

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, { CORNER OF TREMONT
AND BROMFIELD STS.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

\$3 00 PER ANNUM. { VOL. VI. No. 25.—WHOLE No. 155.
6 CENTS SINGLE.

VALLEY OF WYOMING.

Among the many beautiful rivers of which our country can boast, there are none more truly noble than the fair and picturesque Susquehanna, winding its silvery way through the sweet "Valley of Waters" immortalized in verse by the poet Campbell. Our sketch represents the lower end of the valley near the falls, named after the Nauticokes, one of a tribe of Indians, once possessors of this enchanting locality. The valley is diversified by hill and dale, deriving its extreme richness from the extensive

flats and river bottoms, which in some places extend one or two miles back from the stream. Though now generally cleared and cultivated, to protect the soil from floods a fringe of trees is left along each bank of the river; the sycamore, the elm, and more especially the black walnut. Pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course; all of them abounding with delicious trout. Among these brooks, and in the swales, scattered through the uplands, grow the wild plum, and the butternut, while, whenever the hand of the white

man has spared it, the native grape may be gathered in unlimited profusion. Such were the common scenes when the white man first came to Wyoming. Game of every sort was abundant. The quail whistled in the meadow; the pheasant nestled in its leafy covert; the wild duck reared her brood, and bent the reed in every inlet; the red deer fed upon the hills, while in the deep forests, within a few hours' walk, roamed the stately elk. The river yielded at all seasons a supply of fish—the yellow perch, the pike, catfish, bass, roach, and, in the spring, myriads of shad.



WYOMING VALLEY, AND NAUTICOOK MOUNTAINS, ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

[Written for Gleason's Pictorial.]

THE ROMAN SOPRANO: — OR, THE — CAPTAIN OF THE SWISS GUARD.

BY CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRAVELLER OVERTAKEN.

WHEN Guilio had left the hotel, the fire that Della Torre had kindled within his bosom was still blazing. He noticed not the condition of his horse; he saw not that neither Andrea nor Paulo were waiting for him. Without a word to the obsequious hotel-keeper, who had descended the steps of the inn with him; without bestowing a coin upon the boy who had held his horse, he snatched the bridle from his hands, sprang upon its back, and striking it with his spurred heel, he swept up the road to Rome.

"Why didn't he pay me?" whimpered the boy.

"Just catch me again trusting to a man's promise," muttered the host. "My intelligence was to be well paid for! Hang him! I believe that his excellency is not worth a scudi!"

The day wore on, and it drew near evening ere Castelli had passed the frontiers of Naples. Worn out by all which he had that day gone through; the excitement of the morning completely blotted out in the deadening anguish that mastered him as he thought that Anna Brigni was now lost to him forever, he noticed not how greatly the animal which he was riding had suffered from the exertion which his master's will had forced upon him.

For the seventh or eighth time in almost as many minutes, he had raised his hand with the whip in it, to strike the jaded steed, when the sound of hoofs rapidly striking the ground behind him, caused him to turn his head. As he did so, a loud voice was heard:

"Hallo, signor!" it cried; "but you ride fast. A pest upon it! but I had nearly ruined my animal in attempting to overtake you!"

Guilio recognized the flexible accents of Giuseppe Scarlatti. In another instant the bandit was riding beside him.

"You are here, then?"

"Diavolo, signor! But where are Andrea and Paulo?"

"How did you manage to effect your escape?"

"Have you killed Della Torre?"

Such were the first questions that broke from the two—we presume that we must not call them friends—acquaintances. Then Scarlatti looked at Guilio's horse.

"By the road, signor!" he exclaimed; "but your animal is in a worse condition than mine is. The heavens be thanked that we are no more than a mile from the next post-house; there we may find fresh horses."

"How did you escape?" asked Guilio.

"I had a little fighting for it. Blood ran, and I got a scratch in the fight we had," answered the brigand, pointing to the blood with which a handkerchief, that was bound around his left arm, was crimsoned. "However, I got away; dined at a little cottage which I know, about half a mile from the main road, on the other side of Gaeta, and am now here. I have told you my story, signor; I now want to hear what you have done."

In a few words Guilio told Scarlatti what had passed between him and Della Torre. As he described the manner in which he had hurled him to the other end of the apartment where he had found him, the bandit drew back and regarded the young Roman long and scrutinizingly.

"Per Bacco! but it is singular," he said, "what strength rage gives a man. I could have sworn that he was big enough to eat you for a meal, signor!—and yet you talk as coolly of having thrown him across the room, as I could of eating a roasted capon. Well, well, I suppose there is something in blood after all. Not that I have ever found it so," he muttered, with a joellar laugh. "But all men are not Scarlattis. And now, I suppose," he continued, "you are hurrying along the road to Rome, in a fever of love and joy—"

"Of love and joy?" answered Guilio.

"Certainly; you will see the bella Brigni again, and—"

"Never!"

Giuseppe cast a quick and piercing glance at the young man as he answered thus; then he whistled, and looked up in the sky. Apparently, he did not find what he searched for there, as he again bent his eyes upon Castelli.

"And why,—if I may take the liberty of addressing you such a question—signor?" were the words which he uttered after the lapse of a few moments.

"Have I not told you all that he said of her and,—the words almost choked him—"that man?"

"Whom?"

"The Englishman—Lumley Ferrers."

"You did."

The young man was silent; he either could not or would not speak. Giuseppe Scarlatti smiled.

"And is this your only reason?"

"Is it not a sufficient one?"

The bandit laughed long and loudly as this question was put to him; then he bent from his seat, leaned across the space between him and Guilio, and looked up in his face. The Roman turned from him. Giuseppe laughed louder than ever.

"Per Bacco! but this is too good. Ha! ha! ha! signor; and you actually believed the scoundrel?"

A sudden light flashed across the mind of Castelli, and he reined in his steed. Scarlatti did the same.

"If it was a lie—but no!—the landlord told me they had accompanied the Englishman."

"Of course they did, signor."

"And you think—"

"That nothing could be more natural. The Brigni was there alone. In all probability she was without money. She had determined upon escaping from Della Torre. How was she to do it? She appeals to the Englishman. Take them all in all, the Anglo-Saxon is not a very bad specimen of humanity. He is indignant with Della Torre, and pays him a visit. There, forgetting the stoicism in which every Englishman is wrapped, he tells him that he is simply nothing more nor less than a scoundrel. After this he takes her back to Rome. Della Torre is, naturally enough, in a confounded rage with him. But what can he do? You arrive there; in a few moments you enter his room. He no sooner sees you than a brilliant thought strikes him. What if he could so arrange matters as to make you believe that Milord Lumley—I think you called him Lumley—had run away with her? A duel, of course, must follow. After you have told the Anglo-Saxon that he is a rascal—which you would do whenever you came across him—an apology would be out of the question. If you put a pistol-bullet through his forehead, he is out of the way. If, on the other hand, he chances to kill you—ha! ha! ha! On my word, it is a splendid bit of rascality! I have never known a better."

Guilio had listened to Scarlatti's rapid deduction of the amount of truth which there was in the slander of Bernardo, with a countenance from which the clouds were rapidly clearing. As the bandit came to an end, he said:

"What an idiot I have been!"

"Lovers always are idiots," muttered Scarlatti between his teeth, as the Roman paused.

"Then you think that she is—"

"Counting the minutes as they roll on; expecting you to return to Rome," was the answer.

"Let us get on to the next post-house," said Guilio, as he again urged his steed into the attempt at a trot.

In less than quarter of an hour they had reached it. Unfortunately no horses were to be procured here. Consequently they had to delay their journey for at least two hours. Supper was accordingly ordered. As it was preparing, Scarlatti had stepped to the window of the low and miserable room that constituted the only place for the reception of travellers who might chance to alight there. Two men were riding past. The smaller of these reined in and called the attention of the other to one of the horses which were standing at the rack to the right of the house, devouring their provender. This called Giuseppe's attention to them. Immediately afterwards they dismounted and entered the chamber. One of the domestics was arranging the table for supper, and Scarlatti looked at him and then at Guilio; the latter understood him, and did not speak.

"Perhaps these gentlemen would like to sup with us?" said the brigand, in the blindest of tones.

"I should," was the answer. It was made in the harsh voice of his lieutenant.

Scarlatti had the domestics quit the chamber, then Giuseppe Scarlatti turned to Paulo. Andrea had already filled himself a bumper of wine from one of the bottles which had been placed upon the table.

"What is the reason," he asked, "that I did not find you with the Signor Castelli when I overtook him?"

"My horse was—" commenced Andrea, with a growl.

"I know your excuse, my little lieutenant!" laughed Scarlatti, agreeably. "It is very lucky for you that you have such a good one. Let Paulo answer for himself."

Paulo's brown countenance whitened very visibly under the sneering eye of his captain. He seemed to be remarkably uncomfortable. Giuseppe chuckled to himself.

"Well."

"The fact was, my captain, that immediately after Andrea had provided himself with another animal—"

"For which I had to pay a confoundingly long price!" interjected Andrea, turning towards Guilio.

"Silence!" said Scarlatti.

"And just as we were about to quit the stable, where we had purchased him for the purpose of following the Signor Castelli, I luckily happened to catch a sight of three of the Roman police, who were turning the corner of the street."

"Three of the Roman police!" ejaculated the brigand. "You must have been mad, Paulo!"

"So I told him," grumbled Andrea.

"You wanted me there to open your eyes for you," said his captain, with a pleasant smile. "The eighth of an inch taken off each of your eyelids, would improve your sight wonderfully!"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," replied Paulo; but Castelli remarked that his eyelids worked very uncomfortably the while he was speaking—Scarlatti's jest evidently struck him as having too much meaning to be very agreeable; "but there they were, and so I laid hold of Andrea's arm, and drew him back."

"And lucky was it that you did so, for in less than another moment, I should have walked into the midst of them," burst from the lips of Andrea.

"Poor Andrea!" murmured Scarlatti, as he cast a comic and somewhat curious glance over the broad mould of his lieutenant's lusty shoulders. "Your muscles are somewhat too necessary to me to be altogether dispensed with! Continue, Paulo."

"They were accompanied by three of the Neapolitan police—"

"Ah!—were they?"

"And a dozen or more soldiers."

"Indeed!"

"I watched them as they advanced slowly up the street. Then I told Andrea to remain quiet, and slipped very cautiously out of the stable, after them—"

"Why, I ordered you to go!" uttered Andrea, striking the table impatiently with his clenched fist as he said this. The bottles and glasses trembled upon it, as though they had been affected with St. Vitus's dance.

"Must I again request your silence?"

As Scarlatti made the inquiry, he bent one of his significant smiles upon his lieutenant. For a short space the latter met his eye and glared fiercely back upon him; then he covered beneath the gaze of his captain, shrunk back, and his interruption occurred no more.

"As I said," continued Paulo, "I went out and dogged them. They followed the road that led to Cicero's Villa. I saw that Signor Castelli was no longer there; they entered it. Shortly afterwards the Neapolitan shirri left the hotel. I then managed to get hold of one of the waiters of the inn, and—"

"Enough—I understand it all," said Scarlatti. "Torlogna had sent on to arrest Della Torre."

"He had," replied Paulo.

"Torlogna?" asked Guilio.

"Yes; he had borrowed ten thousand scudi of the old banker the day before he had quitted Rome."

Scarlatti then looked at Paulo.

"I pardon you!" he said.

As he uttered this, the domestic entered the apartment; he was laden with the viands which had been hastily cooked for them.

They were not particularly tempting, as any of our readers will easily divine who have ever sat down to make a meal at an Italian post-house. However, Castelli was decidedly hungry. His conversation with Scarlatti had restored both his love and his appetite. The bottle was the only portion of the supper that appeared absolutely necessary to Andrea. He had supped with Paulo scarcely an hour before. As for the last-named individual, his peculiarly agreeable captain had frightened any little appetite he might have had entirely out of him. With Giuseppe Scarlatti it was altogether different. Nothing deprived his more purely animal portion of its natural hunger. He could eat at any time, and he could devour anything. In five minutes more he had cleared out a dish of fried fish, and was lost in the attempt to devour a plate of macaroni, which might have in itself sufficed for the meal of half-a-dozen ordinary men.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OLD JEW—HE DESERVES TO BE A CHRISTIAN.

OUR presence is now required in Rome. Anna Brigni had arrived there under the charge of Lumley Ferrers—who had conducted himself in a manner that was really exemplary upon their journey. We will not dispute but it may have occurred to the Englishman, that in this mode alone he might hope to create an impression upon the mind of the fair soprano. If so, the labor to ensure it was thrown away. Anna was too much wrapt up in the thought of once again seeing Guilio to suffer herself to be attracted by the extremely artistic reserve with which the Honorable Mr. Ferrers was painting his own passion.

Scarlatti had she entered the house in which she had previously been stopping, than her servant rushed up to her. She was in an ecstasy of delight to see her mistress once more; the tears actually rained from her eyes in torrents as she welcomed her once more to Rome. After the Brigni had with great difficulty tamed her into a respectable state of quietude, she desired her to take a siesta, and go to the Ghetto.

"There you will ask for the Rabbi Isaac."

"He has been here every day, signora; five or six times every day, to inquire whether anything had been heard of you."

"The poor old man!" said Madame Salicetti. "I'm sure, he deserves to be a Christian."

"Go—and at once, Guilela."

We will not say that Guilela obeyed her mistress. She went to the Ghetto, and there told Isaac that her lady was again in Rome. It would perhaps be as well to mention that she never returned to the Brigni, and that very evening Anna discovered that the girl had carried off all her jewelry, her best dresses, together with all the money which she could lay her hands upon. The only time that she again saw her was two years afterwards, when she was in Paris. She was then a figurante at the opera.

To the old man that interview was possibly one of the happiest which he had ever had; he loved the girl, as a childless old man only can love the being around whom he has wound his heart. From a child she had been the only thing which he had to love. When he first heard of her absence from Rome, it had been gradually broken to him by his brother—and he had not then heard the report which had subsequently come to his ears respecting her and Della Torre. He could not but believe them, and as he heard them he groaned in spirit over her who had been the solitary vine-shoot in his house. He would willingly have perished could he only have saved her.

When the girl fell upon his neck, he groaned aloud and kissed her in the anguish of his suspicion. Lumley Ferrers, who had called on her an hour after he had restored her to her home, was in the room. He was scandalized at seeing Anna return the kisses of the old Jew. Beginning to believe that she might possibly be necessary to his happiness, that embrace cured him. How could he touch the lips that had been contaminated by the touch of a gray beard out of the Roman Ghetto! He arose, made a stately bow to Anna Brigni, and quitted the apartment without

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"Of love and joy?" answered Giulio.

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"Perhaps these gentlemen would like to sup with us?" said the brigand, in the blandest of tones.

"I should," was the answer. It was made in the harsh voice of his lieutenant.

Scarcely had the domestic quitted the chamber, than Guiseppe Scarlati turned to Paulo. Andrea had already filled himself a bumper of wine from one of the bottles which had been placed upon the table.

"What is the reason," he asked, "that I did not find you with the Signor Castelli when I overtook him?"

"My horse was—" commenced Andrea, with a growl.

"I know your excuse, my little lieutenant!" laughed Scarlati, agreeably. "It is very lucky for you that you have such a good one. Let Paulo answer for himself."

Paulo's brown countenance whitened very visibly under the sneering eye of his captain. He seemed to be remarkably uncomfortable. Guiseppe chuckled to himself.

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"The fact was, my captain, that immediately after Andrea had provided himself with another animal—"

"For which I had to pay a confoundedly long price!" interjected Andrea, turning towards Giulio.

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"And lucky was it that you did so, for in less than another moment, I should have walked into the midst of them," burst from the lips of Andrea.

"Poor Andrea!" murmured Scarlati, as he cast a comic and somewhat curious glance over the broad mould of his lieutenant's lusty shoulders. "Your muscles are somewhat too necessary to me to be altogether dispensed with! Continue, Paulo."

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"And a dozen or more soldiers."

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"Enough—I understand it all," said Scarlati. "Torlogna had sent on to arrest Della Torre."

"He had," replied Paulo.

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"Yes; he had borrowed ten thousand scudi of the old banker the day before he had quitted Rome."

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"There you will ask for the Rabbi Isaac."

"He has been here every day, signor; five or six times every day, to inquire whether anything had been heard of you."

"The poor old man!" said Madame Salicetti. "I'm sure, he deserves to be a Christian."

"Go—and at once, Guilem."

We will not say that Guilem obeyed her mistress. She went to the Ghetto, and there told Isaac that her lady was again in Rome. It would perhaps be as well to mention that she never returned to the Brigni, and that very evening Anna discovered that the girl had carried off all her jewelry, her best dresses, together with all the money which she could lay her hands upon. The only time that she again saw her was two years afterwards, when she was in Paris. She was then a figurante at the opera.

To the old man that interview was possibly one of the happiest which he had ever had; he loved the girl, as a childless old man only can love the being around whom he has wound his heart. From a child she had been the only thing which he had to love. When he first heard of her absence from Rome, it had been gradually broken to him by his brother—and he had not then heard the report which had subsequently come to his ears respecting her and Della Torre. He could not but believe them, and as he heard them he groined in spirit over her who had been the solitary vine-shoot in his house. He would willingly have perished could he only have saved her.

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GLEASON'S PICTORIAL



F. GLEASON, NEW YORK.

PRINTED BY STEPHEN D. GLEASON, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1854.

\$3.00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE. VOL. VI. No. 25.—V

VALLEY OF WYOMING.

Among the many beautiful rivers of which our country can boast, there are none more truly noble than the fair and picturesque Susquehanna, winding its silvery way through the sweet "Valley of Waters" immortalized in verse by the poet Campbell. Our sketch represents the lower end of the valley near the falls, named after the Nauticokes, one of a tribe of Indians, once possessors of this enchanting locality. The valley is diversified by hill and dale, deriving its extreme richness from the extensive

flats and river bottoms, which in some places extend one or two miles back from the stream. Though now generally cleared and cultivated, to protect the soil from floods a fringe of trees is left along each bank of the river; the sycamore, the elm, and more especially the black walnut. Pure streams of water come leaping from the mountains, imparting health and pleasure in their course; all of them abounding with delicious trout. Among these brooks, and in the swales, scattered through the uplands, grow the wild plum, and the butternut, while, whenever the hand of the white

man has spared it, the native grape may be gathered in unlimited profusion. Such were the common scenes when the white man first came to Wyoming. Game of every sort was abundant. The quail whistled in the meadow; the pheasant nestled in its leafy covert; the wild duck reared her brood, and bent the reed in every inlet; the red deer fed upon the hills, while in the deep forests, within a few hours' walk, roamed the stately elk. The river yielded at all seasons a supply of fish—the yellow perch, the pike, catfish, bass, roach, and, in the spring, myriads of shad.



WYOMING VALLEY, AND NAUTICOOK MOUNTAINS, ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

(Written for Gleason's Pictorial.)

THE ROMAN SOPRANO: — OR, THE — CAPTAIN OF THE SWISS GUARD.

BY CHARLES G. ROSENBERG.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRAVELLER OVERTAKEN.

WHEN Giulio had left the hotel, the fire that Della Torre had kindled within his bosom was still blazing. He noticed not the condition of his horse; he saw not that neither Andrea nor Paulo were waiting for him. Without a word to the obsequious hotel-keeper, who had descended the steps of the inn with him; without bestowing a coin upon the boy who had held his horse, he snatched the bridle from his hands, sprung upon its back, and striking it with his spurred heel, he swept up the road to Rome.

"Why didn't he pay me?" whimpered the boy.
"Just catch me again trusting to a man's promise," muttered the host. "My intelligence was to be well paid for! Hang him! I believe that his excellenza is not worth a scudi!"

The day wore on, and it drew near evening ere Castelli had passed the frontiers of Naples. Worn out by all which he had that day gone through; the excitement of the morning completely blotted out in the deadening anguish that mastered him as he thought that Anna Brigni was now lost to him forever, he noticed not how greatly the animal which he was riding had suffered from the exertion which his master's will had forced upon him.

For the seventh or eighth time in almost as many minutes, he had raised his hand with the whip in it, to strike the jaded steed, when the sound of hoofs rapidly striking the ground behind him, caused him to turn his head. As he did so, a loud voice was heard:

"Hallo, signor!" it cried; "but you ride fast. A pest upon it! but I had nearly ruined my animal in attempting to overtake you!"

Giulio recognized the flexible accents of Guiseppe Scarlati. In another instant the bandit was riding beside him.

"You are here, then?"

"Diavolo, signor! But where are Andrea and Paulo?"

"How did you manage to effect your escape?"

"Have you killed Della Torre?"

Such were the first questions that broke from the two—we presume that we must not call them friends—acquaintances. Then Scarlati looked at Giulio's horse.

"By the road, signor!" he exclaimed; "but your animal is in a worse condition than mine is. The heavens be thanked that we are no more than a mile from the next post-house; there we may find fresh horses."

"How did you escape?" asked Giulio.

"I had a little fighting for it. Blood ran, and I got a scratch in the fight we had," answered the brigand, pointing to the blood with which a handkerchief, that was bound around his left arm, was crimsoned. "However, I got away; dined at a little cottage which I know, about half a mile from the main road, on the other side of Gaeta, and am now here. I have told you my story, signor; I now want to hear what you have done."

In a few words Giulio told Scarlati what had passed between him and Della Torre. As he described the manner in which he had hurled him to the other end of the apartment where he had found him, the bandit drew back and regarded the young Roman long and scrutinizingly.

"Per Bacco! but it is singular," he said, "what strength rage gives a man. I could have sworn that he was big enough to eat you for a meal, signor!—and yet you talk as coolly of having thrown him across the room, as I could of eating a roasted capon. Well, well, I suppose there is something in blood after all. Not that I have ever found it so," he muttered, with a jocular laugh. "But all men are not Scarlati. And now, I suppose," he continued, "you are hurrying along the road to Rome, in a fever of love and joy—"

"Of love and joy?" answered Giulio.

"Certainly; you will see the bella Brigni again, and—"

"Never!"

Guiseppe cast a quick and piercing glance at the young man as he answered thus; then he whistled, and looked up in the sky. Apparently, he did not find what he searched for there, as he again bent his eyes upon Castelli.

"And why,—if I may take the liberty of addressing you such a question—signor?" were the words which he uttered after the lapse of a few moments.

"Have I not told you all that he said of her and,"—the words almost choked him—"that man?"

"Whom?"

"The Englishman—Lumley Ferrers."

"You did."

The young man was silent; he either could not or would not speak. Guiseppe Scarlati smiled.

"And is this your only reason?"

"Is it not a sufficient one?"

The bandit laughed long and loudly as this question was put to him; then he bent from his seat, leaned across the space between him and Giulio, and looked up in his face. The Roman turned from him. Guiseppe laughed louder than ever.

"Per Bacco! but this is too good. Ha! ha! ha! signor; and you actually believed the scoundrel?"

A sudden light flashed across the mind of Castelli, and he reined in his steed. Scarlati did the same.

"If it was a lie—but no!—the landlord told me they had accompanied the Englishman."

"Of course they did, signor."

"And you think—"

"That nothing could be more natural. The Brigni was there alone. In all probability she was without money. She had determined upon escaping from Della Torre. How was she to do it? She appeals to the Englishman. Take them all in all, the Anglo Saxon is not a very bad specimen of humanity. He is indignant with Della Torre, and pays him a visit. There, forgetting the stoicism in which every Englishman is wrapped, he tells him that he is simply nothing more nor less than a scoundrel. After this he takes her back to Rome. Della Torre is, naturally enough, in a confounded rage with him. But what can he do? You arrive there; in a few moments you enter his room. He no sooner sees you than a brilliant thought strikes him. What if he could so arrange matters as to make you believe that Milord Lumley—I think you called him Lumley—had run away with her? A duel, of course, must follow. After you have told the Anglo Saxon that he is a rascal—which you would do whenever you came across him—an apology would be out of the question. If you put a pistol-bullet through his forehead, he is out of the way. If, on the other hand, he chances to kill you—ha! ha! ha! On my word, it is a splendid bit of rascality! I have never known a better."

Giulio had listened to Scarlati's rapid deduction of the amount of truth which there was in the slander of Bernardo, with a countenance from which the clouds were rapidly clearing. As the bandit came to an end, he said:

"What an idiot I have been!"

"Lovers always are idiots," muttered Scarlati between his teeth, as the Roman paused.

"Then you think that she is—"

"Counting the minutes as they roll on; expecting you to return to Rome," was the answer.

"Let us get on to the next post-house," said Giulio, as he again urged his steed into the attempt at a trot.

In less than quarter of an hour they had reached it. Unfortunately no horses were to be procured here. Consequently they had to delay their journey for at least two hours. Supper was accordingly ordered. As it was preparing, Scarlati had stepped to the window of the low and miserable room that constituted the only place for the reception of travellers who might chance to alight there. Two men were riding past. The smaller of these reined in and called the attention of the other to one of the horses which were standing at the rack to the right of the house, devouring their provender. This called Guiseppe's attention to them. Immediately afterwards they dismounted and entered the chamber. One of the domestics was arranging the table for supper, and Scarlati looked at him and then at Giulio; the latter understood him, and did not speak.

"Perhaps these gentlemen would like to sup with us?" said the brigand, in the blandest of tones.

"I should," was the answer. It was made in the harsh voice of his lieutenant.

Scarcely had the domestic quitted the chamber, than Guiseppe Scarlati turned to Paulo. Andrea had already filled himself a bumper of wine from one of the bottles which had been placed upon the table.

"What is the reason," he asked, "that I did not find you with the Signor Castelli when I overtook him?"

"My horse was—" commenced Andrea, with a growl.

"I know your excuse, my little lieutenant!" laughed Scarlati, agreeably. "It is very lucky for you that you have such a good one. Let Paulo answer for himself."

Paulo's brown countenance whitened very visibly under the sneering eye of his captain. He seemed to be remarkably uncomfortable. Guiseppe chuckled to himself.

"Well."

"The fact was, my captain, that immediately after Andrea had provided himself with another animal—"

"For which I had to pay a confoundedly long price!" interjected Andrea, turning towards Giulio.

"Silence!" said Scarlati.

"And just as we were about to quit the stable, where we had purchased him for the purpose of following the Signor Castelli, I luckily happened to catch a sight of three of the Roman police, who were turning the corner of the street."

"Three of the Roman police!" ejaculated the brigand. "You must have been mad, Paulo!"

"So I told him," grumbled Andrea.

"You wanted me there to open your eyes for you," said his captain, with a pleasant smile. "The eighth of an inch taken off each of your eyelids, would improve your sight wonderfully!"

"Perhaps so, and perhaps not," replied Paulo; but Castelli remarked that his eyelids worked very uncomfortably the while he was speaking—Scarlati's jest evidently struck him as having too much meaning to be very agreeable; "but there they were, and so I laid hold of Andrea's arm, and drew him back."

"And lucky was it that you did so, for in less than another moment, I should have walked into the midst of them," burst from the lips of Andrea.

"Poor Andrea!" murmured Scarlati, as he cast a comic and somewhat curious glance over the broad mould of his lieutenant's lusty shoulders. "Your muscles are somewhat too necessary to me to be altogether dispensed with! Continue, Paulo."

"They were accompanied by three of the Neapolitan police—"

"Ah!—were they?"

"And a dozen or more soldiers."

"Indeed!"

"I watched them as they advanced slowly up the street. Then I told Andrea to remain quiet, and slipped very cautiously out of the stable, after them—"

"Why, I ordered you to go!" uttered Andrea, striking the table impatiently with his clenched fist as he said this. The bottles and glasses trembled upon it, as though they had been affected with St. Vitus's dance.

"Must I again request your silence?"

As Scarlati made the inquiry, he bent one of his significant smiles upon his lieutenant. For a short space the latter met his eye and glared fiercely back upon him; then he covered beneath the gaze of his captain, shrunk back, and his interruption occurred no more.

"As I said," continued Paulo, "I went out and dogged them. They followed the road that led to Cicero's Villa. I saw that Signor Castelli was no longer there; they entered it. Shortly afterwards the Neapolitan sbirri left the hotel. I then managed to get hold of one of the waiters of the inn, and—"

"Enough—I understand it all," said Scarlati. "Torlogna had sent on to arrest Della Torre."

"He had," replied Paulo.

"Torlogna?" asked Giulio.

"Yes; he had borrowed ten thousand scudi of the old banker the day before he had quitted Rome."

Scarlati then looked at Paulo.

"I pardon you!" he said.

As he uttered this, the domestic entered the apartment; he was laden with the viands which had been hastily cooked for them. They were not particularly tempting, as any of our readers will easily divine who have ever sat down to make a meal at an Italian post-house. However, Castelli was decidedly hungry. His conversation with Scarlati had restored both his love and his appetite. The bottle was the only portion of the supper that appeared absolutely necessary to Andrea. He had supped with Paulo scarcely an hour before. As for the last-named individual, his peculiarly agreeable captain had frightened any little appetite he might have had entirely out of him. With Guiseppe Scarlati it was altogether different. Nothing deprived him more purely animal portion of its natural hunger. He could eat at any time, and he could devour anything. In five minutes more he had cleared out a dish of fried fish, and was lost in the attempt to devour a plate of macaroni, which might have in itself sufficed for the meal of half-a-dozen ordinary men.

CHAPTER XIX.

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