


THE DEATH BED OF LOUIS XI.

ON of Valois! tell to the world what powers avails thee now!
Death's icy touch is on thy heart, his dews are on thy brow.

Whence comes the hue of mortal dread that pales thy withered
cheek?

Has sleeping conscience waked at last? Speak, sceptred mon-
ster, speak!

When fell thy victims' parting groans, coldly impassive thou;
The scene has chang'd; what sayest, then, O dying tyrant,
now?

Death, through long years thy vassal slave, is lord o'er thee at
last,
And 'midst his train of horrors troop the shadows of the past.

La Balue comes from living death, from Loche's circled fate,
Terror has stayed where mercy failed—long years of venom'd
hate;

Guienne, fair offspring of thy royal mother's womb,
Points his dead hand at thee, O king! from his unhallow'd tomb.

Unshriven he died. Men thought him sped by fell disease
undone;

What of the secret chalice and the Abbot of St. John?

At yonder feast was the mad jester's tale denied,
Heir of the sainted Capet's throne, illustrious fratricide?

Ha! see'st yon spectral form that gibbers from the outer gloom,
Swathed in the garb of St. Denis—the odours of the tomb?