

Poetry.

[For the DESERET NEWS.
JOAN D'ARC.]

A child stood by a cottage door and looked upon the sky,
With a strange, mystic loveliness of brow, and lip and eye.
Her face was beautiful yet sad and, even when she smiled;
It wore a diadem of thought too heavy for a child.
T was seldom that a tear-drop gemm'd the lash of her brown eye;
T was seldom that her quiet mouth closed quivering on a sigh;
T was seldom that a burning flash of feeling lit her cheek;
Yet her mute eloquence of look was more than these could speak.
Her hand was small and on her breast—laid quietly away,
Yet seemed to hold a scepter wand few monarch arms could sway;
Her voice was almost murmurous low, yet something in its tone;
Was more than many a loud command, tho' thundered from a throne.
She spoke to a grave looking dame, who sadly shook her head
And wondered if the fairies witched her baby's cradle bed.
"I cannot tell thee why, mother,
I cannot tell thee why,
Yet oft, in hours like this, I feel
A solemn wish to die.
Nay do not cloud thy brow, mother—
The hour may come to thee
When thou wilt share the bitter thought
And wish the same for me.
"I cannot tell thee why, mother,
I cannot tell thee why,
My spirit hath a soaring wing
Forever lifted high;
The plume that nestles low, mother,
May rest on blossoms warm,
The restless plume that flies mother,
Is broken by the storm."

II.

A woman form in armor dressed, a girlish form and slight,
Stood where a thousand lances flashed defiance to the light.
A prince had placed his signet ring upon her slender hand
And the proud chivalry of France stood waiting her command.
Stern chieftains gazed upon the child—in truth she seemed no more,
She looked so small and fragile in the martial garb she wore
And wondering met the still, brown eyes that thro' her vizor bars
Poured a proud purity of thought uplifted to the stars.
She led the army to the fight!—the thought awoke a sneer,
That faded to a pitying smile that might have been a tear;
She was so young, so beautiful, so gentle, and so meek,
With long, dark lashes sweeping down upon her quiet cheek,
They wondered if her sight could bear warm life-streams gushing out,
Ah, who could meet her steady gaze and dare again the doubt.
They almost deemed it sacrilege in thought to blame her there,
In her pure earnestness of faith she seemed so like a prayer.
"Thou canst believe, girl," said the prince, "that thou wilt win the day,
Yet art so slight hath never dared, before so proud a fray?"
She bent her lip to the pale hand that wore his signet ring,
"I leave thee here a prince," she said, "shall find thee here a king."

III.

Where the murky cloud of battle gathers thickest in its gloom,
With its flashing shine of sabres and its loud-voiced thunder boom,
Is a dainty golden helmet and a white far-floating plume;
And a small bare hand uplifted, like a restless flake of snow,
Floating thro' the tide of battle where its deepest surges flow,
Blazoned by a single jewel shining like a homeless ray
Torn in its proud, pulsing glory from the burning heart of day.
Half in awe, they knew not wherefore, fought the chivalry of France,
Seemed as tho' a hand of iron steadied theirs upon the lance.
Seemed as tho' each breast was girded by a belt of lightning flame,
Dashing every British weapon back, in splinters, from its aim.
Seemed as tho' the burning ardor of each leaping patriot vein
Deadened every coward feeling, deadened every selfish pain,
Where that snowy plume was lifted foemen faltered, foemen sank,
Wondering all the while they yielded, half-unconscious that they shrank.

Farther the white plume was drifted and the gemm'd hand floated higher,
Till the day's last pulse was sifted o'er the hills, in crimson fire,
Then the proud French army shouted and the English army fled,
Every foe of France unrouted rested on her bosom dead.
Standing where her nation's banner proudly soared towards the sky
Was the fair browed woman warrior, with her pale hands lifted high,
There were jeweled helmets lowered, there were haughty faces stooped,
Where the foe's deserted colors o'er unconscious bosoms drooped.
Steadfastly she raised to heaven the deep language of her glance,
While the chieftains round her shouted, "Praises to the God of France!"

IV.

There was low and dreamy music throbbing passion thro' the hours,
There were golden lamps that glimmered thro' a wilderness of flowers;
There were many-tinted jewels, there were many-colored blooms,
And the glowing air was heavy with a thousand mixed perfumes;
There were low feigned tones of laughter, there were false illusive smiles,
And the specious phrase of fashion, and its pretty painted wiles;
There were proudly trailing garments, there were proudly lifted plumes,
And a world of beauty flashing thro' the lighted palace rooms;
There a monarch's lip was speaking, in a gay half-jesting tone,
To a pale, white, veiled woman, standing silent by his throne.

"If a diadem unlighted
By the jewel of thy smile
And a scepter that is slighted
By thy sadness all the while,
And a throne that cannot lift me
Where my hope hath perched its wing
Are a kingdom in possession,
Thank thee, lady, I am king."

"Lady, I were proud to thank thee
For the diadem I wear.
Had it power to awe thy sadness,
Or make vassal of thy care.
Lady, I were proud to thank thee
For my scepter's flashing play
Could it but command a gladness
In thy gentle breast to stay."

"Tis so long since lifted lashes
Showed me where thy feelings speak,
And thy heart—obdurate miser!—
Locks its rubies from thy cheek,
Thou wouldst seem a perfect statue,
Fashioned of the Parian stone
Like a white, reproachful goddess,
Home-sick for an Aiden throne."
Bowed the meek face lower, lower, and the quiet hand was pressed
Very gently, very meekly, on the white robed woman's breast;
And her low, clear voice seemed floating o'er an ocean wide and deep,
Where the tempest-wearied surges softly sobbed themselves to sleep.

"I am weary of the music,
I am weary of the light,
And I loathe my thorny garland
And its garrish bloom to-night.
I am weary of the glances
That insult with polished art,
And the lips that touch my fingers
Send a shudder to my heart.
I am weary, weary, weary,
And I long to rest once more
Where the tangled vine leaves quiver
O'er my father's cottage door."

"It was God that saved the Nation,
It was God that crowned its king,
Not the hand that led its army
By its monarch's signet ring,
Let the Nation's weal be trusted
To the highest everywhere,
He bestowed the triumph answer,
I was but a patriot prayer.
And my woman heart is weary,
Let me go and rest once more
Where the dewy vine leaves quiver
O'er my father's cottage door."

Once were the brown lashes lifted from the steady altar-fire
That her warm heart-pulses kindled and her pure eyes lifted higher,
Then the king gazed, awed and silent, on a quiet drooping lid,
Thinking that it was not whiter than the stainless thought it hid,
Had his scepter one white brilliant, had his diadem a pearl
Purer than the spirit-beauty of that low-voiced cottage girl?
And his brow grew darker, darker, shaded by a cloud of pain,
And his voice had burning pathos when it touched his lip again.

O I ask thee—nay implore thee
Do not leave me here alone,
Let me have one Eden blossom
In the shadow of my throne,
If the false and base are near me
Do not leave me desolate,

To a sickly adulation
Masking a black, coward hate.
Let me know there's one beside me
With a lip that never lies,
One whose darkest thought dare enter
The white gate of Paradise.
If the false and base are near me
No presumptuous lip shall dare
Speak of thee but with an accent
That is reverent as a prayer.
They shall rue who name thee lightly,
They shall die who dare offend,
'Tis the king of France, sweet Lady,
Pleading, pleading, for a friend,
Angel guard, do not forsake us,
Still the English foes advance,
Unsupported by thy presence
Shall we lift a steady lance?
Be but what thou hast been ever,
Lady, be the friend of France."

Once again her eyes were lifted, very calm they were and still,
Veiling the high, martyr purpose that had grieved her woman will,
And her voice was very gentle, very quiet, very low,
Simple in its meek devotion, "Thou hast chosen be it so."

V.

Went she not, the woman warrior, with the flying British host?
Saw they not her white plume floating northward to the English coast?
Fading, fading, gone forever, from her sight that native shore,
Where the sunlit vine leaves quiver o'er her father's cottage door.
Faded from her sight forever, faded—yes, for evermore.
In her dreary English prison she will think of this and weep,
She will hear the vine leaves hymning their low music thro' her sleep,
She will wake to hear her fetters clank an answer harsh and deep.

From a dungeon cell they led her, very quietly she came,
Noting not the coarse reproaches that were flung upon her name,
In the glory of her triumph she had never seemed so proud,
Yet her cheek could not be whiter tho' her bosom wore a shroud,
Scarcely did her slight arm shudder rudely grasped by fingers strong,
And her hand retained its scepter prisoned by an iron thong,
It is strange that spirit greatness never can so perfect be
In its flashing hour of triumph as its pain's intensity.

"Woman, if thy lip will utter that its boast hath been a lie,
Tho' a thousand tongues condemn thee, mercy speaks thou shalt not die."
Was her white mouth numbed or frozen that it did not shape a breath?
Did she know that she had chosen, by the scorn of silence, death?
They have led her in her beauty, that fair, gentle, woman-child,
Where the pitchy, splintered fagots ready for the flames are piled.

"Woman, even now we spare thee if thou wilt confess the lie,
"I have never lied," she whispered, "I am ready let me die."
When the fire was throbbing round her still they shouted, "Thou mayest live,"
Own that God did not inspire thee, own but this and we forgive."
Saw they, thro' red flames upsoaring still that high, unshrinking glance,
Heard they, thro' red flames mad roaring—"It is sweet to die for France."

S. E. CARMICHAEL.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.
SCRAPS FROM THE NOTE BOOK
OF AN OLD REPORTER.]

The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
SHAKESPEARE.

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes.
YOUNG.

Here was a bill of fare for an unsuspecting world! The first number was out the week following, and being anxious for its success I ventured into the *K—Journal* office, to learn if Skelly was aware of Snissel's folly. There the indomitable purveyor stood, with his back to the fire, turning his swivel eye all over the room. Not a solitary being was in the office but himself, when I stepped forward and gave him my customary, "how do you do, sir." "Comfortable, comfortable," he replied dryly. "Ha King! have you seen Mr. Timothy Snissel's first number, eh? Hum—a rare specimen of florid bombast, a pusillanimous, drivling, made-up counterfeit of other men's works. Something of his own here, and there, to be sure, but they are all marked Snissel, wherever his sentiment or expressions appear. 'Hear,' [said he, lifting the first number and fixing his glass eye on the page,] what I read?

Ah! never feel remorse,
'Twould burst an iron heart in shivers;
'Twould stamp existence-self accurs'd
'Twould drain your core in rivers.

There is learning for your study King! the first line beginning with an exclamation and the three following with, 'Twould. Dublin university may well be proud of such a scholar. At this point in his criticisms, he looked horrible, just such a look as I have seen an executioner glance at the culprit, before throwing him off when pleased with his preparations for death! Then stretching out his hand with the number towards me he exclaimed emphatically, "This I know to be Tim's composition, and if paper could blush at his extravagance, it would change to as many colors as the ink on the title page. Who would ever feel remorse?—no person, if it could be cast off like an old coat. And then, an iron heart bursting to shivers, and blood being drained out of the human body, like rivers, are similitudes, that properly speaking, belong to steam boilers, and large reservoirs bursting." Here he lifted the number up to my face. "Remorse, King, is a feeling in the mind, that torments us from a consciousness of having done some irreparable wrong, and you ought to have that feeling, for encouraging a whimsical coxcomb, to publish such extravagant, ridiculous nonsense." Here he paused as if out of breath, in rounding his last sentence; he then turned over to the poem of "Lovely Scotland," and read

The sun set red, in rebel smiles—
Where Scotland, and her sea-girt isles,
Pointed the finger of her proud free hand,
In scorn at Ireland, wearing the slaves brand,
Saying, see the waste, of not a century's years
And Erin's land, now sepulchered in tears!

When done he exclaimed in fiendish triumph, "where in all the creation of imagination could be found such rignamole, trashy, raving stuff, short of bedlam? But continued he, 'I will honor him with a review of his contemplated book, to-morrow.' I begged of him at the conclusion of his remarks, to desist interference, in consequence of Tim's poverty; but that impersuadable, implacable eye, fixed upon mine, never moved in its socket, till it gazed me out of the office.

In passing away from this scene of personal hatred, and immoderation of selfish interest, I had only one reflection. And that was,—of all the infatuations following the morbid state of the moral feelings, "Love of approbation," concentrated in the love of fame, was the worst. And that a desire to be respected, honored, and even applauded for good and praiseworthy actions while living, was a noble and virtuous emotion, which would prompt to universal philanthropy, but a thirst for fame, based on the admiration of the world,—was sure to end in disappointment and final ruin!

The *K—Journal*, came out in its usual time containing a lengthy review, on Tim's contemplated volume, and criticisms on the first number; but the article was too severe, to be taken for any thing more than a burlesque.

The first number was bought up rapidly. The sale of which was helped considerably by Skelly's review, which put its author in high spirits, and set him on more energetically to cull his best pieces for the second number. It is said, that, "there is a tide in life, when taken at the full, will lead to affluence and fame," but this was not the consequence in Tim's procedure. The second issue fell off considerably, even among the subscribers; so that he was hard pushed to furnish the needful by promises, and security for number three.

He had also found that many of his productions were not well adapted for publication,—moreover, he had contemplated writing for its pages as it emanated from the press; but all his time was taken up in reading, correcting, and revising his proofs, so that by the third issue, he was stranded for matter, as well as means. Taking all these unforeseen circumstances, namely, want of money, want of matter and want of credit, Tim's wonderful proposed volume fell dead from the press, at the one hundred and forty-eighth page, leaving him in debt to the amount of sixty pounds sterling, for which he had nothing to represent his loss, but a pile of unsold numbers.

No bankruptcy could have created locally, a greater noise, nor more grief to poor Tim. Skelly, chuckled over his fall, like a hyena over a dead carcass, and attributed to the evil he had done a public benefit. Jinks and Bellows had taken the opposite side in their critical review, for their own interest, and were chagrined, and left minus to a considerable amount of money. While some of