

WEDDED LOVE'S FIRST HOME.

BY JAMES HALL.

'Twas far beyond the mountains, dear, we plighted
vows of love. [above;
The ocean wave was at our feet, the Autumn sky
The pebbly shore was covered o'er with many a va-
ried shell, [tearing fell;
And on the billow's curling spray, the sunbeams glit-
The storm has vexed that billow oft, and oft that
sun has set, [tre yet;
But plighted love remains with us, in peace and lust-

I wiled thee to a lonely haunt, that bashful love
might speak, [the crimson cheek;
Where none could hear what Love revealed, or see
The shore was first deserted, and we wandered there
alone, [our own;
And not a human step impressed the sand-beach but
Those footstep all have vanished from the billow-
beaten strand— [traced in sand.
The vows we made remain with us—they were not
Far, far, we left the sea-girt shore, endeared by
Childhood's dream, [stream;
To seek the humble cot, that smiled by fair Ohio's
In vain the mountain cliff opposed, the mountain
torrent roared, [frier roared;
For Love unfurled her silken wing, and o'er each bar-
And many a wide domain we passed, and many an
ample done, [first home;
But none so blessed, so dear to us, as wedded love's

REMEMBER ME.—BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

When morning from the damps of night
Beams o'er the eye in rosy light,
And calls thee forth with smiles benign;
Ah think!—whose heart responds to thine,
And still with sympathy divine

Remember me.

When gentle twilight, pure and calm
Comes leaning on Refection's arm;
When o'er the throng of cares and woes
Her veil of sober tint shuns the scene,
Wooing the spirit to repose,

Remember me.

When the first star, with crescent bright,
Gleams lonely o'er the arch of night,
When through the fleecy clouds that dance
The moon sends forth her timid glance,
Then gazing on the pure expanse,

Remember me.

When mournful sighs the hollow wind,
And pensive thoughts enwraps thy mind,
If e'er thy heart in sorrow's tone
To musing melancholy prone,
Should sigh, because it feels alone,

Remember me.

When stealing to thy sacred bower
Devotion claims her holy hour,—
When bowing o'er that sacred page
Whose spirit curbs affliction's rage,
Controls our youth,—sustains our age,

Remember me.

Oh! yet indulge the ardent claim
While Friendship's heart the wish can frame;
For brief and transient is my lay,
And mingled soon with kindred clay
This silent lip, no more shall say

Remember me.

And when in deep oblivion's shade
This breathless, moulderin' form is laid,
If near that bed thy step should rove,
With one short prayer, by feeling woe,
One glance of faith, one tear of love,

Remember me.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BRIGANDS OF THE ABRUZZI.

From the Desk of a quiet old gentleman.

A stupendous amphitheatre of rocks rose to the clouds among the most savage peaks of the southern Apennines. Their terrible and sublime altitudes overlooked both the Adriatic and the Mediterranean.

Awful—tremendous nature. What a voice it hath in its silence! How it elevates, yet awes the heart!

A single form leaned from one of these fantastic cliffs, watching and listening, as if to ascertain the approach of some one in the chasm below. Presently several others appeared, forming a group strongly picturesque. They were all dark, uncouth-looking men, with broad hats, slouched sullenly over their large black eyes, their temples and necks covered with heavy, matted hair, and their upper lips overgrown with shaggy moustaches and beards, in some descending to their breasts, and, in others, blackening the chin and cheeks with close raven curls.

'I swear,' cried the first, 'I heard him treading in yonder slope, among the loose stones, some of which rolled off the precipice and went leaping down into the stream.'

'Thou art a fool, Leonardo,' cried another. 'I tell thee, no single traveller would venture up these steps; no human foot, except it be of some Austrian spy, or some ferocious bandit like us, or some prowling fool like thee, would break the silence of these wilds.'

'If I am a fool, Antonio, thou art a fool and a bully to boot,' rejoined Leonardo, sullenly. 'Since thou buriedst thy dagger in the heart of that Austrian stranger last week, and rifled him of his bag of ducats, there is no enduing thee. I tell thee I heard the fall of a step yonder; and thou thinkst me a fool, get thee back to the cave, and get ye back all, and I promise, when I return, I will not be alone.'

'A share of the eggs, Leonardo,' said a third, 'when thou hast robbed the poor little pheasant's nest; but take care the angry bird hurts not thine eyes.'

'Hush!' whispered Leonardo. The robbers crouched down among the branches. A carbine, which had been slung over the ruffian's shoulder, clanked against the chain by which it had been suspended.

A deep silence ensued.

Then a step was distinctly heard striding among the stones, and a voice of some richness, and, with a true feeling for music, arose, in a pretty air,

'Oh, I have erred;
I laid my hand upon the nest,
(Tita, I sing to sing the rest,)
Of the wrong bird.'

A sound like that of cocking a musket from the rock which overhung the young vocalist's head attracted his eyes to that point, and he could just hear the whispered dialogue.

'Fool, let go my hand.'

'Nay, Leonardo, I tell thee—'

'Let go my hand, I say.'

'But it is only a single—'

'By the heart of Bacchus, an thou hangest on my arm, I will strike thee with my dagger.'

'And I tell thee, thou cold-blooded ruffian,' said the other voice, in a more undisguised tone, 'if thou talkst to me of daggers, I will hurl thee from this rock. Nay, now, good Leonardo—'

A short struggle ensued.

The report of a carbine, a shout, an oath from the robbers, and a groan from the traveller, who had fallen at full-length on the ground, were answered by the cries of a flock of startled crows, that took flight,

screaming at this ominous, though not unfrequent interruption to their repose.

When the brigands had turned the body over, there was a loud coarse laugh.

'He has swallowed the bullet, Leonardo,' cried one; 'for I see no mark of it about his body.'

'The target-firing has put him to sleep,' said another; 'he will awake presently.'

'I do think thou hast missed the mark, Leonardo,' said Antonio, as the savage robber sought plunder in vain from his victim, finding little else than a portfolio of sketches. 'The heart of no true brigand beats in thy bosom, for thou art bloodthirsty as a savage beast; but, by St. John, as thy soul is fierce, so thine eye is false, and thy hand unsteady; for, ha, ha, ha! thy bird is but stunned, and has in him the where-withal to pay thee back in thy own coin. See, ha, ha, ha! he rises and scowls at thee with good emphasis; a handsome boy, too.'

Another hoarse laugh rolled over the cliff, as the way-laid traveller slowly rose, and, withullen glances into the faces of the banditti, rested his piercing black eyes, at length, upon those of Leonardo. The stranger was a youth of nineteen or twenty, of a graceful and manly figure, with luxuriant curls covering his head and shoulders, and a face full of expression, though now clouded by fear and anger.

'Who art thou?' said Leonardo.

'A native of these parts,' was the reply, 'who thought poverty, and hatred of priests and tyrants, might have saved him from the bullet of such as ye.'

'Thy profession?'

'My portfolio shows it.'

'Then let thy lips name it,' cried another deep voice, abruptly.

'By the mass,' cried the stranger, answering the keen frown of the last speaker with a goodnatured and winning smile, 'ye set on a poor painter, as it were a fat cardinal. I pray ye, gentlemen, use me kindly; and I hope ye will, for you would get little for the trouble of using me ill.'

'Who art thou?' said Leonardo.

'The Lord loves thee, man, I feed on berries.'

'And hast thou no one to pay a ransom?'

'Thou art a wag,' said the handsome stranger, laughing, and the rough, fierce-looking men, with their striking attire, attitudes, and faces, gathered round, unconsciously moved to merriment, and interested by the kind of kindred hardihood and fearlessness, as well as the original manner and prompt conversation of their prisoner.

'Thou art a wag, my friend,' repeated the captive.

'A rough one, though,' rejoined the interrogator.

'It was I who winged the bullet at thy heart but now, and I have another ready to punish the impertinence of thy tongue, as well as the intrusion of thy steps. Cants thou pay me a ransom, I say?'

'The devil a carline. I am a friendless painter, not in love with the world, nor favored by fortune. An thou kill me, it will be but a waste of powder; an thou keepest me prisoner, a waste of bread. In either case thou wilt do an injury to the fine arts, among which thy profession ranks high.'

'I believe thou sayest a lie, friend,' said another. 'There is that in thy words and manner which speaks thee better than thy calling.'

'Indeed, good sir, you flatter.'

'And such flattery thou lovest not, I dare swear. What will thou give to save thy neck?'

'I have nothing but thanks, which you shall have to any amount, and thou mayst moreover be sure that the payment will be prompt, and that the coin will not be counterfeit.'

'What has led thy steps here amidst the solitudes of the Abruzzi,' said Leonardo, who from some latent association, or the inherent ferocity of nature gloomy, cruel and delighting in acts dark and atrocious, appeared from the first to conceive hatred against the unfortunate, and to be fatally bent on his destruction.

'A truant disposition like thine own,' replied the other.

'Say rather the disposition of a spy,' cried Leonardo, approaching him, and clutching his brawny fist in his face, while his white teeth shone through his sneering lips and raven beard.

'Why, by the Virgin, this is a boy—young—unarmed—helpless—bound; and she took, between her thumb and finger, a fold of his worn garment; 'poor, too—and, perhaps, an outcast and a victim like yourselves.'

'Ay, and the first word he spoke,' exclaimed one of the banditti, 'was a hatred and defiance to priests and tyrants.'

'She placed her finger on his forehead to steady his palied and ghastly features, while his languid limbs hung nerveless in their tight hands.

'I understand no jest, fair lady. This slave is, in our belief, a spy—some Austrian renegade—some Spanish traitor—sent here, peradventure, with promises of reward for thy head and mine.'

'It were but fair,' cried another, 'to let him leave his own as a pledge for his good faith.'

'Not his head, good Rinaldo, but his heart.'

'As we have women to lead us, and the talk be of hearts to be pierced with Cupid's arrows, rather than good Spanish steel, we may better lay down our weapons at once.'

'Thou poor youth, weak boy, thou and he with thee; and talk of punishment, when hast the means. Comrades, this man is no painter, believe me, he is but some spy, who for a reward has ventured to seek out our abodes in this lowly character, and who doubtless would smile to see all our heads adorning the front of the *Palazzo Reale* at Naples. Remember the fate of Campanelli! betrayed by such a disguised traitor to torture and death!—give him his voice for his death! what say you, shall he live or die?'

'Leonardo,' cried Antonio, 'I have called thee a fool; in troth, thou art a villain as well. I protest against thy barbarity. Our Captain Leopold, thou know'st, holds different opinions; if he returns not from Catalina soon enough to prevent thy crime, he will return soon enough to punish it.'

'Preach to woman, weak boy, thou and he with thee; and talk of punishment, when hast the means. Comrades, this man is no painter, believe me, he is but some spy, who for a reward has ventured to seek out our abodes in this lowly character, and who doubtless would smile to see all our heads adorning the front of the *Palazzo Reale* at Naples. Remember the fate of Campanelli! betrayed by such a disguised traitor to torture and death!—give him his voice for his death! what say you, shall he live or die?'

'Leonardo,' cried Antonio, 'I have called thee a fool as well; was a hatred and defiance to priests and tyrants.'

'Why, Leonardo, this is a victim rather for a woman's arm, or, rather, her eyes.'

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