

## SEVENTY-SIX.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

What heroes from woodland sprung,  
When, through the fresh awakened land,  
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,  
And to the work of warfare strung  
The yeoman's iron hand!

Hills flung the cry to hills around,  
And ocean-mart replied to mart,  
And streams, whose springs were yet unfound,  
Pealed far away the startling sound  
Into the forest's heart.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,  
From mountain river swift and cold;  
The borders of the stormy deep,  
The vales where gathered waters sleep,  
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again  
Grew quick with God's creating breath,  
And, from the suds of grove and glen,  
Ross ranks of lion-hearted men  
To battle to the earth.

The wife, whose babe first smiled that day,  
The fair, fond bride of yestereve,  
And aged sire and matron gray,  
Saw the loved warriors haste away,  
And deemed it sin to grieve.

Already had the strife begun;  
Already blood on Concord's plain  
Along the springing grass had run,  
And blood had flowed at Lexington,  
Like brooks of summer rain.

That death-stain on the April sword  
Hallowed the freedom all the shore;  
In arms fell the yoke abhorred—  
The footstep of a foreign lord  
Profaned the soil no more.

**BLACK AND BLUE EYES.**  
Black eyes most dazzle at a ball;  
Blue eyes most please at evening fall.  
Black a conquest soonest gain;  
The blue a conquest most retain;  
The black bespeak a lively heart,  
Whose soft emotions soon depart;  
The blue a steadier flame betray,  
That burns and lives beyond a day;  
The black may features best disclose;  
In blue my feelings all repose.  
Then let each reign without control,  
The black all-mind—the blue all soul.  
[Selected.]

## THE GIPSY'S PROPHECY.

It was in the year 1822 that I visited the prisons of Rome. Among the unfortunate creatures brought hither by distress or guilt, I observed in the corner of a dungeon a young female seated on a handful of straw, nursing her infant. Her complexion was swarthy, and in her large black eyes glowed the fire of the sun of Italy. The relisks of her apparel indicated that previous to her imprisonment she had worn the garb of a Roman peasant. Her expressive physiognomy and her bold look seemed calculated to excite curiosity. I approached, and begged her to relate to me through what misfortune she found herself in this place of horror.

"St. Francis!" exclaimed she; "what interest can the narrative of my extraordinary misfortune have for free and happy people? My name is Maria Grazia. My mother lost her life in giving birth to me. My father, devoted to his own pleasures and caring but little about my education, placed me, while yet very young, in a convent. The older I grew, the more irksome this kind of life became to me; for my inclinations, my disposition, and the vivacity of my character, all seemed to urge me on to a futurity full of trouble.

A circumstance, which I never could account for, had a powerful influence upon my fate. On some particular occasion, a gipsy-woman was admitted into the convent for our amusement. All the sisters were allowed to hold their ears to the tin-speaking trumpet of the old sibyl, who moreover gave to each of us a slip of paper, on which was written what the gipsy termed the decree of heaven. Thrice did I go up to her for the purpose of enjoying the like favor, and thrice the oracle became mute. This refusal of the old woman excited partly my anger and partly my curiosity. I begged, I entreated, I wept; at length the gipsy was moved by my tears.

"You insist upon it, unhappy girl," said she; "well then, know that you will be the wife of a robber, who will murder your father, and that your hair will turn gray in a dozen."

At the age of fifteen such predictions make no very deep impression. I laughed heartily on the subject with my companions, and loaded the old prophetess with ridicule. At night, however, when I was alone, my mind became, against my will, a prey to apprehensions. I passed the hours of anxiety and painful reverie, the prediction of the fortune-teller incessantly haunted my waking dreams.

My father took me out of the convent, but only to shut me up again with an old housekeeper at his country-seat, about five miles from Rome. One night the weather was very tempestuous. I could not sleep. I fancied that I heard a confused sound of voices under my window, which looked into the garden. I awoke my *Am*, who never went to bed without her weapon, which was a large carving-knife. Presently we heard the outer window-shutter broken open. We concealed ourselves behind the curtain; I had armed myself with the knife. A pane of the window was cut, and a hand was protruded through the aperture to unfasten the catch which secured it. I seized the opportunity and struck so effectually a blow that the hand dropped at my feet. A sigh of agony and the sound of footsteps succeeded, and then all was quiet again.

At daybreak I repaired to Rome, where I related my adventure to my father; he admired my courage, and permitted me to leave the lonely villa. He was by this time thinking of marrying me, and even hoped that my adventure, which was soon rumored abroad, would forward his design.

Among my suitors there was a young cavalier, the beauty of whose handsome features was heightened by a delicate pallor. He gave himself out for a Florentine, and carried his arm in a sling, in consequence, as it was said, of a slight wound which he had received in an affair of honor. His kind intentions and amiable manners soon made a deep impression upon me. He solicited my hand. My father, with his usual levity, gave his consent, and we were united.

The day after our marriage my husband was no longer the tender lover; his looks were wild, his voice was harsh, and his smile sarcastic. Distressed at this melancholy change, I asked, with tears, after the cause of it.

"Would you know who I am?" cried he. "Do you recollect that night when you cut off the hand of an unknown person who would have penetrated into your chamber? Well, that hand was—mine. Look here!" His mutilated arm but too strongly confirmed his story. "I had seen you," he continued, "and was captivated by your beauty. I determined to carry you off. With two of my comrades I ventured to climb up to your chamber-window. From the reception which you gave me I inferred that you had men to protect you. I retired, but learned the next day that to you alone I owed the loss of my hand. Shame and rage at being thus baffled by girl of sixteen, who assumed name to Rome; my friends, my affections, my gold, accomplished the rest. You are now the wife of a—robber."

At this word a feeling of horror seized my soul: nevertheless, whether it was owing to the flexibility of my disposition, to the prediction of the gipsy, to that secret fondness for romantic adventure to which the heart often but too willingly resigns itself, or finally to the hope of bringing back, by the power of love, a stray soul, dwelling in a yet youthful body, to the track of virtue; in short, I threw myself at the feet of my husband, and implored him with tears not to cast me from him, for I would never cease to love him. Moved by my tears and my resignation, he clasped me to his bosom, and for three years I was, or imagined that I was, happy.

One evening, however, he returned home pale and perturbed, his garments torn and spotted with blood. In broken sentences he told me that he had been obliged to defend his life against assassins, and charged me to observe the profoundest silence respecting this mysterious occurrence. I could not help trembling, but not for him; my soul was shaken by melancholy forebodings of a different kind. A horrid dream terrified me—I awoke at the same moment my husband also was startled out of his sleep—his convulsed lips several times pronounced the name of my father—the recollection of that gloomy prophecy enveloped my senses in darkness. "O my unhappy father! O my still more wretched husband!" The former had actually attacked the latter, having probably been apprised of the real state of the case, and desirous of withdrawing me from so disgraceful a connection. The agents of justice were

soon in search of us, and we escaped with difficulty to the mountains.

There my husband sought himself of his former comrades. He sought them out, discovered them, and a coven of banditti was now my dwelling. His companions welcomed him with joy; but he had violated one of their laws, which forbids any of the members of the band to marry, and enacts, that if a woman shall fall into their hands, she shall belong exclusively to the captain. No sooner had the latter set eyes on me than he rudely insisted on his right. His daring hand had already grasped me, when a ball from my husband's pistol extended the wrench on the ground. Dislike as he was by the band, his fall was a signal for a shout of joy from his comrades, who unanimously elected my husband their leader.

So completely was I possessed by that wild spirit which must have betrayed itself in my looks to the gipsy at the gate of the numerus, that I was quite proud of my husband's elevation. I now wrapped myself in the coarse habiliments of a peasant, of which these rags still cover me, and with equal courage and pleasure accompanied my husband in his expeditions. Town and villages rang with his exploits; fate at length overtook him. He fell in a conflict with the horsemen who were sent against us, and discovered our retreat. At the moment when I saw my husband drop, I sought shelter in a cavern for my infant; there I was seized and dragged to this dungeon, where I anticipate with horror the fulfilment of the latter part of that fearful prediction."

Such was the narrative of Maria Grazia, the widow of the bandit chief. In pity for her situation I offered her some pieces of gold, but she refused them, at the same time caressing her child, which had fallen asleep at her bosom.

From the New York Mirror.  
HOPE AND MEMORY.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A little babe lay in its cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to-morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower, over which it clapped its hands and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it should gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, "Look behind thee, and tell me what thou seeest." The child answered, "I see a little book." And Memory said, "I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that shall be sweet to thee, when thou art old."

The child became a youth. Once, when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, "Follow me, and every morning thou shall wake with a smile, as sweet as the merry lay I sing thee."

But Memory said, "Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we will be to him as sisters all his life long."

So he kissed Hope and Memory, and was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully, they sat silent by his side, weaving rainbow tissue into dreams. When he awoke, they came, with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day, Hope guided him for his labor, and every night he supped with Memory, at the table of Knowledge.

But, at length, Age found him, and turned his temples gray. To his eye, the world seemed altered. Memory sat by his elbow-chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"

And she answered, "I fear so; for the lock of my basket is worn. Sometimes, I am weary and sleep, and then Time purloins my key. But the gods that didst give me when life was new—I can account for all—see, how bright they are."

While they thus sadly conversed, Hope put forth a wing that she had worn, folded under her garment, and tried its strength in a heavenward flight.

The old man lay down to die, and when his soul went forth from the body, the angels took it. And Memory sat by his elbow-chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously and said, "Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted to thee?"

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