



LITERATURE.

LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Let us love one another—not long may we stay,
In this bleak world o' mourning some droop while 'tis day,
Others fade at their noon, and few linger till eve;
Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve!
And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
Have still found the need to forgive and forget!
Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourish decay,
Let us love one another as long as we stay!

There are hearts, like the ivy, though all be decayed
That it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade;
No leaves droop in sadness, still gaily they spread,
Undim'd 'midst the blighted the lovely and dead;
But the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,
But with leaves closely round it—the root in its heart,
Exists but to twine—imbibe the same dew—
Or to fall with the oak, and perish there too!

Thus let's love one another 'midst sorrows the worst,
Unaltered and fond as we lov'd at the first;
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,
And the bright love of wealth into particles break,
There are some sweet affections which wealth cannot buy,
That cling but still closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet, though all else pass away;
Then let's love one another as long as we stay!

MARK OF ELTHAM.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

Gamaches occupied a lone house a mile out of town. Thither, with a guide, belonging to the place, it was at first resolved that Mary should proceed at noon. Rossiter was to saunter there in his disguise at the same hour, and in the event of a cry or signal from Mary, again present himself before the man of religion.

"Yet," said he, "it is possible that after so considerable an absence that he will be disposed to act a better part. He may conduct himself with propriety, and yet detain you with him some hours, and I may impatiently burst in, ignorant of the true state of the case, only to cause you annoyance. Better then it were, that I should accompany you at once. Will that be prudent?" Mary inquired, "remembering on what terms you last parted."

"I think I can so change my appearance that I shall not be recognized. Besides this attire, I used the precaution of providing myself with chevelure, and eye-brows to match. These worn, will so change my aspect, that with a patch on one eye, Gamaches will not know me. My speech must be subdued, and that done, I think he will little guess who is near him."

Mary approved of this scheme, and when Rossiter had assumed his false hair, and rehearsed the part he undertook to sustain, she felt convinced that he could not fail, and to escape recognition consented to his going with her as a trusty seaman, who would take charge of the gold she attended to receive.

At noon, having briefly rested themselves in the town, they walked to the dwelling of Gamaches. It was a heavy stone-built house enclosed by a wall which gave it a dreary-prison like appearance. As she entered, Mary could not but rejoice that she had not trusted herself there alone. The door sullenly closed after her, and she saw, or thought she saw, an eye attentively looking on her from an upper window as she crossed the court-yard. Of this however, she was not certain, for when she had advanced some paces nearer, no one was to be seen at the window.

Rossiter on entering the house, remained in the hall, and Mary advanced by herself.

She was received by the divine in his apartment, which united the advantages of a parlour and bed-chamber. The bed occupied a small recess at the end of the room in front of which a curtain descended, which concealed it from view. On seeing her, Gamaches rose to bid her welcome with the utmost cordiality. No reference was made to former coldness, and the greeting on each side was marked by kindly warmth.

"I exult," said he, "in the happy incident which brings you to me on this occasion. The deserving are not always the fortunate, and therefore I rejoice in the event not only as a friend, but as a man."

Mary made a suitable reply, and they conversed cheerfully on what had chanced since they had parted. Such as he was when with parental good will, he first acted as her preceptor, she now found the priest.

Refreshments were set before her, and he pressed her repeatedly to take wine. The business which brought her there was then introduced. A jewel valued at three hundred pounds was given to her. That sum she would receive for it in London, so he proved by the most satisfactory vouchers, and the remainder of the bequest was produced in gold.

"Although the jewel," said he, "makes the convey-

ance of your wealth less difficult than it had otherwise been, still these money-bags are cumbersome for a damsel to bear."

"That troubles me not," she replied, "for the honest mariner who comes with me will take the charge off my hands."

"Who comes with you?" he demanded with an air of surprise. "Are you then attended?"

"I am."

"Not I would vainly hope because you feared to approach your old master. Do I flatter myself in supposing that all unkind reflections and injurious suspicions are no more."

"All," said Mary, "are obliterated by your present goodness. If you have ever been for a moment other than you are now, I see the error is repented, and ought not to be remembered."

"Well said my fair scholar, you must see that were mine a revengeful nature, here in this building I could detain both you and your attendant till the day of doom. But I, too prompt to err, am happily equally ready to forgive. It is a part of my duty as it is of my daily prayer, to forgive others as I myself hope to be forgiven."

"The feeling, sir," replied Mary, "becomes you as a man, and as a member of the sacred profession."

"But where?" inquired Gamaches, "is this said honest mariner, this trusty friend? Is he related to that faithful guard who watched for you near Eltham?"

Mary did not clearly comprehend his meaning. There was irony, she thought, in his tone and manner, and he glanced suspiciously round.

"I know not of his relations," she replied.

"Did him enter," said Gamaches. "He shall be welcome in his own right, as well as on your account."

The door was opened, and Rossiter walked in. The Abbe gave him a searching look, but did not appear to suspect that he was other than a sailor.

"Sit down, young man," said he; "sit down, and eat."

"I come not often to these parts—Enjoy yourself while you may."

Rossiter bowed with humility, and partook of the viands with words of thankfulness. Often did he feel half-persuaded that he was viewed with suspicion; but as often did he repress the thought as the natural offspring of the situation in which he found himself.

No attempt was made to separate Mary from Rossiter; no word or gesture was used at which she could take umbrage; and, after remaining there several hours, she felt really grateful for the cordial reception she had met with. Rossiter took charge of the gold, and they returned to the town.

"Now," said Rossiter, "am I thoroughly satisfied; and, I confess, till now I was not, that something sinister was not intended. He has acted with good faith; and I feel that even Gamaches can be thought too hardly of."

The ship was aloft, but the master reported that the wind was so adverse and so violent that it was impossible to sail. For several hours it blew a hurricane, but, as the evening advanced, Rossiter remarked, with satisfaction, that the wind shifted round. Though the night was dark, and the storm high, he did not hesitate to call on the master to get ready. Mary looked on the convulsed ocean with alarm. She knew Rossiter's anxiety to return without delay, but the danger appeared too great to be encountered.

"It is a dreadful night," said she. "The whole ocean, wrapped in blue fire, seems to writhe beneath the pressure of almighty wrath. Hark to the thunder's awful voice! and now the roaring wind would seem to emulate its hoarseness. Let us not venture till the morning. One bark, but now, was dashed against the pier, and all her crew perished." "The night, Mary, is not one in which lovers should choose to roam, and talk of beams and flames; but, as the wind sets right for England, why need we heed the rest?" "Methinks the peril is great." "Fear not the boisterous surge. There is a Providence for those who brave the dangers of the deep." "And is there not a Providence for those who remain on land? Why should we shy dare our fate? Why not delay till the dire tempest should subside?" "There is a Providence on land—for you at least. Why should I drag you hence to encounter danger, because—because—Mary, be it as you will."

"And whether shall we lie?"

"I came not to enter a public hotel. But a short distance from this I marked a small house which had a bedroom to let for hire. If this will suffice for you, so I can rest in any shed pertaining to it, all that we want is found. This way it lies. Take my arm, Mary, and be careful how you step. The momentary glare which the lightning supplies, is sufficient to guide our feet in safety."

They left the harbor, and had nearly reached the house which Rossiter had mentioned, when they were stopped by armed men.

"How now?" said he; "what would you with me?"

and he attempted to disengage himself from their grasp. They raised their voices, closed round him, and told him he was their prisoner. Remonstrance he saw was useless.

"Do not injure or despoil my poor companion," said he; "for me, take me where you please."

"To the mayor with him," cried one who led on the men by whom he had been arrested. It was Gamaches.

"Mary," said Rossiter, "think only of your own safety. My fate is sealed." "What?" Gamaches exultingly asked, "did you think my penetration was to be imposed upon? Do you think the features of a traitor are so easily concealed? My trusty mariner, you are now undeceived, and my turn at length is come."

He was hurried before the mayor, and the minister of religion failed not to distinguish himself by the eagerness with which he demanded justice. The mayor was a man of humanity. On this occasion he was taken by surprise. He listened with amazement while Gamaches continued:—

"The culprit is Ravalliac, Phillip, the brother of Francois Ravalliac, and no doubt his partner in treason and murder. By the most just sentence pronounced against the ever-to-be-executed Francois, it was ordered, 'That within fifteen days after the publication thereof, his rela-

tions should be banished by sound of trumpet out of the kingdom, and forbidden ever to return, under pain of being hanged and strangled, without other process of law. Now, then, I claim, in the name of my insulted and outraged country, that this decree be forthwith executed."

"Mean you to contend," asked the mayor, "that death must be inflicted for this offence?"

"I do, and instantly."

"I am young in office, and have not this sentence immediately before me; I must, therefore, make some pause for enquiry." "That," said Gamaches, "will be to violate the law, which requires prompt execution."

"But," the mayor interposed, "identity ought to be established on the testimony of more than one witness."

"Here," cried Gamaches, "is another, an unexceptionable witness. Pierre Lefevre lived next door to the house which, under the same sentence, has now been pulled down, in which the prisoner was born. He knew Francois Ravalliac from his infancy, and remembers the fall he got in his youth, and the concussion of the brain consequent upon it, which some say produced the demoniacal frenzy that followed."

Pierre Lefevre stood forward, and gave evidence to the effect stated by Gamaches.

"Can you deny or refute what is charged?" asked the mayor. The prisoner heaved a deep sigh, and then said,

"I cannot deny the misfortune of my birth. I own my name is Ravalliac. When my parents, my unoffending parents, were driven from their home, I accompanied them. Here I have returned on a special errand, and hoped ere this to have been again on my way to England."

"Having come hither, said Gamaches, and thus disguised, to forward the plans of the heretic conspirators there."

"At all events," said the mayor, "it is fitting that some hours shall be allowed him to prepare to meet his Creator. I will in no case order him to die before the morning. Prisoner," he added, "from all I hear, I am afraid

it will not be in my power to afford you more grace. Of the time which remains to you, make the best use."

"I am grateful for your humanity," Rossiter, or as he may now be called, Ravalliac, replied. "If the sentence pronounced against my unhappy brother goes to the extent this man reports, I never knew of it till now."

A clerk, who had been seeking for the sentence, here produced it. It appeared from it that the father and mother were exiled on pain of instant death if they returned. But this did not apply to all the relations of the assassin. His brother, however, was ordered to change his name, and, failing to do so, was liable to the same penalty. It was contended, and successfully, by Gamaches, that if, which he professed to doubt, the brother of the traitor was not to be punished for returning to France, it was quite clear that retaining the name, which it had been sought to obliterate for ever, and insolently asserting the fact, as he had done in that place, the authorities had only to carry the sentence into execution without delay.

The prisoner attempted no reply; and Gamaches looked first at Mary and then at Rossiter, with an air of exultation no pencil could paint.

Rejoicing in the thought that his victim would be put to death in the morning, he withdrew.

"One favor," said Rossiter, addressing the mayor, who appeared affected, even to tears, "I would implore—it is that I may have free speech with the blameless companion of my journey."

"Your suit is granted with the proviso that it must be in my presence."

The court or apartment in which this proceeding had been so suddenly instituted, was then cleared, and the prisoner availed himself of the permission conceded, in the following terms:—

"My bursting heart—my burning brain have so disordered me, that I scarcely know where I am, or what has passed since I have been here. I have an impression on my mind that I am about to be put to death, and, under that I would speak."

"I am indeed the brother of that unhappy being who madly assailed the life of his king. The dreadful sentence which doomed him to have his flesh torn from his breast, his arms and his thighs with red hot pincers—hot lead to be poured on his wounds, and finally, his limbs and body to be reduced to ashes, the same sentence, I say, banished my parents, and caused them and me to appear in a foreign land, under circumstances which you have not forgotten. The madness of my mother—the death of my father soon followed. It was the appalling facts now disclosed, which I would not inflict on you. That you might never risk being permanently associated with ignominy and sorrow, prompted me at an early period of our friendship, to declare coarsely, perhaps, but honestly, when I marked your growing kindness, that I never could be your lover."

"But for that there was another reason, which it boots not now to mention. [Conclusion in our next.]

The latest definition of a "kind husband" is one who sits and smokes after breakfast, while his wife, with a child in one arm, and a pail of water in the other pursues her washing.

Our chambermaid Sally, who "expects to have a husband of her own when her turn comes," says if that is a description of a "kind husband," it's a masher "kind" than she wants anything to do with. She says her idea of a kind husband is "a nice young man, who will fetch the wood and water, do the churning, shake the carpets, eord the bed-steads, run of errands, and rock the—" "Sally having forgotten something up stairs, suddenly leaves the room without finishing the sentence.—Boston Post.

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman, whose face was not familiar, after saluting him most cordially inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh,—Walsh," responded Paddy, "are ye from Dublin? I know two ould maids of that name; are either of them your mother?"

Alcohol is the high priest of death—tobacco is his chief deacon.