



PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY GEORGE FRYSSINGER, LEWISTOWN, WINDFALL COUNTY, PA.

Vol. XXXV.—Whole No. 1873.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1850.

New Series—Vol. 4—No. 19.

Rates of Advertising.

Table with 2 columns: Description of ad space (e.g., One square, 18 lines) and Price (e.g., \$5.00).

Communications recommending persons for office, must be paid in advance at the rate of 25 cents per square.

Poetry.

From Graham's Magazine for March.

SONG.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

Thou art lovelier than the coming Of the fairest flow'rs of spring...

Miscellaneous.

THE TRAVELLER'S LAST INN; OR, THE INN-KEEPER OF SAUVERGNE.

A PRUSSIAN TALE OF THRILLING INTEREST.

By the Author of "The Orange Girl of Venice," and other Tales.

CHAPTER I.

I was travelling in Prussia, for the house of M. Lescois, of Paris, whose transactions in that country were of an importance to confer on him the sobriquet of 'the great little Prussian dealer,' for M. Lescois was very slender and diminutive in person...

At the village of Lergue, I had succeeded in creating an additional correspondent for the house of M. Lescois, and highly pleased at my success, returned to my inn to take a lunch, settle my bill, seize my portmanteau and start for Berse.

When I finished my meal, I stepped up to mine host, and while paying his charges, enquired the nearest route to Berse.

'To Berse!' repeated the landlord, thoughtfully. 'Are you for Berse?'

'To Berse!' said another voice near me. 'Are you for Berse?'

I turned, somewhat surprised, and beheld a tall, straight, slender man, of perhaps some eight-and-twenty or thirty years. He was neatly and gentlemanly dressed in a suit of dark blue, and bore the aspect and appearance of one who had seen enough of the world to carve through the balance of his career in the face of all opposition.

His appearance pleased me, and I was glad of the prospect of having him for a companion; for notwithstanding the admirable regulations of the mounted and infantry police of Prussia, there is still sufficient danger to travellers, in journeying through the provinces, to make them rejoice at every accession to their ranks.

'I am for Berse,' said I, addressing the traveller. 'Are you?'

'Yes,' was the reply.

'When do you set out?'

'As soon as I shall have despatched this plate. Will monsieur wait?'

'Yes.'

In a few minutes he was ready and we quitted the inn.

'We have some fifteen miles to travel before we shall reach Berse,' said my companion, as we entered on the high road, 'and we may as well understand each other. Are you on business or pleasure?'

'Why do you ask?'

'You will know presently.'

'I am on business. And you?'

'I am on business also,' he replied. 'It is then our interest as well as our duty to take the shortest path. That is my opinion. Is it yours?'

'Unquestionably.'

'Very good. Now let us examine the two routes by which we can reach our destination. The high road, in which we are now travelling, is clear and dangerous, but marked by fifteen mile stones, to pass all of which will take us till ten o'clock.—Then it will be night, and from the present appearance of the sky, as black as pitch.'

'Well.'

'That forest that you see yonder, to the left, has two paths—the first leading to Berse, the other to Sauvergne. From hence to that forest is but one mile, and from hence to Berse, by the path in that forest, but seven miles.'

'Well.'

'The high road is free from danger, but it is seven hours' travel.'

'The road through the forest may be dangerous, but it is only three hours' travel. Which path shall we take to Berse?'

'I am armed,' said I, 'and have no fears. And you?'

'I, too, am armed, and have no fears. It is then decided that we take the forest route?'

'It is.'

We set forward at once. My portmanteau was small and light, and I slung it over my back, and it hung suspended by a belt running across my breast and around my shoulders. This gave free use to my arms, in case of an emergency, as well as enabled me to carry with ease a small sword-cane, whose long, sharp, slender blade was made of the truest and finest tempered steel.

My companion carried a similar weapon, but one somewhat heavier than mine. He handled it, however, as if it were a feather, and carried it with a grace that astonished me.

'You have other weapons in case of need?' said, he carelessly.

'Oh, yes,' I replied cautiously, but without naming them; for it is not well, as I know by experience, to reveal all that we know, or show all that we have.

'As for me,' he continued, in the same apparently careless tone, 'I have this sword cane, a brace of pistols, and a knife.'

'Excellent weapons in case of need,' I observed, 'which I fervently trust will not be the case.'

'I agree with you,' he responded, and then fell into silence.

In a few minutes we reached and entered the forest. It presented a wild, frightful aspect, and I half repented my willingness to enter it; but shame prevented me from admitting as much to my companion, who looked around and before him, and strode on, in search of the path to Berse, with all the coolness of one long accustomed to danger.

We pushed on, and keeping to the left, soon came to a path.

'This must be the one,' observed my companion. 'It is ten years since I last travelled this forest, but I think I am right. I don't remember these trees, it is true, nor this large stone. But ten years change the face of things, and why not here? This stone must have been put here since, he added, after a few moments' reflection.—'

'What say you, comrade, shall we risk it?'

'I have confidence in your judgement, and will leave it to you.'

'Thank you,' he returned. 'Then forward.'

We pursued the path, which was so narrow and grass-grown that it merely indicated a road without permitting margin enough for even one person to walk upon it.

We walked each side of it; and as we pushed on, the forest became thicker, and denser, and darker.

'We must be cautious,' observed my companion, 'and have our arms ready.—Robberies and murders have taken place here before now.'

'I should suppose that nothing of the kind could take place in any part of Prussia, in these days,' I said, laughing to hide the slight fears which I feared were visible on my cheeks. 'The laws are so perfectly administered, and punishment so certain, that there is but little encouragement to crime.'

'How do you reconcile that idea with the existence of the Inn of Sauvergne? If I have been correctly informed, it still stands, and with its landlord, his wife, three sons and two daughters, bids defiance to Frederick and his police.'

'The Inn of Sauvergne,' I repeated, 'I have never heard of it.'

'You have never heard of it?' reiterated my companion, with a look of astonishment. 'Are you in earnest?'

'Perfectly.'

'You amaze me. The Inn of Sauvergne—for though a town of a thousand inhabitants, it has but one—is known all over Prussia. It is familiarly known as *The Traveller's Last Inn*.'

'Why is it thus known?'

'Because the traveller who puts up at the Inn of Sauvergne never puts up at another.'

'Is the entertainment so good?'

'It is so good, that no traveller has ever been known to complain of it.'

'Its guests are then well cared for?'

'They are cared for; and so well that no traveller who has ever crossed its threshold has ever been known to leave it.'

'You speak of a Paradise, not an Inn.'

'I speak of no Paradise—I speak of a house of terror and death—I speak of—'

'The Traveller's Last Inn! Ha! ha! ha!' cried a voice near us.

'Ha! who speaks?' cried my companion, suddenly wheeling round and presenting a pistol.

His face was pale, his eyes alive and stern, his frame somewhat agitated; but his lip was firm, his hand boldly erect, and his attitude that of a hero.

As for myself, I was conscious of a nervousness that could arise from but one cause on earth—fear.

'Who speaks?' again demanded my companion, with lion-like energy. 'Answer!'

But no answer came. For more than a minute we waited a repetition of the mysterious voice, or a reply. But neither came, and we resumed our journey silently.

But some-how or other we had wandered from the track in our confusion, and had

walked some distance before we discovered it.

Here was a painful dilemma.

'We must retrace our steps till we find it,' observed my companion, briefly.

'So be it,' said I.

In a few minutes we came to the path, but it was wider than before.

My companion paused and examined it thoughtfully, then following it with his eye, till it was lost in the distance.

'If I were superstitious, I should fancy this forest an abode of devils,' he observed at length. 'This road has grown wide suddenly, or else it is not the one we were travelling before.'

And I noticed that his cheeks became quite pale, and his lips somewhat tremulous.

'What is best to be done?' said I faintly.

'Remain here for a moment, while I cross and see if there be not another path; if there be, and it prove narrow, as at first, then it must be the one we have lost. If not—'

He paused, and his eye met mine.

'If not,' said I, with a terrible sense of impending evil.

'If not,' he resumed, with thrilling energy, 'then let come what will, this path must be followed.'

He left me, but soon returned, shaking his head.

'We must go on,' he said sternly. 'This track may lead to Berse, and it may bring us at Sauvergne. Let us on, however, in God's name.'

I was too agitated to make any observation in reply, and we walked on. Our lips were silent; but our eyes, as they wandered round, on every side, proclaimed the terror that was fast driving away all courage from our breasts.

Our excitement put fresh energy in our limbs; and ere long we were in the very heart of the wood. At this moment, we discerned ahead, and advancing towards us, the dim outline of a human form.

'Look well to your arms,' observed my companion, still keeping his eyes on the approaching figure. 'We know not who this may be.'

'I am prepared for the worst,' I replied; 'but look,' I exclaimed, as we neared the stranger, 'there can be no danger in him, his dress is that of a miller.'

'The dress is no authority for the orthodoxy of the wearer,' returned my companion, in a low voice. 'Be cautious, he is here.'

We were rapidly approaching the stranger.

'Ho, neighbor,' cried my companion, halting him, 'is this the road to Berse?'

'You'll be there in an hour,' replied the man, running his eyes rapidly over our persons.

'At Berse?'

'Ay, ay, good man, at Berse. It's only an hour's travel. Keep right on.'

'What cheer is a man like to meet at Berse?'

'The best, good man, the best. You'll meet the best Hotel, at the edge of the forest, to be found in forty miles.'

'What is the sign?'

'The "White Wolf,"' replied the man.

'Thank you, neighbor, thank you. Good day.'

'Good day, gentlemen, good day.'

We passed him, and pursued our journey. Not a word passed between us till we had left the miller a long way behind.

'What think you of him now?' said my companion, in a low voice.

'I know not what to think. But you—you are somewhat familiar with this section of the country, and should understand its manners and its customs. To me, there seems a something in the man's manner and language, which, while I cannot define it, strikes me with alarm. He is no miller; or, if he be, he is one accustomed to mingle above his fellows.'

'You are right,' said my companion, musingly, 'he is no miller. He is too intelligent for that. His language is above his character. Did you notice any similarity between his voice and that of the strange one that uttered those harsh, mocking words, a while back?'

'It did not strike me; did it you?'

'Faintly. It was to test it that I hailed him so loudly at first. There was a heaviness in the tone of his replies that fell upon my ears ringingly, like the other.'

'But whom do you suspect him to be?'

'Hush, not so loud. These trees around us are aged, and their trunks are large. There are large rocks scattered around us, too. For Heaven's sake, be cautious, and have your trusty weapons ready at a moment's warning. If we are in the toils, our eyes had better be about us.'

'If there be danger, let us turn back.'

My companion laughed derisively.

'No,' said he, bitterly. 'This path does or does not lead to Berse. If the former, and the man we met is honest, we shall be there in an hour at the farthest, and all is well; if the latter, and the miller is a knave, reflect—he is between us and Lergue, to cut off our retreat.'

'But we are two, and he—'

'Hush; if he be what my fears suspect, rely upon it, he is not alone. As I have said, remember that we are traversing a forest whose trees are old, and whose trunks are large and hollow enough to hide

a thousand foes. There are rocks, too, with cavities. Remember that.'

'The forest darkened as we advanced.

'Night is coming,' continued my companion. 'We must hasten faster, or we shall be lost. Hush!'

'Is that thunder?' I enquired.

'No,' replied my companion, whom it visibly agitated; 'it is the warning cry of an outpost wolf. We are scented. Forward, in God's name!'

The forest grew darker and darker. As we dashed out, we perceived lights gleaming faintly through the trees.

At the same moment we heard the echoing of many feet, like that of animals leaping on the earth behind us.

'They are upon us,' exclaimed my companion. 'Each now for himself, and God protect both. Farewell!'

And on his heel he flew, as if racing with the wind. In the gloom, I made out to discern his form just distinctly enough to follow in his wake.

A loud roar behind, warned me that the wolves had become aware of my flight.

In my terror, I lost sight of my companion; till I heard the echoing of his footsteps, and plunged on.

I saw the light ahead growing, momentarily, larger and larger. By this I knew I was gaining on them, and that deliverance was near.

My strength was giving out but I dared not shout, I dared not halt. Life and hope were before me—the wolves and death behind me.

The terrible enemies in my rear were now so close upon me that I could hear their pant in their chase.

A sense of choking came upon me; but with a violent effort I shook it off, and flew on.

Suddenly, a painful feeling crept over me. The panting beasts were hard upon me. The air was hot and heavy with their breathings.

A load was on my heart, sitting there with the strength and weight of a nightmare. A conviction that death was near, flashed upon me. All the sins, conception and actual, of my past life, rose up before me with terrible distinctness.

'I know my hour has come,' I muttered as I sped on, 'but I shall not die without a struggle.'

With my knife I cut away the belting of my portmanteau, and with a dull, heavy sound, it fell to the earth. My cane was also thrown aside, and I grasped a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other.

Meanwhile the lights increased in number and size before me. The forest grew less thick and mazy also; but this latter was of little advantage, for while it offered less obstruction to me, it enabled the hungry pack behind to run me down more easily.

To add to my perilous strait, all was dark as pitch around me, and the wolves were so near, I momentarily expected to feel their terrible claws and revolting breaths.

At this moment, a voice that almost made my heart leap out of my breast, cried out:

'You are on the edge of a gulf—turbid waters are rolling between us. Put your faith in God and leap.'

At the same instant I felt two heavy paws upon my shoulders, and a hot breath upon my cheek. Uttering a cry of alarm, I flung the hand containing the knife around me, and leapt the brink.

I heard a low cry, a frightful yell, the quick rolling and tumbling of a body, a loud crash in contiguous waters, followed almost immediately by a roar that resembled the howling of ten thousand devils.

'Good! You are game, comrade.—You have done for that fellow. The rest of that rascally pack dare not leap that gulf, and stand there licking their jaws in their wrath. Now follow me—the rascals may alter their minds, and we are not yet out of the forest.'

I grasped his hand—dropped it—and the lever of my fright being still upon me, darted on.

In a few minutes we cleared the forest, and found ourselves in sight of a small town, in the windows of whose houses we discerned many a cheering light.

We soon reached the town, and looked about us for a resting place. The night was dark, and perhaps for that very reason we were unable to discover a solitary form in the streets.

In a few minutes we came in sight of a building, whose size announced it either a hotel or a jail. As we neared it, we saw plainly that it was the former.

'Is this a house of entertainment?' said my companion to a man sitting on the steps, with a large pipe in his mouth.

'It is,' answered the man.

'Are you its master?'

'No, monsieur. I am one of its attendants.'

'What is its name?'

'Whose—the landlord's?'

'No, the Inn's.'

'The White Wolf.'

'Good. We are then at Berse.'

'Walk in, gentlemen, walk in.'

My companion laid his hand upon my arm significantly, and we entered.

The man followed us, and the door was immediately re-closed.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.—At a convention of clergymen, not long since, it was proposed by one of the members, after they had dined, that each man should entertain the company with some interesting remarks. Among the rest, one drew upon his fancy and related a dream.

In his dream he went to heaven, and he described the golden streets, the river of silver, etc. As he concluded, one of the divines, who was somewhat noted for his penurious and money saving habits, stepped up to the narrator and enquired jocosely:—

'Well, did you see anything of me in your dream?'

'Yes, I did.'

'Indeed! what was I doing?'

'You were on your knees.'

'Praying, was I?'

'No—scrapping up the gold!'

THE POSER POSED.—In a jolly company, each one was to ask a question—if it was answered he paid a forfeit, or if he could not answer it himself he paid a forfeit. Pat's question was: How the little ground squirrel digs his hole without showing any dirt about the entrance. When they all gave up, Pat said, 'Sure, do you see, he begins at the other end of the hole.' One of the rest exclaimed, 'But how does he get there?'

'Ah,' said Pat, 'that's your question—can you answer it yourself?'

CLERICAL JOKE.—At a meeting of the church the pastor gave out the hymn commencing with 'I love to steal away away,' when the chorister commenced singing, but owing to some difficulty in recollecting the tune, could proceed no further than 'I love to steal,' which he did three or four times in succession, when the clergyman, in order to relieve him from the dilemma, waggishly remarked that it was 'very much to be regretted.'

'Down East,' some where, a pious old lady was summoned as a witness in an important case. Having lived in the back woods all her days, she was wholly unacquainted with the rules of a court of justice. Being told that she must 'swear,' the poor woman was filled with horror at the thought. With much persuasion she yielded, and being told to 'hold up her right hand,' she did so. 'Well, if I must, I must—Darn!' The court immediately adjourned.

A LOVING DIALOGUE.—My dear wife, I am going to leave you. The doctor tells me that I can live but a few hours at the most! I shall soon be in Heaven!'

'What, you soon be in heaven?—You? You'll never be no nearer Heaven than you are now! You old brute!'

'Dolphus!' hoarsely growled the old man.—'Dolphus, bring me my cane, and let me larrup the old trollop once more before I die!'

'Sambo, whar you get dat wach you wear to meetin lass Sunday?'

'How you know I hab a wach?'

'Kase I seed de chain hang out de pocket in front.'

'G'waw, nigger! spose you see de halter round my neck you tink dar is a horse inside of me?'

'I believe the jury have been inoculated for stupidity,' said a lawyer. 'That may be,' said his opponent, 'but the bar are of opinion that you had it in the natural way.'

W. H. IRWIN, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HE HAS resumed the practice of his profession in this and the adjoining counties. Office at the Banking House of Longenecker, Grubb & Co. Jan. 20, 1848—11.

GEO. W. ELDER, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Lewistown, Millin County, Pa. OFFICE two doors west of the True Democrat Office. Mr. Elder will attend to any business in the Courts of Centre country. August 25, 1849—11.

W. J. JACOBS, Attorney at Law.

WILL attend promptly to business entrusted to his care in this and adjoining counties. Office one door west of the Post Office. June 16, 1849—11.

MAGISTRATE'S OFFICE.

CHRISTIAN HOOVER, Justice of the Peace.

CAN be found at his office, in the room recently occupied by Esquire Kulp, where he will attend to all business entrusted to his care with the greatest care and despatch. Lewistown, July 1, 1848—11.

M. MONTGOMERY, Boot & Shoe Manufacturer.

MARKET STREET LEWISTOWN. CONTINUES to manufacture, to order, every description of BOOTS AND SHOES, on the most reasonable terms.—Using good stock, his customers, as well as all others, may rely upon getting a good article, well made and neatly finished. January 22, 1848—11.

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

STATEMENT of the Assets of the Company on January 1st, 1850, published in conformity with the provisions of the sixth section of the Act of Assembly of April 5th, 1842.

MORTGAGES. Being first mortgages well secured on real estate, free of ground rent, and are all in the city and county of Philadelphia, except \$40,500 in Bucks, Schuylkill and Allegheny counties, Pa. Also, \$7,500 in Ohio, amply secured by real estate in Philadelphia. \$955,059 62

REAL ESTATE. Purchased at sheriff's sales under mortgage claims, viz: Eight houses and lot, 70 by 150 feet, on the southwest corner Chesnut and Schuylkill Sixth streets. A house and lot, 33-3 by 100 feet, No. 467 Chesnut street. A house and lot, 27 by 71 feet, on north side of Spruce street, west of Eleventh street. A house and lot, 21-7 by 100 feet, on west side of Penn square, south side of High street. Two houses and lots, each 16 by 80 feet, on south side of Spruce st., near Schuylkill Seventh street. Five houses and lots, each 17-9 by 90 feet, Nos. 131, 133, 135, 137, and 139 Dilwyn street. Three houses and lot, 49 by 74 feet, on east side of Schuylkill Sixth street, south of Pine street. A lot of ground, 17 by 57 ft., on the northeast corner Schu