

Like a chief's son ; though from his cheek had flown
 The mantling crimson of the island blood.
 And his pressed lips looked marble. Fiercely bright,
 And high around him, blazed the fires of night,
 Rocking beneath the cedars to and fro
 As the wind passed, and with a fitful glow
 Lighting the victims face ;—but who could tell
 Of what within his secret heart befel,
 Known but to Heaven that hour ? Perchance the thought
 Of his far home, then so intensely wrought
 That its full image pictured, to his eye
 On the dark ground of mortal agony
 Rose clear as day.—And he might see the band
 Of his young sisters wandering hand in hand
 Where the laburnums drooped ; or happy binding
 The jessmine, up the doors low pillars winding ;
 Or, as day faded on their gentle mirth,
 Gathering with braided hair around the hearth
 Where sat their mother ; and that mother's face,
 Its grave sweet smile yet wearing, in the place
 Where it so ever smiled.—Perchance the prayer
 Learned at her knee, came back in his despair ;
 The blessing from her voice, the very tone
 Of her “ *good night*,” might breathe from boyhood gone !
 —He started, and looked up ; thick cypress boughs,
 Full of strange sounds waved o'er him darkly red
 In the broad stormy firelight ; savage brows,
 With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread
 Girt him like feverish phantoms ; and pale stars
 Looked through the branches as through dungeon bars,
 Shedding no hope !—He knew, he felt his doom—
 Oh ! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
 That happy hall in Caledon !—Idle fear !
 Would the wind tell it ?—Who might dream or hear
 The secret of the forests ? To the stake
 They bound him ; and that proud young chieftain strove
 His fathers spirit in his breast to wake,
 Trusting to die in silence ! He the love
 Of many hearts !—The fondly reared !—the fair,
 He stood beneath his death-pyre and the brand
 Flamed up to light it in the chieftains hand !
 —He thought upon his God. Hush ! hush !—a cry
 Breaks on the dread and stern solemnity !
 A step hath pierced the ring ! who dares intrude
 On the dark Hunters in their vengeful mood ?