

my brave comrades, over greater dangers than this. Another word of treacherous counsel from that man, and thirty carbines will be pointed to his breast."

With a threatening gesture he turned away to reconnoitre their position, and with the reasonable hope that, screened as they were from observation, their enemies might in the eagerness of pursuit pass their ambush. As he did so, the chief clapped spurs to his horse and dashed across the plain. Don Gaetano caught sight of the retreating horseman—instantly his carbine was levelled, and the shot that brought Count D'Altino to the earth, revealed to the approaching foe, the retreat of the brigands. The posse of military in pursuit counted about sixty men, but the force became augmented to an innumerable crowd by the peasantry of the different districts through which they passed, who readily united with a well equipped force against their formidable oppressors. In a moment they were surrounded; volley after volley of musketry succeeded each other in rapid succession. The brigands seeing no hope of escape, resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Taking advantage of the shelter the *bocage* afforded, for nearly an hour, they kept their adversaries at bay, and it was not till the three brothers of the Vardarelli fell, that the unequal contest was brought to a close. Twenty of the band surrendered themselves prisoners; the remainder were either dead or disabled on the field. The soldiers had secured and gone with their prisoners, the crowd had dispersed; even the curiosity of the women and children from the adjacent village was satiated. Two or three monks from a little convent near at hand, to whose pious care devolved the dying and the dead, remained with the slain. There was one other,—a woman, young and fair, and most desolate, in that scene of horror and of guilt. Her dress, which differed from that worn in the country, was neglected; her long flaxen hair fell in disorder round her face, which was swollen and soiled from weeping. She sat upon the turf in the shadow of a tree where the body of the elder Vardarelli fell. His head rested on her lap; the eyes were carefully closed and the clotied gore was washed from off his brow; her hand was lightly laid upon his cold damp cheek, as if she hoped that life would yet return; a part of the ample shawl that enveloped her figure was thrown over the lifeless form. There she sat in mute sorrow, till the good brothers had removed the wounded from the scorching rays of the advancing sun, and administered to their wants. At length approaching her, in soothing accents they besought her to signify to them her pleasure, and offered such words of comfort as they could. She answered in a foreign tongue—but they gathered from her gestures that the only boon she craved was their sufferance, to continue with the lifeless body of her husband till she saw it consigned to its last resting place. The people marvelled much that

the ruthless bandit's grave was hallowed by a faithful woman's tears—they might have wondered more, had they known that with a serpent's guile he won her love, had lured her from her country and her friends, with false hopes and promises, to follow his dark fortunes. Yet, stained with crimes as was that untamed savage breast, one bright spark of human feeling glowed within it; he loved with fervent, deep devotion, and though his tales of home and happiness were false, his love for her was true. She knew and felt this, and forgave the rest.

The mutilated remains of the Count found an ignominious grave near the obscure hamlet, where he fell. He had wasted the best gifts of nature and fortune, in a career of heartless profligacy—energies that, if laudably directed, might have won him honorable distinction amongst his contemporaries, and an enviable page in the annals of his country, devoted as they were to unhallowed purposes, brought him in the prime of life to a violent death, and consigned his memory to scorn and obloquy.

The Palazzo, so often mentioned, passed to the possession of a distant relative. It was long looked upon with aversion and superstitious dread, by the people in its vicinity, and it is often pointed out to the curious traveller crossing the Ponte de la Sanita, as having been at one time the residence of the Detected Brigand.

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Nearly five years have passed away, and a family party are assembled in the picture gallery at Beaufort Park, to inspect a series of paintings just received from Italy, illustrative of an eventful period in the lives of the young and happy owners of the mansion. The first represents the interior of a church, the opening to the catacombs, and the lowering of a corpse on a bier. The muscles and position of the youthful form show, instead of the rigidity of death, the relaxation of deep repose; groups of cowed friars with lighted tapers stand around. The second gives a view of a subterranean chamber, as seen with torch light; in the centre of a circular cave, at a small altar, a group of figures are watching, with an expression of intense anxiety, a female figure supported by a monk, who is in the act of applying restoratives; the eyes are partially open, the breath seems to pass over the full lips,—the whole expression indicates returning consciousness. The third and last exhibits their departure from the cemetery; the fair girl is now restored, but languid and leaning for support on one of the party, who yields it with much apparent tenderness; at the verge of the cavern, they stand to contemplate the scene: the glare of torch light is cast upon the hewn graves in the rocky walls,—some are empty, others have received their lifeless tenants; but none of the loathsome adjuncts, the imagination couples with mortality are seen; no worms riot on the lip of beauty; manly forms show no symptoms of decay, each one in its