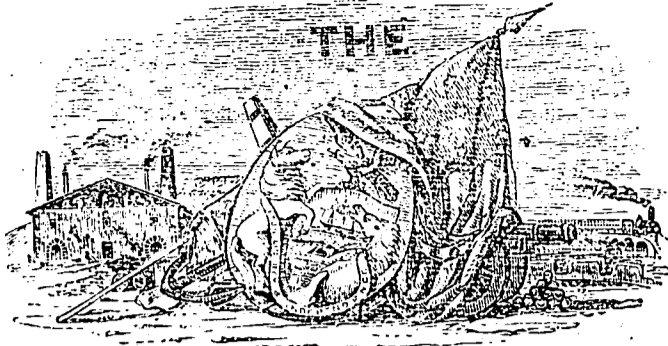


# Lehigh



# Register.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FOR FARMER AND MECHANIC.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Poetry, Mechanics, Agriculture, the Diffusion of Useful Information, General Intelligence, Amusement, Markets, &c.

VOLUME VIII.

ALLENTOWN, LEHIGH COUNTY, PA., MARCH 15, 1854.

NUMBER 24.

**THE LEHIGH REGISTER**  
Is published in the Borough of Allentown, Lehigh County, Pa., every Wednesday, by  
**A. L. RUBE,**  
At \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance, and \$2.00 if not paid until the end of the year. No paper discontinued, until all arrearages are paid except at the option of the proprietor.  
Office in Hamilton Street, one door East of the German Reformed Church, nearly opposite the "Friedensbote" Office.

**CALL AND SEE?**  
THE  
**EXHIBITION**  
OF  
**Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods**  
IN ALL THEIR VARIETIES  
AT THE  
**New Cheap Store**  
OF  
**Getz & Gilbert,**  
IN THE BOROUGH OF CATASAUQUA, PA.

These gentlemen, take this method to inform their friends and the public in general that they have received a very large and well selected stock of *Winter and Spring Goods*, which they are now ready to dispose of to their customers at the lowest prices.  
Their immense stock has been selected with the utmost care and consists of  
**Clothes, Cassimers, Satinets, Flannels, Gloves and Hosiery,** besides Delaines, Alpacas, Debashe, Ginghams, Plain and Figured Poplins, Muslins and Prints, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Queensware, Hardware, Looking Glasses, Stationary, Books, &c.

To which they invite the attention of their friends and the public generally, confident that the fullest satisfaction, both in price and quality, will be given to all who may favor them with a call.  
The highest prices will be paid in exchange for County produce.  
They have reason to be thankful for the favors received thus far and hope by attention to business, disposing of their goods at small profits, good treatment towards their customers to merit still a greater share of business.  
**GETZ & GILBERT,**  
September 11. —6m

**Groceries Fish & Salt.**  
The undersigned have just received an entire new Stock of Groceries, Fish and Salt which they intend to sell at the lowest prices at their Store in Catasauqua, Lehigh County.  
**GETZ & GILBERT,**  
September 14. —6m

**COAL! COAL!**  
The undersigned have opened a Coal Yard in Catasauqua, and will constantly keep on hand all kinds of *Coal* which they will sell at greatly reduced prices.  
**GETZ & GILBERT,**  
September 14. —6m

**Ready-made Clothing.**  
The undersigned keep all kinds of *Ready-made Clothing*, on hand, and will make to order, at the lowest possible prices.  
**GETZ & GILBERT,**  
Catasauqua, Sept. 14. —6m

**Coachmaking Establishment**  
**In Allentown.**  
**ROBERT KRAMER,**  
Respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that he continues on an extensive scale, the  
**Coachmaking Business**  
in all its various branches, at the old stand in West Hamilton Street, No. 52, directly opposite Hagenbuch's Hotel, where he is always prepared to manufacture to order at the shortest notice, and also keep on hand,  
**Fashionable Vehicles,**  
such as *Barouches, Rockaways, Carryalls, York Wagons, Sulkeys, &c.* which, for beauty and durability cannot be surpassed by any Coachmaker in the State or elsewhere, while his terms are as reasonable as those of any other establishment.— He uses none but the best materials, and employs none but the best of workmen—consequently, he intends that the vehicles manufactured at his establishment "shall take the shine" of all others manufactured in this part of the country. He professes to understand his business by experience, and therefore assures the public that he is enabled to render satisfaction to his customer. Call and judge for yourselves.  
Wooden or iron axletrees made to order.— and Repairing of all kinds done at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms.  
Old vehicles taken in exchange for new ones at a good bargain.  
**ROBERT KRAMER,**  
May 11. —6m

**JOB PRINTING,**  
Neatly executed at the "Register Office."

## Pennsylvania Clothing Hall.

**Breinig, Nellig and Breinig,**  
South East corner of Hamilton and Seventh Street, Allentown.

Inform their friends and the public in general, that they have entered into Partnership in the

**Merchant Tailoring Business,** lately followed by Nellig and Breinig, and intend to continue the same more extensive than ever. They therefore adopt this measure to inform their old customers, and "hundreds of new ones" that they will at their new establishment, present the **Newest and Fashionable Goods,** ever brought to this place, and having purchased in Philadelphia and New York

**For Cash,** it enables them to sell lower than any other establishment of the kind in Allentown. They have selected their Goods with an eye to durability and fancy, and have none but the latest styles in the market. Their stock of Goods among other articles, consist of Cloths of all colors and prices, Cassimers, of French and American manufacturers; Vestings, Silk Velvets, Satins, Silks, Worsted and other descriptions, figured and plain, Shirts and Shirt-collars, Stocks, Cravats, Handkerchiefs, Hose, Suspenders, &c., besides many other articles coming in their line of business, and all will be sold at the lowest prices. Their stock of

**Readymade Clothing,** comprises every thing in the clothing line, from an over-coat down to an under-shirt, made up after the latest and most fashionable styles. There stock being so extensive, that none will leave it, unless fitted from "bottom to the top"

**Customer Work,** will be done up as usual, and for their work they are willing to be held responsible, two of the firm being practical workmen in the "art of cutting," and all the work is made up under their own supervision.  
Thankful for past favors they trust that attention to business, "small profits and quick sales" will be the means of bringing new customers to their establishment.  
**J. ISAAC BREINIG,**  
**JOHN NELLIG,**  
**JOHN L. BREINIG,**  
Allentown, Sept. 7. —6m

**REMOVAL AND CHANGE.**  
**Immense & Attractive Stock.**  
**MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & Co.**  
**Philadelphia.**  
HAVING REMOVED into their splendid new warehouse, entrances No. 147 Market, and No. 21 North Fourth street, are opening for the Spring trade an assortment of  
**SILK AND FANCY GOODS,**  
that for extent and variety will surpass any stock ever offered in that market. Entering into their new store, which is *One of the largest in America*, with a business of an unusual amount already established, and intending largely to increase it, especially with those who buy

**For Cash,** and believing that the fairest system in jobbing goods is to have *Uniform Prices*, they will be compelled to sell at a much smaller profit than can possibly be afforded where long credits are given.  
Under their **CASH AND SHORT CREDIT** system the necessity for charging large profits, does not exist, and by selling their goods at a *Very Small Advance on the Foreign Cost.* They mean to make it the interest of every judge of goods, to buy upon the following

**TERMS:**  
CASH BUYERS will receive a discount of six per cent. if the money be paid in part funds, within 10 days from date of bill.  
Uncurrent money will only be taken at its market value on the day it is received.  
To merchants of undoubted standing a credit of six months will be given if desired.  
Where money is remitted in advance of maturity a discount at the rate of TWELVE PER CENT. per annum will be allowed.  
They ask from merchants visiting the Eastern cities, the favor of an examination of their stock, being satisfied that they will be convinced that if it is not for their interest to pay the large profits that are

**AN OUTLRY ESSENTIAL**  
to those who give long credits.  
**M. L. HALLOWELL, J. L. HALLOWELL,**  
**JAMES TRAUQUAIR, E. R. HUTCHINSON,**  
**T. W. SWENEY, A. W. LITTLE,**  
Phila., Jan. 25. —6m

**Grain Wanted.**  
50,000 Bushels of Wheat, Rye, Corn and Oats wanted, for which the highest market prices will be paid by the subscribers, at their store on the South west corner of Market Square and Hamilton street, in Allentown.  
**EDELMAN, HANSE & Co.**  
Allentown, April 29. —6m

## Poetical Department.

### To a Favorite Stream.

Sweet stream! Along whose flowery banks  
A thoughtless boy I strayed,  
When evening o'er thy waters threw  
Her tints of purple shade,  
Once more along thy banks I roam,  
As in my better years,  
Yet not with joy so sweet as then  
Thy vernal scene appears.  
Thy path is 'mid the fragrant sweets  
Of summer's waxy bowers;  
Thy song the soft, delicious chime  
Of music to the hour;  
Thy waves the light of summer's sun  
Reflected in their gleam;  
Thy flow the pleasing spell that steals  
From music o'er a dream.

The merry birds at evening come  
To carol o'er thy waves,  
And the low winds at nightfall steal  
From their deep hidden caves,  
Their melody with thine to blend  
In music's sweetest strains,  
'Till hill and upland echo back  
Their measured tunes again.  
Where now are those that with me gazed  
In childhood on thy waves!  
Ah, some are in a foreign land,  
And some are in their graves.  
The fate that binds the firmest ties  
Will oft those ties dissolve,  
And hopes that were the brightest born  
Fade earliest and forever.

There was a time, a blessed time,  
When all that I could see,  
In earth beneath, and heaven above,  
Was a delight to me;  
When woods were green and flowers were fair  
With life's bright spirit gleams,  
When I on nature's face could muse  
With young Hope's Eden dreams.  
The open fields, the free blue skies,  
The forests and the streams,  
These, these were then my soul's delight,  
The spirit of my dreams.  
That time is past, all quickly past,  
His dreaming age is o'er,  
And now from the incessant world  
My steps may turn no more.

### Thoughts on Retiring.

I'll pause awhile, here, all alone,  
Ere I in sleep my cares repose;  
And ask myself, "What have I done,  
To warrant calm its close?"  
These blessed scenes impart delight,  
And such my feelings are to-night.  
Have I, O God, through all this day,  
Performed one deed approved by thee;  
Or have I erred, and gone astray  
From what thy law enjoins on me?  
If so, O God, my conscience smite,  
And warn me of my wrong to-night,  
That thou dost all my motives know,  
To whom I now my prayer address;  
Turn not aside, but cause to flow  
O'er me thy precious blessedness;  
That I, henceforth, in mind and might,  
May bear the feelings of to-night.

The prayer is heard;—my trusting heart  
Bids every doubt and fear to cease;  
O, may I never more depart  
From path which led me on in peace.  
For once, O God, I view thee right,  
And I am "borne again" to-night.

### Miscellaneous Selections.

#### The Robbers of Le Mauvais Pas.

We lounged about in the hotel of Lans-le-bourg during the hot hours of a summer day, whilst men and horses were taking their rest; and so far as any movements of animate nature were concerned, it might have been midnight. In the evening, however, the world seemed to come alive, and preparations were made for our journey over Mons Cenis. With the additional guides, postillions, and cattle, we formed a respectable cavalcade. The moon shone brightly upon our path, with a light so clear and soft, so silvery and so chastened, that it contrasted most pleasantly with the dazzling, scorching heat of the past day. The atmosphere was as calm as Nature's rest could be; and the purity of the air gave an elasticity and freshness to our spirits that we could scarcely have imagined. Fire flies sported around us like animated diamonds, and the side of the road was sometimes bespangled with glowworms. Under such circumstances, one feels what is the pleasure of mere animal life, where there is the height of corporeal enjoyment without the aid of any stimulant but that which heaven's pure breath affords. It appeared almost treason against the majesty of nature, to disturb the silence which reigned through her dominions; and when we spoke, it was in a subdued tone. We walked on foot the greater part of the ascent, up three long windings made in the face of the mountain. Then the extra hor-

ses were turned adrift, to find their own way back to the stables, and we entered the carriage to gallop down the Piedmontese side of the declivity.

My nearest companion, an elderly Frenchman, who was usually very garrulous, had been on this occasion much absorbed in thought, and had preserved silence for an extraordinary length of time, though the twilights of his countenance and the shrugs of his shoulders plainly told that he was holding an interesting conversation with his own heart and memory. At length I asked the cause of his musings and frequent ejaculations.

"Ah, sir!" said he, "how different are the circumstances of this night from those I experienced thirty years ago, when I traversed this mountain. It was on a wintry day, when the ground was covered with snow, which lay in some places to the depth of forty feet, and filled up many of the ravines, so that we were in constant danger of going over a precipice. The wind blew the snow drift so fiercely as to blind our eyes, and the guides were frequently at a loss to discover the right track. Six men were obliged to hold up the carriage with ropes fixed to the top, to prevent its being blown over; and the patient horses, poor brutes! often turned their faces from the dreadful storm. We were almost frozen with cold, although we opened our portmanteaus, and put on our wardrobe. Heaven defend me from such another journey and the horrible night that followed in that murderous inn!"

Perceiving him to be much excited, I felt the more anxious to know the strange events to which he alluded, and asked what could have tempted him to travel in such dismal weather, and what horrible circumstances had occurred on the way. He then gave me the following narrative:—  
I was then young, an officer in the army, in the time when Napoleon carried on his last wars, and all this country was in a very troubled condition. At the period referred to, I was sent with an older officer to bear some dispatches of importance to Italy. He was an Italian, who had once been in the service of Austria, but had been taken prisoner at Marengo, and had joined the army of the Emperor. He was a clever person, in whom much confidence seemed to be placed, but so very wary and suspicious in his disposition, as sometimes to mislead and sometimes to frighten me. He seemed to make every allowance for my youth, and seldom checked my ardent spirits, for I was gay and thoughtless; but I was likewise brave and skilful in the use of arms, for which reason, I suppose, the captain took me with him on that journey. These mountains were greatly infested by robbers, chiefly disbanded soldiers of Italy, so that few persons could travel in safety. In a short time we shall pass by a place called Le Mauvais Pas, well known for the murders which have been there committed. A woody marsh lies on the left hand of the road, and the ruins of some buildings destroyed in the war on the right—I shall point them out to you—and amongst these the bandits lurked, and suddenly pounced upon a passer-by, or shot him before he was aware of his danger. A little further on, where two roads meet, you will see some large houses, which were once inns, and the landlord was in communication with the robbers of Le Mauvais Pas, so that the traveller who escaped from Scylla fell into Charybdis. Well, sir, I have told you about the dreadful weather in which we were obliged to cross Mons Cenis, the passage of which occupied the whole day; and as our orders were peremptory, we pushed forward at all hazards till nearly midnight, when we reached the door of the inn I have mentioned, where we were to pass the night. I suppose we escaped all previous dangers by the lateness of the hour, as no gentlemen were expected to travel on these roads after dark.

Glad we were when we arrived at the hotel; the very thought of a warm fire and hot soup gave me life. We knocked long and loud before the gate was opened, and the carriage passed into the court. The captain told our servant, who was also a soldier, to bring his little portmanteau and a small canteen of provisions into the room where we were to sit; the other baggage was left in the caliche. I saw the landlord narrowly eye the portmanteau, but he said nothing, and hastened to get ready for our entertainment. A small stove was lighted at one end of a large room, the other end of which I could scarcely see; so that it was far from comfortable, but it was not for us to complain after what we had suffered in the cold. A thin candle was placed on a table, a cloth was spread, and some bouillon was served up. But the captain could not eat it, and ordered Giuseppe to bring some compute out of the canteen, from which he made a savoury soup. The host then brought us a fricassee; but it also was rejected, and a cold fowl substituted for it.—This rather displeased me, and I was beginning to intimate that I should prefer the hot drink, when a scowl of the captain's made me shrink into insignificance, and I let him do as he pleased. As he doggedly refused to eat any thing furnished by the landlord, on the plea of a weak stomach, which I had never known him to complain of before, for

he was a great gourmand, I guessed that he was afraid of poison, and secretly execrated his suspicious temper, rejoicing that I was not a jealous Italian.

"Have you any other guests here to-night?" asked the captain, appearing to take no notice of the prying curiosity of the landlord, who in vain tried to ascertain who and what we were.  
"Only a priest on his way to Turin.—Poor man, he has been stopped here for two days by the storm, as he travels on foot."  
"And what may be the reverend father's name?" asked my companion.  
"Fra Carlo Benevoluto," replied the other.  
"Ah! that is a distinguished name. I think I have met with some padres of the name."  
"Very likely," said the innkeeper. "There are others of the family in high orders; he had a brother killed at the battle of Marengo, as he went to administer the consolations of religion to some dying soldiers. They are a devout family."  
"Ha! is Padre Carlo gone to bed? Perhaps he would do us the honor to drink with us."  
The host replied, that he had retired to say his prayers and count his rosary, which he did several times a day, holy man! but he might not yet be gone to sleep.  
Presently the Padre made his appearance, with an air of meek devotion, crossed himself, and blessed us in the name of the holy Virgin and his patron saint Carlo. The captain gave him one searching glance, so piercing as almost to discompose him; but it passed over, and we entered into friendly conversation. A couple of bottles with facetious talk warmed us thoroughly, and we proposed retiring to rest. The captain was shown into a bed chamber which he did not at all fancy. We had before conversed about the Italian Inns, and he had cautioned me always to lock and barricade the door at night. Now, he himself put into a room which had three doors besides the one by which we entered from the stair, and none of them could be locked, as the chamber was a perfect thoroughfare. He looked much discomposed, and asked which of the rooms I was to occupy. The landlord apologized for taking me a little way off, as the neighboring beds were already occupied, and it was too late to make alterations. One of the adjoining rooms was taken by the priest; another belonged to himself, and his wife was in bed; and the other door led to a passage and small apartment to which his daughter and maid servant had gone, giving up their beds to the company. I was then conducted to a room on the other side of the passage, but had scarcely got into bed, when the captain came in, bringing his little portmanteau and candle. He boke out into a furious invective against the vermin which were in his bed, which would render it impossible for him to sleep there. As this information was no uncommon thing in these countries, it excited in me no surprise save that an old soldier should be daunted by such diminutive enemies. Upon my instantly offering to resign my couch, and try if I could not sleep amongst those Lilliputian marauders, he imperatively declined, and said that he would repose in a chair beside me. He then examined the door and found that it had no fastening, and as it opened into the padre's chamber, it could not be barricaded on our side. He was terribly disconcerted, and walked about in considerable emotion; then setting the lighted candle on a marble commode near the door, he seated himself near me and beside a table, on which he placed two loaded pistols and a carbine, which he examined and cocked, and laid my sword upon my bed.

A number of curious thoughts passed through my brain, tickled with the idea of a hero of many fights being dislodged from his encampment by a few insects; and my imagination suggested a glowing picture of this wonderful campaign, which would form the subject of an excellent farce. And then his timidity—to be afraid of a lonely landlord, with three women and a holy priest! He would make another Don Quixote, fighting with a windmill or a flock of sheep. I so relished the thought and the sight, that I was unwilling to yield to Morpheus, whose magic influence had become heavy; but was beginning to doze, when I thought I heard the creaking of the door, and looking through the curtain, I saw, or dreamed I saw, a faint shadow dimly reflected upon the wall.—Turning to the captain, I perceived him eyeing the door, with a pistol grasped in his hand, which he was just raising, when the door was quietly closed and all was silent. About an hour afterwards the same was repeated, and sleep vanished from my eyes. I dared not speak to the captain, who did not close his eyes for an instant, but kept them fixed with sentinel keenness upon the door, and his hand upon a pistol. He called us early, ordered horses to be put to the carriage, and told Giuseppe to make coffee in the mode he liked it. Giuseppe looked in an inquiring way, caught his eye, and immediately obeyed.

The padre joined us, and very meekly asked permission to occupy a seat in our caliche, which, to my surprise, was courteously granted, and he was invited to partake of our early repast. The captain kept him in

constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him and never to be beyond reach of his pistol. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chamber-maid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us.

"Signor, run and tell the postillion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Padre Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his fire arms. In a trice we were at the carriage door.  
"Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"  
We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postillion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop, and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said:  
"Pardon me, Padre Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we await your return; and without stopping for his reply open the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me.  
"Good father, do be quick, for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest."  
It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postillion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out:  
"Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head.—Va!"  
Off we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out:  
"Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antoin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed:  
"Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!"  
I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the woman were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly check-mated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life.—So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! I think he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, and priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I will remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting the skull. And your bed—there has been foul play there.—You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere; I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all strained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before but we shall hear if Captain Cocco, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel.—Those handsome women! I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young men, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouquette; and remember the walls have ears, and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.  
"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Car-

constant conversation, and although he changed his seat once or twice, always managed to rise for something and sit opposite to him and never to be beyond reach of his pistol. I was confounded, for they seemed to be playing a game at movements. At length the word was given, "Let us go!" and I was curious to see how the game would now be played, especially as some additional pieces had appeared on the board, in the shape of the landlord's wife, daughter, and chamber-maid, all big buxom dames, whose tall figures I much admired, but of whom my companion seemed as suspicious as of the holy father. He passed no compliments and appeared much chagrined. Yet he managed matters most adroitly, his object, as I thought, being to let nobody walk behind us.

"Signor, run and tell the postillion to mount the white horse, for the black one sometimes kicks. Signore, please take these cloaks, and spread them on the seats of the carriage. Girl, take the candle. Padre Benevoluto, be kind enough to take charge of this bottle of eau-de-vie, and put it into the far pocket of the carriage. Giuseppe, bring this portmanteau. Andiamo!" said he, pushing all of us before him as he followed with his fire arms. In a trice we were at the carriage door.  
"Father, don't get out again; pray be seated. O signor, pray hold that black horse! Up, Giuseppe, and keep this carbine in your hand, and look about you for robbers. It is a bad road. Ladies, addio! Va!"  
We were off before we knew where we were, and the captain urged the postillion forward; but we had not proceeded a quarter of a mile when he called out to stop, and in a hurried tone, addressing Fra Carlo, said:  
"Pardon me, Padre Benevoluto; I have left some papers of importance on my bed—do, pray, go and fetch them; we await your return; and without stopping for his reply open the door and helped him to descend. I was just beginning to offer my own services, when a grinding oath, half emitted, silenced me.  
"Good father, do be quick, for I can trust nobody with those papers on this vile road but yourself; no thief would rob a priest."  
It was impossible to refuse; and Fra Carlo set off at greater speed than I had deemed him capable of using. When he was out of sight, my companion ordered the postillion to drive on quickly. He replied that we were to wait for the padre; but the captain thundered out:  
"Hark you! make no noise with your whip, but spur your horses to a gallop, and keep them galloping till I bid you go slower. The moment you stop or crack your whip, I shall send a bullet through your head.—Va!"  
Off we went, slapdash; how long I know not, for I was overwhelmed with surprise, afraid that the captain had become deranged and that I might be the first victim of his violent temper. At length he called out:  
"Piano! piano!" and we instantly passed through St. Antoin, where we met a military patrol, to whom the captain showed his passport, and said that there were suspicious characters on the road between this and Le Mauvais Pas. The officer bowed low, and ordered his men to keep a sharp look out. As we proceeded, he smiled and exclaimed:  
"Now we are safe, and can take breath a little—thanks to the holy Virgin and all the guardian saints for our deliverance!"  
I ventured to say, that though some things did look rather suspicious in the inn, yet I could not fix upon anything really villainous, and should not have imagined any harm, unless I had perceived him to be so much on his guard; that I did not much like the landlord, yet the woman were handsome, and I was much pleased with Fra Carlo; but the priest and himself seemed to be playing a game at seats and places, and he had certainly check-mated him at last.

"Yes," said he; "it was a game for life.—So Carlo Benevoluto has assumed the padre now! I think he will not long wear the cowl. That man was in my regiment when I was with the Austrians, and he was condemned to death for theft and murder, but escaped through the artifices of his brother, and priest, who was shot at Marengo, as he deserved. He has forgotten me; but I will remember him, and that gash on his forehead, which I gave him when I cut him down, but missed splitting the skull. And your bed—there has been foul play there.—You are yet a young dog of war; but I can smell blood anywhere; I instantly smelled it, and traced it to the mattress, which I found all strained with gore. Had I fallen asleep, we should both have slept there our last sleep, as many, I fear, have done before but we shall hear if Captain Cocco, who passed last week, has arrived safely; if not, they shall all be broken on the wheel.—Those handsome women! I never saw such women in Italy before. In such times as these, young men, you must be always watching, if you value your life and love Mademoiselle Fouquette; and remember the walls have ears, and eyes too."

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.  
"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Car-

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.  
"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Car-

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.  
"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Car-

I intimated that I thought so when I saw him pointing a pistol at a shadow twice during the night.  
"A shadow! it was the shade of Fra Car-