



## LITERATURE.

OCTOBER.

BY THE LATE WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

Solemn, yet beautiful to view  
Month of my heart! thou dawnest here,  
With sad and faded leaves to strew  
The Summer's melancholy bier.  
The morings of thy winds I hear,  
As the red sunset dies afar,  
And bars of purple clouds appear,  
Obscuring every western star.

Thou solemn month! I hear thy voice;  
It tells my soul of other days,  
When but to live was to rejoice,  
When earth was lovely to my gaze!  
Oh, visions bright—oh, blessed hours,  
Where are their living raptures now?  
I ask my spirit's wearied powers—  
I ask my pale and fevered brow!

I look to Nature, and behold  
My life's dim emblems rustling round,  
In hues of crimson and of gold—  
The year's dead honors on the ground:  
And sighing with the winds, I feel,  
While their low pinions murmur by,  
How much their sweeping tones reveal  
Of life and human destiny.

When Spring's delightful moments shone,  
They came in zephyrs from the West,  
They bore the wood-lark's melting tone,  
They stirred the blue-lake's glassy breast;  
Though Summer, fainting in the heat,  
They lingered in the forest shade;  
But, changed and strengthened now, they beat  
In storm, o'er mountain, glen, and glade.

How like these transports of the breast  
When life is fresh and joy is new,  
Soft as the halcyon's downy nest,  
And transient all as they are true!  
They stir the leaves in that bright wreath,  
Which Hope about her forehead twines  
Till Grief's hot sighs around it breathe,  
When Pleasure's lip its smile resigns.

Alas, for Time, and Death, and Care,  
What gloom about our way they fling!  
Like clouds in Autumn's gusty air,  
The burial pageant of the Spring;  
The dreams that each successive year  
Seemed bathed in hues of brighter pride,  
At last like withered leaves appear,  
And sleep in darkness side by side!

## MARY OF ELTHAM.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

Time wore away, and the prattlers of the village began to be weary of the subject of the Rossiters. The only one of the trio which had excited their attention, remained at the farmhouse. To mirth he continued an utter stranger, but he was perfectly composed, and not unwilling to make himself useful. At times he laboured with the spade or the hoe, or in other ways took part in the toils of the day. His opinion no longer excited general attention. It was, however, shrewdly guessed, from the good will with which Mary regarded him, and from his continuing so long with Farmer Brown, that she looked upon him as her future husband. This impression was not removed by her unhesitatingly rejecting several young men of the village, who offered themselves as suitors.

Rossiter, aware of this, began to fear that his presence might injure the fortunes of an interesting female, who had always manifested kindness towards him and his family. From the frankness which existed between them he had no difficulty in communicating what occurred to him on this, to her not unimportant, subject.

"Why, Mary," said he, "if you will allow me to ask the question, why do you so resolutely decline the attentions of the youths of the village? At your time of life, to choose a partner and protector is natural and proper."

"But I do not wish for one."

"Do not think me vain when I say it, I have feared—feared, I repeat it, that I am the cause of your acting as you have done."

Mary did not attempt to reply.

"This, Mary," he continued, "I should regret; for, though under other circumstances I had been proud and happy to find myself preferred by one so kind, and in all respects so estimable as yourself, situated as I am, such good fortune, as some may term it, would be misery.—Mary, I must not be a lover."

Mary was silent.

"It is not the coldness of my nature—not any one of

the every day promptings of prudence, avarice, or ambition, that have caused this avowal. A decree, an awful decree, separates me from the rest of the world, which renders me unlike other men, which gives me the sorrow and the aspect of age, in what should be the bright noon-day of youth, that forces me to say I may not love."

"I have not sought your love," said Mary; "if I have appeared to do so, reprove my boldness, but deem it not intentional. That I have marked your deep sorrow with interest, I will not deny. To abate it would have been happiness, but only on your own terms. I would not wake feelings in your bosom which you decide ought to have no place there."

"Then why, again I ask, the denials of your love, to which I adverted? Am I in any way the cause?"

"You are," "I feared so," "Those who have offered themselves are so different from you, that their attentions are most unwelcome. Foolish mirth and thoughtless passion are not for me. Without wishing for your love, I prefer being your friend, to becoming the wife of another."

Rossiter was touched by the avowal. He replied—  
"Were my situation other than it is, what you have just uttered had made me yours for life. But duty forbids me to think of you, or of any one." "You are, perhaps, already a husband." "No." "Or engaged soon to become one." "No; what I have said as to the interdiction, extends to the whole sex, and at once embraces the past, the present, and the future."

"It is enough for me to be your friend. Do not think, should I offer you any little kindness, that I wish to interfere with your resolution; and blame me not because I feel no affection for the boisterous intruding young men who would talk to me of marriage."

On these terms their familiarity was continued. Mary scrupulously abstained from even a look that might seem to betoken love. There was a something so profound in the grief of Rossiter, that she contemplated it with awe and reverence. Yet the subject of his mystery was at times approached, and more than once he seemed on the point of explaining, when he suddenly checked himself, as if he had been about to commit an outrage, changed the conversation, or left the room.

But one day he went so far as to ask what punishment could be too great for the selfish man who could invite a lovely female to plight her faith with him, and, doing so, expose her to venal persecution, and fix disgrace for ever on her name.

"Is that possible, Mary asked, in the absence of guilt?"  
"Once I should have answered 'no,' now I say 'yes.' But it may be that I am wrong. What men call guilt, is guilt; and he who falls under their ban, has only to submit to his hard fate in this life, and appeal to the Eternal Judge of mankind for pardon in the next."

Mary feared to prolong the conversation, and was careful to avoid recurring to it. One day she accosted him with more than usual pleasure. She had that to tell which she thought would gratify him.

"Sir," said she, "one is coming here whom you will be glad to see. It is a Frenchman, and from Paris. He will be able to give you much information about your countrymen. Moreover he is learned and religious."

"Indeed! There are few of my countrymen whom I desire to see again. Who is this person?"

"He is a minister. Two or three years ago, he passed some months with us. He used to take me on his knee and teach me French; to kiss me when I did my lesson right, and pinch my ear when I failed." "Who was he?"

"He was then a Cure, but is now something still grander. I think they call him an Abbe."

"His name?" "It is Gamaches." "Gamaches! Have mercy Heaven!" cried Rossiter, starting from his chair in fearful emotion. "Are you acquainted with him?"

Mary anxiously enquired, "No." "Do you know anything of him—anything particular I mean?" "Yes."

"What?—May I ask it?" "I must not answer that question; when will he arrive?" "On Tuesday."

"Then I will leave you for some time; How long will he remain here?" "Several weeks."

"There is one person I wish to see in London. I will take occasion to seek him while your visitor is here. Let me caution you to be on your guard with this Gamaches."

"On your account do you mean?"

"No, on your own. The clergy of France are little to be trusted where your sex is concerned."

"But he is an old friend. When he was here before he treated me like a father."

"You were but a child three years ago. Now you are a woman; with men I have reason to know this Gamaches is cold and heartless, and such a character I care not to trust with women."

The caution was superfluous, so Mary thought, but that it was kindly meant she could not for a moment doubt. She regretted that the coming of Gamaches was not agreeable to Rossiter, but consoled herself with the thought that the change of scene which it would, in a manner force upon the latter, might improve his health and tend to dissipate his melancholy. On the day before the new comer was expected, Rossiter withdrew. He promised to return when the visitor should be gone. Mary offered to send him the earliest intelligence of the Abbe's departure, but that he said would be unnecessary.

Gamaches arrived on the day after that named for his coming. He was welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Brown, as also by Mary, though the last retained a lively recollection of what had been said in his dispraise by Rossiter.

The Abbe was a man in the meridian of life. He was full of health and in high spirits. He spoke very good English, and in his manner there was at times the gravity appropriate to his sacred profession, but at others he indulged in a vein of playful gaiety, which to those whose hearts were moderately at ease, was eminently agreeable.

The lights and shades of his conversation, were thought most happy to relieve each other. His solemnity instructed and his mirth amused. He was surprised at learning that they had had three French inmates, but the name of Rossiter he did not remember to have heard before; of his own good fortune he spoke with some exultation, and recalled with pride the fact that he had been one of the

divines appointed to assist the murderous traitor Ravallier.

"He killed the French king, I believe, about this time last year," said Brown. "He did," Gamaches replied, "and never shall I forget how obstinately the wretch denied that he had accomplices. Though his legs were crushed in the brodequin, still the unrepentant, God-rejected sinner, refused to make any disclosure. Even when the red hot pincers had torn the flesh from his breast and blood-stained hand, and flaming resin was dropped into the wounds, though I took the trouble then, to compare him for the sake of his eternal peace to tell all he knew, he, still obdurate, denied, though on the verge of eternity, that any one participated in his guilt."

"You speak of this," said Mary, "as being sinful beyond measure. Why might the fact not be so? If such the case, he could not have accused others, without taking upon his soul the most fearful guilt."

"It is against all probability to suppose, that one so mean could have assailed the life of a great king, without being moved to it by some person of consequence."

"Do you then believe that the great must always take part in treason?" "In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred I do. Well! he was duly requited in his own person for the bloody deed, and so far as that can go, a salutary warning has been given to all the king killers on earth. His cries were most terrific, yet the brutal rage of the man was distinguishable even in his agonies. To the crowd his groans were music, and Paris was never more gay than while illuminated in all quarters with the bonfires made to consume the separated limbs of the demon. It was indeed a joyful sight, thus to see in little as it were, hell turned against Lucifer himself."

He smiled at this playful conceit, but his auditory were not prepared to join in mirth of such a character.

He saw that his sentiments were not approved, and thought it necessary to vindicate what he had advanced.

"For me," said he, "the minister of peace on earth, and good will towards men, I joy not in the sinner's pains; but to pity those who are accursed of Heaven, is weakness. Did not the prophet of the Lord hew to pieces the monarch whom folly would have spared, and did not Judith bravely display the head of that same Holofernes on whom she had previously bestowed her love? Shall then the meek follower of the Lamb shrink back appalled from the just punishment of sin? I mourn that human depravity should provoke divine wrath, but ought I pssillanimously to wish that the outstretched arm of justice should be stayed, when reason and religion both declare such shrinking to be unlawful? I sigh while the mangled limbs of the criminal writhe beneath the avenging knife, but still the heart of the true Christian must be firm, and *Pax justitia ruat cælum*, the stern reply to those who would talk of compassion."

The Abbe proceeded in a gratulatory strain to shew what mighty benefits had been secured to the faithful, by the bold unflinching energy of those who feared not to shock their nature, to vindicate the most High.

"And can he—can he need the aid of man—to justify his fearful behests?" enquired Mary.

"It is," said the Abbe, "by human instruments, that the will of the Eternal is to be worked out, and he who falters in the dread task is a recreant."

He went on in a lighter strain to shew that true religion had largely profited by those judgements, which the timid might fear to execute. Especially he dwelt on the vast importance of using the rack to extort confession, and shewed, in many instances, how criminals had thus been discovered, and for their own eternal benefit made amenable to an earthly tribunal, who had else mournfully perished in the course of nature, with all their sins unexpiated. That such means should be necessary, he owned was to be lamented, but since there were no other, what could the true believer if faithful to his trust, do, but avail himself of them? Brown and his family presumed not to controvert his reasoning, however imperfectly satisfied by his arguments.

"But enough of this," said Gamaches. "I would now learn how has my old pupil improved on the lessons it was mine to give? She has, I hope, not forgotten what was so fairly begun; and, during my present stay, I shall closely examine her as to her progress, to the end that it may be seen the good seed formerly sown, has not been consigned to stony ground."

And then he playfully examined Mary as to her proficiency in French. Her answers, though by no means what a rigid preceptor might have desired, were not wholly unsatisfactory.

In the succeeding day he manifested no small anxiety on this point. He was always at leisure to teach what Mary desired to learn—always ready to attend her in her walks.

To the neighbouring hill and the adjacent heath, their preambulations sometimes extended. He loved to contemplate the glories of the setting sun; and Mary, a true worshipper of nature, joined with him in admiring the splendour of the declining luminary.

One evening after being thus engaged, darkness descended on the face of the surrounding landscape before they thought of returning. The divine felt surprised was little disconcerted at this. He pressed closer to him the arm of his fair companion as they prepared to descend the hill, and his language, if less sublime, became more tender than before. "In this world," said he, "night and day alternately succeed each other. So should our thoughts and feelings relieve those we have previously known.—Reason and philosophy have their proper place, and religion must not be intruded on by them. The last may not improperly be succeeded by other feelings, by sentiment, by mirth, and by love."

Mary started. His tone and manner were different from what they had been; and a tall and menacing figure, at some distance, caught her eye, apparently listening to her companion's speech, and watching his actions. He saw no one near, and his language became bolder.

"Alone," said he, "what is the world to us? Hearts true to virtue fear not to recognise each other."

"We must hasten home," said Mary. "Why need we hurry," said he: (he saw not the object on which her eye