong as you are now. I will come when you may be glad to give up your secret in return for food and drink. A man dying from hunger and thirst may be more easily managed!'

With this Don Bernardo picked up his lantern, and left the dungeon, closing and bolting the heavy iron door after him.

[*To be Continued.*]

[From the N. Y. Albion]

THE POLITICAL AND MILITARY SITUATION IN EUROPE.

The Eastern question is again settled. Greece, as we never doubted from the commencement, has found it necessary to yield and comply with the requirements of the Conference. The peace of Europe is thus for the present, secured. This trouble could scarcely have had any other conclusion. From the first Greece was manifestly in the wrong. Whatever may be the faults of the Sultan's government, whatever cause or causes of discontent may exist throughout Turkey in Europe, it is undeniable that it is the most peaceably disposed government in Europe. It does not court war. It was doing no wrong to the kingdom of Greece. It found the Greek government playing a mean and cowardly part; it caught the offender in the very act; and it must be recorded to the honor and praise of the Sultan's government, that it asserted its rights with a mixture of calmness, dignity, and firmness which has seldom been surpassed. Much indignation has been expressed in certain quarters at the exclusion from the conference of the Greek representative. There are many in England, many in France, who are of opinion that Greece has been harshly used. This feeling as was to be expected, is particularly strong in Russia. Some of the Russian journals discover in the Conference the controlling influence of England, and denounce the power over government for having anything to do with it. It is curious that some English journals are quite as dissatisfied with the Conference, although on different grounds. The great fact, however, remains: Greece has yielded, and has thus prevented an appeal to arms. The Conference has not, therefore, been wholly a failure. If rumor speaks truly, its decisions were not so barren of weight and authority as, at first, we were led to