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## AND

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## Poetry.

### LINES TO A WORN-OUT FOUNT OF TYPE.

IN A NOTE TO A FRIEND.

I'm sitting at my desk, George;
Before me on the floor
There lies a worn-out fount of type,
Full twenty thousand score;
And many months have passed, George,
Since they were bright and new,
And many are the tales they've told—
The false, the strange, the true!

Their beauty has all gone, George;
You scarcely now may trace,
Upon the snowy medium,
The likeness of their face.
They remind me of a man, George,
Whose morn of life was full
Of promise, but whose eve
Was desolate and dull.

What tales of horror have they told,
Of tempest and of wreck;
Of murder at the midnight hour;
Of war full many a "speck;"
Of ships that far away at sea
Went down before the blast;
Of stifled cries of agony,
As life's last moment passed!

Of earthquakes and of suicides;
Of failing crops of cotton;
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
And banking systems rotten;
Of boilers bursting, steamboats sunk,
Of riots, duels fought;
Of robbers with their prey escaped,
Of thieves with booty caught.

Of land-slides and of waterspouts;
Of ants and alligators;
Of monsters in the briny deep,
Of giant sweet potatoes;
Of children lost and children found;
Finances in disorder;
Of fights among the Chartists,
And troubles on the border.

They've told us of a nation, George,
Bent sorrowing in the dust,
For one whom she had called to fill
Her highest, dearest trust;
Of sparkling crowns for youthful brows;
Of royal coronations;
Of plans to rid the earth of kings;
Of temp'rance reformations.

Of flood and fire and accident,
Those worn-out types have told,
And how the pestilence hath swept
The youthful and the old;
Of marriages, of births and deaths;
Of things to please or vex us;
Of one man's jumping overboard,
Another gone to Texas!

They've told how long sweet summer days
Have faded from our view,
How autumn's chilling wind hath swept
The leaf-crowned forest through;
How winter's rain hath come and gone—
Dark reign of storm and strife—
And how the smiling spring had warmed
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half
My inky friends have told
Since, shining bright and beautiful,
They issued from the mou'd—
How unto some they joy have brought;
To others grief and tears;
Yet faithfully they record kept
Of fast receding years.

## Literature.

### 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 population thronged the street, and many acquaintances 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 expression should have been so uniformly melancholy. 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 reclined the pale and emaciated figure of a female, reduced to almost etherial thinness, but sickness had not destroyed the exquisite symmetry of her features. They were still perfect in their delicate outline; and the beautifully-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 supernaturaly 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, looking up, and addressing the nurse, who had followed 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 motioned the old woman to withdraw; she objected that it would be dangerous to allow her patient 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 prolonging 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 for 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 Vermeuil."

"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 Almighty Judge the punishment of my wrong. Leonard, promise me. It is Eulalie's last prayer 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 numbered in which I can speak at all. I saw the Marquis de Vermeuil from yon 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 is it 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 moments? 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's sun will not behold me living. Bring him to my bedside, 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 Vermeuil, 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 arrived guests, with rustling plumes and broidered 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 symbal, 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 and the courtly gaiety of that festive company. The soul of their mirth, the inspirer and presiding genius of their revelry, was the Marquis himself. The humour of his jests was the most exquisite part of the entertainment. There was not a shade on his face to show that anything of sadness had ever marred the flash of his laughing eye; it was not in natures like his to feel any portion of the woe which his recklessness 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 stranger, and finding that his business was not of a political but a private nature, and probably such as did not particularly concern De Vermeuil's interests—this was an inference of the valet's, on observing the humble exterior of the young student—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 hurried lines to the marquis—informing him of the prayer of Eulalie Rosier, and imploring him [for his sister's sake Leonard stooped to entreaty] 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 request.

"By St. Denys! but the modesty of this transcends belief!" cried De Vermeuil, 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 consider himself fortunate that he received no chastisement for his daring folly, the marquis laughingly 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 Vermeuil.

The young student returned to his sister's deathbed—with what tidings! To tell her that her last prayer had been mocked—that her name had been scoffed at by the author of 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 of 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.

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It was high noon upon a bright day in October, when a brilliant bridal company was issuing from the church of St. Roche. 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 aristocratic mien, the high bred delicacy of air, that compelled the crowd about the church doors to fall back involuntarily as they advanced. In the rear of the gorgeous train came the Marquis de Vermeuil 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 along. He bowed gracefully to the salutations of his friends—more distantly to mere acquaintances; and took the hand of his fair bride to assist her into the carriage 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 as 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 Vermeuil!" cried he, as the noble stopped, alarmed at this wild apparition, "I do not seek your life! I have sworn an oath to the dead Eulalie, to do you no harm, and well it is 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 [illegible] his friends to cut him down, or secure him; but in vain.—There was little affection at that time among the populace 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 nobility; he was borne off in triumph by the crowd. When some of his acquaintances recognised him, and proclaimed his wrong, shouts of defiance were flung by the incensed people in the faces of Leonard's pursuers, and the disturbance became so great that it was thought expedient to let the offender escape. De Vermeuil stepped into his 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 devastation.

Years had passed. The revolution was at its height. Its horrors were enacted daily—hourly; 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 besieged by a party of sans-culottes, who were dragging 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! open 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 tricoloured 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 republic."

"Come in, and guard him."

"Not so, citizen doctor! We know you well, and can trust you. We leave the prisoner 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 the doctor by the hand, and beckoning with his hand to his companions, the sans-culotte departed.

"You deserve the guillotine, all of you," muttered the doctor; then turning to his prisoner, said encouragingly "Do not despair, it may be in my power to save you. I have saved more than one victim from these bloodhounds. Troth, 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 opened 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 apparition. At length recovering his self-possession by a strong effort, he said with a sneer, "I have the honor of seeing the Marquis de Vermeuil again?"

"Mercy;" gasped the prisoner. He was trembling violently, and drops of cold sweat stood on his forehead.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not recognize me," asked the doctor.

The prisoner looked at him earnestly, and shook his head; reiterating his entreaties for compassion.

"Monsieur le Marquis does not know me?" repeated the surgeon, in the same bitter ironical tone. "The great and noble find it hard to recollect the poor; it is the *canaille* that always have such inveterate memories."

"For heaven's sake, do not mock my misery!" implored the fallen noble. "You have said you could save me—"

The surgeon rang a small bell, and a servant appeared, when he ordered him to bring wine and refreshments. They were set on the table; the doctor drew up chairs, and invited his guest to sit down. The agony of the prisoner increased every moment.

"For God's sake, have pity upon me!"

"All in good time. Eat—you have need of refreshment."

"Let me fly. The darkness of the night will favor my escape."

"Impossible? There are spies about the door. My own servants would betray you. You cannot stir hence till morning. You had better eat something."

"Oh, fate! How can I?"

"Drink, then." The doctor poured out a cup of wine, and pushed it towards his guest. He did not touch it, but stood shivering with terror. A pause ensued.

"Save me! save me," again faltered he.

"Monsieur le Marquis," said the doctor drily, "seems to have a very great fear of death."

The prisoner renewed his supplications.

The surgeon hesitated. At length, he said, "I know of but one way to help you." The prisoner was breathless.

"You are aware," continued the doctor, "that I am an anatomist. From what the sans-culottes said, you must have known that they are in the habit of bringing [illegible] it out of friendship, for they think me an excellent citizen. You need not shudder. I have, as I before mentioned, saved several who were brought to me alive; and yet, thanks to Marat, with whom I am intimate, I have never been in want of fresh bodies. I have just now one in the house. But I cannot pass him off for you, Monsieur le Marquis, because he is short, and lacks the symmetry of proportion for which you are remarkable. Besides he has at present no head.—These sans-culottes are not easily deceived. I must deliver you into their hands alive, or show them your corpse. The only method I see is this; you must drink a potion I have prepared, which will render you insensible, and apparently dead, till to-morrow evening. When my good friends come for you, I will take them to the marble table where you are laid out like a corpse."

The prisoner shuddered, but after a minute, said, "If you save me, I assure you, on my honor, your reward shall be princely."

The doctor turned his head with an expression of disgust.

"When must I take the drink?" asked his guest.

"Immediately."

"And where shall I pass the night?"

"As soon as you have taken the potion, you will fall into a stupor, which will soon become total insensibility. I will then call my servant, and order him to remove your body into the dissecting room, and to lay it on the table."

The prisoner groaned. "You do not like your lodgings?" said the surgeon. "But you will be in no condition to notice them when you have taken the draught."

"Let me only see the room," implored he.

"You had better lose no time.—Hark! what is that?" The clock struck. "One, two! they will be here in less than an hour."

"I will take the draught," cried the prisoner, in mortal anguish. "But only let me see the room."

The doctor rose without reply, and taking the lamp, led the way, beckoning to his guest to follow him. At the other end of the hall they entered a passage which led to the dissecting room. It was large, and furnished with wooden cases, and glasses in which were preparations of spirits of wine. More than one skeleton was visible, each in its case. On a marble table in the middle of the room lay an uncovered body. He set the lamp on the table, pushed the corpse a little to one side, and pointing to the vacant place, said "this is where you will lie."

"And who will assure me," faltered the marquis, with a sudden expression of suspicion.

"Oh, Monsieur le Marquis distrusts me!" cried the doctor. "If you knew me, I fear your confidence would not be greatly increased. But it is not right to take advantage of your ignorance. You do not remember my features, yet we have met before. I am Leonard Rosier."

The prisoner staggered back, horror-struck.

"I once insulted you, Monsieur le Marquis [illegible] Rosier. "It was on the occasion of your b[illegible] heard you swear to have my life. In truth, s[illegible] insult to a noble can only be washed out with blood[illegible] this sword—we will have the duel out here, if you please."

The weapon fell from the nerveless hand of the terror stricken wretch. "Mercy," he groaned; "have mercy upon me."

"Do not ask mercy from a brother of Eulalie Rosier!"

There was a shouting in the street—the sans-culottes were come. The guilty prisoner sank on his knees, and clasped his hands, in the extremity of abject sup-