

"Well I know with what endurance, for the sake of
me and mine,
Thou hast borne too long a burden, never meant for
souls like thine.

"Go; and at the hour of midnight, when our last
farewell is o'er,
Kneeling on our place of parting, I will bless thee
from the shore.

"But for me, my mother, lying on her sick bed all
the day,
Lifts her weary head to watch me, coming through
the twilight gray.

"Should I leave her sick and helpless, even free-
dom, shared with thee,
Would be sadder far than bondage, lonely toil, and
stripes to me.

"For my heart would die within me, and my brain
would soon be wild:
I should hear my mother calling through the twi-
light for her child!"

Blazing upward from the ocean, shines the sun of
morning time,
Through the coffee trees in blossom, and green
hedges of the lime.

Side by side, amidst the slave gang, toil the lover
and the maid;
Wherefore looks he o'er the waters, leaning forward
on his spade?

Sadly looks he, deeply sighs he: 'tis the Haytien's
sail he sees,
Like a white cloud of the mountains, driven sea-
ward by the breeze!

But his arm a light hand presses, and he hears a
low voice call:
Hate of Slavery, hope of Freedom, Love is mightier
than all.

1848.

THE CRISIS.

WRITTEN ON LEARNING THE TERMS OF THE TREATY
WITH MEXICO.

ACROSS the Stony Mountains, o'er the desert's
drouth and sand,
The circles of our empire touch the Western Ocean's
strand;
From slumberous Timpanogos to Gila, wild and
free,
Flowing down from Neuvo Leon to California's
sea;
And from the mountains of the East to Santa
Rosa's shore,
The eagles of Mexitli shall beat the air no more.

O Vale of Rio Bravo! Let thy simple children
weep;
Close watch about their holy fire let maids of Pecos
keep;
Let Taos send her cry across Sierra Madre's pines,
And Algodones toll her bells amidst her corn and
vines;

For lo! the pale land-seekers come, with eager eyes
of gain,
Wide scattering, like the bison herds on broad
Salada's plain.

Let Sacramento's herdsmen heed what sound the
winds bring down,
Of footsteps on the crisping snow, from cold
Nevada's crown!
Full hot and fast the Saxon rides, with rein of
travel slack,
And, bending o'er his saddle, leaves the sunrise at
his back;
By many a lonely river and gorge of fir and pine,
On many a wintry hill-top his nightly camp-fires
shine.

O countrymen and brothers! that land of lake and
plain,
Of salt wastes alternating with valleys fat with
grain;
Of mountains white with winter, looking downward,
cold, serene,
On their feet with spring-vines tangled and lapped
in softest green;
Swift through those black volcanic gates, o'er many
a sunny vale,
Wind-like the Arapahoe sweeps the bison's dusty
trail!

Great spaces yet untravelled, great lakes whose
mystic shores
The Saxon rifle never heard, nor dip of Saxon oars;
Great herds that wander all unwatched, wild steeds
that none have tamed,

Strange fish in unknown streams, and birds the
Saxon never named;
Deep mines, dark mountain crucibles, where Nature's
chemic powers
Work out the Great Designer's will:— all these ye
say are ours!

Forever ours! for good or ill, on us the burden lies;
God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across
the skies.
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom, turn the poised
and trembling scale?
Or shall the Evil triumph, and robber Wrong pre-
vail?
Shall the broad land o'er which our flag in starry
splendor waves,
Forego through us its freedom, and bear the tread
of slaves?

The day is breaking in the East, of which the
prophets told,
And brightens up the sky of Time the Christian
Age of Gold:
Old Might to Right is yielding, battle blade to
clerkly pen,
Earth's monarchs are her peoples, and her serfs
stand up as men;
The isles rejoice together, in a day are nations born,
And the slave walks free in Tunis, and by Stam-
boul's Golden Horn!

Is this, O countrymen of mine! a day for us to sow
The soil of new-gained empire with slavery's seeds
of woe?
To feed with our fresh life-blood the old world's
east-off crime.

Dropped, like some monstrous early birth, from
the tired lap of Time?
To run anew the evil race the old lost nations ran,
And die like them of unbelief of God, and wrong of
man?

Great Heaven! Is this our mission? End in this
the prayers and tears,
The toil, the strife, the watchings of our younger,
better years?
Still, as the old world rolls in light, shall ours in
shadow turn,
A beamless Chaos, cursed of God, through outer
darkness borne?
Where the far nations looked for light, a blackness
in the air?
Where for words of hope they listened, the long
wail of despair?

The Crisis presses on us; face to face with us it
stands,
With solemn lips of question, like the Sphinx in
Egypt's sands!
This day we fashion Destiny, our web of Fate we
spin;
This day for all hereafter choose we holiness or sin;
Even now from starry Gerizim, or Ebal's cloudy
crown,
We call the dews of blessing or the bolts of cursing
down!

By all for which the martyrs bore their agony and
shame;
By all the warning words of truth with which the
prophets came;

By the Future which awaits us; by all the hopes
which cast
Their faint and trembling beams across the black
ness of the Past;
And by the blessed thought of Him who for Earth's
freedom died,
O, my people! O, my brothers! let us choose the
righteous side.

So shall the Northern pioneer go joyful on his way,
To wed Penobscot's waters to San Francisco's bay;
To make the rugged places smooth, and sow the
vales with grain;
And bear, with Liberty and Law, the Bible in his
train:
The mighty West shall bless the East, and sea shall
answer sea,
And mountain unto mountain call: PRAISE GOD,
FOR WE ARE FREE!

1848.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

ERE down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again!
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold,—
But, darker far than they,
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworth wood
Closed o'er my steed and I,

An alien from my name and blood,
A weed cast out to die,—

When, looking back in sunset light,
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its casement, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who from some desert shore
Doth home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate
I gaze across the past;
Forever on life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine;
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,
The Mother of our Lord.

Oh, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;

The prayer, the fasting, and the thong,
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep,—
Its ears are open still;
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine!

“O faithless Priest! — O perjured knight!”
I hear the Master cry;
“Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let Earth and Nature die!

“The Church of God is now thy spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Crush down thy human heart!”

In vain! This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the self-same blow,
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,
And saints, and martyrs old!

Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
And death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sun shall fall again.

1843.

— ♦ —

THE HOLY LAND.

FROM LAMARTINE.

I HAVE not felt o'er seas of sand,
The rocking of the desert bark;
Nor laved at Hebron's fount my hand,
By Hebron's palm-trees cool and dark;
Nor pitched my tent at even-fall,
On dust where Job of old has lain,
Nor dreamed beneath its canvas wall,
The dream of Jacob o'er again.

One vast world-page remains unread;
How shine the stars in Chaldea's sky,
How sounds the reverent pilgrim's tread,
How beats the heart with God so nigh! —
How round gray arch and column lone
The spirit of the old time broods,
And sighs in all the winds that moan
Along the sandy solitudes!

In thy tall cedars, Lebanon,
I have not heard the nation's cries,
Nor seen thy eagles stooping down
Where buried Tyre in ruin lies.

The Christian's prayer I have not said,
In Tadmor's temples of decay,
Nor startled with my dreary tread,
The waste where Memnon's empire lay.

Nor have I, from thy hallowed tide,
O, Jordan! heard the low lament,
Like that sad wail along thy side,
Which Israel's mournful prophet sent!
Nor thrilled within that grotto lone,
Where deep in night, the Bard of Kings
Felt hands of fire direct his own,
And sweep for God the conscious strings.

I have not climbed to Olivet,
Nor laid me where my Saviour lay,
And left his trace of tears as yet
By angel eyes unwept away;
Nor watched at midnight's solemn time,
The garden where His prayer and groan,
Wrung by His sorrow and our crime,
Rose to One listening ear alone.

I have not kissed the rock-hewn grot,
Where in His Mother's arms He lay,
Nor knelt upon the sacred spot
Where last His footsteps pressed the clay;
Nor looked on that sad mountain head,
Nor smote my sinful breast, where wide
His arms to fold the world He spread,
And bowed His head to bless — and died!

1848.

MOUNT AGIOCHOOK.

GRAY searcher of the upper air!
 There's sunshine on thy ancient walls —
 A crown upon thy forehead bare —
 A flashing on thy water-falls —
 A rainbow glory in the cloud,
 Upon thine awful summit bowed,
 Dim relic of the recent storm!
 And music, from the leafy shroud
 Which wraps in green thy giant form,
 Mellowed and softened from above,
 Steals down upon the listening ear,
 Sweet as the maiden's dream of love,
 With soft tones melting on her ear.

The time has been, gray mountain, when
 Thy shadows veiled the red man's home;
 And over crag and serpent den,
 And wild gorge, where the steps of men
 In chase or battle might not come,
 The mountain eagle bore on high
 The emblem of the free of soul;
 And midway in the fearful sky
 Sent back the Indian's battle-cry,
 Or answered to the thunder's roll.

The wigwam fires have all burned out —
 The moccasin bath left no track —
 Nor wolf nor wild-deer roam about
 The Saco or the Merrimack.
 And thou that liftest up on high
 Thine awful barriers to the sky,
 Art not the haunted mount of old,

When on each crag of blasted stone
 Some mountain-spirit found a throne,
 And shrieked from out the thick cloud-fold,
 And answered to the Thunderer's cry
 When rolled the cloud of tempest by,
 And jutting rock and riven branch
 Went down before the avalanche.

The Father of our people then
 Upon thy awful summit trod,
 And the red dwellers of the glen
 Bowed down before the Indian's God.
 There, when His shadow veiled the sky,
 The Thunderer's voice was long and loud,
 And the red flashes of His eye
 Were pictured on the o'erhanging cloud.

The Spirit moveth there no more,
 The dwellers of the hill have gone,
 The sacred groves are trampled o'er,
 And footprints mar the altar-stone.
 The white man climbs thy tallest rock
 And hangs him from the mossy steep,
 Where, trembling to the cloud-fire's shock,
 Thy ancient prison-walls unlock,
 And captive waters leap to light,
 And dancing down from height to height,
 Pass onward to the far-off deep.

Oh, sacred to the Indian seer,
 Gray altar of the days of old!
 Still are thy rugged features dear,
 As when unto my infant ear
 The legends of the past were told.
 Tales of the downward sweeping flood,

When bowed like reeds thy ancient wood,—
 Of armed hand and spectral form,
 Of giants in their misty shroud,
 And voices calling long and loud
 In the drear pauses of the storm!
 Farewell! The red man's face is turned
 Toward another hunting-ground;
 For where the council-fire has burned,
 And o'er the sleeping warrior's mound
 Another fire is kindled now:
 Its light is on the white man's brow!
 The hunter race have passed away —
 Ay, vanished like the morning mist,
 Or dew-drops by the sunshine kissed,—
 And wherefore should the red man stay?
 1829.

—♦—
 METACOM.

RED as the banner which enshrouds
 The warrior-dead when strife is done,
 A broken mass of crimson clouds
 Hung over the departed sun.
 The shadow of the western hill
 Crept swiftly down, and darkly still,
 As if a sullen wave of night
 Were rushing on the pale twilight,
 The forest-openings grew more dim,
 As glimpses of the arching blue
 And waking stars came softly through
 The rifts of many a giant limb.
 Above the wet and tangled swamp
 White vapors gathered thick and damp,

And through their cloudy curtaining
 Flapped many a brown and dusky wing—
 Pinions that fan the moonless dun,
 But fold them at the rising sun!

Beneath the closing veil of night,
 And leafy bough and curling fog,
 With his few warriors ranged in sight—
 Scarred relics of his latest fight—
 Rested the fiery Wampanoag.
 He leaned upon his loaded gun,
 Warm with its recent work of death,
 And, save the struggling of his breath
 That, slow and hard, and long-suppressed,
 Shook the damp folds around his breast,
 An eye, that was unused to scan
 The sterner moods of that dark man,
 Had deemed his tall and silent form
 With hidden passion fierce and warm,
 With that fixed eye, as still and dark
 As clouds which veil their lightning-spark—
 That of some forest-champion
 Whom sudden death had passed upon—
 A giant frozen into stone.
 Son of the thronèd Sachem,— thou,
 The sternest of the forest kings,—
 Shall the scorned pale-one trample now,
 Unambushed, on thy mountain's brow—
 Yea, drive his vile and hated plough
 Among thy nation's holy things,
 Crushing the warrior-skeleton
 In scorn beneath his armèd heel,
 And not a hand be left to deal
 A kindred vengeance fiercely back,
 And cross in blood the Spoiler's track?

He started,— for a sudden shot
 Came booming through the forest-trees —
 The thunder of the fierce Yengeese:
 It passed away, and injured not;
 But, to the Sachem's brow it brought
 The token of his lion thought.
 He stood erect — his dark eye burned,
 As if to meteor-brightness turned;
 And o'er his forehead passed the frown
 Of an archangel stricken down,
 Ruined and lost, yet chainless still —
 Weakened of power but strong of will!
 It passed — a sudden tremor came
 Like ague o'er his giant frame, —
 It was not terror — he had stood.

For hours, with death in grim attendance,
 When moccasins grew stiff with blood,
 And through the clearing's midnight flame,
 Dark, as a storm, the Pequod came,
 His red right arm their strong dependence —
 When thrilling through the forest gloom
 The onset cry of "Metacom!"

Rang on the red and smoky air! —
 No — it was agony which passed
 Upon his soul — the strong man's last
 And fearful struggle with despair.

He turned him to his trustiest one —
 The old and war-tried Annawon —
 "Brother" — the favored warrior stood
 In hushed and listening attitude —
 "This night the Vision-Spirit hath
 Unrolled the scroll of fate before me;
 And ere the sunrise cometh, Death

Will wave his dusky pinion o'er me!
 Nay, start not — well I know thy faith:
 Thy weapon now may keep its sheath;
 But when the bodeful morning breaks,
 And the green forest widely wakes
 Unto the roar of Yengeese thunder,
 Then, trusted brother, be it thine
 To burst upon the foeman's line
 And rend his serried strength asunder.
 Perchance thyself and yet a few
 Of faithful ones may struggle through,
 And, rallying on the wooded plain,
 Offer up in Yengeese blood
 An offering to the Indian's God."

Another shot — a sharp, quick yell,
 And then the stifled groan of pain,
 Told that another red man fell, —
 And blazed a sudden light again
 Across that kingly brow and eye,
 Like lightning on a clouded sky, —
 And a low growl, like that which thrills
 The hunter of the Eastern hills,
 Burst through clenched teeth and rigid lip —
 And when the Monarch spoke again,
 His deep voice shook beneath its rein,
 And wrath and grief held fellowship.
 "Brother! methought when as but now
 I pondered on my nation's wrong,
 With sadness on his shadowy brow
 My father's spirit passed along!
 He pointed to the far southwest,
 Where sunset's gold was growing dim,
 And seemed to beckon me to him,

And to the forests of the blest! —
 My father loved the Yengeese, when
 They were but children, shelterless;
 For his great spirit at distress
 Melted to woman's tenderness —
 Nor was it given him to know

That children whom he cherished then
 Would rise at length, like armed men,
 To work his people's overthrow.
 Yet thus it is; — the God before

Whose awful shrine the pale ones bow
 Hath frowned upon and given o'er

The red man to the stranger now! —
 A few more moons, and there will be
 No gathering to the council-tree;
 The scorched earth, the blackened log,

The naked bones of warriors slain,
 Be the sole relics which remain
 Of the once mighty Wampanoag!

The forests of our hunting-land,
 With all their old and solemn green,
 Will bow before the Spoiler's axe,
 The plough displace the hunter's tracks,
 And the tall Yengeese altar stand

Where the Great Spirit's shrine hath been!

“Yet, brother, from this awful hour

The dying curse of Metacom
 Shall linger with abiding power

Upon the spoilers of my home.

The fearful veil of things to come
 By Kitchtan's hand is lifted from
 The shadows of the embryo years;

And I can see more clearly through

Than ever visioned Powwow did,
 For all the future comes unbid
 Yet welcome to my tranced view,
 As battle-yell to warrior-ears!

From stream and lake and hunting-hill
 Our tribes may vanish like a dream,
 And even my dark curse may seem
 Like idle winds when Heaven is still —

No bodeful harbinger of ill,
 But fiercer than the downright thunder
 When yawns the mountain-rock asunder,
 And riven pine and knotted oak
 Are reeling to the fearful stroke,

That curse shall work its master's will!
 The bed of yon blue mountain stream
 Shall pour a darker tide than rain —
 The sea shall catch its blood-red stain,
 And broadly on its banks shall gleam

The steel of those who should be brothers —
 Yea, those whom once fond parent nursed
 Shall meet in strife, like fiends accursed,
 And trample down the once loved form,
 While yet with breathing passion warm,
 As fiercely as they would another's!”

The morning star sat dimly on
 The lighted eastern horizon —
 The deadly glare of levelled gun
 Came streaking through the twilight haze,
 And naked to its reddest blaze
 A hundred warriors sprang in view:
 One dark red arm was tossed on high —
 One giant shout came hoarsely through
 The clangor and the charging cry,

Just as across the scattering gloom,
 Red as the naked hand of Doom,
 The Yengeese volley hurtled by —
 The arm — the voice of Metacom! —
 One piercing shriek — one vengeful yell,
 Sent like an arrow to the sky,
 Told when the hunter-monarch fell!

1829.

—♦—

THE FRATRICIDE.

In the recently published "History of Wyoming," — a valley rendered classic ground by the poetry of Campbell, — in an account of the attack of Brandt and Butler on the settlements in 1778, a fearful circumstance is mentioned. A Tory, who had joined the Indians and British, discovered his own brother, whilst pursuing the Americans, and, deaf to his entreaties, deliberately presented his rifle and shot him dead on the spot. The murderer fled to Canada.

HE stood on the brow of the well-known hill,
 Its few gray oaks moan'd over him still —
 The last of that forest which cast the gloom
 Of its shadow at eve o'er his childhood's home;
 And the beautiful valley beneath him lay
 With its quivering leaves, and its streams at play,
 And the sunshine over it all the while
 Like the golden shower of the Eastern isle.

He knew the rock with its fingering vine,
 And its gray top touch'd by the slant sunshine,
 And the delicate stream which crept beneath
 Soft as the flow of an infant's breath;
 And the flowers which lean'd to the West wind's
 sigh,
 Kissing each ripple which glided by;

And he knew every valley and wooded swell,
 For the visions of childhood are treasured well.

Why shook the old man as his eye glanced down
 That narrow ravine where the rude cliffs frown,
 With their shaggy brows and their teeth of stone,
 And their grim shade back from the sunlight
 thrown?

What saw he there save the dreary glen,
 Where the shy fox crept from the eye of men,
 And the great owl sat in the leafy limb
 That the hateful sun might not look on him?

Fix'd, glassy, and strange was that old man's eye,
 As if a spectre were stealing by,
 And glared it still on that narrow dell
 Where thicker and browner the twilight fell;
 Yet at every sigh of the fitful wind,
 Or stirring of leaves in the wood behind,
 His wild glance wander'd the landscape o'er,
 Then fix'd on that desolate dell once more.

Oh, who shall tell of the thoughts which ran
 Through the dizzied brain of that gray old man?
 His childhood's home — and his father's toil —
 And his sister's kiss — and his mother's smile —
 And his brother's laughter and gamesome mirth,
 At the village school and the winter hearth —
 The beautiful thoughts of his early time,
 Ere his heart grew dark with its later crime.

And darker and wilder his visions came
 Of the deadly feud and the midnight flame,
 Of the Indian's knife with its slaughter red,
 Of the ghastly forms of the scalpless dead,

Of his own fierce deeds in that fearful hour
 When the terrible Brandt was forth in power,—
 And he clasp'd his hands o'er his burning eye
 To shadow the vision which glided by.

It came with the rush of the battle-storm —
 With a brother's shaken and kneeling form,
 And his prayer for life when a brother's arm
 Was lifted above him for mortal harm,
 And the fiendish curse, and the groan of death,
 And the welling of blood, and the gurgling breath,
 And the scalp torn off while each nerve could feel
 The wrenching hand and the jagged steel!

And the old man groan'd — for he saw, again,
 The mangled corse of his kinsman slain,
 As it lay where his hand had hurl'd it then,
 At the shadow'd foot of that fearful glen! —
 And it rose erect, with the death-pang grim,
 And pointed its bloodied finger at him! —
 And his heart grew cold — and the curse of Cain
 Burn'd like a fire in the old man's brain.

Oh, had he not seen that spectre rise
 On the blue of the cold Canadian skies? —
 From the lakes which sleep in the ancient wood,
 It had risen to whisper its tale of blood,
 And follow'd his bark to the sombre shore,
 And glared by night through the wigwam door;
 And here — on his own familiar hill —
 It rose on his haunted vision still!

Whose corse was that which the morrow's sun,
 Through the opening boughs, look'd calmly on?
 There where those who bent o'er that rigid face
 Who well in its darken'd lines might trace

The features of him who, a traitor, fled
 From a brother whose blood himself had shed,
 And there — on the spot where he strangely died —
 They made the grave of the Fratricide!

1831.

ISABELLA OF AUSTRIA.

“Isabella, Infanta of Parma, and consort of Joseph of Austria, predicted her own death, immediately after her marriage with the Emperor. Amidst the gayety and splendor of Vienna and Presburg, she was reserved and melancholy; she believed that Heaven had given her a view of the future, and that her child, the namesake of the great Maria Theresa, would perish with her. Her prediction was fulfilled.”

MIDST the palace-bowers of Hungary, — imperial
 Presburg's pride, —
 With the noble-born and beautiful assembled at her
 side,
 She stood, beneath the summer heaven, — the soft
 winds sighing on,
 Stirring the green and arching boughs, like dancers
 in the sun.
 The beautiful pomegranate's gold, the snowy orange-
 bloom,
 The lotus and the creeping vine, the rose's meek
 perfume,
 The willow crossing with its green some statue's
 marble hair, —
 All that might charm th' exquisite sense, or light
 the soul, was there.
 But she — a monarch's treasured one — lean'd
 gloomily apart,
 With her dark eye tearfully cast down and a
 shadow on her heart.

Young, beautiful, and dearly loved, what sorrow
 hath she known?
 Are not the hearts and swords of all held sacred
 as her own?
 Is not her lord the kingliest in battle-field or
 bower? —
 The foremost in the council-hall, or at the banquet
 hour?
 Is not his love as pure and deep as his own Dan-
 ube's tide?
 And wherefore in her princely home weeps Isabel,
 his bride?

She raised her jewell'd hand and flung her veiling
 tresses back,
 Bathing its snowy tapering within their glossy
 black. —
 A tear fell on the orange leaves; — rich gem and
 mimic blossom,
 And fringed robe shook fearfully upon her sighing
 bosom:
 "Smile on, smile on," she murmur'd low, "for all
 is joy around,
 Shadow and sunshine, stainless sky, soft airs and
 blossom'd ground;
 'Tis meet the light of heart should smile when
 nature's brow is fair,
 And melody and fragrance meet, twin sisters of the
 air!

"But ask not me to share with you the beauty of
 the scene —
 The fountain-fall, mosaic walk, and tessellated
 green;

And point not to the mild blue sky, or glorious
 summer sun:
 I know how very fair is all the hand of God hath
 done —
 The hills, the sky, the sun-lit cloud, the fountain
 leaping forth,
 The swaying trees, the scented flowers, the dark
 green robes of earth —
 I love them still; yet I have learn'd to turn aside
 from all,
 And never more my heart must own their sweet
 but fatal thrall!

"And I could love the noble one whose mighty
 name I bear,
 And closer to my bursting heart his hallow'd image
 wear;
 And I could watch our sweet young flower, unfold-
 ing day by day,
 And taste of that unearthly bliss which mothers
 only may;
 But no, I may not cling to earth — that voice is in
 my ear,
 That shadow lingers by my side — the death-wail
 and the bier,
 The cold and starless night of death where day
 may never beam,
 The silence and the loathsomeness, the sleep which
 hath no dream!

"O God! to leave this fair bright world, and, more
 than all, to know
 The moment when the Spectral One shall deal his
 fearful blow;

To know the day, the very hour; to feel the tide
roll on;
To shudder at the gloom before, and weep the sun-
shine gone;
To count the days, the few short days, of light and
life and breath,—
Between me and the noisome grave — the voiceless
home of death,—
Alas! — if, knowing, feeling this, I murmur at my
doom,
Let not thy frowning, O my God! lend darkness to
the tomb.

“Oh, I have borne my spirit up, and smiled amid
the chill
Remembrance of my certain doom, which lingers
with me still:
I would not cloud our fair child's brow, nor let a
tear-drop dim
The eye that met my wedded lord's, lest it should
sadden him.
But there are moments when the gush of feeling
hath its way;
That hidden tide of unnamed woe nor fear nor love
may stay.
Smile on, smile on, light-hearted ones, your sun of
joy is high;
Smile on, and leave the doom'd of Heaven alone to
weep and die.”

* * * *

A funeral chant was wailing through Vienna's holy
pile;
A coffin with its gorgeous pall was borne along the
aisle;

The banners of a kingly race waved high above the
dead;
A mighty band of mourners came — a king was at
its head,
A youthful king, with mournful tread and dim and
tearful eye —
He had not dream'd that one so pure as his fair
bride could die;
And sad and wild above the throng the funeral
anthem rung:
“Mourn for the hope of Austria! Mourn for the
loved and young!”

The wail went up from other lands — the valleys
of the Hun,
Fair Parma with its orange bowers and hills of
vine and sun;
The lilies of imperial France droop'd as the sound
went by,
The long lament of cloister'd Spain was mingled
with the cry;
The dwellers in Colorno's halls, the Slovak at his
cave,
The bow'd at the Escorial, the Magyar sternly
brave —
All wept the early-stricken flower, and burst from
every tongue:
“Mourn for the dark-eyed Isabel! Mourn for the
loved and young!”

1831.