

The well known current cleaves the lofty coast,  
 Where Paria's walks thy former footsteps boast.  
 These scanty shores no more thy joys shall bound;  
 See nobler prospects lead their swelling round,  
 Nature's sublimest scenes before thee roll,  
 And years and empires open on thy soul.  
 High to yon seats exalt thy roving view,  
 Where Quito's lofty plains o'erlook Peru,  
 On whose broad base, like clouds together driven,  
 A world exalted props the skirts of heaven.  
 From south to north what long, blue fronts arise!  
 Ridge over ridge, and lost in ambient skies!  
 Approaching near, they heave expanding bounds,  
 The yielding concave bends sublimer rounds,  
 Earth's loftiest towers there lift the daring height,  
 And all the Andes fill the bounded sight.

Round the low base what sloping breaches bend!  
 Hills form on hills and trees o'er trees extend,  
 Ascending, whitening, how the craggs are lost!  
 O'erwhelm'd with summits of eternal frost;  
 Broad fields of ice give back the morning ray,  
 Like walls of suns or heaven's perennial day.

There folding storms on eastern pinions ride,  
 Veil the black heavens and wrap the mountain's side,  
 The thunders rake the craggs, the rains descend,  
 And the long lightnings o'er the vallies bend,  
 While blasts unburden'd sweep the cliffs of snow,  
 The whirlwinds wheel above, the floods convolve below.

There molten rocks, explosive rend their tomb,  
 And dread volcanoes ope the nations' doom,  
 Wild o'er the regions pour the floods of fire,  
 The shores heave backward and the seas retire.  
 There slumbering vengeance waits the Almighty call,  
 Long ages hence to shake some guilty wall;  
 Thy pride, O Lima, swells the sulph'rous wave,  
 And fanes and priests and idols croud thy grave.

But cease, my son, these dread events to trace,  
 Nor learn the woes that wait thy kindred race.  
 Beyond those glimmering hills, in lands unknown,  
 O'er the wide gulph, beyond the flaming zone,  
 Thro' milder climes, see gentler mountains rise,  
 Where yon dim regions bound the northern skies.  
 Back from the shore ascending champaigns run,  
 And lift their heights to hail the eastern sun,  
 Through all the midland realm, to yon blue pole,  
 The green hills lengthen and the rivers roll.

So spoke the blest Immortal; when, more near,  
 The northern climes in various pomp appear;  
 Lands yet unknown, and streams without a name  
 Rise into vision and demand their fame.  
 As when some saint, in heaven's sublime abode,  
 Extends his views o'er all the works of God;  
 While earth's fair circuit in his presence rolls,  
 Here glows the centre and there point the poles;  
 O'er land and sea his eyes sublimely rove,  
 And joys of mortals kindle heaven with love;



With equal glance the great Observer's sight  
 Ranged the low vale or climb'd the cloudly height,  
 As, led by heaven's own light, his raptur'd mind,  
 Explored the realms that here await mankind.

Now the still morn had tinged the mountain's brow  
 And rising radiance warm'd the plains below ;  
 Stretch'd o'er Virginian hills, in long array,  
 The beauteous Alleganies met the day.  
 From sultry Mobile's rich Floridian shore,  
 To where Ontario bids hoarse Laurence roar,  
 O'er the clear mountain-tops and winding streams,  
 Rose a pure azure, streak'd with orient beams ;  
 Fair spread the scene, the hero gazed sublime,  
 And thus in prospect hail'd the happy clime.

Blest shores of fame, conceal'd in earlier days  
 To lure my steps to trace the untempted seas !  
 And blest the race my guardian Saint shall lead,  
 Where these tall forests wave the beckoning head.  
 Thro' each wide ridge what various treasures shine !  
 Sleep there ye diamonds, and ye ores refine,  
 Exalt your heads ye oaks, ye pines ascend,  
 Till future navies bid your branches bend,  
 Then spread the canvass o'er the subject sea,  
 Explore new worlds and teach the old your sway.

He said, and northward cast his wondering eyes,  
 Where other cliffs, in other climes, arise,  
 Where bleak Acadia spreads the dangerous coast,  
 And isles and shoals their latent horrors boast,

High in the distant heaven, the hoary height  
 Heaves the glad sailor an eternal light.  
 Nor could those hills, unnoticed, raise their head,  
 That look sublime o'er Hudson's winding bed ;  
 Tho' no bold fiction rear them to the skies,  
 And neighbouring summits far superior rise,  
 Yet the blue Kaatskill, where the storms divide,  
 Would lift the heavens from Atlas' labouring pride.

Awhile the ridgy heights his notice claim,  
 And hills unnumber'd rose without a name,  
 Which placed, in pomp, on any eastern shore,  
 Taurus would shrink, the Alps be sung no more ;  
 For here great nature, more exalted show'd  
 The last ascending footsteps of her God.

He saw those mountains ope their watery store,  
 Floods leave their caves and seek the distant shore,  
 Down the long hills and through the subject plain,  
 Roll the delightful currents to the main ; [strand,  
 Whose numerous channels cleave the lengthening  
 And heave their banks where future towns must stand ;  
 He stretch'd his eager glance from pole to pole,  
 Traced all their sources and explored the whole.

First, from the dreadful Andes' opening side,  
 He saw Maranon lead his sovereign tide.  
 A thousand hills for him dissolve their snow,  
 A thousand streams obedient bend below,  
 From distant lands their devious courses wind,  
 Sweep beds of ore and leave their gold behind,



In headlong cataracts indignant heave, [wave.  
 Rush to his opening banks and swell the sweeping  
 Ucayla, chief of all his mighty fons,  
 From Cusco's bounds a lengthening circuit runs;  
 Yutay moves gently in a shorter course,  
 And rapid Yatva pours a gathering force;  
 Far in a wild, by nameless tributes fed,  
 The silent Chavar wears a lonely bed;  
 Aloft, where northern Quito sits on high,  
 The roaring Napo quits his misty sky,  
 Down the long steep, in whitening torrents driven,  
 Like Nile descending from his fabled heaven.  
 While other waves and lakes unknown to fame,  
 Discharge their urns and fill the swelling stream,  
 That, far, from clime to clime, majestic goes,  
 Enlarging widening deepening as it flows;  
 Approaching ocean hears the distant roar,  
 Moves up the bed, nor finds the expected shore;  
 His freshening waves, with high and hoary tide,  
 Whelm back the flood, and isles and champaigns hide,  
 Till mingling waters lead the downward sweep,  
 And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the  
 Now, where the sun in milder glory beams, [deep.  
 Brazilia's hills pour down their spreading streams,  
 The smiling lakes their opening sides display,  
 And winding vales prolong the devious way;  
 He saw Xaraya's diamond banks unfold,  
 And Paraguay's deep channel paved with gold,

Saw proud Potosi lift his glittering head,  
 Whence the clear Plata wears his tinctur'd bed;  
 Rich with the spoils of many a distant mine,  
 In one broad silver sea their floods combine;  
 Wide o'er the realms its annual bounties spread,  
 By nameless streams from various mountains fed;  
 The thirsty regions wait its glad return,  
 And drink their future harvests from its urn.

Round the cold climes, beneath the southern sky,  
 Thy path, Magellan, caught the hero's eye;  
 The long cleft ridges oped the widening way,  
 Fair gleaming westward to the Placid Sea.  
 Soon as the distant wave was seen to roll,  
 His ancient wishes\* fill'd his rising soul,  
 Warm from his heaving heart an anxious sigh  
 Breathed o'er his lips; he turn'd his moisten'd eye,  
 And thus besought the Angel. Speak, my guide,  
 Where leads the pass? and whence yon purple tide?  
 Deep in the blue horizon, widely spread,  
 What liquid realms in blending ether fade!  
 How the dim waters skirt the bounds of day!  
 No lands behind them rise, no streamers in them play.  
 In those low skies extends the boundless main,  
 I fought so long, and fought, alas, in vain.

\* The great object of Columbus in most of his voyages was to discover a western passage to India. For this purpose he navigated the gulph of Mexico, with great care, and was much disappointed in not finding a pass into the South Sea. The view he is here supposed to have of that ocean would therefore naturally recall his former desire of sailing round the world.



Restore, celestial Power, my youthful morn,  
 Call back my years and bid my fame return ;  
 Grant me to trace, beyond that pathless sea,  
 Some happier shore from lust of empire free ;  
 In that far world to fix a peaceful bower,  
 From envy safe, and curst Ovando's power.  
 Since joys of mortals claim thy guardian care,  
 Oh bless the nations and regard my prayer :  
 There rest forever kingdoms unexplored,  
 A God creating, and no God adored.  
 Earth's happiest realms shall endless darkness hide ?  
 And seas forever roll their useless tide ?  
 Grant, heavenly guide, the welcome task to dare,  
 One venturous bark, and be my life thy care.

The hero spoke ; the Seraph mild replies,  
 While warm compassion soften'd in his eyes ;  
 Though still to virtuous deeds thy mind aspires,  
 And heavenly visions kindle new desires ;  
 Yet hear with reverence what attends thy state,  
 Nor pass the confines of eternal fate.  
 Led by this sacred light thy soul shall see,  
 That half mankind shall owe their bliss to thee,  
 And joyous empires claim their future birth,  
 In these fair bounds of sea-encircled earth ;  
 While unborn times, by thine example prest,  
 Shall call forth heroes to explore the rest.

Beyond those seas, the well-known climes arise,  
 Where morning splendors gild the eastern skies.

The circling course to India's happy shores,  
 Round Afric's coast, bold Gama now explores ;  
 Another pass these opening straits provide,  
 Nor long shall rest the daring search untry'd ;  
 This watery glade shall open soon to fame,  
 Here a lost hero fix his lasting name,  
 From that new main in furious waves be tost,  
 And fall neglected on the barbarous coast.

But see the chief from Albion's strand arise,  
 Speed in his pinions, fame before his eyes ;  
 Hither, O Drake, display the hastening sails,  
 Widen ye passes, and awake ye gales,  
 Move thou before him, heaven-revolving sun,  
 Wind his long course, and teach him where to run,  
 Earth's distant shores in circling bands unite,  
 Lands, learn your fame, and oceans, roll in light,  
 Round all the beauteous globe his flag be hurl'd,  
 A new Columbus to the astonish'd world.

He spoke ; and silent tow'rd the northern sky,  
 Wide o'er the realms the hero cast his eye ;  
 Saw the long floods pour forth their watery stores,  
 And wind their currents to the opening shores ;  
 While midland seas and lonely lakes display  
 Their glittering glories to the beams of day.  
 Thy capes, Virginia, towering from the tide,  
 Raised up their arms and branch'd their borders wide ;  
 Whose broad embrace in circling extent lay,  
 Round the calm bosom of thy beauteous bay.



Where commerce since has wing'd her channel'd flight  
 Each spreading stream lay brightening to the light ;  
 York led his wave, imbank'd in mazy pride,  
 And nobler James fell winding by his side ;  
 Back tow'rd the distant hills, through many a vale,  
 Wild Rappahanock seem'd to lure the sail,  
 While, far o'er all, in sea-like azure spread,  
 The great Potowmac swept his lordly bed.

When thus he saw the mingling waters play,  
 And seas, in loft disorder, idly stray,  
 Where frowning forests stretch the dusky wing,  
 And deadly damps forbid the flowers to spring,  
 No seasons clothe the field with beauteous grain,  
 No buoyant ship attempt the useless main,  
 With fond impatience, Heavenly Seer, he cry'd,  
 When shall my children cross the lonely tide ?  
 Here, here, my sons, the hand of culture bring,  
 Here teach the lawns to smile, the groves to sing ;  
 Ye sacred floods, no longer vainly glide,  
 Ye harvests, load them, and ye forests, ride,  
 Bear the deep burden from the joyous swain,  
 And tell the world where peace and plenty reign.

Now round the coast, where other floods invite,  
 He fondly turn'd ; they fill'd his eager sight :  
 Here Del'ware's waves the yielding shores invade,  
 And here bold Hudson oped a glassy glade ;  
 Thy parent stream, fair Hartford, met his eye,  
 Far lessening upward to the northern sky ;

No watery gleams thro' happier valleys shine,  
 Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine.  
 Bright Charles and Mystick laved their bloomy isles,  
 And gay Piscatuway caught his passing smiles ;  
 Swift Kenebeck, descending from on high,  
 Swept the tall hills and lengthen'd down the sky ;  
 When hoarse resounding through the gaping shore,  
 He heard cold Laurence' dreadful surges roar.  
 Tho' softening May had waked the vernal blade,  
 And happier climes her fragrant garb display'd,  
 Yet howling winter, in this bleak domain,  
 Shook the wide waste and held his gloomy reign ;  
 Still groans the flood, in frozen fetters bound,  
 And isles of ice his threatening front surround,  
 Clothed in white majesty, the foaming main  
 Leads up the tide and tempts the wintery chain,  
 Billows on billows lift the maddening brine,  
 And seas and clouds in battling conflict join,  
 The dash'd wave struggling heaves in swelling sweep,  
 Wide crash the portals of the frozen deep,  
 Till forced aloft, high-bounding in the air,  
 Moves the blar ice and sheds a hideous glare,  
 The torn foundations on the surface ride,  
 And wrecks of winter load the downward tide.

When now the stream had oped its northern course,  
 He traced the current to its milder source ;  
 There, far retired, the Angelic Power displays  
 Earth's sweetest charms, her own imbosom'd seas.



Ontario's banks, fair opening on the north,  
 With sweep majestic, pour'd his Laurence forth;  
 Above, bold Erie's wave sublimely flood,  
 Look'd o'er the cliff and heaved the headlong flood,  
 Far circling in the north, great Huron spread,  
 And Michigan o'erwhelm'd a western bed;  
 While, stretch'd in circling majesty away,  
 The deep Superior clos'd the setting day.

Here all the midland seas their waves unite,  
 And gleam in grandeur to the hero's sight;  
 Wide opening round them lands delightful spread,  
 Deep groves innumerable cast a solemn shade;  
 Slow moved the settling mist in lurid streams,  
 And dusky radiance brown'd the glimmering beams;  
 O'er all the great Discoverer wondering stood,  
 And thus address'd the messenger of good.

What lonely walks, what wonderous wilds are these?  
 What branching vales run smiling to their seas?  
 The peaceful feats, reserved by Heaven to grace,  
 The virtuous toils of some illustrious race.  
 But why these regions form'd so fair in vain?  
 And why so distant rolls the unconscious main?  
 These desert fountains must forever rest,  
 Of man unseen, by native beasts possess'd;  
 For, see, no ship can point the streamer here,  
 No opening pass, no spreading ocean near;  
 Eternal winter clothes the shelvy shores,  
 Where yon far northern \*son of ocean roars;

\* St. Laurence.

Or should some bark the daring entrance brave,  
 And climes by culture warm his lessening wave,  
 Yon frightful cataract exalts the brow,  
 And frowns defiance to the world below.

To whom the Seraph. Here extended lies  
 The happiest realm that feels the fostering skies;  
 Led by this arm thy sons shall hither come,  
 And streams obedient yield the heroes room;  
 Nor think no pass can find the distant main,  
 Or heaven's last polish touch'd these climes in vain.  
 Behold, from yon fair lake, the current led,  
 And silent waves adorn its infant head;  
 Far south thro' happy regions see it wind,  
 By gathering floods and nobler fountains join'd,  
 Yon opening gulph receive the beauteous wave,  
 And thy known isles its freshening current lave;  
 There lies the path some future ship shall trace,  
 And waft to these wide vales thy kindred race.

The hero saw the blooming isles ascend  
 And round the gulph the circling shore extend,  
 He saw fair Mississippi wind his way,  
 Through all the western boundless tracts of day;  
 Where Alleganies stretch the morning shade,  
 From lone Oswago to the gulphy glade,  
 Where absent suns their midnight circles ride,  
 Pours the long current of his rushing tide.  
 Unnumber'd branches from the channel stray,  
 Akanfa here, and there Missouri lay,



Rouge roll'd his wave along the western wild,  
And broad Ohio's northern beauties smiled.

Retiring far round Hudson's frozen bay,  
Where lessening circles shrink beyond the day,  
The shivering shrubs scarce brave the dismal clime,  
Snows ever-rising with the years of time ;  
The beasts all whitening roam the lifeless plain,  
And caves unfrequent scoop the couch for man.

Where Spring's coy steps, in cold Canadia, stray,  
And joyless seasons hold unequal sway,  
He saw the pine its daring mantle rear,  
Break the rude blast and mock the inclement year,  
Secure the limits of the angry skies,  
And bid all southern vegetation rise.  
Wild o'er the vast, impenetrable round,  
The untrod bowers of shadowy nature frown'd ;  
The neighbouring cedar waved its honours wide,  
The fir's tall boughs, the oak's resistless pride,  
The branching beech, the aspen's trembling shade,  
Veil'd the dim heavens and brown'd the dusky glade.  
Here in huge crowds those sturdy sons of earth,  
In frosty regions, claim a nobler birth ;  
Where heavy trunks the sheltering dome requires,  
And copious fuel feeds the wintry fires.  
While warmer suns, that southern climes emblaze,  
A cool deep umbrage o'er the woodland raise ;  
Florida's blooming shores around him spread,  
And Georgian hills erect their shady head ;

Beneath tall trees, in livelier verdure gay,  
Long level walks a humble garb display ;  
The infant corn, unconscious of its worth,  
Points the green spire and bends the foliage forth ;  
Sweeten'd on flowery banks, the passing air  
Breathes all the untasted fragrance of the year ;  
Unbidden harvests o'er the regions rise,  
And blooming life repays the genial skies.  
Where circling shores around the gulph extend,  
The bounteous groves with richer burdens bend ;  
Spontaneous fruits the uplifted palms unfold,  
The beauteous orange waves a load of gold,  
The untaught vine, the wildly-wanton cane  
Bloom on the waste, and clothe the enarbour'd plain,  
The rich pimento scents the neighbouring skies,  
And woolly clusters o'er the cotton rise.  
Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring  
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring ;  
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,  
Nor beasts unshelter'd fear the pinching storm ;  
But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,  
And breathe the ripen'd juices thro' the grove.  
Beneath the crystal wave's inconstant light,  
Pearls undistinguish'd sparkle on the sight ;  
From opening earth, in living lustre, shine  
The various treasures of the blazing mine ;  
Hills, cleft before him, all their stores unfold,  
The quick mercurius and the burning gold ;



Gems of unnumber'd hues, in bright array,  
 Illume the changing rocks and shed the beams of day.

When now the Chief had travel'd with his eye,  
O'er each fair clime that meets the incumbent sky ;  
The stream, the mountain, forest, vale and plain,  
And isle and coast, and wide untravers'd main ;  
He cast, o'er all, the immeasurable glance,  
And all past views in one broad vision dance.  
Skirting the western heavens and each far pole,  
With blending skies Pacific oceans roll,  
Atlantic surges lead their swelling round,  
And distant straits the polar confines bound.  
The western coasts their long, high summits heave,  
And look majestic o'er the subject wave ;  
While, on the lowly east, the winding strand  
Draws from the silent sea and gently steals to land.



## ARGUMENT.

*Natives of America appear in vision. Their manners and characters. Columbus enquires the cause of the dissimilarity of nations. The Angel replies—That the human body is composed of a due proportion of the elements suited to the place of its first creation—that these elements, differently proportioned, produce all the changes of health, sickness, growth and decay; and will likewise produce any other changes which occasion the diversity of men—that these elemental proportions are varied, not more by climate, than temperature, and many other local accidents—that the mind is likewise in a state of change, and will take its physical character from the body and from external objects: examples. Enquiry and answer concerning the first peopling of America. View of Mexico. Its destruction by Cortez. View of Cusco and Quito, cities of Peru. Tradition of Capac and Oella, founders of the Peruvian empire. Columbus enquires their real history. The Angel gives an account of their origin, and relates the stratagems they used in establishing that empire.*

## THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

### BOOK II.

HIGH o'er the changing scene, as thus he gazed,  
The indulgent Power his arm sublimely raised;  
When round the realms superior lustre flew,  
And call'd new wonders to the hero's view.

He saw, at once, as far as eye could rove,  
Like scattering herds, the swarthy people move,  
In tribes innumerable; all the waste,  
Beneath their steps, a varying shadow cast.  
As airy shapes, beneath the moon's pale eye,  
When broken clouds sail o'er the curtain'd sky,  
Spread thro' the grove and flit along the glade,  
And cast their grisly phantoms thro' the shade;  
So move the hordes, in thickets half conceal'd,  
Or vagrant stalking o'er the open field.  
Here ever-restless tribes, despising home,  
O'er shadowy streams and trackless deserts roam;  
While others there, thro' downs and hamlets stray,  
And rising domes a happier state display.

The painted chiefs, in death's grim terrors drest,  
Rise fierce to war, and beat the savage breast;



Dark round their steps collecting warriors pour,  
 And dire revenge begins the hideous roar ;  
 While to the realms around the signal flies,  
 And tribes on tribes, in dread disorder, rise,  
 Track the mute foe and scour the distant wood,  
 Wide as a storm, and dreadful as a flood ;  
 Now deep in groves the silent ambush lay,  
 Or wing the flight or sweep the prize away,  
 Unconscious babes and reverend fires devour,  
 Drink the warm blood and paint their cheeks with gore.

While all their mazy movements fill the view,  
 Where'er they turn his eager eyes pursue ;  
 He saw the same dire visage thro' the whole,  
 And mark'd the same fierce savageness of soul :  
 In doubt he stood, with anxious thoughts oppress'd,  
 And thus his wavering mind the Power address'd.

Say, from what source, O Voice of wisdom, sprung  
 The countless tribes of this amazing throng ?  
 Where human frames and brutal souls combine,  
 No force can tame them and no arts refine.  
 Can these be fashion'd on the social plan ?  
 Or boast a lineage with the race of man ?  
 In yon fair isle, when first my wandering view  
 Ranged the glad coast and met the savage crew ;  
 A timorous herd, like harmless roes, they ran,  
 Hail'd us as Gods from whom their race began.  
 Supply'd our various wants, relieved our toil,  
 And oped the unbounded treasures of their isle.

But when, their fears allay'd, in us they trace  
 The well-known image of a mortal race ;  
 When Spanish blood their wondering eyes beheld,  
 Returning rage their changing bosoms swell'd ;  
 Their jaws the crimson dainty long'd to taste,  
 And spread, with foreign flesh, the rich repast.  
 My homeward sail, far distant on the main,  
 Incautious left a small unguarded train,  
 When, in their horrid power, bereft of aid,  
 That train with thee, O lost Arada, bled.  
 No faith no treaty calms their maddening flame,  
 Rage all their joy, and slaughter all their aim ;  
 How the dread savage bands with fury burn'd,  
 When o'er the wave our growing host return'd !  
 Now, mild with joy, a friendly smile they show'd,  
 And now their dark-red visage frown'd in blood ;  
 Till, call'd afar, from all the circling shore,  
 Swift thro' the groves the yelling squadrons pour,  
 The wide wings stretching sweep the unbounded plain,  
 That groans beneath the innumerable train.  
 Our scanty files, ascending o'er the strand,  
 Tread the bold champaign and the fight demand ;  
 With steeds and hounds the dreadful onset moves,  
 And thundering batteries rend the distant groves ;  
 Swift fly the scattering foes, like shades of night,  
 When orient splendors urge their rapid flight.  
 Our proffer'd friendship bade the discord cease,  
 Spared the grim host and gave the terms of peace.



The arts of civil life we strove to lend,  
 Their lands to culture and their joys extend,  
 Sublime their views, fair virtue's charms display,  
 And point their passage to eternal day.

Still proud to rove, our offers they disdain,  
 Insult our friendship and our rites prophane.  
 In that blest island, still the myriads rest,  
 Bask in the sunshine, wander with the beast,  
 Feed on the foe, or from the victor fly,  
 Rise into life, exhaust their rage, and die.

Tell then, my Seer, from what dire sons of earth  
 The brutal people drew their ancient birth?  
 Whether in realms, the western heavens that close,  
 A tribe distinct from other nations rose,  
 Born to subjection; when, in happier time,  
 A nobler race should hail their fruitful clime.  
 Or, if a common source all nations claim,  
 Their lineage, form, and reasoning powers the same,  
 What sovereign cause, in secret wisdom laid,  
 This wondrous change in God's own work has made?  
 Why various powers of soul and tints of face  
 In different climes diversify the race?

To whom the Guide; Unnumber'd causes lie  
 In earth and sea and round the varying sky,  
 That fire the soul, or damp the genial flame,  
 And work their wonders on the human frame.  
 See beauty, form and colour change with place—  
 Here charms of health the blooming visage grace;

There pale diseases float in every wind,  
 Deform the figure, and degrade the mind.

From earth's own elements, thy race at first  
 Rose into life, the children of the dust;  
 These kindred elements, by various use,  
 Nourish the growth and every change produce;  
 Pervade the pores, awake the infant bloom,  
 Lead life along, and ope the certain tomb;  
 In each ascending stage the man sustain,  
 His breath, his food, his physic and his bane.  
 In due proportions, where these virtues lie,  
 A perfect form their equal aids supply;  
 And, while unchanged the efficient causes reign,  
 Age following age the unvaried race maintain.  
 But where crude elements distemper'd rise,  
 And cast their sickening vapours round the skies,  
 Unlike that harmony of human frame,  
 Where God's first works and nature's were the same,  
 The unconscious tribes, attempering to the clime,  
 Still vary downward with the years of time;  
 Till fix'd, at last, their characters abide,  
 And local likeness feeds their local pride.  
 The soul too varying with the changing clime,  
 Feeble or fierce, or groveling or sublime,  
 Forms with the body to a kindred plan,  
 And lives the same, a nation or a man.

Yet think not clime alone, or height of poles,  
 On every shore, the springs of life controuls;



A different cast the glowing zone demands,  
 In Paria's blooms, from Tombut's burning sands.  
 Internal causes, thro' the earth and skies,  
 Blow in the breeze or on the mountain rise,  
 Thro' air and ocean, with their changes run,  
 Breathe from the ground or circle with the sun.  
 Where these long shores their boundless regions spread  
 See the same form all different tribes pervade ;  
 Thro' all, alike, the fertile forests bloom,  
 And all, uncultured, shed a solemn gloom ;  
 Thro' all great nature's boldest features rise,  
 Sink into vales and tower amid the skies ;  
 Streams, darkly-winding, stretch a broader sway,  
 The groves and mountains bolder walks display ;  
 A dread sublimity informs the whole,  
 And wakes a dread sublimity of soul.

Yet time and art shall other changes find,  
 And open still and vary still the mind ;  
 The countless swarms that tread these dank abodes,  
 Who glean spontaneous fruits and range the woods,  
 Fix'd here for ages, in their swarthy face,  
 Display the wild complexion of the place.  
 Yet when their tribes to happy nations rise,  
 And earth by culture warms the genial skies,  
 A fairer tint and more majestic grace  
 Shall flush their features and exalt the race ;  
 While milder arts, with social joys refined,  
 Inspire new beauties in the growing mind.

Thy followers too, fair Europe's noblest pride,  
 When future gales shall wing them o'er the tide,  
 A ruddier hue\* and deeper shade shall gain,  
 And stalk, in statelier figures, o'er the plain.  
 While nature's grandeur lifts the eye abroad  
 O'er these dread footsteps of the forming God ;  
 Wing'd on a wider glance the venturous soul  
 Bids greater powers and bolder thoughts unroll ;  
 The sage, the chief, the patriot, unconfined,  
 Shield the weak world and counsel for mankind.

But think not thou, in all the race of man,  
 That different pairs, in different climes, began ;  
 Or tribes distinct, by signal marks confest,  
 Were born to serve or subjugate the rest.

The hero heard ; But say, celestial Guide,  
 Who led the wanderers o'er the billowy tide ?  
 Could these dark bands, unskill'd the paths to gain,  
 To build the bark, or cross the extended main,  
 Descry the coast, or tread the blest abode,  
 Unled, unguided by the hand of God ?

When first thy roving race, the Power reply'd,  
 Learn'd by the stars the devious sail to guide,  
 From stormy Hellespont explored the way,  
 And fought the bound'ries of the midland sea ;  
 Ere great Alcides form'd the impious plan,  
 To bound the sail and fix the range of man,

\* The complexion of the inhabitants of North America, who are descended from the English and Dutch, is evidently darker, and their stature taller, than those of the English and Dutch in Europe.



Driven from those rocky straits, a hapless train  
 Roll'd on the waves that sweep the western main;  
 While eastern storms the billowing skies o'er shade,  
 Nor sun nor stars afford their wonted aid.  
 For many a darksome day, o'erwhelm'd and tost,  
 Their sails, their oars in swallowing surges lost;  
 At length, the clouds withdrawn, they sad descry  
 Their course directing from their native sky;  
 No hope remains; while, o'er the flaming zone,  
 The winds still bear them with the circling sun;  
 Till the wild walks of this delightful coast  
 Receive to lonely seats the suffering host.  
 The fruitful plains invite their steps to roam,  
 Renounce their sorrows and forget their home;  
 Revolving years their ceaseless wanderings led,  
 And from their sons descending nations spread.

These round the south and middle regions stray,  
 Where cultured fields their growing arts display;  
 While northern tribes a later source demand,  
 And show their wanderers from the Asian strand.  
 Far tow'rd the distant pole thy view extend;  
 See isles and shores and seas Pacific blend;  
 And that blue coast, where Amur's currents glide,  
 From thy own world a narrow fiith divide;  
 There Tartar hosts for countless years, have sail'd,  
 And changing tribes the alternate regions hail'd.

He look'd: the opening shores beneath him spread,  
 And moving nations on the margin tread.

As, when autumnal storms awake their force,  
 The storks foreboding tempt their southern course;  
 From all the fields collecting throngs arise,  
 Mount on the wing and croud along the skies;  
 Thus, to his eye, from far Siberia's shore,  
 O'er isles and seas, the gathering people pour;  
 From those cold regions hail a happier strand,  
 Leap from the wave and tread the welcome land;  
 The growing tribes extend their southern sway,  
 And widely wander to a milder day.

But why; the chief return'd, if ages past  
 Have led these vagrants o'er the wilder'd waste—  
 If human souls, for social compact given,  
 Inform their nature with the stamp of heaven,  
 Why the dread glooms forever must they rove?  
 And no mild joys their temper'd passions move?  
 Ages remote and dark thou bring'st to light,  
 When the first leaders dared the western flight;  
 On other shores, in every eastern clime,  
 Since that unletter'd, distant tract of time, [place,  
 What arts have shone! what empires found their  
 What golden sceptres sway'd the human race!  
 What guilt and grandeur from their seats been hurl'd,  
 And dire divulsions shook the changing world.  
 Ere Rome's bold eagle clave the affrighted air,  
 Ere Sparta form'd her death-like sons of war,  
 Ere proud Chaldea saw her greatness rise,  
 Or Memphian columns heaved against the skies;

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These tribes have stray'd beneath the fruitful zone,  
Their souls unpolish'd and their name unknown.

The Voice of heaven reply'd ; A scanty band,  
In that far age, approach'd the untrodden land.  
Prolific wilds, with game and fruitage crown'd,  
Supply'd their wishes from the uncultured ground.  
By nature form'd to rove, the restless mind,  
Of freedom fond, will ramble unconfined,  
Till all the realm is fill'd, and rival right  
Restrains their steps, and bids their force unite ;  
When common safety builds a common cause,  
Conforms their interests and inspires their laws ;  
By mutual checks their different manners blend,  
Their fields bloom joyous and their walls ascend.

Here, to their growing hosts, no bounds arose,  
They claim'd no safeguard, as they fear'd no foes ;  
Round all the land their scattering sons must stray,  
Ere arts could rise, or power extend the sway.  
And what a world their mazy wanderings led !  
What streams and wilds in boundless order spread !  
See the shores lengthen, see the waters roll,  
To each far main and each extended pole !

Yet circling years the destined course have run,  
The realms are peopled and their arts begun.  
Behold, where that mid region strikes the eyes,  
A few fair cities glitter to the skies ;  
There move, in eastern pomp, the scenes of state,  
And temples heave, magnificently great.

The hero look'd ; when from the varying height,  
Three growing splendors, rising on the sight,  
Flamed like a constellation : high in view,  
Ascending near, their opening glories drew ;  
In equal pomp, beneath their roofs of gold,  
Three spiry towns, in blazing pride, unfold.  
So, led by visions of the guiding God,  
The sacred Seer, in Patmos' waste who trod,  
Saw the dim vault of heaven its folds unbend,  
And gates and spires and streets and domes descend ;  
With golden skies, and suns and rainbows crown'd,  
The new-form'd city lights the world around.

Fair on the north, bright Mexico, arose,  
A mimic morn her sparkling towers disclose,  
An ample range the opening streets display,  
Give back the sun and shed internal day ;  
The circling wall with sky-built turrets frown'd,  
And look'd defiance to the realms around ;  
A glimmering lake, without the walls, retires, [spires.  
Inverts the trembling towers and seems a grove of

Bright, o'er the midst, on columns lifted high,  
A rising structure claims a loftier sky ;  
O'er the tall gates sublimer arches bend,  
Courts larger lengthen, bolder walks ascend,  
Starr'd with superior gems, the porches shine,  
And speak the royal residence within.

There, robed in state, high on a golden throne,  
Mid suppliant kings, dread Montezuma shone :



Mild in his eye a temper'd grandeur fate,  
Great seem'd his soul, with conscious power elate ;  
In aspect open, haughty and sincere,  
Untamed by crosses and unknown to fear,  
Of fraud incautious, credulous and vain,  
Enclosed with favourites and of friends unseen.

Round the rich throne, with various lustre bright,  
Gems undistinguish'd, cast a changing light ;  
Sapphires and emeralds deck the splendid scene,  
Sky-tinctures mingling with the vernal green ;  
The ruby's blush, the amber's flames unfold,  
And diamonds brighten from the burning gold ;  
Through all the dome the living blazes blend,  
And cast their rainbows where the arches bend.  
Wide round the walls, with mimic action gay,  
In order ranged, historic figures stray,  
And show, in Memphian style, with rival grace,  
Their boasted chiefs and all their regal race.

Thro' the full gates, and round each ample street,  
Unnumber'd throngs, in various concourse, meet,  
Ply different toils, new walls and structures rear,  
Or till the fields, or train the ranks of war.  
Thro' spreading realms the skirts of empire bend,  
New temples rise and other plains extend ;  
Thrice ten fair provinces, in culture gay,  
Bless the same monarch and enlarge his sway.

A smile benignant kindling in his eyes,  
Oh happy clime ! the exulting hero cries ;

Far in the midland, safe from foreign foes,  
Thy joys shall ripen as thy grandeur grows,  
To future years thy rising fame extend,  
And fires of nations from thy sons descend.  
May no gold-thirsty race thy temples tread,  
Nor stain thy streams nor heap thy plains with dead ;  
No Bovadilla seize the tempting spoil,  
Ovando dark, or sacrilegious Boyle,  
In mimic priesthood grave, or robed in state,  
O'erwhelm thy glories in oblivious fate.

Vain are thy fondest hopes, the Power reply'd,  
These rich abodes from ravening hosts to hide ;  
Teach harden'd guilt and cruelty to spare  
The guardless prize, and check the waste of war.  
Think not the vulture, o'er the field of slain,  
Where base and brave promiscuous strow the plain,  
Where the young hero, in the pride of charms,  
Pours deeper crimson o'er his spotless arms,  
Will pass the tempting prey, and glut his rage  
On harder flesh, and carnage black with age ;  
O'er all alike he darts his eager eye,  
Whets the dire beak and hovers down the sky,  
From countless corsees picks the dainty food,  
And screams and fattens in the purest blood.  
So the dire hosts, that trace thy daring way,  
By gold allured to sail the unfathom'd sea,  
Power all their aim and avarice all their joy,  
Seize brightest realms and happiest tribes destroy.