

being infested in the manner you mention." Round and round went my hand in the bottom of the pocket; the case was not there—nor, to my mortification, to be found within the vehicle.

"This is most extraordinary," I exclaimed. "It is not possible that, in my hurry, I have left the case on the inn table! No—no; it cannot be. I have a distinct recollection of having put it into the pocket here; just after you, sir, had got in—and before I returned for my cloak, which one of the servants was drying for me. I am as well assured that I placed it in this pocket, as I am of my own existence."

"Indeed," said Capuchin, "why, it is not a little extraordinary, and somewhat unaccountable; but really, what we firmly intended to do occasionally wears, in memory's eye, the aspect of something we have done; so much so, that it is difficult in such cases to discern between the intention and the fact. Very probably the dangers of the Abruzzi may have been drawn to me by an over-charged pencil. Surely man's nature cannot be in any state so degraded, that he would refuse mercy to a helpless maiden, or to an unoffending son of the Church! And your being in such company, may be a sufficient protection for you."

My heart could not but soften at this speech of the reverend man, which showed so much sympathy and ignorance of the ways of a wicked world. "Would, holy father," returned I, "that the heart of man were as you imagine it!"

"Have you, then, no other means of defence about you?" asked the Capuchin earnestly.

It now occurred to me,—for I had forgotten it till this time,—that I had a blade in my walking cane. "This cane is a sword-stick," I said, "and may, in extremity, serve us instead of a better weapon."

"Unsheathe it!" cried the Capuchin loudly, for we were just driving past a mountain torrent, which rendered his accents nearly inaudible,—"unsheathe it, and let me see what sort of a thing it is."

I did so; and as I pulled it half out, I chanced to look in his face, on which sat a sadomic grin. "It is slender," he said; and would require to be of good temper."

The sneering laugh of the Capuchin somewhat perplexed me.

"Alas!" he continued, "that is a mere lath of a thing;—and is but a sorry protection for three, against a horde of brigands."

As he thus spoke, the fair Signora sank back into the corner of the carriage; and fetched a deep sigh. So powerfully was she affected, that I was in tears of her swooning altogether away.

"Would to heaven!" exclaimed the holy father, "that we were through these wild passes unquestioned. We are but as clay in the hands of the potter: Would we were safely landed within the gates of San Francesco; and it might rain apple blossoms in January, ere they got me out again, to wander on any of their confounded missions."

"Alas!" said the fair Signora, sobbing, "I seem destined to bring sorrow on all who ever commiserate my situation. Would that I had died, rather than have involved thee, holy father, in my wretched fate!"

We had by this time gained the summit of an eminence, from which we perceived, that the wild dim mountain scenery completely girdled us around. Nature here reigned in her stern and savage magnificence. The scope of the eye took in no vestige of man, or of his melancholic works. Over abrupt and tremendous precipices hung venerable trees, that seemed almost mysteriously to have found footing. An occasional wild goat stood picture-quely on some bare ledge between the eye and the horizon; and, through clefts and fissures, rivulets, whose waters sparkled in the mellow rays of the setting sun, tumbled flashing into the dim and rayless vallies. Over all, the eagle screamed and soared, dashing the last crimson beams of daylight from his majestic pinions.

Descending the winding road, which showed to us a fresh expanse of Alpine scenery; and there, between two parted hills, the light from the west broke in upon a platform of sod, where human figures were distinctly seen moving about.

My first instinct was to scrutinize them through my glass. There they were—freebooters to a certainty. They were clad in jacket and trousers of gaudy colors; had the usual broad-brimmed, conical-crowned hats, and their sashes stuck full of pistols and poinards. Several were reclining on the grass—a proof that we were not yet perceived; and others were seated round a fire, which burned in a recess of the mountain. "Do you see that?" said I to the monk, handing over my telescope.

"By San Gennaro! it is all over with us," he exclaimed, with a wonderful degree of coolness. "There are not braver or more desperate men in Christendom; and we had better at once surrender at discretion. Each is an over-match for a lusty gon-d'armes; so, I opine, we have no chance of routing a host of them with a sword stuck. The die is thrown; let us turn our pockets inside out, and cry mercy."

So saying, the Capuchin scratched his shaven crown and smiled, or rather laughed. "And as for you, my fair Imilda," he added, "I would advise you to make up your mind to it. There are worse situations in the world than becoming a bandit's bride. Make a virtue of necessity, and Mother Church will absolve you, for I see no other way for it my little rose-bud."

A sudden thought now flashed across my mind, and, as apparently we were not yet perceived by the banditti, I determined at once to put my suspicions to the test. "I shall call to the driver to halt," I said, and let us dismount ere it be too late."

While in the act of rising for this purpose, I turned to the Signora, who, terror-struck, remained almost insensible,—saying, "Will you accompany me, or proceed forward? You may depend upon whatever protection I can give, and on the honor of a gentleman, I swear not to leave you, while I have breath; if you prefer proceeding, of course I cannot help it. Stop! *veturino*; I say, *hollo*!—stop!"

"Go on!" shouted the Capuchin, at the top of his voice, clapping his hand upon my mouth, and thrusting me down with his brawny arm; while in a twinkling, one of my own pistols was cocked at my head. "Diavolo!" he cried, "be quiet, if you don't want your brains blown out."

"Pinion him," shouted the Signora.

"Pinion the fellow!" and I felt myself seized by the elbows, with any thing but feminine softness, by the beautiful unknown—who, doffing a vale and mask, showed a majestic aquiline nose, overlooking a forest of mustachios, while he also groped for a pistol in his girdle, and the bandit shone revealed, I dashed in desperation the arm of the quondam Capuchin aside. Off went the cocked pistol; and, whether he was shot or not, such a yell arose, that, in the utmost trepidation,—I awoke.

"Hold him—hold him, for the sake of goodness!" shouted the grazier—"he is furious—wild—non-compos—as mad as a march hare!"

"He has broken all the coach windows!" cried the lady.

"He has broken my head!" responded her mate. "Will nobody succour us?" "Murder!—murder!" was the chorus of man and wife.

When Jehu, with his coat of nineteen capes, opened the door to inquire the meaning of all this strange disturbance, it was some time before I was sufficiently recovered from my sleep and terror, to explain that a striking picture, which I had lately seen, had forcibly wrought on my imagination in a dream. At last I succeeded in persuading all parties that I was safe travelling company to the next stage; and ever since that night I have been frequently haunted with terrible visions of this *Pass of the Abruzzi*.

FOREIGN.

From the Halifax Gazette.

We were this morning obligingly favored with a London Paper of the 18th ult. received by the Westmorland from Liverpool, from which we make the following extracts:—

LONDON, September 18.

We have received, by express from Madrid, journals and private letters to the 9th inst. inclusive. The latter state that alarm had once more penetrated into the minds of most of the inhabitants of that capital, in consequence of the resumed approach of the Carlists, and of the inertness, ignorance, or treason of the Queen's troops.

A conspiracy, having for its object to blow up the powder magazine at the gate of Santa Barbara, to break open the prisons, and to effect a Carlist movement in Madrid, was said to have been discovered on the night of the 9th inst.

The Government intended shortly to carry into execution the levy of 50,000 men, to remove from the ranks of the National Guards all but single men and widowers from the age of 17 to 40, and to organise squadrons of cavalry in the south of at least 60 men each.

The formation of an army of Reserve at Seville, of which Narvaez (who had been summoned to Madrid) would have the command, was said to be in contemplation.

The cholera had nearly ceased at Palermo, but was raging in the interior of Sicily.

The French Chamber of Deputies is likely to be dissolved next week, and a new one to be elected in October. From the tranquil state of public opinion, the elections excite little interest.

GREAT BRITAIN.

From the St. John, Observer, October 17.

By the ship *Supercb*, which arrived here yesterday morning in 26 days from Liverpool, papers to the 19th of September have been received. They are principally filled with accounts of the proceedings of the "*British Association for the advancement of Science*." The Association had closed its session of one week at Liverpool, and had received an accession of 1840 Members during the week. The next session of the Association is to be held at Newcastle. The Liverpool Times states that the Meeting passed off in the most agreeable manner, and that the "savans were highly pleased with the warm and cordial reception which they meet with from the inhabitants of Liverpool and the various public bodies, and the Liverpool public having been not less pleased with their distinguished guests."

The papers furnish very little general intelligence. The Liverpool Journal of the 18th, thus sums up the news of the week,—"There is literally no domestic news; things look a little better in Spain, and have not come to a crisis in Portugal."

RETURN OF CAPTAIN BACK.—Captain Back, the commander of her Majesty's ship *Terror*, who, it will be remembered, went out in June, 1836, to look for Captain Ross, has at length returned, from his perilous enterprize. The hardships endured, and the obstacles counteracted and triumphed over, by the commander and his crew were almost incredible; and, indeed, their return after an absence of twelve months, the greater part of the time hemmed in by one impassible sheet of ice, appear all but miraculous. On Sunday night last, the *Terror* put in at Lough Swell (Ireland) in an almost sinking condition, the men incessantly labouring