THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE, AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE PEOPLE THE TRUE END OF GOVERNMENT."

VOLUME 26---NUMBER 45. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, NOV. 6, 1851. WHOLE NUMBER, 1397.

"Poet's Corner."

From Eliza Cooks Journal.

The Deck of the "Outward Bound."

How seldom we dream of the mariner's grave,
Far down by the coral strand;
How little we think of the wind and the wave,
When all we love are on land.
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little heed do we take,
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake;
But the northeast gale tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close reefed sail,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How wistfully then we look on the night,
As threatening clouds go by—
As the wind gets up and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky.
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
And judge by the bending tree,
How the same wild gust must toss the ship
And arouse the mighty sea!
Ah! sadly then do we meet the day,
When the signs of storm are found,
And pray for the loved one far away,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished when hand in hand
We vered o'er the lowland lea;
And I thought my love for that one on the land
Was earnest as love could be.
But now that he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship the more;
And I think of the waters deep and wide,
As I bask on the flowers on the shore.
I have watched the wind, I have watched the stars
And shrunk from the tempest sound;
For my heart-strings are wreathed with the slender spars,
That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept, when the zephyrs forgot to creep
And the sky was without a frown,
But I started soon from that fretful sleep,
With the dream of a ship going down.
I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock,
And the reaper's hook was bright,
But my fancy conjectured the breaker and rock,
In the dead of a moonless night.
Oh! I never will measure affection again,
While treading earth's flowery mound,
But wait till the loved one is from the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

Selected Miscellany.

We select the following rich affair from Dewitt & Davenport's Monthly Gazette. It is from the life of Dan. Marble, a work just ready for publication. If this yarn is a fair specimen of the life of Dan., the book will be a treat to the lovers of wit and humor.

Guilty, but Drunk.

Dan. Mable's story of the Georgia Judge.

Not a few of our readers, West and South, who had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Dan. Marble, will recognise the irresistable story he used to 'tell' of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col. Bradbury, we believe, once dressed up the joke and set it going, and partially in that guise we give it a place in the annals of the comedian:—

"Many years ago," while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity, and much beloved and respected by all the legal profession, but he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgment, into frequent excesses. In travelling the Circuit it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court, to get "comfortably corned," by means of appliances common upon such occasions. If he could'nt succeed while operating upon his own hook, the gentlemen of the law would generally turn and help him.

It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife—a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned, but strong, 'carry-all,' he journeyed some forty miles, and reached the village where the 'court' was to be opened next day. It was long in the evening of Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up his quarters with a relation of his "better-half," by whom the presence of the official dignity was considered a singular honor. After supper Judge Brown strolled over to the only tavern in the town where he found many old friends, called to the place like himself, on important professional business, and who were proper glad to meet him.

'Gentlemen,' said the Judge, 'tis quite a long time since we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take a horn all round. Of course, Sterritt (addressing the landlord) you have better liquor than you had the last time we were here—the stuff you had then was not fit to give to a dog."

Sterritt, who had charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in a country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to state that somewhere in the region of midnight the Judge wended his way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young barristers, fond of a practical joke, and not much afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons of Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

"It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that the Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of ablution and abstersion, and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"'Well, Polly,' said he to his wife, 'I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night.'

"'Ah, Judge,' said she, reproachfully, 'you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business now.'

"'Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking?'

"It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, that he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to lay hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled them out. With an expression of horror almost indiscribable, he exclaimed—

"'My God! Polly!'

"'What on earth's the matter, Judge?'

"'Just look at these spoons.'

"'Dear me, where'd you get them?'

"'Get them! Don't you see the initials on them?'—extending them towards her—'I stole them!'

"'Stole them, Judge?'

"'Yes, stole them!'

"'My dear husband, it can't be possible—from whom?'

"'From Sterritt, over there—his name is on them.'

"'Good heavens! how could it happen?'

"'I know very well, Polly—I was very drunk when I came home, wasn't I?'

"'Why, Judge, you know your old habit when you get among those lawyers.'

"'But I was very drunk?'

"'Yes, you was.'

"'Was I remarkably so when I got home, Mrs. Brown?'

"'Yes, Judge, drunk as a fool, and forty times as stupid.'

"'I thought so,' said the Judge, dropping into a chair in extreme despondency—'I knew it would come to that at last. I have always thought that something would happen to me—that I should do something very wrong—kill somebody in a moment of passion, perhaps—but I never imagined that I should be mean enough to be guilty of deliberate larceny.'

"'But there may be some mistake, Judge!'

"No mistake, Polly. I know very well how it came about. That fellow, Sterritt, keeps the meanest sort of liquor, and always did—liquor mean enough to make a man do any sort of a mean thing. I have always said it was mean enough to make a man steal, and now I have a practical illustration of the fact!' And the old man burst into tears.

"'Dont be a child,' said his wife, wiping away the tears, 'go, like a man, over to Sterritt, tell him it was a little bit of a frolic—pass it off as a joke—go and open court, and nobody will ever think of it again.'

"'A little of the soothing system operated upon the Judge, as such things usually do, his extreme mortification was finally subdued, and over to Sterritt's he went, with a tolerable face. Of course he had but little difficulty in settling with him; for, aside from the fact that the Judge's integrity was unquestionable, he had an inkling of the joke that had been played.

"Judge Brown proceeded to Court and took his seat, but spoons and bad liquor—bad liquor and spoons—liquor, spoons, drunk, larceny, and Judge Brown, was so mixed up in his 'worship's' bewildered head, that he felt awful *pale*, if he did not look so. In fact, the Judge felt cut down and his usual self-possessed manner of disposing of business, his diction and decisions were not what Judge Brown had been noted for.

"Several days had passed away, and the business of the court was drawing towards a close, when one morning, a rough looking sort of a customer was arraigned on a charge of stealing. After the clerk had read the indictment to him, he put the usual question:

"'Guilty or not guilty?'

"'Guilty, but drunk,' answered the prisoner.

"'What's that plea?' exclaimed the Judge, who was half dozing upon the bench.

"'He pleads guilty, but says he was drunk,' replied the clerk.

"'What's the charge against the man?'

"'He is indicted for grand larceny.'

"'What's the case?'

"'May it please your honor,' said the prosecuting attorney, the man is regularly indicted for stealing a large sum from the Columbus Hotel.'

"'He is, eh? and he pleads'—

"'He pleads, guilty but drunk.'

"The Judge was now fully aroused.

"'Guilty, but drunk! That is a most extraordinary plea. Young man are you certain you were drunk?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Where did you get your liquor?'

"'At Sterritt's.'

"'Did you get none nowhere else?'

"'Not a drop, sir.'

"'You got drunk on his liquor, and afterwards stole his money?'

"'Yes, sir.'

"'Mr. Prosecutor,' said the Judge, 'do me the favor to enter a nolle prosequi in that man's case. The liquor of Sterritt's is mean enough to make a man do anything dirty. *I got drunk on it the other day myself, and stole all Sterritt's spoons—release the prisoner, Mr. Sheriff. I adjourn the Court.*

☞ The cens us returns of N. Carolina represent the total population to be 868,903, of which number of inhabitants 580,491 are free, and 288,412 are slaves. There are 27,196 free colored people, 831 Indians, and 652,464 whites. The number of dwelling houses is 105,542; the number of families 106,023; farms in cultivation 56,916; manufacturing establishments 2,523, each producing annually $500 and upwards. The federal representative population is set down at 763,508. The number of deaths during the year is 10,207.

Four young ladies calling themselves Ella Irving, Kate Seymour, Grace Forrester, and Eliza Marchmont, advertise themselves in the Troy Whig as severally in want of a husband. Sealed proposals received through the Post Office, *Post Paid*, and widowers are especially notified not to apply, as the ladies do not deal in second hand goods!

The Storm Lights of Anzasca.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

The main road from the Lago Maggiore to the western parts of Switzerland at one time ran through the valley of Anzasca; and it was once my fortune to be detained all night at a cottage in one of the wildest defiles, by a storm which rendered my horse ungovernable. While leaning upon a bench and looking with a drowsy kind of curiosity towards the window—I saw a small faint light among the rocks in the distance. I at first conceived that it might come from a cottage window; but remembering that that part was wholly uninhabited and uninhabitable, I roused myself and calling one of the family, inquired what it meant:—while I spoke the light suddenly vanished; but in about a minute reappeared in another place, as if the bearer had gone round some intervening rocks. The storm at that time raged with a fury which threatened to blow our hut with its men and horses over the mountain; and the night was so intensly dark that the edges of the horizon were wholly undistinguishable from the sky.

"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 the son of our host. "Awake father! Ho, Babtista! Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!" At these cries the whole family sprung up from their lair at once, and crowding around the window, fixed their eyes on the light which continued to appear, although at long intervals for a considerable part of 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 rested.

To render my story intelligible, it is necessary to say that the *minerali* and farmers form two distinct classes in the valley of the Anzasca.* The occupation of the former, when pursued as a profession, is reckoned disreputable by the other inhabitants, who obtain their living by regular industry; and indeed the manners of the minerali offer some excuse for what might otherwise be reckoned an illiberal 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 dependence on the product of their labor; ranking in this respect to gamesters, authors, and other vagabonds.

They are not withstanding, a fine race of men—brave, hardy, and often handsome. They spend freely what they win lightly, and if one day they sleep off their hunger, lying like wild animals basking in the sun, the next if fortune has been propitious, 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 in the holy bonds of wedlock, they occasionally touch the heart of the gentle maidens of Anzasca. If their wooing is unsuccessful there are comrades still wilder than their own, whose arms are always open to receive the desperate and the brave. They changed the scene, and betake themselves to the highways when nights are dark and travelers are unwary, or they list under the banner of those regular banditti, who rob in thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

Francesco Martelli was the handsomest gold seeker in the valley. 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 farmers themselves—at least such of them as had not marriageable daughters—delighted in his company. Francesco could sing ballads so sweetly anh mournfully that the old dames leant back in the chimney corner to weep while he sung. He had that deep melancholy voice which once heard, lingers in the ear, and when heard again, however unexpectedly seems to be a longing realized.

There was only one lass in the valley who had not heard the songs of Francesco. All the others seen or unseen, on some pretext or other, had gratified their curiosity. The exception was Lelia the daughter of one of the richest farmers in Anzasca. Lelia was very young being scarcely sixteen; but in her quality of an only daughter, with a dowry in expectancy equal to more than *one* thousand Austrian liras, she attracted considerable observation. Her face, on minute inspection, was beautiful to absolute perfection, but her figure, although symmetrical was so *petite*, and her manner so timid and girlish that she was thought of more as a girl than a young woman. The "heiress of old Niccoli" was the designation made use of when parents would endeavor to awaken the ambition of their sons, as they looked forward to what *might* be some years hence; but Lelia in her own person was a nonentity.

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 miracle. Even after the disease what ever 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 languished, the cultivation of her mind had advanced. Music, to which she was attached, paved the way for poetry, and poetry, in spite of the doctrines is described in the expression "not unwell" rather than in perfect health; although the most troublesome momento that remained of her illness was 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 ballads of Francesco, was it may readily be believed, by nothing more than an instinctive terror, mingled with the dislike with which the name of the ruffian minerali inspired her; and in truth, she listened to the tales that from time to time reached her ear, of the young gold seeker, with somewhat of the vague and distant interest with which we attend to descriptions of a beautiful but wild and cruel animal of another hemisphere.

There came one at last however to whom poor Lelia 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 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 precipitious cliffs shut in the horizon. The wild 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 picture as artists travel a thousand miles to contemplate. Lelia, however, had looked upon it from childhood. It had never been forced upon her imagination by contrast, for she had never traveled five miles from her fathers house, and she continued to knit, and sing, and dream, without even raising her eyes.

Her voice was rarely loud enough to be caught by the echoes of the opposite rocks; although sometimes it did happen that carried away with enthusiasm, she did produce a tone which was repeated by the fairy minstrels of the glen. On the present occasion she listened with surprise to a similar effect, for her voice had died almost in a whisper. She sang another stanza in a louder key. The challenge was accepted, and a rich sweet voice took up the strain of her favorite ballad where she had dropped it. Lelia's first impulses was to fly: her second to sit still and watch for a renewal of the music; and the third which she obeyed, to steal on tiptoe to the edge of the ravine, and look down into the abyss, from whence the voice seemed to proceed. The echo she discovered was a young man engaged in navigating a raft down the river—such as is used by the peasantry of the alps to float themselves and their wares to market, and which at this moment was stranded on the shore at the foot of the garden. He leant upon an oar as if in the act of pushing off his clumsy boat: but his face was upturned like one watching for the appearance of a star; and Lelia felt a sudden conviction, she knew not why, that he had seen her through the 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 ulterior view; after gazing for an instant he withdrew his eyes in confusion, and pushing off the raft dropped rapidly down the river, and was soon out of sight.

Lelia's life was as calm as the sleeping lake, which a cloud will blacken and the wing of an insect disturb. Even this little incident was a matter for thought, and entered into the soft reveries of sixteen. She wondered *how* long the young man had gazed at her through the trees, and *why* he went away without speaking, when he had succeeded in attracting her attention. There was a *delicacy* in his little contrivance, to save her surprise, perhaps the terror of seeing a stranger in such a situation; there was *modesty* in the confusion with which he turned away his head; and what perhaps was as valuable as either even to the gentle Lelia, there was *admiration* deep and devout, in those brilliant eyes that had quailed beneath hers. The youth was as beautiful as a dream; and his voice!—it was so clear and yet so soft—so powerful yet so melodius! It haunted her ear like a prediction.

It was a week before she again saw this Apollo of her girlish imagination. It seemed as if in the interval they had time to get acquainted! They exchanged salutations—the next time they spoke—and the next time they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their communications. He was probably a farmers son of the upper valley, who had been attracted, like others, by the fame of the heiress of old Niccoli. He indeed knew nothing of books, and he loved poetry more for the sake of music than its own, but what of that? the writings of God were around and within them; and these if they did not understand, they at least felt. He was bold and vigorous of mind; and this is beauty to the fair and timid. He skimmed along the edge of the precipice, and sprung from rock to rock in the torrent, as fearless as the chamois. He was beautiful, and brave, and proud; and this glorious creature, with radiant eyes, and glowing cheeks, laid himself down at *her* feet to gaze upon her face, as poets worship the moon!

The world so monotonous, so blank, so drear, was now a heaven to poor Lelia. One thing only 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 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 sudden question, "you will know it soon enough."

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

"Why to-morrow night?"

"Because a young rich suitor is then to propose, on whom my fathers heart is set, 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 happines.—You may be poor for aught I know but you are good, and honorable, and therefore in his eyes, no unfitting match for Lelia."

It was almost dark; but Lelia thought she perceived a smile on her lover's face 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 ceremonious formality practised on such occasions in the valley, the lover of whom Lelia had spoken was presented to his mistress; or, in other words—for there is but short shrift for an Anzascan maid—to demand 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 Val d'Ossola to Moto Rosa. The youth was rich, well looking, and prudent even to coldness: what more could a father desire?

Lelia had put off the minute of appearing in the porch, where the elders of both families had assembled, as long as possible. While mechanically arranging her dress, she continued to gaze out of the lattice, which comanded a view of the road 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 but a dream—a fragment of her imagination distorted 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 lovers 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 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 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 you, even like a miser watching his gold; and now, treasure of my life, I give you away! All I ask on your part, is obedience—ay, and cheerful obedience—after the manner of our ancestors, and according 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 drunk of the cup of life—sweet and bitter—bitter and sweet—even to the bottom; but with honey, Lelia—thanks to his blessed darling!—with honey in the dregs!"

Lelia fell on her father's neck, and sobbed aloud. So long and bitter was her sobbing that the formality was broken, and the circle narrowed anxously around her. When at last she raised her head, it was seen that her cheeks were dry, and her face as white as the marble of Cordalia.

A murmer of compassion ran through the bystanders; and the words "poor thing!—still so delicate!—old hysterics!" were whisperingly repeated from one to the other. The father was alarmed, and hastened to cut short a ceremony which seemed so appalling to the nervous timidity of his daughter.

"It is enough," said he; "all will be over in a moment. Lelia, do you accept of this young man for your suitor?—come, one little word, and it is done."

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

"Sirs," continued Niccoli, my daughter accepts of the suitor you offer. It is enough; salute your mistress, my son, and let us go in, and pass round the cup of alliance.

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

"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 the circle.

"Speak not!" he shouted. "I forbid!"

Lelia sprang towards him with a wild 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, Nicolli," said the intruder, "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, cautious voice that had spoken before; "a wedding begun in a brawl will never end well. To demand a girl in legitimate marriage is neither sin nor shame; let the young man be answered by the maiden herself and then depart in peace."

"He hath spoken well," said the more cautious among the old men; "speak, daughter; answer, 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 throbbings that disturbed her reason.

"Girl," said old Niccoli, in a voice of supressed passion, as he seized her by the arm, "do you know that man?—did you ever see him before? Answer, can you tell me his name?"

"No."

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

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

"Hold—hold!" cried the relations, "you are mad—you know not what you do—it is Francesco, the minerali!"

She had reached the stranger, who did not move from where he stood; and, as the ill-omened name met her ear, she fainted in his arms.

The confusion that ensued was indiscribable. Lelia was carried senseless into the house; and it required the efforts of half of the party to hold back her father, who would have grappled with the minerali upon the spot. Francesco stood for some time with folded arms, in mournful and moody silence; but when at length the voice of cursing, which Niccolli continued to pour forth against him, had sunk in exhaustion, he advanced and confronted him.

"I can bear those names, said he, 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 for scorn is to be a ruffian; I am one; but no one can be called a vagabond who resides in the habitation and follows the trade of his ancestors. The things, however are trifles—at best 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 daughter without a dowry, I would take her in 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 visisitudes 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 no hurry with her marriage; but give me only a year—a single year; name a reasonable sum; & if, by the appointed time I cannot tell the money into your hand, I hereby engage to relinquish every claim, which her generous preference has given me, upon your daughter'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 reference to her father's dudgment and desires—The sum is only shree thousand livres!"

A laugh of scorn and derision rose among the relations.

"Yes, yes," said they, "it is but just, just. Let the minerali produce three thousand livers, and he shall have his bride. Feighbor Niccoli, it is a fair proposal; allow us to intercede for Francesco and beg your assent!"

"Sirs," said Francesco, in perplexity mingled with anger, "the sum of three thousand livres." He was interrupted by another forced laugh of derision.

"It is a fair proposal," repeated the relations; "agree, neighbor Niccoli, agree!"

"It is agreed!" replied Francesco, in a burst of haughty indignation; and with a swelling heart he withdrew.

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 riotous 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 avocations. The changes of the seasons were 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 torrent.

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 thought by day and his dream by night, the object and end of his existence. When they did meet in darkness and loneliness and mystery, it was but to exchange a few hurried sentences of hope and comfort, and affected reliance on fortune. On these occasions tears, and tremblings, and hysterical sobbings, sometimes told on her part at once the hollowness of her words and the weakness of her constitution; but on his part 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 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 in his arms, without uttering a word when she ventured an inquiry respecting his progress, and then hurry away to resume mechanically, his hopeless task.

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 circumstances we have recorded, which left her cheek pale, and her limbs weak for many months; and to this physical infirmity was now added the effect of those dumb but too eloquent interviews with her lover. The lower he sunk in despondency, however, and the more desperate grew their affairs, the higher her spirit arose, as if to quell and control their forsune. Her hopes seemed to grow in proportion 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 her dependence on fortune and casualty, Lelia betook herself to the stars, and gods of her people! Saints and martyrs were by turn invoked; vows were offered up, and religious watchings performed. Then came dreams and prodigies into play, and omens, and auguries. *Sortes* were wrested from the pages of Dante, and warnings and commands translated from the mystic writings of the sky.

"The stars, which are the poetry of Heaven."

The year touched upon its close; and the sum which the gold seeker had amassed, although great almost to a miracle, was still far—very far from sufficient.—The last day of the year arrived, ushered in by storm, thunder and lightning; 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 trifling success, however, induced him, like a drowning man grasping at a straw, to continue the search.—He was on the spot indicated by a dream of his enthusiastic mistress; and she had conjured him not to abandon the attempt till the bell of the distant church should silence their hopes forever.

His success continued. He was working with the pickaxe, and had discovered a very small perpendicular vein, and it was just possible that this, although 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 impossible.—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 he fell senseless upon the ground.

How long he remained in this state he did not 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. Francesco's heart began to quake. The light advanced toward 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.

"Waste not time in words," said she, "much may yet be done, and I have the most perfect assurance that now at least I am not deceived. Up, and be of good heart. Work, for here is light. I will sit down in the shelter, bleak though it be, of the cliff, and aid you with my prayers since I cannot with my hands."

Francesco seized the axe, and stirred, half with shame, half with admiration, by the courage of the generous girl, resumed his labor with new vigor.

"Be of good heart," continued Lelia, "and all will yet be well. Bravely—bravely done! be sure the saints have heard us!"

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

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 seaworn rock. He was now at a little distance from the spot where she sate and was just about to beg her to bring the light nearer, when she spoke again.

"Make haste—make haste!" she cried, "the time is almost come—I hear it