

## LITERATURE.

## SONG OF THE SUMMER WIND.

I go, I go, where the rose-buds peep  
That are fanned by my breath to their fragrant sleep,  
Where the lily white in its paleness lies,  
And drinks in light from the violet's eyes.

I go, I go, where the wild flowers bloom,  
In the valley deep, in the evening's gloom;  
When the sun retires from the crimson west,  
And his last ray falls on the mountain's breast.

I go, I go, o'er the ocean's waves,  
When the sunlight sleeps in its lonely caves;  
When a noon-tide stillness is on the sea,  
'Tis a glorious, beautiful hour for me.

I go, I go, o'er the desert waste,  
Where the pilgrim pursues his journey in haste;  
Where the gushing spring is a precious prize,  
As it meets the weary wanderer's eyes.

I go, I go, where the maiden fair  
Wreathes the summer flowers in her lovely hair;  
And her brow is fanned as I wander past,  
And a brighter smile o'er her cheek is cast.

I go, I go, where the pale moonlight  
Invites the flowers to their rest at night;  
And I shake from their leaves the drops of dew  
That have borrowed from heaven their beautiful hue.

I go, I go, o'er the world abroad,  
For I love the boundless works of God;  
And my song is heard o'er the land and sea,  
And the wide green earth rejoices in me!

## THE TWO RAVENS.

## A STORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued.)

## CHAPTER IV.

A fortnight had elapsed, and Emilie was lying in the large bed, with the curtains carefully closed; she was still too weak to get up. She had been very near dying of a nervous fever, and only the preceding evening was she declared out of danger. The two sisters were conversing in a low voice by the old-fashioned chimney. They now saw that it was impossible to continue taking Emilie with them. She was too young to bear the life which they were obliged to lead.

Both were agreed upon this, albeit they could not help thinking that if she remained doing nothing, she would be of some expense to them. However, they did not feel inclined to begrudge her, as their business brought them fine profits.

Every one imagined they were poor, but their spare money was lodged at a M. Vincent's, a wealthy merchant. Of this they made a perfect mystery, for had it been known abroad they would have been in constant dread of robbers.

The one advised to withdraw a small sum from the merchant's hands, in order to meet their new charge; but the other insisted that there would be no necessity for doing so. Emilie was of abstemious habits. They had all more clothes than would be required for a whole year. They decided that she should stay at home whilst they would be away, and meanwhile occupy herself doing some needle-work. She was recovering from her illness rapidly. True, she had cost them much, for nothing had been spared; not that they had regretted the money, or the care they had shown. They felt every day more and more attached to the young girl, who, but for their unceasing solicitude, would have been lost to them.

Presently the conversation was interrupted by a tapping at the door; low as it was, it startled the fair invalid. Susanne opened the door.

"Good gracious! is it you sir?" she said, with a deferential curtsy; "I am delighted to see you. Are you able to go out so soon? Are you quite well now?"

"Tolerably well, although still very weak," replied M. de Greoulx, for it was he; "but I longed to see you, and return my thanks."

"Sit down, sir, and rest yourself," said Berthe, welcoming the young man. "Sister, bring a handful of brambles to cheer the fire. I am so glad to see you. You seem quite recovered—at least you look so very well."

"I must look so different from what you you first saw me, that you can hardly recognise me."

This answer was accompanied with a melancholy smile. In truth his air was decidedly prepossessing; his hair, slightly powdered, as was then the fashion, was, at least, so it could be surmised from the color of his eyes and brows, of a rich black. His manner of introducing himself, and also of speaking, betrayed at once the nobleman; the ease and dignity of his deportment contrasted agreeably with his smile and melancholy physiognomy. He took his seat between the two Ravens, and asked, taking a glance round the chamber—

"How is your young friend? I sent every day to enquire about her, and really felt very uneasy until she was out of danger; but—"

"She is much better, sir, thank you," interrupted Susanne, placing her finger on her lips, and looking towards the bed; "there is not the slightest doubt of her recovery now."

"Thanks be to God! For I reproached myself with being the involuntary cause of her illness; it must have been brought on by the shock she received, and also by the fright. I can well imagine what she must have suf-

fered during that terrible night, I thought a man would have been terrified.

"No wonder," observed Susanne; "people must have been for years as we have been, in the habit of watching over the dead, not to be frightened out of their senses; especially when seeing him move who was to be buried a few hours afterwards."

"You saved my life, most assuredly. But for your presence of mind and kind attendance, I might have died with cold and hunger, in my shroud. As he said this, a shudder ran over him. "I never shall forget it; and I hope to be able some day to testify my gratitude in a more satisfactorily manner than at present. Meanwhile please to accept this."

It was a purse, to all appearance containing some twenty gold louis, he placed on Susanne's knees.

"Oh! this is ten times too much, sir!" exclaimed both sisters, whose sharp glance eyed with delight the contents glittering through the net work.

"I also wish to do something for your interesting young friend. Perhaps her parents are poor? I might place her as a companion with some lady of my family."

"Many thanks for her sirs," replied Susanne, bridling up, and assuming an air of offended dignity, which M. de Greoulx rightly deemed strange; "she is poor, true, but she is the daughter of a De Lescaux."

"What!" interrupted the young man, the De Lescauxs belong to one of the noblest houses of the Province—They are all allied to the aristocratic families of Provence.

"That is precisely why the younger member of this family was obliged to leave his own country, and seek elsewhere the means of peaceably earning his livelihood."

And Susanne continued relating, in a low voice, the misfortunes of M. De Lescauxs, and the present painful circumstances of his daughter.

To this relation the young man listened with an amazement not unmixed with sadness.

"Can it be possible? A nobleman's daughter reduced to become a beggar!"

"No sir, never shall she be a beggar as long as we live," retorted Berthe, with dignified pride; she is to remain with us, and never will she want any one's assistance. God forbid she should claim the protection of some distant relative. I know of nothing more painful than the compassion of those rich people who feel ashamed of their own relatives, because of their poverty."

Gaspard turning toward the place where Emilie lay, hinted to the dame to speak in a lower tone.

"If she heard you," he observed, it might hurt her feelings to find that a stranger is made the confidant of her distress."

"There's no fear of her overhearing us, as she is dozing," answered Susanne; else she would have asked, before this, with whom we were talking."

There was a pause, during which the two sisters did not divert their looks from Gaspard, who seemed lost in reverie. Had he believed in the influence of the *Evil Eye*, he would certainly have deemed himself bewitched; not that the countenances of his two hostesses had in them anything menacing; on the contrary, they expressed a certain degree of kindness.

Berthe broke this interval of silence by inquiring whether the young man had ever casually resided at the Chateau de Greoulx. He made no difficulty in informing them that he usually resided at Greoulx with his grandfather.

Great was the amazement of the dames when they heard that the old gentleman was still alive.

Gaspard himself was not a little surprised at their knowing his relative.

"The last time I saw him was about fifty years ago," Susanne explained; "he was then a handsome man, and his son, *The Chevalier*, so they called him, young as he was—"

"My father!" interrupted Gaspard.

"Was then a lovely, fairheaded boy, as fair as his mother," she continued; "he often would run away from his tutor, *L'Abbe Jollivet*, to go and sport with the young peasants, who all knew and loved him."

"Alas! he died twenty years ago," added the young man; "I scarcely knew him; having also lost my mother shortly after, I remained an orphan under the guardianship of my grandfather."

"So you are sole heir to the title and fortune of the Barons de Greoulx?" remarked Berthe.

"Yes, I am an only son, as my father was," replied the young man, in a mournful tone. "My nearest kinsman now is my grandfather, the Baron de Greoulx."

"He must, of course," the other hinted, "have centered upon you all his ambition, and taken great delight in seeing you enjoy all that could gratify the vanity of a gentleman."

"True; hitherto, up to a very recent period, I lived like a lord. The Baron never quits his Chateau, where he receives in the most handsome style all the nobility of Provence. I spent the entire of last year in Paris, living upon an allowance liberal enough to enable me to make a handsome figure in the fashionable Parisian world. The Duke de B—, a relation of ours, is gentleman of the King's chamber. He presented me at the Court of Versailles, where I passed two months, to acquire so we say, the Court manners. I returned since Christmas, but remained only a week at my grandfather's mansion. This journey gave me a taste for liberty, and when I returned to the yoke, I could not submit. I was wrong, I confess; for such a life had become insupportable to me."

These last words he said with an expression of haughtiness and despondency.

"My grandfather manifested intentions little in accordance with mine. My temper is after his own, firm, perhaps even stubborn. I resisted; he then treated me like a disobedient child; overwhelmed me with reproaches and threats. In order not to be wanting in the respect

I owe him, I left the Chateau, and came to Marseilles."

"Perhaps without money," interrupted Berthe. "I had about me some fifty golden louis; this was sufficient to enable me to live for a time as an humble citizen, without servants or carriage. Moreover, I intended entering the army at the moment I fell suddenly ill."

"Through weariness and sorrow," again interrupted the Raven.

"Yes, it is quite true," and he sighed; "I am young, of noble birth, and the only heir to a large fortune, yet I have led a weary, miserable life."

"Like all those dependent on the baron," said Susanne with the accents of a bitter compassion.

"Oh! you may as well tell us everything; we knew the family years ago."

"Then did you ever live in the Chateau de Greoulx?"

"We did," answered Susanne, rather bluffly; but it is useless to enter into particulars. All we would say is, that we were closely acquainted with your family; with those who are dead as well as those who are living; we knew them all; therefore you may place every confidence in us."

Gaspard conjectured that the dames had been in the service of the late Baroness de Greoulx, his grandmother, dead about half a century ago; and, albeit he thought them to be of rather low station, he did not despise the proofs of interest they showed him, after their own way.

"If you knew my grandfather," he resumed, "you must comprehend what I had to endure, living under his authority. He is a man whose absolute and violent will never brooked a contradiction; he is possessed of all those qualities that give renown in the world; he is handsomely generous, most engaging and graceful in his manners; all who come to visit the Chateau receive from him the hospitality of a prince, and quit him enchanted with his kindness. To whomsoever does not know him otherwise, he appears, despite of his age, to be a man of even temper, and perfect amiability; but for me, and all belonging to him, he ever was harsh and inflexible even to cruelty. When but a child, I often shuddered at a mere look from him; I was but too well aware that the slightest giddiness, forgetfulness, or irregularity in my duties, brought upon me the most severe punishment; my life was a continual dread of his anger. In after years I had to yield in my learnings, tastes, ideas, and temper; the least contradiction of his will was taken as an offence, every observation as a want of respect. In fact, my existence was not unlike that of a monk who makes the vow of passive obedience, and has nothing of his own, not even his will. From year to year, such restraint became unendurable; repeatedly I was near flying from the Chateau, and renouncing everything. My journey to Paris afforded me some respite, but also made me perceive how intolerable was that restless despotism of my grandfather's. I again entertained ideas of resistance, even of revolt. On the evening of my arrival, the Baron kept me with him after supper, and said, in his own dry and short tone—'Gaspard, I desire you to marry Mademoiselle Louise de la Verriere. She is the wealthiest heiress in all Provence. Since last week I have been busy in preparing the marriage-settlements with my lawyer. The contract is to be signed shortly; you will then know what fortune I intend to bestow upon you. Now, sir, you may retire to your apartment.'"

"That's the way he always would speak," Berthe observed. "Well, then, what followed? Excuse, dear sir, my involuntary interruption."

"Then I bowed respectfully and withdrew. Mademoiselle de la Verriere is a young lady of an exterior, anything but pleasing; not even do her features bear the stamp of kindness; as to her mind, it is in perfect keeping with the rest. For several days, I felt dreadfully perplexed to hear my grandfather say this alliance was all but concluded. I lectured myself, almost preached myself into submission; but reason, as well as my senses, revolted against this projected union. I'd have become a monk rather than marry the *fascinating* heiress. At length one day I abruptly took my resolution, and went to my grandfather. I expressed, in the most reverent manner, my positive refusal—to tell you the truth, I trembled all the time."

"No wonder!" thought Susanne, aloud.

"As to what followed, I could not tell; I was beyond myself. The first words he uttered were threats to have me incarcerated. That very evening I left the chateau; I feared not to be able to master my indignant passion, and took at random the road to Marseilles. Since then, I have had no tidings whatever from Greoulx. I but too well know my grandfather; he never will forgive me, and, when he dies, his malediction will be my inheritance."

"Matters may still be put to rights," said Susanne, shaking her head; "against death alone there is no remedy; and yet one may escape from it, for you, my dear sir, are a striking proof of it. We will do all in our power to be of service to you, as far as our means allow; if you want money, we can lend you some; that will be better than to apply to usurers; and in the first place, here is a sum we will not accept;" and she gave back the purse to the young man. "Certainly not; we would not take that money—only think, so much gold for only one night's attendance! Why, if we did it, then might we rightly be called birds of prey, and deserve our surname of 'Ravens.'"

"So you are aware that people have given you such names?" inquired Gaspard, with a half smile.

"Yes sir; but what care we about it? The good Marseilles people are afraid of us, and point at us in the streets. What matter? We are conscious of never having done harm to any living creature; we wait with resignation our last day."

M. de Greoulx admired the old dames' philosophy, so simple in its practice, and breathing a spirit of true piety. At last, being about to take leave, he held out his hand to the sisters, saying—