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## ARNOLD DE WINKELRIED.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

AT immortal in Helvetia—day to every Switzer dear—  
Day that saw Duke Leopold down before Sempach ap-  
pear;  
Just as morning fresh and stilly dawned above the  
ancient town,  
And the mountain mists uprolling let the waiting sun-  
light down.

Full four thousand knights and barons marched with  
Leopold that day,  
With their vassals, squires, and burghers, following in  
grand array;  
'Twas the Duke himself came foremost, slowly came in  
state and pride,  
With the knight of Ems, brave Eyloff, gravely riding at  
his side.  
Fiery-eyed with ancient hatred, rode proud Gessler, as  
became  
One of the abhorred lineage, and the old accursed name.

It was while their serfs and hirelings cut the Switzer's tall  
grain down,  
That the Austrian knights paraded on their steeds before  
the town:  
"Ho! our reapers would have breakfast!" thus the Sire  
de Reinach calls—  
"The Confederates make it ready!" cried the Avoyer from  
the walls.

Now, upon a hill to northward, in among the sheltering  
wood,  
The Confederates' little army still and firm and fearless  
stood:  
They from Gersau, Zug, and Glaris, the Waldstetten, and  
Lucerne,  
But not a burgher or a knight from false and recreant  
Berne.  
There with looks of old defiance glared they down upon  
the foe,  
And their hearts were hot for vengeance when they  
thought of long-ago;  
For full many a pike now gleaming in the pleasant sum-  
mer light,  
Had their fathers dipped in Austrian blood at Morgarten's  
mountain fight!

Up amid the winds and sunshine Austria's blazoned ban-  
ners danced—  
With a mighty clash of armour Austria's haughty hosts  
advanced;  
Calling on the God of freedom, with a shout for Switzer-  
land,  
Down against the mailed thousands rushed the little  
patriot band!  
With their short swords and their halberds, and their  
simple shields of wood;  
With their archers, and their slingers, and their pikemen  
stern and rude.

But as thick as stands at harvest golden grain along the  
Rhine,  
Stood the spears of the invaders, gleaming down the  
threat'ning line;  
And as pressed the hardy Switzers close upon their  
leader's track,  
Everywhere that wall of lances met their way, and hurled  
them back;  
Till the blood of brave Confederates stained the hillside  
and the plain,  
Drenching all the trampled greensward like a storm of  
mountain rain;



Till the boldest brow was darkened, and the firmest lip  
was paled;  
Till the peasant's heart grew fearful, and the shepherd's  
stout arm failed.  
Then from out the Swiss ranks stepping, high above the  
tumult called,  
He, the Knight de Winkelried, Arnold, pride of Under-  
wald:  
"Yield not, dear and faithful allies!—stay, for I your way  
will make!  
Care you for the wife and children, for your old com-  
panion's sake;  
Follow now, and strike for freedom, God, and Switzer-  
land!" he cried;  
Full against the close ranks rushing, with his arms  
extended wide,  
Caught, and to his bosom gathered, the sharp lances of  
the foe!  
Then, as roll the avalanches down from wilds of Alpine  
snow,  
Through the breach on rolled the Switzers, overthrew the  
mail-clad ranks,  
Smote, as smote their shepherd fathers, on Algeri's  
marshy banks!  
Everywhere the Austrian nobles, serfs, and hirelings  
turned in flight—  
Soon was seen the royal standard wavering, falling in the  
fight;  
'Twas the Duke himself upraised it, and its bloody folds  
outspread,  
Waved it, till his guard of barons all went down among  
the dead;  
Then amid the battle plunging, bravely bore the war-  
rior's part,  
Till the long pike of a Switzer cleft in twain his tyrant  
heart!

With their souls athirst for vengeance, through dark  
gorge and rocky glen.  
On the footsteps of the flying, hot pursued the mountain  
men,—  
Smiting down the bold invaders, till the ground for many  
a rood,  
Round about that town beleaguered, was afloat with Aus-  
trian blood.  
Then arose their shouts of triumph up amid the shadowy  
even—  
Loud rejoicings, fierce exultings storming at the gates of  
heaven,—

Till a thousand mountain echoes rendered back the  
mighty cries,  
With the sound of earth's contention making tumult in  
the skies.

But amid the rush of battle, or the victor's proud array,  
Came the saviour of Helvetia? came the hero of the day?  
Prone along the wet turf lay he, with the lances he had  
grasped,  
All his valour's deadly trophies still against his brave heart  
clashed!  
Feeling not the tempest-surgings, hearing not the war of  
strife—  
With the red rents in his bosom, and his young eye closed  
on life.  
And when thus his comrades found him, there was triumph  
in their tears—  
He had gathered glory's harvest in that bloody sheaf of  
spears.

Lo, it is an ancient story, and as through the shades of  
night,  
We are gazing through dim ages, on that fierce, unequal  
fight;—  
But the darkness is illumined by one grand, heroic deed,  
And we hear the shout of Arnold, and we see his great  
heart bleed!

Yet to-day, oh hero-martyr, does the Switzer guard thy  
name—  
And to-day thy glorious legend touches all his heart with  
flame;  
And with reverence meek and careful still he hands thy  
memory down,  
By the chapel in the mountains, and the statue in the  
town.

Take thou courage, struggling spirit—thus upon life's  
battle plain,  
God for all his heroes careth, and they cannot fall in vain!  
And of heaven for ever blessed shall the soul heroic be  
Who, oppression's close ranks breaking, makes a pathway  
for the free:  
Though his faithful breast receiveth the sharp lances of  
the foe,  
God, the God of freedom, counteth all the life-drops as they  
flow!  
He shall have the tears of millions, and the homage of the  
brave—  
He shall have immortal crownings, and the world shall  
keep his grave.

## THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

(See Engraving.)

WHAT bringeth a joy o'er thy pallid mien,  
More deep than the prime of thy youth had seen?  
What kindleth a beam in thy thoughtful eye  
Like the vestal flame from a purer sky?  
Sweet were her tones, as the wind-harp free,  
"The smile of the babe that is born to me."

What maketh thy home with its noiseless shade  
More dear than the haunts where thy beauty strayed?  
Than the dance where thy form was the zephyr's wing?  
Than the crowded hall, or the charmed ring?  
Than the flatterer's wile, with its siren strain?  
"The voice of the babe that with care I train."

What lendeth the landscape a brighter hue?  
A clearer spark to the diamond dew?  
What giveth the song of the bird its zest,  
As straw by straw it doth build its nest?  
What sweeteneth the flowers on their budding stalks?  
"The kiss of the child by my side that walks."

What quickeneth thy prayer when it seeks the Throne  
With a fervour it never before had known?  
What girdeth thy life in its daily scope  
For the labour of love, and the patience of hope?  
The freedom from self, and the high intent,  
"The soul of the child that my God hath lent."