

Kossuth

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By Thomas S. Donoho.

"Back wounding calumny
The fairest virtue strikes." — Shakespeare.

I

Tyrant and coward slave!
Rambon! Then mayst thou harm the good and brave!
As looks the sovereign mountain down,
So smiles the rainbow o'er the tempest's brow.
So looks and smiles the brave!
He stands secure God's pyramid of truth!
Scorning the rage of Time!
He smiles—immortality of youth,
Peace, joy and love sublime,
There!
Circling the world, illumining all
the air!

II

Old age with grandeur doth surround,
When Freedom's fire descends upon the heart,
The man no more is man!
He feels his sacred life is set apart;
He feels no hope, new power,

And from that rapturous hour
He dares do all - the tyrants fear he can't

II

What giveth grandeur to the mountain proud?
It is the invius, vain-aspiring cloud,
That, stealing from the pestilential vale,
Slow creepeth up - then when its efforts fail
To shroud the dauntless peak,
Slow, like a coward arrant and weak,
Doth it descend in tears,
Back to its darkened den, its sluggish base
Compeers!

IV

What giveth beauty to the rainbow's form?
Tis that it shineth 'mid the fallen storm!
Smiling as terror ceases,
And presaging peace!

Thou art the mountain tall, the rainbow thou!
Herald of Freedom to the sad old world!
Shame shall attend whoso would cloud thy brow,
Sad on himself shall all his wrath be hurled -
Stand be among the great,
Or sit in royal state,
Beyond the sea - or here -
~~No~~ my blest Native land! thou art too dear,
Too honored, even in a moment's dream
That thus I think of thee!
No son of thine so deeply damned may be!

I'll not believe it! If, at last, there seem

Such on our happy shore -

Call the false phantom "brother" nevermore!

Lethim accursed be, wherever found!

Still let him live, still let him wander round

The unfriendlying earth,

Weeping with tears of fire his day of birth:

Or if he have companion, legends tell

Of one to suit him well -

Phasenrus will with joyful dread,

Anteart in search of calm - eternal
Clouds o'erhead!

Maye Cottage, Washington