

Literature, &c

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From the Gift.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

It was the evening of a summer day
Sereae and breathless; gentle dews from heaven
Fell silently upon the grateful flowers,
That all the livelong day had bowed their heads
Drooping with heat, but now from every sod
Sent up their happy perfumes to the sky,
Purer than man's thanksgiving. From the brake
Tufted with jessamine, gushed the enchanting song
Of the rapt nightingale; and round the well,
Filling their pitchers, underneath the palm,
The village girls, a gay and graceful throng,
Stood laughing. But anon a sadder mood
Fell on their spirits, as they thought of her,
Who lay even now, beyond a father's hope,
To smile, or raise her fair young head again,
Jairus's daughter. Hushed was all their glee;
And their hearts smote them, as they homeward went,
That they did laugh but now, and she the while,
Their innocent playmate, dying—perchance dead.

He was a ruler of the synagogue,
A dark grave man, not cheerful, but austere
And stern withal, though pious. He had known
Sorrow and suffering, and had weaned his heart
From earthly things to fix his hope on high.
Yet ever would his gloomy brow unbeam,
As the blithe carol of that little maid,
Or the clear treble of her joyous laugh,
Spoke music to his ear, and won his soul
To smile on her, when darkest.

He had watched
Long days beside her couch, and marked the change
Creep o'er her face, the shadow which death casts
Before his coming. Save his own, no hand
Had smoothed her pillow; none had raised but he
The chalice to her lips, which still were wreathed
Into the painful semblance of a smile,
Striving to thank him for't. He broke no bread,
Nor tasted wine, but sat in desolate grief,
Since the first night the fever smote his child,
Rending his garments, and with ceaseless prayer
Seeking the lord; until all hope was o'er,
And it was evident that, ere the sun
Should leave the plain, her soul must pass away.

But while he mourned a neighbor entered in,
And told him how the Son of Man was nigh,
Teaching the people on this side the sea.
Then he arose, and went his way, and fell
Before the feet of Jesus, where he stood,
And earnestly besought him, crying "Lord,
My little daughter lieth, even now,
At point of death. I pray thee, come to her,
And lay thy hands on her; and she shall live."
And Jesus went along with him. And they
Who had been gathered round him, followed on,
And thronged him. And a certain woman
There,
Which had been wasted by a flow of blood
Twelve weary years, came in the press behind
And touched his garments' selvage—for she said,
"If I but touch his clothes, I shall be whole!"
But he perceiving turned himself about,
And asked the crowd, who touched his raiment's hem
Then she, in fear and trembling, being healed,
And knowing that was done in her, fell down
Ooafessing. And he said to her, "Arise,
Daughter, and go in peace; thy faith alone
Hath made thee whole!"

And while he yet did speak,
Came handmaids running from the ruler's house,
Which said—"Thy child is dead, why troublest thou
The master farther?" But when Jesus heard
He said unto the father—"Yet fear not!
Only believe!"

And thence he suffered none
To follow after him, save James and John
Brother of James, and Peter; and he came
Into the house—a pleasant house and fair,
Shadowed by olives, and a creeping vine
That wound about the casements, with green leaves
In the calm sunshine twinkling, and the splash
Of a cool fountain from the inner court
Murmuring pleasantly. But now the voice
Of men that wept, and woman's shriller wail,
Filled all with tumult, and the sound of woe.
He said to them—"Why make ye this ado?
And wherefore weep ye?—the maid is not dead;
But sleepeth?"

And they laughed him to scorn!
Then did he put forth, and taking none
But her that bore the maiden, sorrowing now

With an exceeding sorrow, and the sire,
And those that came with him, he entered in
Where she was laid.

Her face was very pale,
Paler than her white vestment; and her lip,
Parted a little, wore almost the smile,
Which constantly played over them in life,
Nor had in death quite passed from them
Her hands
Were folded on her breast. Some fresh bright
flowers,
Sweets to the sweet, scattered their perfume
round,
Emblems of beauty's briefness—soon to die.
But when he took her by the hand, and cried,
"Damsel, I say to thee, arise!" a blush,
A warm bright blush, shot o'er the ashy face,
Conscious and beautiful—the pallid lips
Waxed rosy, and breathed forth an odoriferous
sigh,
And she upraised her eyes with a clear light,
Alive and lustrous; and arose straightway
And walked.

Astonished were all they that saw,
With great astonishment; and yet their joy
Was mightier than their wonder was, or woe
Had been. The father, the austere dark man,
Who had not wept before for very dearth
Of tears and agony of soul, wept now.
But these were tears of thankfulness, not grief.

REVENGE OF LEONARD ROSIER.

It was late on a summer afternoon that
Leonard Rosier, a student of the most famous
school of surgery in Paris, was returning to his
home in the Rue St. Honore. The merry popu-
lation thronged the street, and many acquain-
tances accosted him; but he stopped not to
converse with any one, nor turned aside with
the crowd to follow any splendid equipage.
His face was handsome, but pale, apparently
with study; and it was singular that in one so
young, and especially a Frenchman, the ex-
pression should have been so uniformly melan-
choly. He went up the steps of a small house
and knocked gently. The door was opened by
an elderly woman, whose face beamed with
surprise on seeing him.

"I am so happy—so glad you are come—
M. Rosier. I would have gone myself for you,
had I known where to find you. Mademoiselle
Eulalie!"

"What of her—is she worse?" demanded
the youth impatiently; but without waiting the
old woman's reply he pushed past her, and
went hastily up stairs. The woman looked after
him, and shook her head sadly.

Leonard entered a small front chamber just
then lighted with the last crimson rays of the
setting sun. On a couch near the window re-
clined the pale and emaciated figure to almost
ethereal thinness, had not destroyed the exquisite
symmetry of her features. They were still per-
fect in their delicate outline; and the beauti-
fully-chiselled lips wore a tinge of rose which
like the faint spot of colour on each cheek in
contrast with her otherwise dazzling paleness,
was evidently the effect of disease. Her eyes
were large, dark, and supernaturally bright.
She held in her almost transparent fingers a rose
partly faded.

Leonard came softly to her bedside, and
bending over her, said in a low tone of deep
and anxious love, "Eulalie!"

The lovely invalid turned quickly, and her
eyes beamed with joy as they rested on him.
"Oh, brother," she murmured, "you are come
at last!"

The young man turned away his face, and
wept for a minute in silence. At length, look-
ing up, and addressing the nurse, who had fol-
lowed him into the room, he asked, "When
did this fearful change take place?"

"About two hours since," replied the woman.
"Mademoiselle, while sitting on the fauteuil
at the window, was seized with a violent fit
of coughing, and ruptured a blood vessel. The
bleeding was inconsiderable, yet it reduced her
to this weakness."

"Brother!" said the invalid faintly, and
clasping his hand, she looked up imploringly in
his face.

"Do not suffer her to speak," said the
nurse.

"I must," replied the young girl; and by
the slight pressure of her fingers Leonard knew
that she had something on her mind. He mo-
tioned the old woman to withdraw; she object-
ed that it would be dangerous to allow her pa-
tient to talk. But a glance at Leonard's face of
despair convinced her that he thought his sister
beyond hope, and that even the chance of pro-
longing her feeble life was scarce sufficient to
justify them in withstanding her wishes. The
nurse left the apartment.

"Beloved Eulalie," repeated Leonard, again
bending over his sister.

"Brother," exclaimed she, with an energy
that startled him; "brother, I have seen him!"

"Him! whom!—Oh, heaven!" sobbed the
youth. Eulalie motioned some drops that
stood on the table. Leonard poured some from
the phial, and administered them; they seemed
to revive her. She spoke in a stronger voice,
and less interruptedly.

"I saw him—the Marquis de Verneuil!"

"The villain," groaned her brother.

"Yes—he is so, Leonard, or he could not
have acted as he has done," said Eulalie, with
strange calmness. "To deceive a young girl
like me by a false marriage, and then desert
her—"

"His life shall pay for it," said Leonard, in a
voice of agony.

"Not so!" cried Eulalie. "Would such a
revenge profit me? Hear me, Leonard. The
hand of death is upon me, and, ere I die, I
have a boon to ask. But, before I name it,
you must promise—promise me solemnly, on

your knees, Leonard, and before God, that you
will never attempt his life.—Leave to the Al-
mighty Judge the punishment of my wrong.
Leonard, promise me. It is Eulalie's last pray-
er but one."

Leonard hesitated, but, adjured again and
again, he knelt down and took the required
oath.

"Now hear me," said his sister, "for my
strength is failing, and the moments are num-
bered in which I can speak at all. I saw the
Marquis de Verneuil from your window. He
drove past it in his chariot, and beside him was
seated a beauteous lady, whom I judged, from
the fond look with which he regarded her, he
means to make his bride. Leonard, I do not
envy her, but it is wrong to wish that I could
leave the world as the wife, not as the outcast
mistress of him who once loved me? Of the
rights of a wife I have been cruelly defrauded
—would he not give them to me for a few mo-
ments? I should not live to delay his second
nuptials. Oh, brother would he not?"

The emotion that accompanied these words
showed how near her heart lay the request.
Leonard answered not till she had again urged
it, and besought him to make her death happy
by bearing her petition to the marquis. The
shades of evening were falling—there was no
time to be lost.

"Speed, brother," said the low pleading
voice of Eulalie, "for sure to-morrow sun will
not behold me living. Bring him to my bed-
side, that I may forgive him—and be, for the
closing moment of my life—his bride. Go,
Leonard; but, whatever may happen, remember
your oath!"

And, summoning the nurse to watch by the
couch of the dying girl, the young man left his
sister on his strange errand to the Chateau de
Verneuil, some miles distant from Paris. To
the burning impatience of his spirit, the fleet
horse he rode went slowly; and though yet
early in the evening, it seemed to him that
hours passed before he reached the chateau.
His horse was wet with foam as he dismounted
at the gates. Those gates were not solitary;
a group of gallant steeds were led to and fro by
gaily dressed menials, and one or two lately ar-
rived guests, with rustling plumes and brodered
mantles, were admitted as he approached.
Light streamed from the diamond shaded panes
of the castle, and rich music floated on the air.
The young Marquis held a very sumptuous feast,
and entertained the aristocracy of Paris. For
an instant there was a pause in the music;
some toast was proposed; then there was a
burst of applause, presently drowned in the
rejoicing clamor of symbol, of bugle and kettle-
drum.

It was a splendid banquet, in truth, not only
in the viands and the choice wines, but in the
wit of the courtly gaiety of that festive company.
The soul of their mirth, the inspirer and presid-
ing genius of their revelry, was the Marquis
himself. The humor of his jests was the most
exquisite part of the entertainment. There
was not a shade on his face to show that any-
thing of sadness had ever marred the flash of
his laughing eye; it was not in nature like his
to feel any portion of the woe which his reck-
lessness inflicted upon others.

The revelry was at its height, and the gay
host about to challenge fresh admiration by
some new and brilliant speech, when a servant
whispered in his ear, and informed him that a
very young man had arrived express from Paris
and demanded to see him instantly. On this
the Marquis sent his valet to question the stran-
ger, and finding that his business was not of a
political but a private nature, and probably such
as did not particularly concern De Verneuil's in-
terests—this was an inference of the valet's on
observing the humble exterior of the young stu-
dent—the marquis returned answer that he could
not now be disturbed, and directed the stranger to
communicate his errand to the confidential
servant.

Leonard bit his lip till the blood came, as the
man delivered his reply; then taking a pencil
and paper from his pocket, he wrote a few hur-
ried lines to the marquis—informing him of the
prayer of Eulalie Rosier, and imploring him
[for his sister's sake Leonard stopped to en-
treat] to lose not a moment, as she could not
survive the night, in doing justice to his victim.
No man could resist such an appeal; thought
Leonard, as he gave his note to the valet. The
man at first refused to disturb his master again;
but moved by the youth's evident distress, he
at last consented once more to fulfil his re-
quest.

"By St. Denis! but the modesty of this
transcends belief!" cried De Verneuil, as he
read the billet; and after giving orders to his
servant to conduct the young stranger without
the gates, and inform him that he might con-
sider himself fortunate that he received no chas-
tisement for his daring folly, the marquis laugh-
ingly asked his guests "what they thought of
the sang froid of a surgeon's apprentice, who
had the impudence to demand that he should
on the instant leave his courtly guests, to ride
post haste to Paris, and marry his sick sister!"
The shout of merriment that followed this
question fell like a thunderbolt on the ears of
Leonard as he quitted the gates of the Chateau
de Verneuil.

The young student returned to his sister's
deathbed—with what tidings? To tell her
that her last prayer had been mocked—that her
sufferings—had served to point a jest for his
heartless companions! Leonard rejoiced that
when he again saw Eulalie, she was beyond the
consciousness of wrong or woe. She did not
even know her brother as he knelt beside her,
weeping bitter tears; and long before sunrise
she had sunk into the arms of death.

It was high noon upon a bright day in Octo-
ber, when a brilliant bridal company was issu-

ing from the church of St. Roch. It consisted
of many of the nobles of Paris, and dames
whose beauty was dazzling even amid the
splendour of their attire; who possessed the
gift more rare even than loveliness,—the aristoc-
ratic mien, the high bred delicacy of air, that
compelled the crowd about the churchdoors to
fall back involuntarily as they advanced. In
the rear of the gorgeous train came the Marquis
de Verneuil and his bride, the most admired
beauty in the fashionable circles of Paris. The
magnificence of her dress, and the proud bearing
of the marquis, excited expressions of delight
and homage as they moved. He bowed grace-
fully to the salutations of his friends—more
distantly to mere acquaintances, and took the
hand of his fair bride to assist her into the car-
riage in waiting. Just then there was a sudden
movement in the crowd, and a young man, his
face pale as death, and his eyes glaring like
those of a maniac, sprang into the space sacred
to the approach of aristocracy, and confronted
the bridegroom. He had a drawn sword in his
hand.

"Marquis de Verneuil!" cried he, as the no-
ble stopped, alarmed at this wild apparition, "I
do not seek your life! I have sword an oath
to the dead, Eulalie, to do you no harm, and
and well is it for you that I hold my vows more
sacred than you do yours! But you shall not
pass without a memorial from me. Take this
—and remember Leonard Rosier."

As he spoke he struck the marquis on the
face with the flat of his sword, then turning
away, rushed into the throng. Stunned by the im-
pact, De Verneuil shouted to his friends to cut
him down, or secure him; but in vain.—There
was little affection at that time among the peo-
ple for the corrupt and selfish aristocracy.
The discontent which preceded the days of
the revolution, had been long at work; and on
the first flash of a quarrel between a noble and
one of their own order, most of the inferior
class were ready, without inquiry to espouse the
cause of the latter.

The young surgeon had insulted one of the
hated class of the nobility; he was borne off in
triumph by the crowd. When some of his ac-
quaintances recognized him, and proclaimed
his wrong, shouts of defiance were flung by the
incensed people in the faces of Leonard's
pursuers, and the disturbances became so great
that it was thought expedient to let the offender
escape. De Verneuil stopped into the carriage
and took his seat by his bride, with his face
glowing with rage and shame, and muttering
curses and threats. The bridal cortege was
pursued as it departed by execrations and taunts
from the multitude, glad of any opportunity to
give vent to the fire that had so long burned
secretly and sullenly, and was soon to burst forth
and amaze the world with its dreadful devastat-
ion.

Years had passed. The revolution was at its
height. Its horrors were enacted daily—hour-
ly; and the guillotine streamed with the blood
of noble victims.

It was a stormy winter night in 1793. The
door of a house in the Rue Nicaise was beseged
by a party of sansculottes, who were drag-
ging along with them a prisoner, whom they
had seized coming out of the house of the
Prince V—.

They knocked loudly at the door, "Open,
Citizen Rosier! upon the door we have a new
subject for you!"

A window above was thrown open, and the
figure of a man with a lamp in his hand, was
visible. He wore a dressing gown, which the
wind blew back from his meagre limbs; and a
soiled velvet cap, decorated with a tri-colored
cockade.

"A subject!" repeated he with a hoarse
voice. "A subject, and his head not off!"
"Not yet!" cried one of the men. "You
must give him quarters for an hour or two—
till morning; for the guillotine has had hard
work to-day. His turn comes earliest in the
morning; unless he goes off first by an extra
post, for he is half dead with fright already;
See what you can do towards reviving him;
and for a fee you shall have him to-morrow
warm from the axe."

"Bring him in, then, replied the surgeon,
and he descended to open the door. The sans-
culottes dragged in their prisoner, who seemed
in truth, more dead than alive.

"Keep the bird well-caged!" cried they.
"We took him from an aristocratic nest; a
band leagued for the destruction of the repub-
lic."

"Come in, and guard him."
"Not so, citizen doctor! We know you
well, and can trust you. We leave the prison-
er in your charge, for we have much business
before us to-night. At dawn we will take him
away—if you have not in the meantime dosed
him to death. Come, lads!" And shaking his
hand to his companions, the sans-culotte de-
parted.

"You deserve the guillotine, all of you,"
muttered the doctor, then turning to his prison-
er, said encouragingly—"Do not despair, I have
may be in my power to save you. I have
saved more than one victim from these blood-
hounds. Truth, if they had the least suspicion
of me, 'twere as much as my head is worth,
—but let us hope for the best."

While speaking he lighted the lamp, which
had been extinguished by the wind as he open-
ed the door. He turned to the stranger, and
stood as if struck by a thunderbolt. For a few
minutes space the two gazed upon one another
—the surgeon's pale face grew paler, and his
eyes glared fixedly, as on some hideous appar-
ition. At length recovering his self-possession
by a strong effort, he said with a sneer, "I have
the honor of seeing the Marquis de Verneuil
again!"

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the prisoner, who
was trembling violently, and drops of sweat
stood on his forehead.