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TOWANDA:

Saturdan Morning, Januarn 20, 1855.

Selected Poetry.

THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW. BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming, And busily all the night, Had been heaping field and highway With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock, Wore ermine too dear for an Earl; And the poorest twig on the elm tree
Was rigged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara, Came Chanticleer's mufiled crow; The stiff rails were stiffened to swan's down-And still fluttered down the snow.

I thought of a mount in sweet Auburn, Where a little headstone stood; How the flakes were folding it gently, As did robins the babes in the

Saying "Father, who makes the snow And I told him of the good All-Father, Who cares for us below Again I looked at the snow fall.

And thought of the laden sky, That arched o'er our first great sorrow, When that mound was heaped so high. I remember the gradual patience

That fell from that cloud like snow : Flake by flake healing and hiding The scar of the deep-stabbed woe. And again to the child I whispered.

"The snow that visieth all; Darling, the merciful Father Alone can make it fall!

Then with eves that saw not I kissed her, And she kissing back, could not know That my kiss was given to her sister.
Folding close under the deepening snow.

Selected Cale.

From the United Service Magazine

THE WAYSHOE INN.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

In the summer of last year, I was proceeding home to Britain, on a leave of absence from my regiment, the --- th Highlanders, which were then and are still laying in garrison at Malta. Favored by the friendship of her commander, and my good friend and old school fellow, Lieut. John Hall, I had a passage given me in her majesty's ship Blonde, of twenty-six guns; and, after a pleasant run of a few days, a smart breeze, which we encountered off Almanecar, when sailing along the coast of Spain, brought down some of our top ham-

bay, which presents a superb line of coast, and the

From the quarter deck of the Blonde, we had a magnificent prospect of Malaga, with its stately mansions, its domes, spires and stately kiosks, bathed in a warm, vellow tint, as the sun's rays faded along the Vega, and its shadows deepened on its hills, clothed with vineyards and plantations gaudy Spanish flag descended from the dark ramparts of the Moorish fortress of Gibral Faro, as the evening gun was fired from the guard-ship; and then, as the sun sets behind the mountains, the square cathedral, and a red lambent light began to glimmer on the tall brick chimneys of that extensive iron foundry, which (alas for romance!) a thoroughly practical Scotsman had built in Malaga, where it finds food and work for hundreds, in smelting the ore of the adjacent hills, while it po. lutes the cernlean sky of Granada

Bent upon a ramble or adventure, the second Lieutenant-Jack Hall-and I, took the fowling pieces, and leaving our swords behind us-at least. I only took my regimental dirk-we pulled ashore in the dingy, which landed us at one of those piers of that noble mole which measures 700 yards in

Leaving our guns and shooting aparatus at the hotel, we wandered about the town, visiting the Alcazaba, which must have once been a fortess of of vast strength; then the old Roman Cathedral and Bishop's Palace; but we lingered longest in the Alameda-that beautiful promenade, which is 80 leet wide, and is bordered by rows of orange and oleander trees, and in the centre a fountain was ossing its sparkling waters into the starry sky.

Here we saw some dark-eyed Spanish women, in their bright mantilles and veils, and not a few in their homely and assuredly less graceful bonnet and shawl of London and Paris, whose fashions are gradually, and I think, unfortunately supercedag the more captivating dress of Spain. We saw 100, ferocious looking soldiers, in dark dresses, wearing yellow sashes, red forage caps and enormous moustaches; old priests gliding stealthily along with an aspect of meekness, and apparantly rushed in spirit-for the present government presses with a heavy hand upon the celestials; citizens clad in light stuffs of bright colors, with red sashes and low crowned bats, have black silk tutts at each side; queer-looking cabelleros in large brown cloaks, like that of Don Diege de Mendozas-Poor Hidalgo," and wearing hats a la Kossuth .-As every man was smoking as if his salvation de-

red jacket, with tartan trews, my sash and dirk- sand pits-at least they are seldom heard of here. distas of Joan. Now, senors, the noon is past, and said I, "and have lost my companion, a British for I have found that the British uniform always in- You understand, senors?" sures the wearer attention and respect in almost every part of the globe.

We wandered long in that levely Alameda, unand then we returned to our hotel rather disappoinitor; and that of all the hideous old duennas whom er of our hands, and "disappeared in the crowd."

gar case-and we returned to our hotel, where we into bed, ordering the waiter to summon us early, among the game next day.

Punctually at 5 o'clock in the morning, the mozo de, aroused us, and after our coffee, we shouldered our double barrel rifles, accompanied by a young gamin, named Pedrillo, our little guide.

He was about twelve years of age; but hardened by indigence and sharpened by privation, his perceptive faculties were keener than those of many men. His sallow little visage was shaped with more of the animal than of the human being; his eyes were black, glossy, and glittered with cunning and intelligence. His sole attire consisted of a dilapidated shirt, a pair of knee-breeches and a cowl, which confined his lagariant black hair; he had zinc rings in his ears, and bore altogether the aspect of a little lazzarone.

He was intelligent withal, and told us a vast number of anecdotes, which increased in wonder and ferocity as we paid him one present after another. But he dwelt particularly on the achievements of a certain Juan Rosa, otherwise called D' Antequera, who was then prowling in that savage range of mountains, from whence he descended-sometimes alone, sometimes with many followers-especially when the Solano blew from Africa, to commit outrages among the quiet villages and quintas of the fertile Vega, where he was said to be in league with every posada keeper for thirty miles around

About mid-day we rested under the cool shadow of cork wood, about ten miles from the city; it was a beautiful place, where the sward was soft as velvet, and where a thick border of blushing rose trees and wild barangiss flourished near us. Here we shared our provisions with a paisano and two shared with us their wine in turn.

The two smugglers had strong at It was a beautiful and sunny evening, when our and carried blunderbusses and pistols to guard their anchor plunged into the shining waters of that deep | bales of chocolate, soap, tobacco and cigars; they were fine, merry fellows, gaudily dressed, and full back ground of which is formed by the undulating of fun and anecdote; for in Spain the contrabanline of Sierria de Mija, into the pure, blue sky of dists is a species of travelling newspaper. Now Spain, and bounding in the distance, the flat and all their news was of the last feat of the outrage of

"I would give a guinea to meet this interesting vagabond, the interview would tell famously in some of the monthlies," said Hall, with a heedless

"I think I should know him." said I. " for we saw at least twenty colored prints of him in the of orange, almond, lemon and olive trees. The shops on the Alameda, last night. He is a fero

cious looking dog." The contrabandistas looked round with alarm.

and then laughed immoderately. "Ferocious? Indeed, senor !" said the paisabells tolled for vespers in the lofty steeple of the do: "I beg to differ from you, having myself seen Juan of Antequera, face to face; and so think him quite like other men."

I gazed at the speaker, whom, by his green velvet jacket, adorned by four dozen brass buttons, his sombrero, with its broad yellow ribbon, his black plush breeches, red scarf and shoe buckles, I supposed to be the substantial farmer of one of the adjacent quintas. He had a fine dark face, a powerful figure, and two black eyes that seemed to be always looking through me. Over one eye brow he had a large black patch. He carried a riding swith, had a knife in his girdle, and altogether, as that project from the city to the sea, forming part he lolled on the sward, smoking a paper eigar and sipping red wine, I thought he would make a fine and striking sketch, and equal to any by Pinelli.

"Juan Roa," said he, " has committed many outrages in the Vega of Granada. The Duke of Wellington has there an estate, having on it about three hundred tenants, who yield some fifteen drawn every duro of it from the old abagado, who | soda." acts as steward to the Dake.

The contrabandistas again langhed at this im-

"You have seen this Juan, or De'Antequera,

have you not ?" said I. " And so have I," said our little Pedrillo.

" And where was this, my little fellow?" asked

The Spaniard with a patch over his eye knit his

" Carajo!" said he, "Ah I remember that."

"Tell us all about this murder." said Jack Hall "You must know, senor," said Pedrillo, "that t the foot of the Sierra de'Mija, about five miles his cigar. from this, there stands a wayside inn, called La Posada del Cayallo, for the keeper, Martin Secco, had a great horse painted on the sign board. This man is the uncle of Juan Roa, or De'Antequera .-He has a wife and had two daughters. The place nothing in Granada; but since that time, Martin's pended upon his vigor, the whole air was redolent is lonely, and it often happens that those who put two daughters have been sent to the galleys at up there for the night forget the right path-for Barcelona, by the Captain General of the Cingthey are lost among the mountains, or fall into the dom, for intriguing in many ways with contraban-

The Spaniard with the patch smiled grimly, and

played with his knife.

"One night last year I guided Pedro Barradas, til the last of its fair promenaders, had withdrawn ; the Cordovan muleteer, to the Posada when it was | who had listened to Pedrillo's story with great imdark as pitch. Pedro was very old and halt blind. ted, and that of all black eyes we had seen flash- and had never been that way before. A storm ing under veils of Madeira lace, not one had giv. came on, and he desired me to remain with him, en us a glance of encouragement; that of all the saying that he would pay me well; old Barradas idly that I could only make out that he was repre pretty lips that had been lisping Julcet Spanish, was rich; he had money in the war of indepenmixed with Arabic of Granada, none had invited dence, and in the last civil war between the Carus to follow; that of all the sombre personages, not lists and the Christians, and had given three silver one appeared to be an assassin or a Grand Inquis- images to the Church of his native puebla in Jean.

we had seen cruising around us, not one approach- for the season was Lent. While we were at sup- ed. ed, and with finger on her hp and an impressive per, in the common hall of the Posada, I heard the glance in her eye, placed a mysterious note in eith- rain pattering on the wooden shutters, (there is no a glass window in the house :) I heard the thunder Nothing remarkable happened-save that Hall grambling among the hills, and wind howling as had his pocket picked of his handkerchief and ci- it swept over the fields and vineyards af the Vega. It was a lonely place for a poor boy who had neisupped on devilled turkey and the wine of the dis- ther father or mother; but then I was not worth trict-Tierno and Malaga-after which we turned killing, though many fears flitted across my mind, for Martin's wife-an ugly and wicked looking and have a guide to lead us towards the neighbor- Basque provincial-put some alarming questions to ing hills, where we intended to make some havec old Pedro Barradas. She told him that neighbor- a few braces of birds, and with these and two red hood was infested with bandidos and contrabandistas, and asked if he was a heavy sleeper.

"No," said Barradas, "in the war against Jolightly."

"But what will you do if you are attacked?" "That is as may be; but I have only twenty luros, and so I shall sleep soundly enough.

These questions alarmed me very much; vision of murder and slaughter came before me. I crept close to Barradas, who, as I have said, was very old and very frail; but his presence seemed to pro-

"When the hour for bed had arrived, we who were the only guests, were somewhat imperatively equested to retire to our rooms, by the woman. Barradas saw his danger, and he said that should sleep in the same room with him.

" But Inez Secco told him roughly that he must e content to sleep alone. Then the poor old man was half led and half dragged away. As for me, I was but a boy; so they thrust me into a dark blue. closet, where some straw lay on the floor, and desiving me to sleep there and be thankful, they left

"I lay down on the straw, and finding it wet prose in horror, fearing it was blood; and so I re nained in the dark, praying to our Lady of the Seven Sorrows, and trembling listened to the howlng of the storm for more than an hour, when all he other sounds in that Pesada died away.

"I was just beginning to dose, when a ray ight streamed through the key hole of the door --I heare it opened, and lo! Martin's wite, Inez Sec. co appeared, with a long and sharp encillo in her Rosa De'Antquera! Terror paralyzed me; and she with gailant brushes, and eight braces of birds. believed me to be asleep, for she felt all over my clothes, that is my poor shirt and breeches pockets, from which she took two quarter duros -- all I possessed in this world, and then passing the light twice across my face to asure herself that I slept, the hag

" Caramba! only a half daro; this little wretch s neither worth lodging or killing"

"Immediately after this, I heard them whisper with Martin Cacco; and then they knocked at the door of old Pedro Barradas, who, like a cautious man, had fastened it on the inside. "Get up," said they, "Senor Barradas, you are

" But old Pedro Barradas either slept like a top

or he was to weary to open, for he heeded them "Then I heard Juan and Martin mutter curses

as they deliberately forced open the door; next there was a terrible ery of-

" Help! Pedrilo, help ; Ayuda por amor de nes ra, Senora Santissima!"

"This was followed by sounds like those made by a sheep, when the knife of the carcinero is in daughters were singing and dancing in the passage. to conceal these terrible sounds, whice froze the blood within me."

Here Pedrillo paused "Go on," said Hall, impatiently; " how did you

"If the noble senors would help to refresh my

memory-" "Ah, I comprehend," said I, tossing a peseta to

nim; "now fire away, Pedrillo." "You should not encourage this young picaro. is my belief that he was the mere decoy, who thousand dollars of rental: but Juan has thrice led poor old Pedro Barradas to that villainous Po-

"I never closed my eyes that night In the quera without me. Martin Secco asked me how I had slept. I said "like a dormouse; and as soon as I was free, I ran like a hare back to Malaga; and to make up for the last night's lack of rest, slept like a torpedo under the trees of the Alame.

zils, of course," said Hall knocking the ashes from

"I was only a poor, raged little ricara," replied Pedrillo, in a whining voice; "and who would believe me? Besides old Barradas was a stranger, from Cordova or Jean; and a man, more or less is

if it pleases you, 'is time we are moving, if you naval officer. He as passed this way ! wish to reach the Sierra."

While we were placing fresh caps on our rifles and preparing to start, the spaniard with the patch, patience, now seized the young gamin by the arm, and grasping it like a vice, gave him a savege scowl and said something in Spanish, but so raphending him severely, for telling us " a succession

So I thought at that time; afterwards I was enabled to put a different construction upon his in-"Wa supped on bacallo, raisins and plain bread dignation, at which Pedillo was considerably alarm-

> Bidding adien to him and the contrabandistas, we departed under Pedrillo's guidance, and (sans leave) shot along the mountain range, on the slope of which stands the small but ancient city of Antesixteenth century and had some narrow escapes from falling into those remarkable pits, where the salt by the mere heat of the sun.

We did not see much game; but knocking over foxes, our little gnard Pedrillo, was quite laden -So he seemed to think. Taking advantage of the confined in a caul, and had a yellow sash round concealment afforded by the olive groves, and the his waist. seph Bonaparte, I learned the art of sleeping scattered remnant of an abandonment vineyard, amongst which we had become entangled, the young rogue slipped away with our game and made off either towards Malaga or Antequera; at least we saw no more of him, or his burden at that time.

Hall and I were draining the last drop of our flask, ed stockings and leather sandals, fastened by and surveying from the mountain slope, the magifficent prospect of the verdant Vega, spreading at our feet like a bright tinted map, having that warm It hovered between the bright ferocious glare of a and roseta glow which well might win it the name snake, and the glazed orb of an arrant sot. She down on the coverlet, and weary and worn by a of Tierra Caliente. Malaga, the ancient bulwark of Spain against Africa, was shining in the distance with its towers and gates, flat-roofed houses, and vast cathedral'; its Moorish castles and Gothic spires all bathed in a warm and sunny yellow while beyond lay the broad blue Mediterranean, dotted by sails, and changing from gold to purple and

This was all very fine; but our pleasure was lessened by the conviction that our little rascal Pedrillo, was absconding with our game; and we knew it would never do to relate to the gun room mess how we had been outwitted on returning to owing to the terrible robberies and the four assassithe Blonde next day.

The foreground of this beautiful Panorama was broken by innumerable small hillocks and clumps suffer for him." of wood of many kinds, that grew on the slope of the great Sierra; and though the sky and landscape darkened fast after sunset, we instituted a strict and angry search for Pedrillo, shouting and whistling as we stumbled on, we not very well knew whither, armed contrabandistas whom we met, and who hand. A man accompanied her. He was Juan looking, looking for our lost spoils-two foxes,

No moon had risen: the wind began to whis

"What if we should meet Master Juan of Antequera," said I.

"If we had our game, I should be very well pleased," replied Hall; "but I wish that little Pefrillo had been with the old scratch when we hired him yesterday. If I had the little lubber on board the Blonde, I would show him the maintop."

"Spain is a land of mishaps and events," said I "Yes erday we were wishing for an adven-

"And to night we have one with a vengeance!

"Belay: I see some one moving in that hollow, Let us jump down-ahoy below there !" "But we may lose our track," I urged

"True; so do vou remain where you are while I go down into the hollow. Haloa, now and then, to let me know whereabouts."

With his rifle in his hand, Hall who was a fir active tellow sprang down into a ravine that suddenly yawned before us, and I remained with my its throat; and, in the meantime, Martin's two rifle cocked, and stooped low to watch what might follow. Hall appeared in the obscurity below. I halloed but the night wind tossed back my own shout upon me. Then I thought I heard his voice and sprang after him, but fell upon a point of rock.

and sank completely stunged to the earth. There I lay for nearly a quarter of an hour able to move, or rally my senses. When I arose, I found myself at the bottom of the hollow, and upon a narrow mule track: the moon was rising brightly at the south end of the ravine, silvering the masses of rock, tufts of laurel trees, and wild vines was now darkened by a terrible frown; "for i received no reply; and after, a long and fruitless

Considerably alarmed for his safety as well as Instead of being angry, Pedrillo lifted up his my own-for to lie at night among those hills of hands, and prayed that Heaven and our Lady of Antequera with the devilish stories of Pedrillo and the Seven Sorrows, would forgive the speaker for the contrabandistas haunting one's memory, was rifle, looked again to the percussion caps, and set morning, I was told by Inez, the Patrona, that old off in that direction where, by the rising of the ly paused to hallo for Jack Hall and received no inswer save the echoes of the rocks.

The ravine descended and grew more open. Again I saw the Vega sleeping at my feet in the haze; and on turning an angle of the road, found myself close to an inn or taberna, which I approach with joy and concluded that my friend Jack must have gone that way, and would probably be there

Like all Spanish inns, it was a large and misshapen edifice, the lower story of which nothing better than a great open shed for mules and vehicles; and, ascend thence by a stair, I reached a gallery, at the door of which I was received by the host, who carried in his hand a stable-lantern.

"Entrar," said he, bowing profoundly "entrar,

"No senor," replied the host (whose face

could not see,) as he led me up another stair. "Then get supper prepared; for he must soo be here, as I have no doubt he knows the direction

of Malaga. And now," said I drawing a long breath as I seated myself what place is this?" " Lo Posado Del Cavalla." (!)

"Eh! ah-and you?" I asked in a thick voice " Martin Secco, at your service. Senor Ca-

ballero!" Here was a donouement.

"Good Heavens!" thought I, mechanically resuming my rifle; "If the stories of Pedrillo should be true!"

I scrutinized my host and hostees.

Martin had a broad and open visage, with keen eves, and a black beard as thick as a horse brush; a wide mouth, that frequently expanded in grins quera, so noted for the revolt of the Moors in the but no radiance ever lit up his glassy eyes. The mouth laughed; but they remained immoveableinvariably a bad sign. His forehead receded, and water settles into the low places, and is formed into his ears were placed high upon his head. At first left me. glance I concluded that my senor patron was an unmitigated brute. His figure was somewhat portly, and encased in a brown jacket, brown knee breeches, and black stockings, he wore his hair,

His wite was, as Pedrillo bad described Inez Secco, a Basqe, for her Spanish was almost unintelligible; and her coarse black hair was plaited in in one thick tail, which reached her heels. Her gown was of rough red cloth, with tight sleeves all sure, I again dropped the tamred into each bar-This was just about the close of the day, when and a short skirt, displaying a pair of yellow worstthongs above the ankle. Her face was coarse and bloated; but the expression of her eye was terrible. scanned me closely; and I thought the old devil (she was a Spanish woman and past forty,) was accurately appraising the value of everything I had

"Well, senora patrona," said I, "what can I have for supper ?"

"The senor has come at a very bad time, for we have little or no provisions in our larder." (The larder of every Spanish inn has been in the same condition since the days of Cervantes and Gongora.) "For now this road between Malaga and of Antequera, and not a few reproaches for my Antequera is but little frequented after noonday, nations committed by Juan Rosa, during the last Salona. Caraba! 'tis very hard that we should

"What can I have, then ?"

"A roasted galina dressed with a few beans,' said

"And a glass of good aquadient," added the host: " Our Tiorno has soured in the winesking." "Tis poor fare this, for hungry men. I have

The host gave a cold smile and said, " We have had nothing ourselves for a week past but Indian corn and boiled garbanzos, (beans,) but the best we clined to give me a candle. My heart beat thick

have is at the disposal of the senor caballerro." The inn was old and crazy; the wind came in at one cranny and went out at the other. The roof, walls, and floor of the large apartment in which we three were seated, consisted of a multitude of beams and boards placed horizontally and diagon ally, without regard to design or appearance, for in mechanics, the Spaniards are behind every other blood. I raised the little fringe of curtain, and nation in civilized Europe. There was but one candle in the honse, (as the host assured me.) and and saw-what? it was rapidly guttering down in the currents of air.

The patrona transferred it from the lantern to an iron holder, and it was placed on the table to light the room and my supper.

An ostler, or nondescript servant, wearing fustain knee-breeches, without braces, with a muleteer's embroidered shirt, and having a yellow handkerchief tied round his head, spread a (not over-clean) cloth on the table; knives, forks and covers were laid for two, with a cold fowl, a loaf of white bread, a dish of beans, garlie, and a bottle of aquadiente.

I observed this wild-looking waiter frequently glancing at my rifle, and the jewelled dirk that dangled at my waist-belt; became suspicious of everything.

"You are well armed, Senor," said he.

"It is natural; for arms are my profession,

en o'clock! Two hours had elapsed since Hall and I had separated, still there was no appearance of him. Twenty times I opened the shatters of Senor Caballero," said the Spaniard, whose face that grew in the clefts of the basalt. I shouted, but the anglazed windows, and listened intently; but the night wind that swept down the dark river of search could discover no traces of Hall in any di- the Sierra, brought neither shout nor tootstep; so I mous Basque queue. resolved to sup, go to bed and trust to daylight for discovering Jack, if he did not arrive at the posade before morning.

I had just concluded supper, when the last remains of the last candle in this solitary inn sank anything but pleasant-I tried the charges of my into its iron socket, and left us in darkness-at least in no other light than the red, wavering gloom that came from the hearth, where a few roots of Barradeas had departed across the hills of Ante- moon, I knew that Malaga must lie; but frequent- pine and corkwood smouldered beside the brown punchero, in which the amiable patron had boiled the beans for my repast.

"Here is a pretty piece of business !" said Marin Seco; " we have not another candle, were it to light the blessed altar; and the senor caballero must go to bed in the dark."

"Heed not that, senor patron," said I; "for I am a soldier as you may see, and am used to dis-

"Tis well : for I am sure the senor has experienced nothing but discomfort in our poor posade. When I am rich enough, senor, I hope to have a hotel in the Alemeda; and then should the caballero ever come to Malaga again, he would remember Martin Seco."

At this remark I heard the patrona utter a low "I have been out shooting on the mountains," | chuckling laugh; but whether at the prospect of

the fine hotel, or the doubtful chance of my ever visiting Malaga, I could not say.

"Now senor patron," said I, rising, and taking up my rifle, "I should like to reach the town betimes to-morrow; so show me to my chamber, and should my friend arrive, fail not to call me." "Will you not leave your gun here?" suggested

the host. "Thank you-no," said I, while my undefined suspicions grew stronger within me. "Do you lead the way senor, I shall follow; good night, se-

nora patrona. "Bueno Noche, senor," said she, stirring up the embers, and we separated.

To follow Martin was perhaps the most unpleasant part that I had yet acted : for I had to grope my way after him through a long dark passage. about forty feet long, at the end of which he ushered me into a room where there was no light but that given by the moon, which shown through a small window glazed with little panes of coarse glass. Here he bade me "Bueno Noche," and after many apologies for my poor accommodation,

The apartment was small. In one corner stood a French bed, having light colored curtains; this with a basin-stand, two chairs and a mirror, made up the furniture. Like a true soldier I turned to secure the door. Destitute of lock or bolt, it had only a small thumb latch.

Dismounting the ewer and basin, I placed tha stand endwise between the door and the bed, firmly fixing it, and thus forming a barricade, which none could force without awaking me. To make rel of my title, passed a finger over the caps, unbuckled the best by which my disk dangled, and without undressing, for every moment I expected to hear Jack Hall halooing outside the house, in short, to be prepared for anything-I threw myself long day's ramble among the mountains, prepared

For a long time a species of painful wakefulness possessed me; the moans of the passing wind, the flapping of a loose board in the external gallery, the waving shadows thrown by the moonlight on the damp and discolored walls-even the ticking of my watch disturbed me, and kept me thinking of poor Hall's unaccountable absence, with many fears that he might have fallen into hands of Juan having, perhaps, too easily relinquished my search

These thoughts completely obliterated any sense of my own immediate danger; and I was about to drop asleep, when something moist, that oozed about my face and neck, aroused me. I startedfully awake in a moment, and passing a hand

across my cheek, looked at it in the moonlight. "Blood!" said I, springing off the bed, while a thrill ran through me. I had not been wounded or cut by my fall; then from whence came this said that I expect my friend's arrrival momenta- terrible moisture? I examined the pillow and found it quite wet; I turned it, and lo! it was sat-

This was the reason that Martin Seco had deand fast; apprehension of something horrible came over me, and I remembered the stories of Pedrillo. I also recollected that I had some excellent cigar fuses, and tearing three or four blank leaves from my note book, I twisted them together-lit them, and surveyed the dingy chamber. The boards in front of the bed were marked by recent spots of guided by some terrible instinct, looked below.

Poor Jack Hall, lying there in the naval uniform, with his epaulette torn off, and his throat literalls cut from ear to ear!

Almost paralysed, I continued for half a mir ule to gaze at the terrible spectaclestill the paper burned down to my fingers and expired. I heard my heart beating, and my head spun round as I tightened my belt and grasped my loaded riffe. Before I could adopt any plan of operations, I heard a rustling and whispering in the passage near my door; and looking through a crack in the panels, saw within a vard of me, Martin Seco, bearing in one hand the rifle of my poor friend, and in the other a lighted candle, although he had made to me so many apologies about two hours before for not having another in the house. As he approached he handed it to a boy, in whom I discovered Pedrillo; and then the light flashed on two other persons, in one of whom I recognized the ostler, and in the other, our acquaintance of the noon, with the patch on his face, and wearing a green velvet jacket and a sombrero. This worthy had a pistol in one hand and a knife in the other. The patrona was also there, with her wolfish eyes and enor-

Outrage and assassination were impressed upon the hard lines of all their cruel and savage visages; and I perceived at once that, without a vigorous effort, I was los; that my life was forteited; and all the anticipations of newspaper paragraphs, a mysterious disappearance, in the Times and Military Gazette flashed upon my mind. I had a noble profession, many kind triends, my regiment and home, with "the best expectations," as old dowagers say, on one hand: a horrible and sudden death -a lonely scene of unknown butchery on the

I cocked the locks of my rifle, and resolutely removed the barricade from the door."

" Take time, Juan Rosa," said the patrona. "Hold your tongue, old perra; I know well what I am doing," growled the personage in green, whom I now knew to be that terrible outlaw, who, since the Carlist war, had laughed at the carbineros and alguazils, and kept all Malaga, the Sierra de Mija, and the Vega of Granada astir and in ter-

Including the patrona and the treacherous young rascal Pedrillo, I had five desperate enemies, and

only two bullets at their service. "Let us prove whether the Inglese is asleop be-