

LITERATURE.

King George the Fourth's adieu to Carlton House. In Carlton House were often met together Burke, Fox, Sheridan and other master spirits of their day.

ADIEU TO CARLTON HOUSE.

Farewell! dear Palace of my youth, farewell!

Thy walls are fallen, and unhinged thy gate;

And soon a stone will not be left to tell

Where once a British Monarch kept his state.

As fond remembrance now awakes the past

Of all my pride enjoy'd, my heart held dear,

To think of what thou art and what thou wast—

I cannot turn to thee without a tear!

Oh! where is he, the Yorick of my board,

Whose wit would "set the table in a roar,"

Whose eloquence would blunt oppression's sword—

Where is he? like thee, alas! no more!

The time is past that him I should condemn,

Child of caprice, yet to his will the slave;

He had his virtues—let me think of them—

His faults be buried with him in the grave.

And he, stern censor of the public weal,

Who saw the faults of friends, but not his own,

Is gone—to give the loathsome worm its meal;

Is nothing left?—A monumental stone!

Another starts before mine aching eyes,

His Monarch's friend, the people's mighty mate;

Who awed the Senate when they saw him rise

To wake the thunders of the loud debate.

When anarchy went stalking through the land,

The altars of his God he ne'er forsook;

The tide of treason when he waved his hand,

O'erwhelm'd his bloodhounds, crouching at his look.

Pass on, ye shades! for you my heart must bleed—

No earthly King can rouse the sleep of death;

The storm that rends the oak has bent the reed;

The mighty and the mean fall by a breath.

But, Carlton! when I view thy prostrate walls,

Thy chambers desolate, thy joyless hearth;

Tread on the ruins of thy festive halls,

And find a solitude thy scene of mirth—

The tear will start; to me 'tis hallowed ground,

For 'till not friendship consecrate the spot?

And pleasure whirl'd me in her mazy round;

All, all have vanished—but are they forgot?

Like others, I have had my dreams of youth;

Like others, all its perils dearly proved;

Like others, fondly deem'd false vows were truth,

Like others, loved again where I was loved.

Then let my heart pour its sacred grief

For those away, who never can return;

Though friends are not, it is a sweet relief

To shed the tear of memory o'er their urn.

THE TWO RAVENS.

A STORY OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

(Continued)

CHAPTER III.

EMILIE spent an entire week in the old women's house without in the least suspecting what was their true occupation. She constantly remained in that spacious room, which the rainy days of winter made dull and gloomy, even at mid-day. The windows of this kind of prison looked out upon a yard, enclosed by walls, so very high, that, to catch a glimpse even of the corner of the sky, she must needs stand on a chair and lift up her head.

The poor young girl worked silently, seated before the window, whose opaque panes allowed but a doubtful light to shed itself over her work. Often did she regret the convent; she then remembered it as an abode of cheerfulness and pleasure. Almost every night she was left alone in the house, without being told the cause of their absence.

On the Sunday following, at an early hour, they took her to mass, and on their return, Berthe said, without any further preliminary—

"Emilie, my dear, you will come with us this week."

On the afternoon of this very day, some one knocked at the door of this house, where strangers never were admitted, and, as of wont, Berthe opened the door. She immediately came back, and said, with an appearance of great concern—

"Gracious Heaven! Susanne, do you know for whom our attendance is required? For that young man who protected us one evening, Gaspard de Greoulx! He is dead! so young! the dear gentleman!"

"The curse of Heaven seems to hang over this family," muttered Susanne. "Well, we'll go and watch over the poor deceased."

"But I'm afraid I shan't be able to go," said Berthe: "we have passed so many nights up this week, that I can hardly keep awake. O Lord! only think, sister, Gaspard de Greoulx!"

"I am sorry this good young man is dead; but, whether it be for friends or foes," interrupted Susanne, looking fixedly at her sister, "it's our business to go wherever we are wanted. But tell me, where did he die?"

"At the Golden Cock Inn. He breathed his last

among strangers, just like a man who has neither house nor home. He must have been an orphan, without any body caring for him, else some friend would have tended him on his death-bed."

"Come, let us start at once," interrupted Susanne impatiently.

"Listen to me, sister," resumed Berthe, after a moment's reflection, "I'll go and help you; but then, when everything is settled, I'll come back, and Emilie will watch with you, for I really would not be able to stay until morning."

The young girl had listened attentively to this conversation, the latter part of which so astounded her that for some minutes she remained mute. At last she exclaimed—

"Good Heavens! where are we going to pass the night, and over whom are we to watch?"

"Didn't you hear," replied Susanne, drily; "it's over a dead person."

The poor girl grew as white as the lawn handkerchief that covered her neck. She felt herself quivering, and leant against the back of a chair. Susanne winked in her wonted ungracious way, and said—

"Don't be foolish, child; it requires but a little good will. It's all a matter of habit; perhaps you are afraid?"

"You'll easily get over it when once you have looked at a dead person. Why, my dear, it's only the living we need fear—the dead never injure any one; nobody, since Dorcas, ever came to life again. What people say about ghosts is mere invention. Come, put on your mantle, take your prayer-book, and your beads, and let us hurry to the inn."

Emilie complied; through a sentiment of noble pride, she overcame her fear and reluctance. To these women, who worked to earn their livelihood, she was now indebted for everything; and the only means to avoid being a burthen, was, to assist them in their business. Having summoned up all her courage, she followed the Ravens, and kept saying her prayers the entire way.

Behind the harbor stood a rather fine looking house—this was the Golden Cock Inn. At this period it was patronized by such people of respectability as were perfect strangers in Marseilles; but the customers were, indeed, very few, for hospitality was more practised in France at that time, than it is now-a-days. People received each other in their houses, and the remotest degree of kindred was sufficient to secure a hearty welcome. Therefore, had Gaspard de Greoulx possessed any friend or relative in Marseilles, he would not have died in this inn.

The Ravens found the door wide open; a servant maid, who met them at the bottom of the stairs, drew close to the wall, and, pointing to the first floor, said, with a frightened face—

"It's there, the second room to the left; the tapers and flowers will be brought immediately."

Having said this, she hurried away with all possible speed. In the middle of the stairs they met another servant maid, who, on seeing them, blessed herself, and exclaimed—

"Good Lord! here they are. I thought there were but two, and now comes three of them!"

She was about disappearing also, but Susanne stopped her.

"Ma mie," said she, sneeringly, "don't go down so fast; it's so very dark that you might break your neck, and the people would say it's our fault."

The servant stood as though rooted to the spot, and stared in her face with terror-stricken eyes. The dame continued—

"What did the young man die of? Tell us like a dear."

"Bless my soul! how do I know?" she answered, gruffly. "The day before yesterday he took ill, and went to bed; a doctor was sent for, but could not make out what his complaint was, and in the morning it was all over with the poor man."

"That's the way, people always call us in too late," muttered the Raven. "The body must be cold by this time."

Having got to the first story, Susanne took out of her capacious pocket a needle and a pair of large scissors; then, accompanied by Berthe, entered the first room; it was empty. Having closed the door, and beckoned Emilie to remain there, they walked into the next chamber.

The young girl leant her elbow on the mantle-piece, and covered her face with her hands; her whole frame shuddered, for she was the prey of an invincible terror; not that the prejudices of her infancy had any share in her impressions, or that she dreaded any supernatural apparition; but she experienced in the highest degree that instinctive horror which seizes upon all animated beings, when, for the first time, they are left face to face with death. Vainly did her reason struggle against her awe; albeit she inwardly knew that she had no danger to apprehend, yet her anguish was as deep as though her life had been in peril. With involuntary starting, she listened to the steps of the dames walking to and fro in the adjacent room; and as the day declined, her fears became more intense.

Many a time she was on the point of opening the door and flying to the convent; but every time she was recalled to herself by a sense of duty.

An hour after, Susanne and Berthe opened the door, the latter saying—

"The body is laid out, and in very proper style, too; you don't want me any longer, so I will go home, for I am dreadfully fatigued. Good night, then. Keep up your spirits, Emilie; you'll find there's no occasion to be frightened."

And the younger Raven left the inn, to return to her comfortless dwelling.

"You may come in now, Emilie," the other said; "we'll read the prayers for the dead."

Vainly did the young girl scan the pages of the prayer book; her eyes grew dim; she could not find the place,

and she was hardly able to hold the book in her trembling hands.

"Make haste child," said Susanne, pushing her gently.

"In one minute," answered Emilie; and, with a supernatural effort, she rushed into the room. At first she saw nothing; a cloud covered her eyes, her ears rang with a painful buzzing; she felt ready to faint. Susanne made her sit in an arm-chair close to the door, and said, rather sourly—

"Surely there's no occasion to get frightened! This is anything but an ugly corpse!—he must have been a very handsome young man, no doubt!"

Emilie endeavoured to conquer her fright. Raising her head, she looked about the room; the scene she now beheld was, indeed, more melancholy than appalling.

Four tapers were lighted at the corners of the bed; the curtains were fastened up on either side; at the head was hung a font of holly, used as a sprinkler. On this funeral couch lay a human form white and motionless, like the beautiful marble statues that rest over tombs. The shroud covered the dead body up to the shoulders; the hands, folded over the breast, held a cross, and a wreath of everlasting encircled the forehead.

By degrees Emilie's fright subsided, and was succeeded by a sentiment of deep sadness. At last, instinct yielding to reflection, the young girl knelt down, and began the "Litanies for the Dead."

"O! you are more composed now," Susanne said, with satisfaction. "You see it is not so very dreadful. Go on reading the office—I will join you; and when we have done, I'll give you a cup of strong coffee, that will prevent your falling asleep in the night."

"Thank you, Susanne," replied the young girl in a low voice; "I'll take nothing until morning. Come beside me—will you?—and let us pray for the soul of this poor young man."

She continued reciting, with intense fervour, the *De Profundis*; and Susanne having knelt beside her, went on telling her beads, and mechanically repeating the verses. Never before had Emilie prayed with a heart so utterly sad, and so completely detached from the world. The contemplation of this image of nothingness brought to her mind a recollection of her own misfortunes. She thought of her poor father, who, like this young man, had died, away from either parents or friends, in a house where his last looks had met but the indifferent glance of strangers. Never before had she fathomed that awful mystery which ends man's destiny. To this, she, full of life, radiant with hope, had not hitherto given one moment's thought; but now, impressed by this mute and Supreme teaching, she bent her head with profound awe, repeating in her secret heart, "we are all mere clay and dust! Thou alone, oh, Lord! reignest over death!"

Susanne, having read the office to the very last requiem, experienced a feeling of satisfaction at having performed this religious duty. She settled herself in a huge arm chair, and placing her feet on the fender, said—

"This is certainly a very comfortable seat. Emilie, my child, you must be perished with cold. Sit you beside me. Oh! dear, what dreadful weather this is!—What a blessing to enjoy a good fire on such a frosty night!"

Indeed, a sharp north-west wind was heard whistling abroad; the wood crackled cheerfully on the hearth, and the thermometer was down at zero.

"The night is coming on fast," continued the Raven. "I engage they are all dying with fright down stairs.—The servants will dream about ghosts, and to-morrow it will be the gossip all over Marseilles. You are frightened now—are you?"

"No," replied Emilie, in a sad, but calm tone of voice.

They remained a long time without saying a word to each other; the one absorbed in sad meditation—the other muttering her prayers, and busying herself in stirring the fire.

By degrees every noise ceased in the street, and a deep silence pervaded all abroad as well as in the room. Nought was heard, save the watchmen, crying out the hour, and the sound of their poles on the pavement.

The old dame had fallen asleep, and Emilie began to shudder. She sat closer to her; yet she felt as if she were alone, and fright again seized upon her so very intensely that her heart almost ceased to beat. Her face waxed pale, and from her forehead ran a cold perspiration. At times she concealed her face against the chimney piece to prevent her seeing anything in the room.—Another moment, and her imagination peopled the room with phantoms; she thought she felt on her shoulders their cold breathing. This nervous trepidation lasted but a few minutes. Emilie passed both hands over her eyes, as though to dispel these horrible visions, and turning suddenly, carried her looks around the room.—All that had belonged to the deceased was still lying helter-skelter; his watch, hanging at the head of the bed, was still going; his rich silk-and-velvet costume, trimmed with costly lace, was carefully laid on an antique *canape*; his sword and hat were on an arm-chair; and the silver buckles of his garters glittered on the chest of drawers. As is customary, the looking glasses had been covered, to prevent the dead man's face being reflected therein. The tapers burned slowly around the bed, shedding a dim lustre, more gloomy than darkness itself.

Emilie gazed with fixed eyes upon the pale visage and again her terror vanished. Now she experienced but melancholy compassion, and wept. He whom death had just stricken, was in the prime of youth; his features had lost nothing of their manly beauty. His lips seemed half-opened by a faint smile, and the shadow of his long eye-lashes appeared to veil a glance; in fact, one would have thought him slumbering, so much repose and calm sat on his forehead.

"Dead!—dead!—so young! Can it be possible?" thought Emilie. "Why did the soul fly from this body? Perhaps he is but asleep!—Sleep, that image of Death! Oh! my God, thy mere will could awake him!—and yet, to-morrow he will be thrown into a grave, and forever