

JOAN OF ARC.

When, in the perusal of history, I meet with the names of females whom circumstances, or their own inclinations, have brought thus openly before the public eye, I can seldom repress the desire to know more of them. Was it choice, or necessity, which led them to the battle-field, or council hall? Had the woman's heart been crushed within their breasts? or did it struggle with the sterner feelings which had then found entrance there? Were they recreant to their own sex? or were the deeds which claim the historian's notice but the necessary results of the situations in which they had been placed?

These are questions which I often ask, and yet I love not in old and musty records to meet with names which long ere this should have perished with the hearts upon which love had written them; for happier, surely, is woman, when in *one* manly heart she has been "shrined a queen," than when upon some powerful throne she sits with an untrembling form, and an unquailing eye, to receive the homage, and command the services of loyal thousands. I love not to read of woman transformed in all, save outward form, into one of the sterner sex; and when I see, in the memorials of the past, that this has apparently been done, I would fain overleap the barriers of by-gone time, and know how it has been effected. Imagination goes back to the scenes which must have been witnessed then, and perhaps unaided portrays the minuter features of the sketch, of which history has preserved merely the outlines.

But I sometimes read of woman, when I would *not* know more of the places where she has rendered herself conspicuous; when there is something so noble and so bright in the character I have given her, that I fear a better knowledge of trivial incidents might break the spell which leads me to love and admire her; where, perhaps, the picture which my fancy has painted, glows in colors so brilliant, that a sketch by Truth would seem beside it but a sombre shadow.

JOAN OF ARC is one of those heroines of history, who can not fail to excite an interest in all who love to contemplate the female character. From the gloom of that dark age, when woman was but a play-thing and a slave, she stands in bold relief, its most

conspicuous personage. Not, indeed, as a queen, but as more than a queen, even the preserver of her nation's king; not as a conqueror, but as the saviour of her country; not as a man, urged in his proud career by mad ambition's stirring energies, but as a woman, guided in her brilliant course by woman's noblest impulses,—so does she appear, in that lofty station which for herself she won.

Though high and dazzling was the eminence to which she rose, yet "'twas not thus, oh 'twas not thus; her dwelling-place was found." Low in the vale of humble life was the maiden born and bred; and thick as is the veil which time and distance have thrown over every passage of her life, yet that which rests upon her early days is most impenetrable. And much room is there here for the interested inquirer, and Imagination may revel almost unchecked amid the slight revelations of History.

Joan is a heroine—a woman of mighty power—wearing herself the habiliments of man, and guiding armies to battle and to victory; yet never to my eye is "the warrior-maid" aught but a woman. The ruling passion, the spirit which nerved her arm, illumed her eye, and buoyed her heart, was woman's faith. Ay, it was *power*—and call it what ye may—say it was enthusiasm, fanaticism, madness—or call it, if ye will, what those *did* name it who burned Joan at the stake,—still it was power, the power of woman's firm, undoubting faith.

I should love to go back into Joan's humble home—that home which the historian has thought so little worthy of his notice; and in imagination I *must* go there, even to the very cradle of her infancy, and know of all those influences which wrought the mind of Joan to that fearful pitch of wild enthusiasm, when she declared herself the inspired agent of the Almighty.

Slowly and gradually was the spirit trained to an act like this; for though, like the volcano's fire, its instantaneous bursting forth was preceded by no prophet-herald of its coming—yet Joan of Arc was the same Joan ere she was maid of Orleans; the same high-souled, pure and imaginative being, the creature of holy impulses, and conscious of superior energies. It must have been so; *a superior mind may burst upon the world, but never upon itself*: there must be a feeling of sympathy with the noble and the gifted, a knowledge of innate though slumbering powers. The neglected eaglet may lie in its mountain nest, long after the

pinion is fledged; but it will fix its unquailing eye upon the dazzling sun, and feel a consciousness of strength in the untried wing; but let the mother-bird once call it forth, and far away it will soar into the deep blue heavens, or bathe and revel amidst tempest-clouds—and henceforth the eyrie is but a resting-place.

As the diamond is formed, brilliant and priceless, in the dark bowels of the earth, even so, in the gloom of poverty, obscurity and toil, was formed the mind of Joan of Arc. Circumstances were but the jeweller's cutting, which placed it where it might more readily receive the rays of light, and flash them forth with greater brilliancy.

I have said, that I must in imagination go back to the infancy of Joan, and note the incidents which shed their silent, hallowing influence upon her soul, until she stands forth an inspired being, albeit inspired by naught but her own imagination.

The basis of Joan's character is religious enthusiasm: this is the substratum, the foundation of all that wild and mighty power which made *her*, the peasant girl, the saviour of her country. But the flame must have been early fed; it was not merely an elementary portion of her nature, but it was one which was cherished in infancy, in childhood and in youth, until it became the master-passion of her being.

Joan, the child of the humble and the lowly, was also the daughter of the fervently religious. The light of faith and hope illumines their little cot; and reverence for all that is good and true, and a trust which admits no shade of fear or doubt, is early taught the gentle child. Though "faith in God's own promises" was mingled with superstitious awe of those to whom all were then indebted for a knowledge of the truth; though priestly craft had united the wild and false with the pure light of the gospel; and though Joan's religion was mingled with delusion and error,—still it comprised all that is fervent, and pure, and truthful, in the female heart. The first words her infant lips are taught to utter, are those of prayer—prayer, mayhap, to saints or virgin; but still to her *then*, and in all after time, the aspirations of a spirit which delights in communion with the Invisible.

She grows older, and still amid ignorance, and poverty, and toil, the spirit gains new light and fervour. With a mind alive to every thing that is high and holy, she goes forth into a dark and sinful world, dependent upon her daily toil for daily bread;

she lives among the thoughtless and the vile ; but like that plant which opens to nought but light and air, and shrinks from all other contact—so her mind, amid the corruptions of the world, is shut to all that is base and sinful, though open and sensitive to that which is pure and noble.

“Joan,” says the historian, “was a tender of stables in a village inn.” Such was her outward life ; but there was for her *another* life, a life within that life. While the hands perform low, menial service, the soul untrammelled is away, and revelling amidst its own creations of beauty and of bliss. She is silent and abstracted ; always alone among her fellows—for among them all she sees no kindred spirit ; she finds none who can touch the chords within her heart, or respond to their melody, when she would herself sweep its harp-strings.

Joan has no friends ; far less does she ever think of earthly lovers ; and who would love *her*, the wild and strange Joan ! thought, perhaps, the gloomy, dull and silent one : But that soul, whose very essence is fervent zeal and glowing passion, sends forth in secrecy and silence its burning love upon the unconscious things of earth. She talks to the flowers, and the stars, and the changing clouds ; and their voiceless answers come back to her soul at morn, and noon, and stilly night. Yes, Joan loves to go forth in the darkness of eve, and sit

“Beneath the radiant stars, still burning as they roll,
And sending down their prophecies into her fervent soul ;”

but better even than this does she love to go into some high cathedral, where the “dim religious light” comes faintly through the painted windows ; and when the priests chant vesper hymns, and burning-incense goes upward from the sacred altar—and when the solemn strains and the fragrant vapor dissolve and die away in the distant aisles and lofty dome, she kneels upon the marble floor, and in ecstatic worship sends forth the tribute of a glowing heart.

And when at night she lies down upon her rude pallet, she dreams that she is with those bright and happy beings with whom her fancy has peopled heaven. She is there, among saints and angels, and even permitted high converse with the Mother of Jesus.

Yes, Joan is a dreamer ; and she dreams not only in the night but in the day ; whether at work or at rest, alone or among her

fellow men, there are angel-voices near, and spirit-wings are hovering around her, and visions of all that is pure, and bright, and beautiful, come to the mind of the lowly girl. She finds that she is a favored one ; she feels that those about her are not gifted as she has been ; she knows that their thoughts are not as her thoughts ; and then the spirit questions, Why is it thus that she should be permitted communings with unearthly ones ? Why was this ardent, aspiring mind bestowed upon *her*, one of earth's meanest ones, shackled by bonds of penury, toil, and ignorance of all that the world calls high and gifted ? Day after day goes by, night after night wears on, and still these queries will arise, and still they are unanswered.

At length the affairs of busy life, those which to Joan have heretofore been of but little moment, begin to awaken even *her* interest. Hitherto, absorbed in her own bright fancies, she has mingled in the scenes around her, like one who walketh in his sleep. They have been too tame and insipid to arouse her energies, or excite her interest ; but now there is a thrilling power in the tidings which daily meet her ears. All hearts are stirred, but none now throb like hers : her country is invaded, her king an exile from his throne ; and at length the conquerors, unopposed, are quietly boasting of their triumphs on the very soil they have polluted. And shall it be thus ? Shall the victor revel and triumph in her own loved France ? Shall her country thus tamely submit to wear the foreign yoke ? And Joan says, No ! She feels the power to arouse, to quicken, and to guide.

None now may tell whether it was first in fancies of the day, or visions of the night, that the thought came, like some lightning flash, upon her mind, that it was for this that powers unknown to others had been vouchsafed to *her* ; and that for this, even new energies should now be given. But the idea once received is not abandoned ; she cherishes it, and broods upon it, till it has mingled with every thought of day and night. If doubts at first arise, they are not harbored, and at length they vanish away.

“ Her spirit shadowed forth a dream, till it became a creed.”

All that she sees and all that she hears—the words to which she eagerly listens by day, and the spirit-whispers which come to her at night,—they all assure her of this, that she is the appointed

one. All other thoughts and feelings now crystalize in this grand scheme; and as the cloud grows darker upon her country's sky, her faith grows surer and more bright. Her countrymen have ceased to resist, have almost ceased to hope; but she alone, in her fervent joy, has "looked beyond the present clouds and seen the light beyond." The spoiler shall yet be vanquished, and *she* will do it; her country shall yet be saved, and *she* will save it; her unanointed king shall yet sit on his throne, and "Charles shall be crowned at Rheims." Such is her mission, and she goes forth in her own ardent faith to its accomplishment.

And did those who first admitted the claims of Joan as an inspired leader, themselves believe that she was an agent of the Almighty? None can now tell how much the superstition of their faith, mingling with the commanding influence of a mind firm in its own conviction of supernatural guidance, influenced those haughty ones, as they listened to the counsels, and obeyed the mandates, of the peasant girl. Perhaps they saw that she was their last hope, a frail reed upon which they might lean, yet one that might not break. Her zeal and faith might be an instrument to effect the end which she had declared herself destined to accomplish. Worldly policy and religious credulity might mingle in their admission of her claims; but however this might be, the peasant girl of Arc soon rides at her monarch's side, with helmet on her head, and armor on her frame, the time-hallowed sword girt to her side, and the consecrated banner in her hand; and with the lightning of inspiration in her eye, and words of dauntless courage on her lips, she guides them on to battle and to victory.

Ay, there she is, the low-born maid of Arc! there, with the noble and the brave, amid the clangor of trumpets, the waving of banners, the tramp of the war-horse, and the shouts of warriors; and there she is more at home than in those humble scenes in which she has been wont to bear a part. Now for once she is herself; now may she put forth all her hidden energy, and with a mind which rises at each new demand upon its powers, she is gaining for herself a name even greater than that of queen. And now does the light beam brightly from her eye, and the blood course quickly through her veins—for her task is ended, her mission accomplished, and "Charles is crowned at Rheims."

This is the moment of Joan's glory,—and what is before her now? To stand in courts, a favored and flattered one? to revel in the soft luxuries and enervating pleasures of a princely life? Oh this was not for one like her. To return to obscurity and loneliness, and there to let the over-wrought mind sink back with nought to occupy and support it, till it feeds and drivels on the remembrance of the past,—this is what she would do; but there is for her what is better far, even the glorious death of a martyr.

Little does Joan deem, in her moment of triumph, that this is before her; but when she has seen her mission ended, and her king the anointed ruler of a liberated people, the sacred sword and standard are cast aside; and throwing herself at her monarch's feet, and watering them with tears of joy, she begs permission to return to her humble home. She has now done all for which that power was bestowed; her work has been accomplished, and she claims no longer the special commission of an inspired leader. But Dunois says, No! The English are not yet entirely expelled the kingdom, and the French general would avail himself of that name, and that presence, which have infused new courage into his armies, and struck terror to their enemies. He knows that Joan will no longer be sustained by the belief that she is an agent of heaven; but she will be with them, and that alone must benefit their cause. He would have her again assume the standard, sword and armour; he would have her still retain the title of "Messenger of God," though she believes that her mission goes no farther.

It probably was not the first time, and it certainly was not the last, when woman's holiest feelings have been made the instruments of man's ambition, or agents for the completion of his designs. Joan is now but a woman, poor, weak and yielding woman; and overpowered by their entreaties, she consents to try again her influence. But the power of that faith is gone, the light of inspiration is no more given, and she is attacked, conquered, and delivered to her enemies. They place her in low dungeons, then bring her before tribunals; they wring and torture that noble spirit, and endeavor to obtain from it a confession of imposture, or connivance with the "evil one;" but she still persists in the declaration that her claims to a heavenly guidance were but true.

Once only was she false to herself. Weary and dispirited;

deserted by her friends, and tormented by her foes,—she yields to their assertions, and admits that she did deceive her countrymen. Perhaps in that hour of trial and darkness, when all hope of deliverance from without, or from above, had died away,—when she saw herself powerless in the merciless hands of her enemies, the conviction might steal upon her own mind, that she had been self-deceived; that phantasies of the brain had been received as visions from on high,—but though her confession was true in the abstract, yet Joan was surely untrue to herself.

Still it avails her little; she is again remanded to the dungeon, and there awaits her doom.

At length they bring her the panoply of war, the armoured suit in which she went forth at her king's right hand to fight their battle-hosts. Her heart thrills, and her eye flashes, as she looks upon it—for it tells of glorious days. Once more she dons those fatal garments, and they find her arrayed in the habiliments of war. It is enough for those who wished but an excuse to take her life, and the Maid of Orleans is condemned to die.

They led Joan to the martyr-stake. Proudly and nobly went she forth, for it was a fitting death for one like *her*. Once more the spirit may rouse its noblest energies; and with brightened eye, and firm, undaunted step, she goes where banners wave, and trumpets sound, and martial hosts appear in proud array. And the sons of England weep as they see her, the calm and tearless one, come forth to meet her fate. They bind her to the stake; they light the fire; and upward borne on wreaths of soaring flame, the soul of the martyred Joan ascends to heaven.

ELLA.

TEARS.

The human heart, in its deep tones and ever-varying imagery, with its limited power of expression, has been justly compared to a "musician, driven to play infinitely varied music on an organ which has but few notes." Who has not felt the truth of this, at times, when some power has struck the "electric chain where-with we are darkly bound," awaking tones whose music thrills

the inmost depths of our being—yet can find no utterance in words! As well might we attempt to gather up all the streams which water this broad land, and bid them flow through one narrow channel, as to measure the soul's depths by *any* language, and least of all, the feeble one of words.

And yet, often do the strong and pure feelings of the heart find expression and relief in the silent tear. I know full well the derision which this subject meets from many who pride themselves upon their spiritual strength and independence. "Tears are unmanly," say they, "fit expressions only for woman's weakness and folly." Call them so, if you will. I have seen the great, the strong and brave man, shedding tears over the moral degradation of his fallen brother; and never, in all his glory, did he seem so pure, so god-like. I have seen, too, that fallen one, who for long years had been buried in sin and wretchedness, aroused by that tear of pitying love, to know, to feel himself a man; and from that hour, the darkness which had so long obscured the image of the Divinity in his soul, passed away, and forever.

Again: I have seen the rough and hardy sailor, who, it would seem, from long companionship with the rude elements in their stern conflicts, had become as stern and unpitying as they—yet I have seen him when on shore, stopping to listen to the mournful story of a poor old man; and as he drew from his purse the last of his hard earnings, and gave to the wretched one, I saw him turn and brush a tear from his sunburnt cheek! It was the seal of Heaven. No longer did he seem the coarse, rude sailor, but the child of God; and I longed to offer him my hand, and kindly call him brother.

This subject recalls an incident with which I met long since, and which I must give in my own language, having forgotten that of the writer, and therefore may not do it justice.

The scene was an humble cottage, half hidden by the thick foliage of the trees and clustering vines, in one of our New England hamlets, where had gathered, in the rustic little parlour, a few of the villagers, to witness the baptism of a child. At length came the venerable Pastor, whose countenance bore the impress of a spiritual baptism in meekness and holy love. The door of an inner apartment opened, and the young mother, with her babe, was led by her husband into the midst of the little band. She

seemed so angel-like in her plain white robe, and with a countenance of such touching sweetness and purity, that each eye was dimmed, and each lip quivered, as they looked on her. But she saw it not, for she was blind! The minister arose, and was about to take from her arms the little one she had brought to dedicate to God, when a shower of tears fell from her sightless eyes upon its sweet face; and immediately was heard the tremulous voice of the pastor pronouncing the benediction; and then turning to her, he said, "Young mother, thy tears have consecrated thy child." Weakness if it be, I thank God that he has not so closed the avenues of our hearts, that we can look on scenes like these with indifference.

We are told that Washington, when parting with the oft-tried companions of his suffering and his glory, was seen shedding tears with "woman's weakness." Shall *he*, the firm, undaunted battler for a nation's freedom, the disinterested and self-sacrificing Washington, be called weak, because his heart filled to overflowing with gratitude and love for those noble spirits who had so long suffered with and for him? Was it not rather such meekness and benevolence that made him truly great, the revered, the honored and beloved of his country and the world?

Yet again; behold a greater than Washington, even the greatest and purest being earth has ever known, weeping sympathising tears with the sisters of Bethany, for the death of their brother! And listen to the touching lamentation which, with bitter tears, flowed from his pitying heart, in anticipation of terrible calamities that were to fall upon the devoted city of Jerusalem! Look upon these examples, and say if tears are weak and unmanly?

MARY.

RURAL STANZAS.

'Tis sweet to roam in summer time, o'er nature's wide domain,
To range the valley, hill, and grove, and wide-extended plain!
Then earth is full of poetry; 'tis in each passing breeze,
The ever-flowing mountain stream, and 'mid the forest trees.

I love to ramble in the grove, in nature's fairest bowers,
Through which the little streamlet flows, amid the forest flowers;
To sit upon its shady bank, beneath the tall oak trees,
While on the boughs the summer-birds pour forth their harmonies.

Oft have I sat and listened to their merry, merry lays,
As they so sweetly warbled forth their great Creator's praise;
I love the clear, wild melody of their enchanting song,
Which rises from each bush and spray, and gladly floats along.

We see where'er we chance to go—whene'er we look around,
An impress of our Father's love, on every foot of ground;
In every tender blade of grass, in every shrub and flower,
Which, but for His protecting care, could not exist an hour.

The merry songsters of the grove, the fly, the ant, and bee,
And squirrel that so nimbly skips around from tree to tree,
Are all fed from His bounteous hand—His love is over all—
'Without the notice of His eye shall not a sparrow fall.'

Distrustful one! I would that thou the lesson taught might see,
That He, who careth thus for *them*, will also care for *thee*;
His guardian love is over all, and we this love may trust—
May rise to shout His praise on high, when dust returns to dust.

O then in view of so much love, let all their voices raise,
To Him who is so worthy of our highest notes of praise;
We'll praise Him with our mortal tongues, till life and death are o'er,
And then we'll join the angel-choir, to praise Him evermore.

R. C. T.

LA BRAINARD.

Early in the afternoon of a beautiful summer day, the children of the lower school district in South W. were assembled at the house of an opulent farmer, to celebrate the birth-day of little Frances.

"Issadore," said Frances, speaking to her elder sister, who was ever ready to assist the little ones in their pastimes, "will you make us some wreaths for our heads, if we will gather the roses? Mama's rose-bush is in full bloom, and I know that she is willing for us to have the roses."

"Don't be so sure of that, my little sister," said Issadore, "for I heard your mama say that she intended to make some rose-water this season. But I will tell you what you can do. You can gather your roses from the long string of wild rose-bushes, the other side of the orchard; and you can find plenty of violets near by the rose-bushes; and I will make you as many wreaths as you want."

Away ran the children in high glee, to gather their wild flow-

ers. But Frances soon returned. "Oh, Issadore," said she, "will you not come out with us, and sit on the bench under the great oak, to make our wreaths? La Brainard is coming over yonder hill, and the children say that they shall not be afraid if you are with us." Issadore took her sister by the hand, and they hastened to the oak.

La Brainard was a harmless mad-man, who had been for nearly forty years promenading round Lake Winnepisiogee, and through the towns in the neighborhood of the lake, subsisting all the while upon charity. Many were the stories respecting the cause of La Brainard's mental derangement, but nothing was known for a certainty. It was evident that he had been liberally educated; and at times his manners told that he had been conversant with refined society. The father of Issadore had taught his children to be kind to the "unfortunate;" and at his house, La Brainard was always sure of a welcome reception. But there were many who treated him with contempt; and "Old Brainard" was the bug-bear with which they frightened their children to obedience.

La Brainard drew near, and when opposite the rose-bushes he stopped, gazed at the children, and appeared to be quite delighted. After a few minutes spent in looking at the children, he took down the bars, and came into the field, bending his steps toward the oak.

"Monsieur La Brainard," said Issadore, "I am glad to see you. Have you found any dinner to-day?"

"Yes," said he, "I have had a good dinner."

"So much the better," said Issadore, "for now you have nothing to do, but to sit down by me, and help wreath some garlands for these children; and tell me the story which you have so many times promised."

La Brainard took up his cane, and counted the notches.—"See!" said he, "I have commenced upon the last week of the last month of the fortieth year of my wanderings. Yes, I will tell you the story,—I may not have another chance.

"You will find," said La Brainard, "that I am the hero of the story which I have promised you. But I shall be brief with the narrative of my early days. Suffice it to say, that the first twenty years of my life were spent under the immediate eye of my parents, and a private tutor. At the age of twenty, I was sent to Paris, to complete my education. My father had an estate of

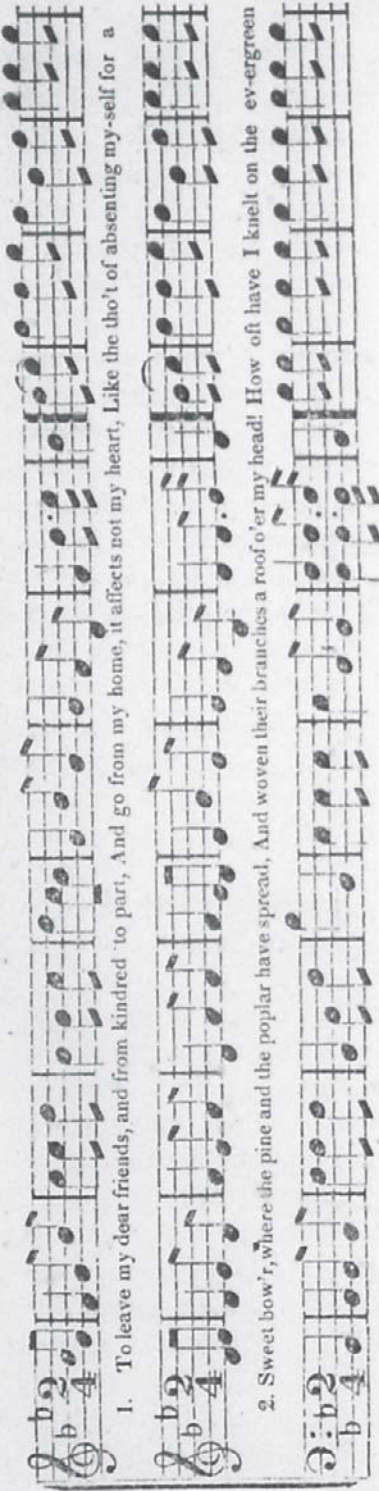
two thousand louis d'ors per annum. He resided in a chateau, a few miles from Marseilles. My mother was an English lady ; and the day before I left home for Paris, she sailed for England. The voyage was prescribed by her physician—her health having been on the decline for some time previously. She died at Portsmouth about eight months after, as she was on the point of sailing for France. After this, my father took up his residence in a convent of Capuchins at Marseilles.

“ I had been in Paris nearly two years, when a circumstance took place, which made it absolutely necessary that I should not only quit Paris, but also France, with all possible despatch. I had become attached to, or to tell the truth, I was deeply in love with mademoiselle Le Rose, the daughter of a shop-keeper in the Rue St. Dennis. All my leisure time was devoted to the lovely Marie. I often hired a hackney coach, and took Marie with me to Nanterre. Here we would alight, and spend an hour in promenading around the quarries. One day, as we were sauntering along the road, happening to be several roods behind Marie, a man rushed out from one of the openings, and seizing her around the waist, was dragging her into the opening, when I rushed to her rescue, and plunging a dagger into his breast, laid him dead upon the spot. As he fell, he looked me in the face, and faintly articulated, ‘ Oh, La Brainard, you have murdered your friend ! ’ Words cannot express my astonishment in beholding de Montesson, my bosom friend, dead at my feet,—murdered by my own hand !

“ There was no time to reflect. Quick as thought, I dragged the dead body into the opening, and then bore Marie, fainting, to the coach. It was well for me that it was twilight ; otherwise the coachman might have suspected some foul play. It was dark and had begun to rain, before we reached the Rue St. Dennis. I dismissed the coach, and by an unfrequented route, sought the convent of Carmelites. The Prior was my father’s brother. I told him my sad story, and he advised me to leave France, as de Montesson belonged to a powerful family, and a discovery would bring me to a disgraceful death. My uncle provided me with a mask ; it had a shorn crown, and a long white beard. In this disguise, and habited like a Carmelite, I walked to Marseilles. My father gave me three thousand louis d’ors, and a promise of more, when he had an opportunity.

THE BOWER OF PRAYER.

1. To leave my dear friends, and from kindred to part, And go from my home, it affects not my heart, Like the tho't of absenting my-self for a



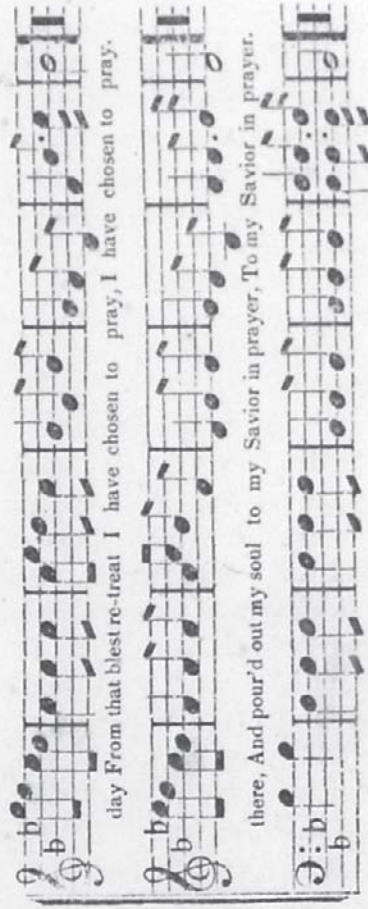
2. Sweet bow'r, where the pine and the poplar have spread, And woven their branches a roof o'er my head! How oft have I knelt on the ev-ergreen



3
How sweet were the zephyrs perfumed by the pine,
The ivy, and balsam, and sweet eglantine!
But they in their sweetness could never compare,
With joys that I tasted in answer to prayer.

4
For Jesus my Savior oft deigned there to meet,
And bless with his pleasure my humble retreat,
And filled me with rapture and blessedness there;
Inclining with heaven's own language my prayer.

5
Dear bower, I must leave thee, and bid thee adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts that are new;
Well knowing my Savior resides every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer.



“ A few days after, I went on board a merchant vessel bound to America. Marie accompanied me, having first given me a husband's right to protect her. It was not long after my arrival in America, before I purchased a farm, in a beautifully sequestered place ; and had come to the resolution of spending my days in the New World. After the Declaration of Independence, (my heart being on the side of the Americans,) I enlisted in the cause of liberty ; and I continued in the service, until the taking of Fort Griswold by the British.

“ You will find, by reading the narrative of that event, that after the fort was carried, Col. Ledyard had his sword plunged into his own bosom, by the British officer to whom he presented it ; and also that there was a general massacre, not only of those who resisted, but also of those who surrendered, which continued until all the garrison were either killed or wounded. I was among the wounded. A blow on the head from a sword, deprived me of sense. How long I remained in this situation, I know not ; but the first that I remember, a surgeon was dressing my head. After I had, in a measure, recovered from my wounds, I was discharged on parole. I returned to the place which I had chosen for my future home. It was late at night when I arrived at my journey's end ; and where I expected to rest from the toils of war, and in the sweet society of my Marie, find that peace, which only could be an antidote for the past. Warily did I enter the dwelling, intending not to disturb its sleeping inhabitants, or have my arrival known until morning. A candle was burning in the room where Marie used to sleep ; the door was ajar ; I entered the room, when, oh horrid to relate ! I found Marie not only locked in the embraces of sleep, but also in the arms of a rival. This sight overcame me. I gave a scream, and fell senseless on the floor.

“ Weeks, and months, I was confined to the bed of sickness ; and when I did at length recover from sickness, I left my home in despair. How long I wandered, I know not. But stopping one night, by the side of the Winnipisiogee, I fell asleep. De Montesson haunted my dreams ; he stood before me ; the blood was streaming from the wound in his breast. ‘ See,’ said he, ‘ the work of thy hand. This was done to avenge a perfidious woman. To expiate thy crime, for forty years shalt thou be a

wanderer around this lake ; and I will be thy constant companion.'

"When I awoke, the phantom was by my side ; and summer or winter, it has ever been with me ; and though I know it to be but the effect of a disordered imagination, I cannot drive it from me. Last night I again dreamed of conversing with it. At the close of our conversation, de Montesson said, 'La Brainard, thy crime is expiated ; thy pilgrimage will soon be ended, and I forgive thee.' To-day I have felt calm ; for the phantom no longer frowns upon me ; but on the contrary, he smiles, and we have walked arm in arm, as we used to do in the public gardens of Paris."

La Brainard here ended his narrative, and expressed a wish to take a nap under the oak ; "for," said he, "the moon will rise a little past eight, and then I must continue my journey."

Issadore ran to the house, and brought a pillow to put under the old man's head, bidding him when he awoke, to come to the house for his supper ; and then taking his provision sack to replenish, left him to repose.

Early in the evening, while Issadore and her father were conversing about La Brainard, the old man entered the room. He appeared quite rational, and conversed with great affability for nearly an hour. After partaking of supper, which had been delayed on his account, La Brainard rose to depart. Issadore brought him his provision sack ; he slung it around his neck, and raised his hands to invoke a blessing upon the head of Issadore, who, crossing her arms upon her breast, knelt before him—a thing which she often did, because it gratified La Brainard ; and his invocations, being rather of a ludicrous character, afforded a fund of amusement for her father. "Holy Virgin," said La Brainard, "let thy blessings descend upon St. Issadore ; and when she has no home but the wide world, may she find friends who will treat her with that kindness which she has ever manifested toward La Brainard ; and, O God, do Thou protect the orphan."

After this ceremony, La Brainard took his cane in his right hand, and reached out his left, as if in the act of taking some one by the hand, at the same time saying, "let us go," he took his departure.

"Well," said Issadore's father, "La Brainard is as crazy as ever ; the poor man's imagination has only taken another turn ; but, as my Issadore is canonized, as completely as if the business had been done by the pope, I hope she will be our guardian to-night, by seeing that the fire is safe, the lights put out, and the doors closed. Good night, St. Issadore."

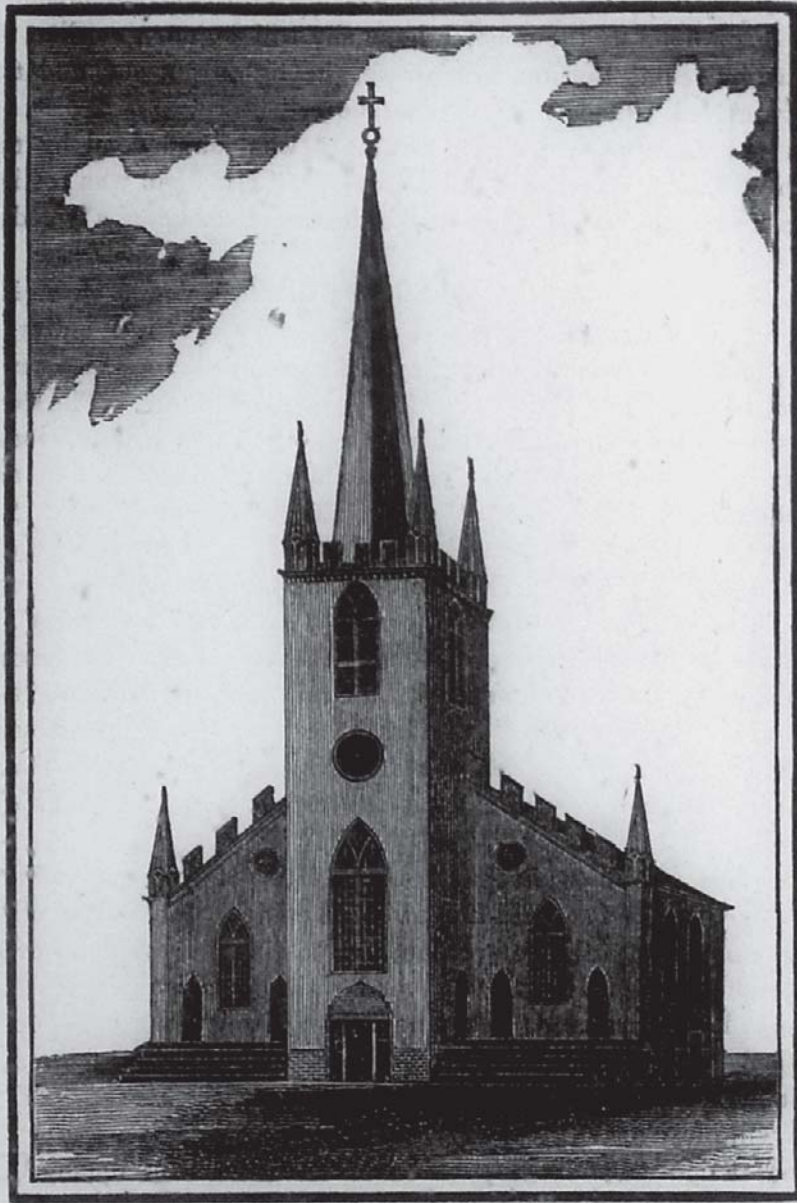
A few days after this, La Brainard was found dead by the high-way side, some forty miles from W. His head was resting on a knoll, his hands upon his breast, and clasping a wooden crucifix.

Several years after La Brainard's death, a young physician came to W. to reside. His wife and Issadore were soon on terms of intimacy. One day, after they had been speaking of La Brainard, Issadore was invited into the physician's study. The doctor drew aside a green curtain which hung in one corner of the room, and asked Issadore, if she would like to see an old acquaintance. "The skeleton of La Brainard, ladies," said the doctor. "Impious wretch !" said Issadore, "what right have you to those bones ?" The doctor smiled, and entered into an argument to show the utility of having a skeleton ; he closed his remarks by saying, "we prefer having those who have no friends to grieve for them ; and besides, La Brainard was crazy." "He was nevertheless a man," said Issadore, "and suffered enough for the freedom of America, to entitle his bones to a resting-place beneath her soil." "But it is otherwise decreed," said the doctor.

Issadore was silent, but not convinced that it was right to have the bones of La Brainard thus rudely handled. She even mentally wished that the doctor might live to feel his own bones rot. Whether the Scottish gift of second sight gave rise to this wish, cannot be ascertained. But the doctor lived to find it accomplished, for his bones were so defected, that several of his ribs crumbled to pieces before his death.

I will close my story by expressing a wish, that science may yet bring to light some remedy for diseases of the brain ; hoping that the time is not far distant, when all who are afflicted with mental derangement will meet with the sympathy which was due to the unfortunate La Brainard.

TABITHA.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.....LOWELL.

THE DEATH OF EMMA.

He came—the fell spoiler of all that is fair—
 'Mid earth's brightest treasures he sought for his prey;
 He chose a loved victim, and carried her, where
 The proudest and humblest is laid to decay.
 Not bidding the weary and earth-worn begone,
 Nor aiming his dart at the palsy of age,
 Nor hushing to slumber the sad and forlorn—
 But blotting a star out from youth's early page.

He came not where kindred all gather around,
 Where social life blesses, and joys overflow,
 Where antidotes soothing to sorrow are found,
 And the Eden of home pours a balm on each woe:
 He came to the land of the stranger, apart
 From home's kind embraces, and friendship's best deeds;
 He smote—and the sister's lone, desolate heart,
 Received the deep wound, and in solitude bleeds.

He came, as he e'er comes, to sever the ties
 That bound an immortal to this earthly clod;
 He came, as we trust, to send home to the skies
 The blood-ransomed spirit to dwell with its God.
 Her sister and friend—it was theirs to stand by
 The bed of the dying, and gaze on her there;
 To watch every smile, and to catch every sigh,
 And join their petitions to Emma's last prayer.

We mourn that for Emma so early he came,
 While absent ones weep that she died far away;
 And parents, and kindred, who cherished her name,
 Were denied the sad boon of beholding her clay:
 His coming, methinks, was to tell us a tale,
 To bid us be ready to yield up our breath;
 For *we* must lie down, all exhausted and pale,
 And wait the approach of the angel of death!

He came like a victor, exulting and bold—
 He triumphs the world o'er; for sin hath been here;
 The tale of his victory—how soon it is told!
 For sheathed will his sword be, and broken his spear!
 The conqueror's conquered! ONE, mighty to save,
 Hath loosened the captive, hath fought the last foe;
 The victor is vanquished, and death and the grave,
 Their work being finished, to chaos must go!

For He, the All-potent, the King over all,
 The sure in compassion, beheld our lost race,
 And sent to deliver from sin and its thrall,
 And open the fountain of mercy and grace.
 Then, thanks to our Saviour! we never can die,
 For death to the Christian is but a sweet sleep;
 That glorified spirit, we trust, is on high,
 And looking from heaven, forbids us to weep. ADELAÏDE.

MOVING INTO THE NEW HOUSE.

Perhaps a brief sketch of the old house might not be altogether uninteresting, before entering on the claims of the new one.

First, of its locality and external appearance. It stood on a little eminence, about half a mile distant from Lake Winnipisio-gee. It could not consistently be called either palace or cottage. It was among the first built after the settlement of that portion of the country, and it might not be expected to be of very modern style or finish. It had neither paint nor plaister, without or within. It had three rooms on the first floor—namely, a parlour, which served also for a sitting and bed-room; the kitchen, which was used for a cook-room and work-room,—that is, for two or three spinning wheels and the old hand-loom; and the other was a bed-room.

“Well, husband,” said Mrs. Ashton, “I have been waiting a long time to hear you say something about building a new house. You know how we are crowded in this dwelling. It is too small for our family, and is literally crammed full, from cellar to garret.”

Mr. Ashton paused a moment, and replied, “After tea we will talk over this matter, and see to what conclusion we can come. You know building is expensive; and we must make some arrangements for materials this winter, if we determine to build in the spring, and avoid unnecessary expense.”

Tea was on the table forthwith, and so soon as the repast was ended and the dishes removed, all were ready to take their seats in the sitting-room; and when Mrs. Ashton entered, she found Mr. Ashton and her mother waiting to receive her and her two daughters. Mr. Ashton was seated in the great arm-chair that had been previously occupied by his father and grand-father, who had left it as a memorial of the olden time. The little round table stood in the centre of the room, around which were seated the old lady and her two grandsons—one, a lad of seven or eight years; the other, a young man of about twenty, with his slate and arithmetic.

After Mrs. Ashton and her two daughters were seated with their knitting-work, Mr. Ashton introduced the subject that had been anticipated as the business of the evening. After some re-

marks from each, (for all were invited to express an opinion,) it was decided that the necessary preparation should be commenced forthwith, and a house be erected the next spring.

The two daughters sat with their fingers busily engaged in knitting. The eldest seemed pleased with the idea of a new house ; and Sophia, with her usual sweetness, said, " Pa, how smiling Susan looks about the new house ! You know 'Squire Harper's son has come home from singing school with her two or three times ; and she do'n't like to invite him into the kitchen. She is fond of instrumental music, and being withal somewhat absent-minded, she is afraid she will give him an accompaniment on the old hand-loom." " Well, well, Susan," said Mr. Ashton, " these things shall all be attended to ; for, if my memory serves me right, I was young once."

That night Susan had pleasant dreams of the new house ; the parlour was filled with a merry company, and the 'Squire's son was one of the number ; but the morning dawned, and Susan found herself still in the old house, with the usual occupants.

Preparations were soon made for the erection of a new house, as the timber was seen in all directions near the spot where it was to be erected. It was decided that the house should stand at a sufficient distance from the street to admit a flower garden in front ; and as no house was near to range with it, there was no objection. The eldest son and daughter drew a plan and presented it to their father ; and after giving him some explanation as to the use of the rooms separately, he told them he did not know that any of the rooms they had mentioned could well be dispensed with, and that he would consult Mrs. Ashton, and then settle the question.

After some deliberation, a query arose, why it was necessary to have a library-room ; " for," said Mr. Ashton, " the secretary will hold all the books we have or may need for the present ; and that will claim a place in the sitting-room, of course."

" In the sitting-room, father ?" said Susan. " I hope you don't intend to take that old-fashioned thing into the new house!" Mr. Ashton looked her steadily in the face, and inquired if she wished every thing excluded from the new house, that had become defaced by time ; " for," continued he, " you might lose the society of your father and mother, if you do."

On a pleasant morning in October, Mr. Ashton informed the family that he had fixed on that day to take leave of the old house, and they might make all proper arrangements for such a change.

Every thing was shortly removed and arranged, the secretary and old arm-chair excepted. They had been left intentionally by Mr. Ashton, but without any intimation of his design; all the books and papers having been carefully arranged and locked up in the secretary.

After the toils of the day were ended, and the family seated in the sitting-room, Mr. Ashton had been accustomed to hear some of his children read aloud by his side, while he was seated in the great arm-chair; but on the first evening of their residence in the new house, they had neither book nor paper. The secretary contained all. Even Thomas' slate and arithmetic had been left in their former place in the secretary; for Mrs. Ashton was one of those who have "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

After a few moments' conversation, a long silence ensued, which was broken by the rosy-checked Sophia. She went and stood by her father's side, and said, "Father, I am sorry you built this new house; for I would rather live in the old one, than not have the great chair for you to sit in while we read. Will you let me go and get a book, and the great chair?" Mr. Ashton had determined to have no books in the new house, till he had accomplished his design. Susan had not even dreamed that the lesson was intended for her; but expected that the next day would restore the secretary, the great chair, and the little round table to their society. But her father was not to be defeated in his plan. He had seen so strong a propensity to vanity, that he had determined to subdue it, and had fixed on the time when the lesson might be most needed.

The next day arrived, and was employed in arranging curtains, and the numberless *et ceteras* of a new house. Mr. Ashton had sent a new secretary from the furniture store, and had it placed in the 'library room,' as it was called. He gave the key to Susan, saying he intended it for her. She was much pleased with its beautiful style. She looked at its green curtains again and again, not perceiving that her father observed her.

Evening arrived, beautiful, serene evening, that nothing might disturb but consciousness of having done wrong. A fire had

been kindled in the parlor, by the request of Mr. Ashton, and he and his mother had taken seats there, before the bustle of tea-dishes had ceased in the kitchen. After the work of the kitchen was ended, Mrs. Ashton and her two daughters went to the sitting-room, where they were met by the elder brother, with a request from his father that they should take seats in the parlour for the evening.

The daughters supposed some friend had called; but on entering, found no one but the family around the centre-table, upon which was nought but the centre lamp, brightly burning. Susan surveyed her beautiful face as she passed a large mirror, and took a seat at the table. Thomas sat near his father, with a look of discontent, and folded arms. All was silence. The shadow passed over the buoyant heart of Sophia, and she was ready to question the propriety of so much sadness. "Why," said she, "what makes you all look so cross? have we got to look so sober all the time, because we live in the new house? Just look at Thomas; his face is as long as his arm, as he used to say of old Deacon Cawley. I wish he would take his slate; I would rather see him look as wise as he does when he is doing a hard sum, than look on the carpet an hour at a time. Why don't you speak, Thomas? what are you so sober about? I should think you had lost all your cheerfulness and good nature."

The feeling of discontent was contagious. Charley, the younger brother, went out and caught his favorite cat, and returned. Puss did not feel at home, and soon scratched on the door for leave to go out. Sophia opened the door, and as she closed it, said, "I don't blame puss for not liking the new house. I wish we were all back again, and you were in the great chair reading a story, and grandma was peeping out over her specs, laughing; and then we should be happy,—should n't we, father?"

Susan looked up and spoke for the first time during the evening, and inquired of Thomas what time it was. Thomas answered, half past eight. "Look again, will you? I think you must have made a mistake." Thomas looked again: "No; it is but half past eight." "What a long evening! don't you think so, father?" said Susan. Mr. Ashton replied, "I do not know that the evening is any longer than usual; only we have not so much to occupy our time."

"Father," said Susan, "may not I bring the books, and put

them in my new secretary tomorrow ? so that we can have something to read." Mr. Ashton answered with his usual decision, "No; certainly not: the books are as old as the secretary; *some* of them are, at least. The one I prize most, is ; and if the new house cannot be burdened with one, neither must it be with the other. Pray, cannot all this new furniture, and this new house, make us happy, without the old-fashioned secretary and its contents ?"

Thus a week passed, and the feeling of discontent preyed upon their minds. A general sadness prevailed ; and what was to be done ? Susan felt conscious that her vanity had been the cause of all their disquiet, and would gladly have given her new and beautiful secretary, if the old one could have taken its place. She found it much more difficult to correct her wrong than to do it ; but she determined to make an effort.

She went immediately to her father, and told him that she wished him most sincerely to forgive her folly, and restore the old secretary and arm-chair to the sitting-room. "But can you find a place for them ?" said Mr. Ashton. "Most certainly," replied Susan ; "let them stand directly before the door by which we pass when in the kitchen, that I may see them every time I turn my eyes that way ; for I have learned a lesson from them that I wish to remember."

That day, the secretary and old arm-chair took their places in the sitting-room ; and the little round table stood in the centre of the room, with the usual number of books and papers upon it, that evening, as all the family gathered around it. "Father," said Sophia, "will you read us a story ? I want to hear grandma laugh." Mr. Ashton complied with the request of Sophia, and read a very amusing story that he had selected ; and they made the new house ring with their peals of laughter, for the first time.

Thus, by that simple method, was Susan made to feel that happiness does not consist in splendor, nor in outward appearances. And herein lies the moral of my story. And the lesson was most effectual. A few years after, Susan gave her hand to the 'Squire's son, and though she possessed abundant means, she remembered the lesson taught by her father, that happiness must spring from other sources than outward circumstances.

FAMILIAR SKETCHES, No. 3.

THE CONTRAST.

“No, I cannot marry Capt. Endicot,” said Grace Emery to her sister, as the tears fell fast upon a letter that lay open before her ; and while she is re-perusing it, we will speak of her early life.

Henrietta and Grace were the daughters of Mr. Emery, who had formerly resided in Maine, but had recently removed to the city of New York—as Mr. Emery thought his business could be pursued to greater advantage there than in his native State, he being an engraver, besides keeping a fashionable boarding-house.

Among the many transient boarders, was Capt. Endicot. He was master and part owner of an East Indiaman. He had been engaged in this employment from his boy-hood, and had accumulated a large fortune ; and now that the frost of forty winters was upon his brow, he had just bethought him of seeking a wife. He had often met with Grace Emery, the younger of the sisters, at her father’s house. She had not yet numbered fifteen summers—a gay, wild, fascinating child—yet was she all the woman in the depth and fervour of her feelings. She respected Capt. Endicot, and she knew not that there was any other feeling in *his* heart, than that of friendship for her ; and for hours would she sit by his side, and listen to the tales of other lands ; for it never entered her young heart that an old man could be in love with *her*. He had made her many valuable presents, and they had been received by her with as much pleasure as if they had been from her own father. But these gifts were not offered by him with the intention of purchasing her love ; for he well knew, from the purity and beauty of her character, that it was neither to be bought nor sold ; and that might be one reason why his heart bowed still more profoundly in homage before her.

Time rolled on, and his love for that young being bordered almost on idolatry ; and she had learned to love *him*, or at least she thought so. Happy were the hours spent then, and he thought a prize indeed would be his for the long years of toil he had spent on the troubled ocean. And glad was he that fortune had smiled on him, for her sake. Some unsettled business ren-

dered it necessary for him to make one voyage more, before he claimed Grace Emery as his bride.

It was a calm summer evening, with the rich masses of radiant clouds just tinged by the parting sunbeam, that Capt. Endicot was seated by the side of one, who was dearer to him than life. Pleasantly did the bright hours dance along with the lovers, and the shadows of night had fallen, ere they thought an hour could have passed—so much had they to say before he bade her adieu again to cross the ocean. But the last moment had approached. In haste he arose, and throwing a chain of gold about her neck, said, "You will wear this for my sake, will you not? and give me one smile to say you do not reject it. And," he continued, playfully taking her hand, "remember, *this* is to be mine when I return." He bent gently, kissed the blushing cheek, and hurried from the house. The tears called forth by affection are sweet, thought Capt. Endicot, and the sunny smile of a friend will tint with rainbow hues the passing shower, and the sky will be gladdened with a summer brightness.

One year had passed, and Grace thought there was a change in her feelings towards one she had promised to marry; and there was a doubt in her own mind, whether it was right for one so young to marry a man who was even older than her father. She had not viewed the subject in that light before he left, as every one was so loud in his praise; and then her father would say, "Surely, Grace, a few years can make no difference; and then he is so rich." But she had now decided that it was better to break her promise, than to deceive him with the idea that she loved him, whereas she felt for him no deeper sentiment than that of respect. She well knew that her friends would raise much opposition to her childish fancy, as they called it; but it was her own happiness that was at stake, and not theirs; "and I will do what I think is right," she would say; "yes, I will do by him, as I should wish him to do by me, under similar circumstances; and certainly I should not wish to marry him, if he were indifferent to me."

"Grace, my dear," said her father, as he entered the breakfast room one morning, "I have brought you a letter. It bears a foreign post mark—probably it is from —— but I will make no comments. Here it is; you can see for yourself." She took

the letter, kindly thanked him, and hurried to her own room. Silently she broke the seal, and it was not until the last line had been read, that she exclaimed, "No, I cannot marry Capt. Endicot."

"Why not?" inquired Henrietta. "O I know what you will say; it will be because you do not love him; but I wish he would offer himself to *me*. I know *I* could love him, because he is rich; and I should much rather be an old man's darling than a young man's slave. And then, to be the wife of Capt. Endicot, and have a carriage of my own, to go and come when I please! Really, you are very ungrateful to reject him, after he has made you so many presents. Would that I were in your place."

"You cannot be in earnest," replied Grace, as she brushed the tears from her cheek. "You would not marry him, merely because he has wealth. Did you, my dear sister, never hear of riches taking to themselves wings, and flying away?"

"Fie," said Henrietta, laughing, "there is no danger of *his* fortune taking wings," and she hastily left the room.

Henrietta was unlike her sister. Wealth and fashion were her idols; she thought that to be rich was to be happy. She was very handsome, and as selfish as she was fair. But time only will show how happy wealth will make her.

Three years! how quickly had they passed. It was an evening in the month of October, of all others the most beautiful. The air was soft and balmy, and although there had been one or two frosts, Nature's handmaidens decked the woods and forests in their gayest holiday suits. A summer sun still shone, a summer breeze still stirred the trees, as if delighted to linger amid the splendor which had fallen like magic upon all around—like a transient guest, playing amid the bright draperies of scarlet and of gold. A large company had assembled at the house of Mr. Emery. Wealth, fashion, and beauty were there, and many happy hearts, and probably as many sad ones; for it was the wedding party of Henrietta and Grace Emery.

Well had Henrietta succeeded in winning her sister's rejected lover, and she thought she now possessed the "open sesame,"

to all of earthly happiness. Presently the doors were thrown open, and the bridal party appeared ; but Oh, what a contrast !

The first was Capt. E., with his intended bride ; and surely we should have taken her for the sultana of an eastern monarch, so elegantly was she attired ; and had we not known her well, we might have thought she resembled the angels in Heaven, her countenance was so placid and serene. Then came Grace, in all her childish beauty, leaning on the arm of a young man, of respectable bearing—a tradesman, with a small property—but it was sufficient for the supply of their wants. The ceremony was soon over, and after spending a pleasant evening with their friends, they took leave of their father's house, and departed for their new residences. * * * * *

Many years have passed away, since the young bride entered her splendid home. For a time she was quite happy, but it could not last always—though her husband was kind, even kinder than she could wish ; for she often thought if he was not so studiously attentive to her wishes, she should have some cause of complaint ; but as her unhappiness proceeded from her undisciplined feelings, it was buried in her own heart.

On a bright May morning, the Alabama, Capt. Douglas, arrived in the harbor of New York. He had formerly been acquainted with the Emery family of Maine—with Henrietta in particular. He had heard of their marriages, and thought he would improve the present opportunity to call and renew his former acquaintance.

He first directed his steps to a large mansion in Broadway, that had the name of Capt. Endicot on the door. He was ushered into a drawing-room, that wanted nothing of splendor that money could purchase. At a piano, brought from a foreign land, was seated a lady, and as he entered, she was singing,

“ All that is dear to me is wanting,
Sad and cheerless here I roam.”

Hearing the door close, she turned, and saw Capt. Douglas. She soon recognized him, and burst into tears—for she had formerly loved him, as much as she was capable of loving any one. But she was altered, since he had last met her. The rose had faded from her cheek, and her eyes had lost much of their former brilliancy. He approached her, and spoke kindly, but in

vain—he could not calm her grief. At last he said, “Henrietta, what mean those tears? I have always been told that you were very happy; and certainly I see no sufficient reason why you should not be. You have everything that the most extravagant wishes could ask; your house is a palace, and you have a devoted husband, who is ever ready to promote your happiness.”

“Oh, William,” she replied, “I know all this; but,” she continued, pressing her hand against her heart that it might cease its throbbing, “I have a guilty conscience; I never loved my husband; I married him for his wealth, and for the consequence it would confer upon me. But I have learned a lesson, though it may be that my experience has been dearly purchased, that happiness does not consist in wealth.”

After spending an hour with her, he bade her good morning, promising to call again before leaving New York. He then called upon Grace. She met him at the door, with a smile and a cordial pressure of the hand; and invited him to enter her parlor. It was neatly furnished, but there were no superfluities in it. A little of this world’s wealth, with the chosen of her heart, made her happy.

“Well, Grace,” said he, “what occupations and interests do you find for the long days, when your husband is absent from home? there is no source of amusement here, no music” — Before he had finished the sentence, she tripped across the entry as lightly as a fawn; but she soon returned, bearing in her arms an infant, four or five months old. “Do you think I should want for amusement, or music either, so long as I have this to furnish me with a constant subject of interest?”

“No, no,” he replied; “I find you are as happy as I could wish.” He arose, kissed the child and took leave. And as he wended his way back to the hotel, he thought he had never seen so striking a contrast,—the one of splendid misery, the other of almost perfect bliss. “How true it is,” he exclaimed, “that wealth does not constitute happiness.”

IONE.

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

“Beware of desperate steps ; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.”

“Go,” said I sternly to a beautiful figure, with laughing eyes and sunny brow, who was endeavoring to cheer me by the sweet melodies which he awakened from a harp he held in his hand, and ever and anon accompanied by the thrilling strains which gushed from his lips. “Go, Hope, thou deceiver, and let me never again hear thy false words and beguiling tones ; they have already betrayed me to ruin ; and now leave me, that I may at least see clearly the gulf into which I have been led.”

But Hope still lingered, and his merry laugh rang in my ears till I stopped them against that sound of mockery, and again bade the false one leave me to myself.

“When I am gone, you are deserted by your best friend,” was the reply of Hope.

“But not by a *true* one,” I added bitterly ; “how often in by-gone hours have you painted to my eager eyes some picture of brightest beauty, and told me then that it was but a shadow of those scenes of happiness in which I should yet bear a part ; but the phantasm would quickly fade away, only to be renewed by others as beautiful and false. But I can no longer be deluded ; my eyes are now opened to thy hollow treachery, and I can never again be the dupe of thy artfulness. Do not stay, for I will neither listen to thy voice, nor gaze upon thy face.”

Hope looked wistfully at me for a moment, and his fingers moved as if to sweep his harp-strings—but I bade him desist ; and, wrapping his bright mantle about him, he unfolded his white pinions and fled away. One burst of farewell music fell on the stilly air, then slowly died away, and I was left alone.

“You are mine,” said a hoarse deep voice ; and turning, I beheld the lank form and cadaverous visage of Despair, who, “grinning horribly a ghastly smile,” again added, “you are mine. I have long been waiting for the time when, weary of Hope’s delusions, you should banish him from your presence ; for not till then might I venture to approach you. We cannot live together, and the votaries of one have nought to fear from

the other. You have found that Hope is false; his syren words beguile but to betray; but mine are those of fearful truth. Come with *me*, then, thou ruined one; for truth, alas! you sought too late."

"Nay, nay," said I, in supplicating dread—for there was an appalling influence in the cold, stern gaze and hollow voice of Despair, which took from me all power to command him to depart; "I have banished Hope, but not because I would be with *thee*; for surely, truth may yet be found without the aid of cold Despair."

"But not by thee," and his words fell like an ice-bolt on my heart; "you have followed Hope, and trusted him, and guided your every action by his whimsical counsels, until you have found yourself in the gulf of ruin."

"Nay, tell me not of utter ruin; I have friends to aid me, and a long life still in view; I have banished the deceiver, and past errors may yet be retrieved."

"Too late! too late!" was the stern reply of Despair. "You listened too eagerly, confidingly, and long, to my rival. He has left you in obedience to your own commands, and now you are wholly in my power. You spake of friends; but would those who think themselves your friends, be such, if they knew all your wickedness, all your miserable folly and credulity? It is not you whom they love, but that which you have seemed to them. You know that I speak the words of truth;" and I clasped my hands upon my aching brow, for I dared not gainsay the words of Despair. "You spake of life," continued he; "come with me, and I will show you where your future life is to be spent."

I passively followed my ghastly guide, till he brought me to the bank of a deep, sluggish stream. Its black waters flowed on in a stillness unbroken by nought but the yells and moans of those who, on the opposite bank, were dragging out a wretched existence in the dark regions of Despair. "You must plunge into this stream," said my guide, in a tone of command; "yonder is your future home, and those are to be your companions."

"It is the river of death," said I; "and none may cross its waves save at HIS bidding, who is mightier than thou."

"Speak not of HIM," replied my grim companion. "Said I not that you are mine, and my commands must be obeyed? HE heeds you not; HE deserted you when you banished Hope; there

is nought for you here, and where those wretched beings wail forth their tones of agony, there shall you go."

He raised his fleshless arm to thrust me in the stream, when a flash of brilliant light burst over the gloomy waters ; a strain of richest harmony came floating on the wind, and then a sound, "like the faint shiver of a wing," attracted my upward gaze. I looked, and there "he, the departed, stood." Hope had again returned, and once more his cheering words fell sweetly on my ears. "Burst from him," said he, "and I will again be with thee." New strength came like electric fire through my frame, as I listened once more to the voice of Hope. With one earnest effort I released myself from the grasp of Despair ; and bounding from him, I cast myself at the feet of my former companion. One fearful yell rang through the murky air, and Despair had passed away.

"And wilt thou again listen to me," said Hope, "and believe and obey me?"

"Not," said I, "as I once did ; then I believed too easily, and trusted too fondly, and too far ; yet better are even thy false words, than the stern, heart-breaking truths of Despair. Truths, did I say ? Nay, he is as false as thou hast been, and far more unwelcome. Yet I will not wholly forget all he has told me, nor too credulously believe in thee. Sing again thy sweet melodies, but let them tell of the joys of the spirit-land. Picture again thy bright visions, but lay the scenes in another world. Brighten again my earthly path, but let the light come down from above ; and when thou shalt again depart from earth, may it be 'but to fold thy wings in heaven.'"

"Despair has gone," said Hope, in a sweet, mild tone ; "but his influence is still upon thy soul ; there is joy for thee even here, though a purer bliss awaits thee in that better land ;" and Hope struck his harp, and again I listened to its melody.

I was cheered and invigorated ; I returned again to my former haunts, and mingled in the busy scenes of life. And though I never again would yield to the sweet delusions of Hope, and permitted him no more to sing those strains of visionary joy,—neither would I entirely banish him from my presence—being convinced that he alone could save me from the visits of Despair.

FRANCES.