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TOWANDA:

Sainrdag Morning, Januarn 24, 1859.

THE WAY TO BE BRAVE. Speak kindly to that poor old man, Pick up his fallen cane, And place it gently in his hand, That he may walk again. His bundle, too replace with care Beneath his trembling arm;

Brave all the taunts that you may hear, To give his life a charm. A braver deed than scorners boast Will be your triumph then, A braver deed than annals tell, Of some distinguished men. Ye-, leave that thoughtless, sneering crowd;

Then let them laugh, as laugh they may, Pass on, but never mind. Pass on; but think once more of him The wreck that you have seen, How once a happy boy like you. He sported on the green; A cloudless sky above his head; The future bright and fair, And friends all watching o'er his couch

Dare to be good and kind;

But ah, the change ! He wanders now. Fosaken, lone and sad-Thrice blessed is the task of those Who strive to make him glad. Speak kindly to that poor old man, Pick up his fallen cane. For that will ease his burdened heart. And make him smile again.

To breath affection's prayer.

## THE STORM-LIGHTS OF ANZASCA.

BY LEIGH RITCHIE.

The main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time can through the valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune and looking with a drowsy curiosity towards the window-I saw a small; faint light among the rocks insthe distance. I at first conceived that it might proceed from a cottage window; but remembering that part of the mountain was wholly uninhabited and indeed uninhabitable, I-roused myself, and caling one of the family, inquired what it all meant. While I spoke, the light suddenly vanished; but m about a minute re-appeared in another place, s if the hearer had gone round some intervening lock. The storm at that time raged with a forv which threatened to blow our hut with its men and the night was so intensely dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the

"There it is again !" said I. " What is that, in the name of God ?"

"It is Lelia's lamp ?" cried the young man eagerly, who was a sort of our host. "Awake father! air at once and crowding around the window, fixed neir eves on the light which continued to appear, the night. When interrogated as to the nature of this mystic lamp the cottagers made no scruple of telling me all they knew, on the sole condition that I should be silent (when it appeared; and leave them to mark uninterruptedly the spot where it rest-

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the minerali and farmers form two disunct classes in the vally of Anzasca.\*. The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession s reckoned dis reputable by the other inhabitants. who obtain their Aving by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an iltiberal prejudice .- They are addicted to drinking, quarrelsome, overbearing-at one moment rich, at another starving; and, in short, they are subject to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which beset men who can have no dependance on the product of their labor ranking in this respect to gamesters, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are notwithstanding, a fine race of menbrave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend heely what they win lightly, and if one day they eleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals back ing in the sun the next, if fortune has been propious, they swagger about gallant and gay; the lords of the valley. Like the sons of God, the minerali sometimes make love to the daughters of men; and although they seldom possess the hand, they occasonally touch the heart, of the gentle maidens of

If there is a g is unsuccessful there are comrades I'l wilder . .... their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. The change of the scene, and betake themiselves to the highways when nights are dark and travelers are ] ular bandini, who rob in thousands, and whose bon'y is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest goldteeker in the volley. He was wild, it is true, but that was the badge of his tribe; and made up for this by so many good qualities, that the famers themselves—at least such of them as had not marlagrable daughters—delighted in his company. francesco could sing ballads so sweetly and mouthfully that the old dames leant back in the chimney corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep and metaneholly voice, which when once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard, again, however unexpectedly, seems like a longing once realiz-

There was only one young lass in the valley who had not heard the songs of Francesco. All the others, seen or nuseen, on some pretext or offer, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was

The valley of Anzasca has been for many cen-

Lalia, the dangter of one of the richest farmers in poetry more for the sake of music than its own:

Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearabsolute perfection, but her figure, although sym- less as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, metrical, was so polite, and her manner so shy and girlish, that she was thought of more as a child li? was the designation made use of, when parents would endeavor to awaken the ambitious of their onentity,

Her mother had died in giving her birth; and for many a year the life of the child had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, by what seemed a mitacle. Even after the disease, whatever it might have been, had yielded, to the sleepless care of her father, she remained in that state which part of the country might have passed for delicacy of feeling.

Besides being in some degree shut out from the society of her equals by this peculiarity of situation she was prevented from enjoying it by another. While her body languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was passionately attached, paved the way for poetry; in spite of the doctrines is described in the expression "not unwell" rather in perfect health; although the most troublesome memento that remained of her illness was nothing more than a nervous timidity, which in a more civilized of a certain school you have in England, unfitted her for association with the ignorant and unrefined. That Lelia, therefore, had never sought to hear the ballade of Erancesco, was occasioned, it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terto be detained all night at a cottage in one of its for mingled with the dislike with which the name villest defiles, by a storm which rendered my of the ruffian minerali inspired her : and in truth, horse ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her eas, of the young gold-seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions or a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last, however, to whom poor Lilia listened. She was sitting alone, according to her usual custom, at the bottom of her father's garden, singing, while she plied her knitting needle, in the soft low tone peculiar to her voice, and beyond which it had no compass. The only fence of the garden at this place was a belt of shrubs, which enriched the border of the deep ravine it overlooked. At the bottom of this ravine flowed the river. rapid and yet sullen; and beyond, scarcely distant two hundred yards, a range of precipitous cliffs shut in the horizon. The will and desolate aspect of the scene was overshadowed and controlled, as it were, by the stern grandeur of these ramparts of nature; and the whole contributed to form such a was rich, well looking, and prudent even to cold-Ho, Bausta !-Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountain" picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contem-Lelia, however, had looked upon it from her childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never traveled although at long intervals for a considerable part of five miles from her father's house, and she continned to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes

Her voice was loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that, carfed away by enthusiasm, she produced a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the gien. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang a stanza in a louder key The challenge was accepted, and a rich, eweet voice took up the ihe strain other lavorite ballad where she had dropped it Letia's first impulses was to fly; her second to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and the third, which obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyes, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo she discovered, was a young man engaged in havigating a raft down the river-such as is used by the peasantry of the Alps to float themselves and their wares to markel, and which at this moment strand. ed on the shore, at the foot of the garden. He teant upon an oar, as if in the act of pushing off his clumey boat : but his face was upturned, like one, watching for the appearance of a star; and Letia fell a sudden conviction she knew not why, that he had seen fier through he trees while she sat singing and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without alarming her. If such had been his purpose; he seemed to have no offerer new after gazing for an instant, he withdrew his eyes in confusion o d pushing off the ralt, dropped rapidly

down tile river, and was soon out of sight. Lelia's hie was as c. 'm as the sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken, and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was a matter for the thought, and entered into the soft reverunwary; or they list under the banner of teose regel ies of sixteen. She felt her cheeks tingle as she you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, her through trees, and why he had floated away without speaking when he succeeded in attracting contrivance, to save her surprise, perhaps the terror of seeing a stranger in a such a situation ; there was modesty in the confusion with which he turned as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was admiration, deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quaited beneath hers.

The youth was as beautiful as a dream-and his voice !-- it was so clear and yet so soft-so power- So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formali-

prediction. of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if the interval they had time to get acquainted ! They exchanged salutations-and the text time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their cate!-old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated unes known for its gold-mines. The mineali are communications. He was probably a farmer's son from one to the other. The father was alarmed, those whose occupation it is to look for ore. In Stormy nights small lights are to be seen upon the others, by the fame of their heiress of old Niccoli.

The wind are to be seen upon the others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli.

The wind its gold-mines. In was probably a tathlet and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seem and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seem of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seem of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seem of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seem of the upper valley and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seem of the upper valley are to be seen upon the love of the upper valley are He, indeed, knew nothing of books, and he loved ler.

Lelia was very young, being scarcely sixteen; but and within them; and these, if they did not undern her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in stand they at least tell. He was bold and wigor done." expectancy equal to more than one thousand Austri- ous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timas liras, she attracted considerable observation. id. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass eyes, and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at her than a young woman. The "heiress of old Nicco- | feet to gaze upon her face, as the poets worship the

The world, so monotonous, so blank, so drear, sons, as they looked forward to what might be some was now a Heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only years hence; but Lelia, in her own person was a perplexed her; they were sufficiently long-according to the calculations of sixteen-and sufficiently well acquainted; their sentiments had been avowed without disguise; their faith plighted beyond recall: and as yet her lover had never mentioned his name! Lelia reflecting on this circumstance, condemned for the moment, her precipitation; but the circle. there was now no help for it, and she could only resolve to extort the secret-if secret it was-at the next meeting.

" My name?" said the lover, in reply to her frank and sulden questions; " you will know it roon enough."

"But I will not be said nay. You must tell me ow-or at events to morrow night."

"Why to-morrow night ?" "Because a young, rich suitor, on whom my father's heart is set, is then to propose, in 'proper form, for this poor hand; and, let the confession cost what it may, I will not overthrow the dearest plans of my only parent without giving a reason which will satisfy even him. Oh, you do not know him! Wealth weighs as nothing in the scale against his daughter's happiness. You may be poor for and therefore, in his eyes, no unfitting match for

Letia." It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she preceived a smile on her lover's tace while she spoke, and a gay suspicion flashed through her mind. which made her heart beat and her cheeks tingle He did not answer for many minutes; a struggle of some kind seemed to agitate him; but at length, in a suppressed voice, he said-

"To-morrow night, then."

" Here ?" "No, in your father's house; in the presence of

-my rival." The morrow night arrived; and, with a cere-

monions formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress, to ask permission to pay his address; or, in other words-for there is but short shrift for an Anzasca maid-to defnand her hand in marriage. This was indeed a match on which old Niccoli had set his heart; for the offer was by far the best that could have been found from the Vald Ossola to Mole Rosa. That youth ness: what more could a father desire?

porch, where the elders of both families had assem bled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which commanded a view of the goad and of the parties below, in expectation that increased to agony. Bitter were her reflections during that interval! She was almost tempted to believe that what had passed was nothing more than a dream -a fragment of her imagination, disordered by poetry and solitude, and perhaps in some measure warped by disease. Had she been made the sport of an idle moment !-- and was the smile she had observed on her lover's face only the herald of the laugh which perhaps at this moment testified his enjoyment of her perplexity and disappointment! His conduct presented itself in the double light of folly and ingratitude : and at length, in obedience to the repeated summons of her father, she descended to the porch with a trembling step and a fevered cheek

The sight of the company that awaited her awed and depressed her. She shrunk from them with more than morbid timidity; while their stony eyes, fixed upon her in all the rigidity of form and transmitted custom, seemed to freeze her very heart .-There was one there, however, whose ideas of "propriety," strict as they were, could never prevent his eyes from glistening at the approach of Lelia. Her father, after holding her for a moment at arm's length, as with a doating look his eyes wandered over the bravery of her new white dress,

drew her close to his bosom, and blessed her. "My child," said he, smiling gayly through a gathering tear, " it is hard for an old man to think of parting with all he loves in the world; but the laws of nature must be respected. Young men will by engage to relinquish every claim, which her love, and young lasses will like, to the end of time. and new families will spring up out of their union. It is the way, girl-it is the fate of maids, and there's an end. For sixteen years have I watched over wondered how long the young man had gazed at treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask, on your part is obedience-ny, and cheerful obedience -after the manner of our ancestors, and according ber attention. There was a delicacy in his little to the laws of God. After this is over let the old man stand aside or pass away, when it pleases Heaven; he has left his child happy, and his child's children will bless his memory. He has drank of away his head; and, what perhaps was as valuable the cup of life-sweet and bitter-bitter and sweet -even to the bottom; but with honey, Leliathanks to his blessed darling !-with honey in the

dregs!" Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud ful, yet so melodious! It haunted her earlike a ty of the party was broken, and the circle narrowed anxiously around her. When at last she raised It was a week before she again saw this Apollo her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordalia.

A murmur of compassion ran through the bystanders; and the words " poor thing !-still so deli-

but what of that? the writings of God were around moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your spitor ?-come, one little word, and it is

> Lelia tried in vain to speak, and she bowed her aconiescence.

"Sire," continued Niccoli, "my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute round the cup of alliance."

"The maiden hath not answered," observed a cold, cautious voice among the relations of the sui-

"Speak, then," said Niccoli, casting an angry and disdainful look at the formalist-" it is but a word, a sound, speak !"

Lelia's dry, white lips had unclosed to obey, when the gate of the little court was wrenched open by one who was apparently too much in haste to find the latch, and a man rushed into the midst of

"Speak not !" he shouted, "I forbid!" Lelia sprang towards him with a stifled cry, and

would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been suddenly caught midway by her father. "What is this?" demanded he sternly, but in rising alarm; "ruffian-drunkard-madman!-what would you here ?"

"You cannot provoke me. Niccoli." said the inruder, " were you to spit upon me! I come to demand your daughter in marriage." "You " shouted the enraged father.

"You!" repeated the relations in tones of wonder, scorn, rage, or ridicule, according to the temperament of the individual.

"There needeth no more of this," said the same cold, captions voice that had spoken before; " a wedding begun in a brawl will never end well .aught I know; but you are good, and honorable, To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither the maiden herself, and then depart in peace."

> mong the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, task. and let the man be gone!"

Lelia grew pale, and then red. She made a step forward—hesitated—looked at her father timidly and then stood as still as a statute, pressing her clasped hands upon her bosom, as if to silence the pale, and her limbs weak for many months; and to been much never than was by this time probable. throbbings that disturbed her reason.

"Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of suppressed know that man !--did you ever see him before !--Answer, can you tell me his name?" "No !"

"No!-the insolent ruffian! Go, girl, present vonr cheek to your future husband, that the customs our ancestors may be fulfilled, and leave me to clear my doorway of vagabonds."

She stepped forward mechanically; but when he legitimate suitor, extending his arms, ran forward to meet her, she eluded him with a sudden shrick, and staggered towards the introder.

nd-you know not what you do-it is Francesc he minerali !"

She had reached the stranger, who did not move met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indescribable.-Lelia was carried senseless into the house: and it required the efforts of half the party to hold back the skyher father who would have grappled with the minerali upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mountal and moody sitence but when at length the voice of cursing, which Nic- almost to a miracle, was still far-very far, from coli continued to pour forth against Limebad sunk n exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him.

"I can bear those names," said heg." from you Some of them, you know well, are undeserved : and if others fit, it is more my misfortune than my fault. If to chastise insults, and render back scorn or scorn is to be a ruffiian, I am one; but no one can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. These things, however, are trifles-they are only words. Your real objection to me is that I am POOR. It is a strong one. If I choose to take your of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured daughter without a dowry, I would take her in him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the spite of you all; but I will leave her-even to that thing without a soul-rather than subject so gentle a being to the privations and vicisitudes of a life like mine. I demand, therefore, not simply your daughter, but a dowry, if only a small one; and you shall have the right to require that on my part I shall not be empty handed. She is young, and there can be, and ought to be no harry with her ma.tiage; but give me only a year-a single year; name a reasonable sum; and if by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I heregenerous preference has given me, upon your laughter's hand."

"It is well put," replied the cold and cautious

voice in the assembly. "A year at any rate, would have elapsed between the present betrothing and the damsel's marriage. If the young man before the bells of twelve, on this night twelve months, layeth down upon the table, either in coined money, or in gold, or golden ore, the same sum which we were here ready to guarantee on the part of my grandson, why I for one, shall not object to the maiden's whim-provided it continues so long-being consulted, in the disposal of her hand, in preterence to her father's judgment and desires. The sum is only three thousand livres!"

A laugh of scorn and derision rose among the relations.

"Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just. Let the minerali produce three thousand livers, and he shall have his bride. Neighbor Niccoli, it is a fair proyour assent !"

with anger; "the sum of three thousand livres"— not with my hands."

He was interrupted by another forced laugh of des Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with Such is the story of the storm lights of Anzasca. He was interrupted by another forced laugh of de-

"It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he

A very remarkable change appeared to take place from that moment in the character and habits of the minerali. He not only deserted the company of his riotons associates, but even that of the few respectable persons to whose houses he had obtained admission, either by talents for singing, or the comparative propriety of his conduct. Day after day he labored in his precarious avocation. The changes of the seasons were not now admitted as excuses. The storm did not drive him to the wine shed, and the rain did not confine him to his hut -Day after day, and often night after night he was to be found in the field—on the mountains—by the sides of the rain courses—on the shores of the tor-

He rarely indulged himself even in the recreation of meeting his mistress, for whom all this labor was submitted to. Gold, not as a means but as an end, seemed to be his thoughts by day, and his dream by night, the object and end of existence.-When they did meet in darkness and loneliness, and mystery, it was but to exchange a few harried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance upon fortune. On these occasion tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told, on her part, at once the hollowness of her words at first sprung forward to overtake his mistress. He and the weakness of her constitution; but on his, all was, or seemed to be, enthusiasm and steadfast expectation.

Days and weeks, however, passed by-moons rolled away-the year was drawing to its wane, and a great part of the enormous sum was still in the womb of the mountains. Day by day, week by week, month by month, the hopes of the minerali became fainter. He could no longer bestow the comfort which did not cheer even his dreams .-Gloomy and sad, he could only strain his mistress sin nor shame; let the young man be answered by | in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then "He hath spoken well," said the more cautions hurry away to resume, mechanically, his hopoless

It is a strange, sometimes an awful thing, to look into the mystery of the female mind.

Lelia's health had received a shock from the cirhigher her spirit arose, as if to quell and control drowned the thunder. their fortune. Her hopes seemed to grow in propertion with his fears, and the strength-which deserted him went over as an ally and supporter to her weakness. Even her bodily health received its direction from her mind. Her nerves seemed to recover their tone, her cheek its hue, and her eye its brilliancy. The cold and sluggish imagination of a man is unacquainted with half the resources of a woman in such circumstances. Disappointed in-Saints and martyrs were by turns invoked : vows were offered up, and pilgrims and religious watchfrom where he stood; and, as the illomened name lings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and anguries. Sortes were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and

"The stars which are the postry of Heaven."

The year touched open its close; and the sum which the gold seeker had amassed, although great sufficient. The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, and thunderings, and lightnings : and the evening fell cold and dark upon the despairing labors of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite Niccoli's house; and as daylight died in the valley, he saw, with inexpressible bitterness of soul, by the number of lights in the windows, that the fete was not forgotten. Some triffing success, however, induced him, like drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue his search. He was on the spot indicated by a dream distant church should silence their hopes for ever.

His success continued. He was working with the pick-axe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein; and its was just possible that this, altho' altogether inadequate in itself might be crossed at a greater depth, by a horizontal one, and thus form one of the grupps, or nests, in which the ore is plentiful and easily extracted. To work, however, was difficult, and to work long impossi-

ble. His strength was almost exhausted; the storm beat fiercely in his face; and the darkness increased every moment. His heart wholly failed him his limbs trembled, a cold perspiration bedewed his brow; and, as the last rays of daylight departed from the mountain-side i e felt senseless upon the

How long he remained in this state he did no know; but he was recalled to life by a sound resembling, as he imagined, a human cry. The storm howled more wildly than ever along the side of the mountain, and it was now pitch dark; but on turning round his head he saw, at a little distance above where he lay, a small steady light Francesuo's heart began to quake The light advanced towards him, and he perceived that it was borne by a figure arrayed in white from head to foot.

"Lelia!" cried he in amazement, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young, fair mistress.

may yet be done, and I have the most perfect as- ling sound is sometimes heard to this day upon the surance that now at least I am not deceived Up, hills, and the peasants say it is the voice of the posal; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and beg and be of good heart. Work, for here is light. I minerali seeking his mistress among the rocks; will sit down in this shelter, bleak though it be, of and every dark and and stormy night the lamp of "Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled the cliff, and ald you with my prayers, since I can- Lelia is still seen upon the mountain, as she lights

will yet be well. Bravely-bravely done to sure the saints have heard us.

Only once she uttered anything resembling a complaint-" It is so cold !" she said, " make haste, dearest, for I cannot find my way home, if I would without the light."

By and bye she repeated more frequently the irunction to " make hesto."

Francesco's heart bled while he thought of the sufferings of the sick and delicate girl on such a night, in such a place; and his blows fell desperately on the stubborn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sat, and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke azaini

" Make haste-make haste!" she said, " the ime is almost come-I shall be wanted-I so wantec-Fean stay no longer-farewell!"

Francesco looked up, but the light was already

. It was so strange, this sudden desertion ! If deermined to ge, why did she go alone? aware, as she must have been, that his remaining in the dark could be of no use. Could it be that her heart had changed, the moment her hopes had vanished ? It was a bitter and ungenerous thought; nevertheless, it served to bridle the speed with which Francesco had not gone far, however, when a sudden thrill arrested his progress. His heart ceased to best, he grew faint, and would have fallen to the ground. but for the support of a rock, against which he staygered. When he recovered, he retraced his steps as accurately as it was possible to do in atter darkness. He knew not whether he found the exact spot on which Lelia had sat, but he was sure of the surrounding localities; and, if she was still there her white dress would no doubt gleam even through the thick night which sprrounded her.

With a lightened heart-for, compared with the phantom of the mind which, had presented itself. all things seemed endurable—he begun again to descend the mountain. In a place so singularly wild, where the rocks were piled around in combinations at once fantastic and sublime, it was not wounderful that the light carried by his mistrees cumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek should be wholly invisible to him, even had it this physical infirmity was now added the effect of Par less was it surprising that the shouts which evthose dumb, but too eloquent, interviews with her er and anon he unered should not reach her ear; passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however for he was on the lee side of the storm, which take er, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the ed among the cliffs with a fury that might bave

Even to the practised feet of Francesco, the rent. without the smallest light to guide his stope, was dangerous in the extreme; and to the occupation. thus afforded to his thoughts it was perhaps owing that he reached Niccoli's house in a state of mind to enable him to acquiet himself in a manner net derogatory to the dignity of manhood.

"Niccoli," said he, on entering the room, "I have come to return you thanks for the trial you have al-"Hold-hold!" cried the relations, "you are her dependence on fortune and casualty Lelia be- lowed me. I have failed, and, in terms of the entook herself to the altars and gods of her people ! gagement between us I relinquish my claims to

> He would then have retired assudenly as he entered; but old Niccoli caucht hold o his arm " Bid us farewell," said he, in a tremutous voice, "go not in anger. Forgive me for the rash words commands translated from the mystic writings of I used when we last met. I have watch you, Francesco, from that day-and-." He wiped away a tear, as he looked upon the soiled and neglected appears, and the naggard and ghastly face of the young man-" No matter-my word is plightedtarewell. Now call my danghter," added he, " and I pray God that the business of this night end in no

> > Francesco lingered at the door. He would fain have seen but the skirt of Lelia's mantle before de

> > "She is not in her room !" cried a voice of alarm Francesco's heart quaked. Presently the whole house was astir. The sound of feet running hore and there was heard, and agitated voices ealied out her name. The next moment the old man rushed out of the room; and, laying both hands on Fracesco's shoulders looked wild in his face.

> > "Know you aught of my daughter ?" said he .--Speak, I conjure you, in the name of the Blessed Saviour! Tell that you have married her, and I will forgive and bless you !- Speak, will you no speak? A single word! Where is my daughter? Where is my Lelia? my life-my light-my hope -my child?" The minerali started as from a dream, and looked around apparently without comprehending what had passed. A strong shudder then shook his frame for an instant. " Lights!" he said, "torches-every one of you! Follow me!" and he rushed out into the night. He was speedily overtaken by the whole of the company amounting to more than twelve men, with lighted torches, that flared like meleors in the storm. As for the leader himself, he seemed scarce able to drag one limb after the other, and he staggeted to and fre, like one that is drunk with wire.

> > They at length reached the place he sought; and by the light of the torches, something white was seen at the base of the cliff. It was Lelia. She leaned back agair st the tock; one hand was press ed upon her heart, like a person who shrinks from cold: and in the other she held the lamp, the flame of which had expired in the socket. Francesco throw himself on his knees at one side and the old man at the other, while a light, as strong as day, was shed by the torches upon the spot. She was dead-dead-stone dead!

After a time, the childless old man went to seek out the object of his danghter's love; but Francer-"Whate not time in words," said she "much co was never seen from that fatal night. A waither phantom lover in his search for gold.

shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the and the only part of it which is mine is the transless "It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations generous girl, resumed his labor with new vigor. tion into the language of civilized men of the agent "Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all ments of a rude and ignorant people.