

Behold, dread Charles the sovereign seat ascends,
 O'er kings and climes his eager view extends ;
 Europe's surrounding states, before his eyes,
 Lure the wide wish and bid his claims arise ;
 While wealthier shores, beneath the western day,
 Unfold their treasures and enlarge his sway,
 See the brave Francis lift his banners round,
 To guard the realms and give his rival bound ;
 With equal pomp, the imperial sceptre claim,
 And fire the nations with an equal name,
 Unite his kingdom and his power extend,
 Of arms the patron, and of arts the friend.
 And see proud Wolsey rise, securely great,
 Kings in his train, and sceptres at his feet,
 From monkish walls, the hoards of wealth he draws,
 To aid the tyrant and restrain the laws,
 Wakes Albion's genius, abler monarchs braves,
 And shares with them the empire of the waves.
 Behold dark Solyman, from eastern skies,
 With his grim host, magnificently rise :
 Extend his limits o'er the midland sea,
 And tow'r'd Germania drive his conquering way,
 Frown o'er the Christian Powers, with haughty air,
 And teach the nations how to lead the war.
 There powerful Leo rises into sight,
 And, generous, calls the finer arts to light ;
 New walls and structures throng the Latian shore
 The Pencil triumphs and the Muses soar.

Snatch'd from the ground, where Gothic rage had trod,
 And monks and prelates held their drear abode,
 The Roman statues rise ; and wake to view
 The same bold taste their ancient glory knew.

O'er the dark world Erasmus casts his eye ;
 In schoolmen's lore sees kings and nations lie ;
 With strength of judgement and with fancy warm,
 Derides their follies, and dissolves the charm,
 Draws the deep veil, that bigot zeal has thrown
 O'er pagan books, and science long unknown,
 From faith of pageant rites relieves mankind,
 And seats bold virtue in the conscious mind.
 But still the daring task, to brave alone
 The rising vengeance of the Papal throne,
 Restrains his toil : he gives the contest o'er, [Power.
 And leaves his hardier sons to dare the threatening

Thus taught the Seer ; Columbus turn'd his view,
 Where round the regions other wonders drew ;
 Saw in the north a daring sage ascend,
 And o'er his form a fable robe depend ;
 The Cowl conceal'd his eye ; his fearless head,
 Like morning mist, a hovering cloud o'er spread ;
 Above the gloom, descending lustre beams,
 And streaks the concave with cerulean streams.
 Sudden the bursting cloud expands in light,
 And heaven unfolding fills his raptured sight.
 His changing robes in golden splendor blaze,
 Around his head a starry rainbow plays ;

High in his hand a beam of glory burns,
And realms surrounding brighten as it turns.
When thus the Power ; These happier visions trace
The destined joys that wait the rising race.
Great Luther moves in that majestic frame,
Fair light of heaven, and child of deathless fame ;
Born, like thyself, thro' toils and griefs to wind,
From sloth and slavery free the captive mind,
Brave adverse Powers, controul the Papal sway,
And bring benighted nations into day.
The beam of glory, lifted in his hand,
Is Heaven's own word that shines on every land ;
By his bold pen, in modern style display'd,
From the glad world, it drives the mystic shade.
See the long crouds, his fame around him brings,
Schools, synods, prelates, potentates and kings ;
All gaining knowledge from his boundless store,
And join'd to shield him from the rage of power.

First of the train, see Frederic's princely form
Ward from the sage divine the gathering storm ;
In learned Wittemburgh secure his seat,
Where arts and virtues find a blest retreat.
Raised by his voice, glad pupils round him stand,
Assist his toils and spread to every land.
There moves Melanchton, mild as morning light,
And rage and strife are soften'd in his sight ;
In terms so gentle flows his tuneful tongue,
Ev'n cloister'd bigots join the listening throng ;

By foes and infidels he lives approved,
By monarchs courted and by heaven beloved.
With stern deport, o'er all the circling band,
See Osiander lift his waving hand ;
On others' faults he casts a haughty frown,
Nor their's will pardon nor perceive his own ;
A heart sincere his open looks unfold,
In virtue faithful, and in action bold.

And lo, where Europe's utmost limits bend,
From this mild source what various joys descend !
A larger policy pervades the whole,
And civil rights inspire the free-born soul.
See haughty Henry, from the Papal tie,
His realms dismember, and the Power defy ;
While Albion's sons disdain a foreign throne,
And bravely bound the oppression of his own.

Another scene still marks the important age,
And harder toils adventurous throngs engage.
There starts fierce Loyola, an unknown name,
By paths unseen to reach the goal of fame ;
Thro' courts and camps, by secret skill, to wind ;
To mine whole states and over-reach mankind.
The task begins ; behold an artful race,
Range thro' the world, and every sect embrace,
Their creeds, their powers, their policies explore,
And lead an intercourse from shore to shore.
See the full throngs, in every distant land,
Embrace the cause and swell the wide command :

In towering pride, ascending to the skies,
Their growing fanes and seats of science rise ;
A new-form'd empire gains a sudden birth,
Built in all empires o'er the peopled earth.
Led, by thy followers, to the western day,
In happier climes, behold their sovereign sway,
Where Paraguay's mild nations smile in peace,
And generous arts and social joys increase.

Thus all the tribes of men, beneath thy view,
Enlarge their walks and nobler toils pursue,
Unwonted deeds, in rival greatness, shine,
Call'd into life and first inspired by thine.
So, while imperial Homer tunes the lyre,
The living lays unnumber'd bards inspire,
From realm to realm, the kindling spirit flies,
Sounds thro' the earth and echoes to the skies.

Now move, in rapid haste, the years of time,
When, borne afar from this enlighten'd clime,
Thy brighter sons shall croud the western main,
And northern empires bloom beneath their reign.
To speed their course, the leaders of the age,
By error darkened and religious rage,
Bid Persecution whelm in kindred blood,
The walls of peace, and temples of their God :
Millions of martyr'd heroes mount the pyre,
And blind devotion lights the sacred fire.
Led by the dark inquisitors of Spain,
See Desolation mark her dreary reign ;

See Jews and Moors, that croud the fatal strand,
Roll in the flames, or flee the hated land.
See, arm'd with power, the same tribunal rise,
Where hapless Belgia's fruitful circuit lies ;
What wreaths of smoke roll heavy round the shore !
What shrines and altars flow with christian gore !
What dismal shrieks ! what agonizing cries !
What prayers are wasted to the listening skies !
Where the flames open, lo ! their arms, in vain,
Reach out for help, distorted with the pain !
Till, folded in the fires, they disappear,
And not a sound invades the startled ear.
See Philip, throned in insolence and pride,
Enjoy their wailings and their pangs deride ;
While, scattering death round Albion's crimson isles,
O'er the same scenes, his cruel consort smiles.
Amid the strife, a like destruction reigns,
With wider sweep, o'er Gallia's fatal plains ;
See factious nobles pour the slaughtering tide,
Grim death unites whom sacred creeds divide ;
Each dreadful victor bids the flames arise,
And waft a thousand murders to the skies.

Now cease the factions, with the Valois line,
And the great Bourbon's liberal virtues shine ;
Quell'd by his voice, the furious sects accord,
And distant empires tremble at his sword.
See, smiling Albion views, with glad surprise,
A rival reign, in blest Eliza, rise ;

O'er Belgia's plains while daring leaders roar,
And brave the vengeance of the Iberian power.

Now from all coasts, where shaded plains extend,
See the bent forests to the main descend.
From Albion's strand, behold the navies heave,
Stretch in a line and thunder o'er the wave ;
There toils brave Ruffel, master of the main,
And moves in triumph o'er the pride of Spain.

The Seraph spoke ; when fair beneath their eye,
A new-form'd squadron rose along the sky ;
High on the tallest deck, majestic shone
Great Raleigh, pointing tow'r'd the western sun ;
His eye, bent forward, ardent and sublime,
Seem'd piercing nature and evolving time ;
Beside him stood a globe, whose figures traced
A future empire in each wilder'd waste ;
All former works of men behind him shone,
Graved by his hand in ever-during stone ;
On his mild brow, a various crown displays
The hero's laurel and the scholar's bays ;
His graceful limbs in steely mail were drest,
The bright star burning on his manly breast ;
His sword high-beaming, like a waving spire,
Illumed the shrouds and flash'd the solar fire ;
The smiling crew rose resolute and brave,
And the glad sails hung bounding o'er the wave.

Far on the main, they held their rapid flight,
And western coasts salute their longing sight :

Glad Chesapeake unfolds a passage wide,
And leads their streamers up the freshening tide ;
Where a mild region and delightful soil
And groves and streams allure the steps of toil.
Here, lodged in peace, they tread the welcome land,
An instant harvest waves beneath their hand,
Spontaneous fruits their easy cares beguile,
And opening fields in living culture smile.

With joy Columbus view'd ; when thus his voice,
Ye beauteous shores, and generous hosts, rejoice.
Here stretch the water'd plains and midland tide,
And nature blooms in all her virgin pride ;
The years advance, by Heaven's blest arm unroll'd,
When the deep wilds their promised change behold.
Be thou, my Seer, the people's guardian friend,
Protect their virtues and their lives defend ;
May wealth and grandeur, with their arts, unfold,
Yet save, oh, save them from the thirst of gold.
May the poor natives, round the guardless climes,
Ne'er feel their rage nor groan beneath their crimes ;
But learn the various blessings, that extend,
Where civil rights and social virtues blend ;
In these brave leaders find a welcome guide,
And rear their fanes and empires by their side.
Smile, happy region, smile ; the star of morn
Illumes thy heavens, and bids thy day be born ;
Thy opening forests show the work begun,
Thy plains, unshaded, drink a purer sun ;

Unwonted navies on thy currents glide,
And happier treasures waft on every tide ;
Yield now thy bounties, load the distant main ;
Give birth to nations and begin thy reign.

The hero spoke ; when thus the Power rejoin'd,
Approved his joy, and still enlarged his mind :
To thy warm wish, beneath these opening skies,
The pride of earth-born empires soon shall rise.
My powerful arm, to which the task was given,
On this fair globe to work the will of Heaven ;
To rear the mountain, spread the subject plain,
Lead the long stream and roll the billowy main,
In every clime prepared the seats of state,
Design'd their limits and prescribed their date.
To meet these tides, I stretch'd the level strand,
Heaved the green banks and taught the groves to stand,
Strow'd the wild fruitage, gave the beasts their place,
And form'd the region for thy kindred race.

In elder years, when first the watery round,
And meeting lands their blending borders found ;
Back to those distant hills, that range sublime,
From yon deep gulph, thro' all the northern clime,
The Atlantic wave it's coral kingdoms spread,
And scaly nations here their gambols led.
By slow degrees, thro' following years of time,
I bared these realms* and raised the extended clime ;

* Among the various mutations, which appear to have taken place in different parts of the earth, the formation of the coast of

As, from retiring seas, the rising sand
Stole into light and gently drew to land.

Moved by the winds, that sweep the flaming zone,
The waves roll westward with the constant sun,
Meet the firm Isthmus, scoop that gulphy bed,
Wheel tow'r'd the north, and here their currents spread :
Those ravaged banks, that move beneath their force,
Borne on the tide and lost along the course,
Have form'd this beauteous shore by Heaven design'd,
The happiest empire that awaits mankind.

Think not the lust of gold shall here annoy,
Enslave the nations and the race destroy.
No flaming mine these lengthening hills enclose,
No ruby ripens and no diamond glows ;
But richer stores and rocks of useful mould,
Repay, in wealth, the penury of gold.
Freedom's unconquer'd sons, with healthy toil,
Shall lop the grove and warm the furrow'd soil,

North-America by the gulph stream, is one of the most remarkable. The rising of sand-banks, which are perpetually increasing along the shores of Virginia and the Carolinas—the layers of sea-shells and pieces of wood, which are found at the depth of forty or fifty feet below the surface, at the distance of a hundred miles from the sea, in the middle and southern States—the level and uniform appearance of the country, from New-Jersey to East-Florida—and the vast cavity which appears to have been scooped out of the earth, to form the gulph of Mexico, are circumstances which establish the above as an undoubted fact. It is evident, that, not only the island of Newfoundland, Cape-Cod, &c. but the greater part of the settled country, from the river Delaware to Cape St. Augustine, is an accretion of earth worn off from the Isthmus of Darien, by that strong current of water which follows the trade winds ; and, meeting the obstruction of the Isthmus, takes a northern direction and sweeps the coast, as far as the river St. Laurence.

From iron ridges break the rugged ore,
 Smooth the pale marble, spire the bending shore ;
 While sails and towers and temples round them heave,
 Shine o'er the realms and shade the distant wave.
 Nor think the native tribes, these wilds that trace,
 A foe shall find in this exalted race ;
 In souls like theirs, no mean, ungenerous aim
 Can shade their glories with the deeds of shame ;
 Nor low deceit, weak mortals to ensnare,
 Nor bigot zeal to urge the barbarous war ;
 Nor haughty pomp of power, nor Spanish pride,
 To ravage realms and nature's laws deride.
 From eastern tyrants driven, and nobly brave,
 To build new states, or seek a distant grave,
 Thy generous sons, with proffer'd leagues of peace,
 Approach these climes, and hail the savage race ;
 Pay the just purchase for the uncultured shore,
 Diffuse their arts and share the friendly power ;
 While the dark tribes in social aid combine,
 Exchange their treasures and their joys refine.

O'er Europe's wilds, when first the nations spread,
 The pride of conquest every legion led.
 Each powerful chief, by servile crowds adored,
 O'er conquer'd realms assumed the name of lord,
 Built the proud castle, ranged the savage wood,
 Fired his grim host to frequent fields of blood,
 With new-made honours lured his subject bands,
 Price of their lives, and purchase of their lands ;

For names and titles, bade the world resign
 Their faith, their freedom and their rights divine.

Thus haughty baronies their terrors spread,
 And slavery follow'd where the standard led ;
 Till, little tyrants by the great o'erthrown,
 Contending nobles give the regal crown ;
 Wealth, wisdom, virtue, every claim of man
 Unguarded fall to form the finish'd plan :
 Ambitious cares, that nature never gave,
 Warm the starved peasant, fire the sceptred slave ;
 Thro' all degrees, in gradual pomp, ascend,
 Honour, the name, and tyranny, the end.

But nobler honours here the breast inflame ;
 Sublimer views and deeds of happier fame ;
 A new creation waits the western shore,
 And reason triumphs o'er the pride of power.
 As the glad coast, by Heaven's supreme command,
 Won from the wave, presents a new-form'd land ;
 Yields richer fruits and spreads a kinder soil,
 And pays with greater stores the hand of toil ;
 So, call'd from slavish climes, a bolder race,
 With statelier step, these fair abodes shall trace ;
 Their freeborn souls, with genius unconfin'd,
 Nor sloth can poison, nor a tyrant bind ;
 With self-wrought fame and worth internal blest,
 No venal star shall brighten on the breast ;
 No king-created name or courtly art
 Damp the bold thought, or fway the changing heart.

Above all fraud, beyond all titles great,
Heaven in their soul and sceptres at their feet,
The fires of unborn nations move sublime,
Look empires thro' and pierce the veil of time,
The fair foundations form, and lead afar
The palm of peace or scourge of barbarous war.
Their following sons the godlike toil behold,
In freedom's cause, unconquerably bold,
Complete the toils, display their glories round,
Domestic states and distant empires bound,
Brave the dread powers, that eastern monarchs boast,
Explore all climes, enlighten every coast ;
Till arts and laws, in one great system bind,
By leagues of peace, the labours of mankind.

But slow proceeds the plan. Long toils remain
Ere thy blest children can begin their reign.
That daring leader, whose exalted soul
Pervades all scenes that unborn realms unroll,
Must yield the palm ; and, at a courtier's shrine,
His fame, his freedom and his life resign.
That feeble train, the lonely wilds who tread,
Their fire, their genius in their Raleigh dead,
Shall pine and perish in the frowning gloom,
Or mount the wave and seek their ancient home.
Succeeding hosts the daring task pursue,
The dangers brave and all the strife renew ;
But vain the toil ; while void of wealth and power,
Their fleets to furnish and their claims secure ;

While kings and courtiers still neglect the plan,
The slaves of ease and enemies of man.

Till noble Del'ware, with his venturous train,
In strength and fortune, hails the fair domain,
Divides his bounties, aids the patriot cause,
Begins the culture and designs their laws.
Fired with the great succels the aspiring age
Sees greater throngs the glorious toil engage.
Where the long strand unnumber'd streams divide,
Their rival heroes lead their naval pride,
Back from the ports extend a peaceful sway,
And spread their hamlets tow'r'd the setting day.

From yon low shore, where Texel meets the main,
See the tost navies bear a venturous train ;
See, scourged by bigot rage from Albion's coast,
The noble Baltimore collect his host,
In quest of freedom seek a happier land,
And shield and cherish his illustrious band ;
While heaven-taught Penn sublimely towers along,
And ardent crouds beneath his standard throng ;
See, by his side, a future city plann'd,
A code of statutes folded in his hand ;
Progressive years and ages, as they rise,
Unroll their scenes and open to his eyes.
See, from grim Laud, a persecuted band
Mount the bold bark and flee the fatal strand ;
Virtue's unconquer'd, venerable train,
Whom tyrants press and waves oppose in vain ;

While faith and freedom spread a nobler charm,
And toils and dangers every bosom warm.
See other hosts and chiefs, in bright array,
Full pinions crouding on the watery way ;
All from their different shores, their sails unfurl'd,
Point their glad streamers to the western world.

— is just to George's mind, and, as before, only
that, which is to follow, would have
it to be right, which is the natural way
of these things. **T H E**
— **VISION** **OF** **COLUMBUS.**

VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK V.

Wings of freedom, and a wider room,
And bolder and deeper were their ways,
For other bards of chivalry, though many,
Had never thought on the mighty ways
Left from the different shores, of old-time heroes,
To the far-off land of the setting sun.

A R G U M E N T.

Vision confined to North America. Progress of the settlements. General invasion of the natives. Their defeat. Settlement of Canada. Invasion of the French. Braddock's defeat. Washington saves the English army. Actions of Abercrombie, Amherst and Wolfe. Peace. Darkness overshades the continent. Apprehensions of Columbus from that appearance. Cause explained. Cloud bursts away in the centre. View of Congress. Invasion of the English. Conflagration of towns, from Falmouth to Norfolk. Battle of Bunker-hill, viewed through the smoke. American army assembles. Speech of Washington. Actions and death of Montgomery. Actions of Washington. Approach and capture of Burgoyne.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK V.

COLUMBUS hail'd them with a father's smile,
Fruits of his cares and children of his toil ;
With tears of joy, while still his eyes descried
Their course adventurous o'er the distant tide.
Thus, when o'er deluged earth her Seraph stood,
The tost ark bounding on the shoreless flood,
The sacred treasure claim'd his guardian view,
While climes unnoticed in the wave withdrew.
He saw the squadrons reach the rising strand,
Leap from the wave and share the joyous land ;
Receding forests yield the heroes room,
And opening wilds with fields and gardens bloom.
Fill'd with the glance extatic, all his foul
Now seems unbounded with the scene to roll,
And now, impatient, with retorted eye,
Perceives his station in another sky.

Waft me, O winged Angel, waft me o'er,
With those blest heroes, to the happy shore ;
There let me live and die—but all appears
A fleeting vision ; these are future years.

Yet grant in nearer view the climes may spread,
And my glad steps may seem their walks to tread ;
While eastern coasts and kingdoms, wrapp'd in night,
Arise no more to intercept the fight.

The hero spoke ; the Angel's powerful hand
Moves brightening o'er the visionary land ;
The height, that bore them, still sublimer grew,
And earth's whole circuit settled from their view :
A dusky Deep, serene as breathless even,
Seem'd vaulting downward, like another heaven ;
The sun, rejoicing on his western way,
Stamp'd his fair image in the inverted day :
Sudden, the northern shores again drew nigh,
And life and action fill'd the hero's eye.
Where the dread Laurence breaks his passage wide,
Where Mississippi's milder currents glide,
Where midland realms their swelling mountains heave,
And slope their champaigns to the distant wave,
On the green banks, and o'er the extended plain,
Rise into sight the happiest walks of man.
The placid ports, that break the billowing gales,
Rear their tall masts and stretch their whitening sails ;
The harvests wave, the groves with fruitage bend,
And bulwarks heave, and spiry domes ascend ;
Fair works of peace in growing splendor rise,
And grateful earth repays the bounteous skies.
Till war invades ; when opening vales disclose,
In moving crouds, the savage tribes of foes ;

High tufted quills their painted foreheads press,
Dark spoils of beasts their shaggy shoulders dress,
The bow bent forward, for the combat strung,
The ax, the quiver on the girdle hung ;
The deep, discordant yells convulse the air,
And the wild waste resounds approaching war.

The hero look'd ; and every darken'd height
Pours down the dusky squadrons to the fight.
Where Kennebec's high fource forsakes the sky,
Where deep Champlain's extended waters lie,
Where the bold Hudson leads his shadowy tide,
Where Kaatskill-heights the azure vault divide,
Where the dim Alleghanies range sublime,
And give their streams to every distant clime,
The swarms descended, like an evening shade,
And wolves and vultures follow'd where they spread.
Thus when a storm, on eastern pinions driven,
Meets the firm Andes in the midst of heaven,
The clouds convulse, the torrents pour a main,
And the black waters sweep the subject plain.

Thro' cultured fields, the bloody myriads spread,
Sack the lone village, strow the streets with dead ;
The flames aspire, the smoky volumes rise,
And shrieks and shouts redouble round the skies ;
Fair babes and matrons in their domes expire,
Or burst their passage thro' the folding fire ;
O'er woods and plains, promiscuous rave along
The yelling victors and the driven throng ;

The streams run purple ; all the extended shore
Is wrapp'd in flames and trod with steps of gore.
Till numerous hosts, collecting from afar,
Exalt the standard and oppose the war,
Point their loud thunders on the shouting foe,
And brave the shafted terrors of the bow.
When, like a broken wave, the savage train
Lead back the flight and scatter o'er the plain,
Slay their weak captives, leave their shafts in haste,
Forget their spoils and scour the distant waste.
As, when the morning sun begins his way,
The shadows vanish where he gives the day ;
So the dark tribes, from brighter regions hurl'd,
Sweep o'er the heights and lakes, far thro' the wilder'd
Now move in nobler pomp the toils of peace[world].
New temples rise and splendid towers increase.
He saw, where Penn his peaceful thousands led,
A spreading town bright Del'ware's waves o'ershade ;
The crossing streets in fair proportion run,
The walls and pavements sparkle to the sun.
Like that fained city, rose the beauteous plan,
Whose spacious bounds Semiramis began ;
Long ages finish'd what her hand design'd,
The pride of kings and wonder of mankind.
Where labouring Hudson's glassy current strays,
York's growing walls their splendid turrets raise ;
Albania rising in her midland pride,
Rolls her rich treasures on his lengthening tide ;

Fair in her circling streams blest Newport laves,
And Boston opens o'er the subject waves ;
On southern shores, where happier currents glide,
The banks bloom gay, and cities grace their side ;
Like morning clouds, that tinge their skirts with gold,
Bright Charleston's roofs and sparkling spires unfold.
Thro' each extended realm, in wisdom great,
Rose the dread fires, that claim the cares of state ;
Long robes of purest white their forms embrace,
Their better hands imperial sceptres grace,
Their left the laws, that shining leaves infold,
Where rights and charters flame in figured gold.
High on a seat, that opening crouds disclose,
Blest Baltimore, from toils and dangers, rose ;
The sacred Crois, before his kindling eyes,
From foes defended, and of peace the prize,
Waves o'er the host ; who catch the liberal flame,
Partake the freedom and extend the fame.
With port majestic, rising to his throne,
Immortal Penn, in rival lustre shone,
Dispensing justice to the train below,
Peace in his voice and firmness on his brow.
Another croud sees generous Belcher stand,
And gains new glory from his liberal hand ;
He aids the toil, and still exalts the plan,
Patron of science, liberty and man.
With steady step, bold Winthrop towers along,
Waves the bright wand and cheers the noble throng ;

Beneath his firm, unalterable sway,
 Fair Virtue reigns, and grateful realms obey.
 While other forms, the rising states around,
 By wisdom graced, with equal honours crown'd,
 Trail the long robe, extend the sceptred hand,
 Drive guilt and slavery from the joyous land,
 Bid arts and culture, wealth and wisdom rise,
 Friends of mankind and favourites of the skies.

Up the wild streams, that bound the hero's view,
 Great Gallia's sons their western course pursue ;
 On fertile banks fair towns and villas rose,
 That dared the vengeance of surrounding foes.
 Here cold Canada round her Laurence spread,
 And raised her cities o'er his watery glade ;
 There Louisiana's happier borders run,
 Spread fairer lawns and feel a purer fun ;
 While the glad lakes and broad Ohio's stream
 Seem smiling conscious of approaching fame.

Now larger barks pursue their rapid course,
 Unite their labours and extend their force :
 Beneath their lifted sails, arise in sight
 White flags display'd and armies robed in white ;
 Through the deep midland waste, they strain afar,
 And threat weak realms with desolating war.
 Where proud Quebec exalts her rocky seat,
 They range their camp and spread the frowning fleet,
 Lead conquering legions, western wilds to brave,
 Raise lone Oswago o'er the untraversed wave ;

While other squadrons tempt another flood,
 And dark Ohio swells beneath the load.

When, fierce, from Albion's coast, a warlike train
 Moves o'er the sea, and treads the dusky plain ;
 Swift to their aid, from all the crowded strand,
 Rise, bright in arms, the wide colonial band ;
 They join their force ; and, tow'r'd the falling day,
 The same bold banners lead their dreadful way ;
 O'er Allagany-heights, like streams of fire,
 The red flags wave and glittering arms aspire ;
 Beyond the hills, where, o'er the lonely flood,
 A hostile fortrefs spreads its bounds abroad,
 They bend the venturous march ; the host within
 Behold their danger, and the strife begin.
 From the full bursting gates, the sweeping train
 Pour forth the war and hide the sounding plain ;
 The opposing squadrons, ranged in order bright,
 Wait the dire shock and kindle for the fight ;
 The batteries blaze, the moving volleys pour,
 The shuddering vales and echoing mountains roar ;
 Clouds of convolvin smoke the welkin spread,
 Shroud the wide champaign, and the hills o'ershade.
 Lost in the rocking thunder's loud career,
 No shouts or groans invade the hero's ear,
 Nor val'rous feats are seen, nor flight, nor fall,
 While deep-surrounding darkness buries all.

Till, driv'n by rising winds, the clouds withdrew,
 And oped the spreading slaughter to his view ;

He saw the British leader, borne afar,
 In dust and gore beyond the wings of war ;
 Saw the long ranks of foes his host surround,
 His chiefs confused, his squadrons pres' the ground ;
 As, hemm'd on every side, the trembling train
 Nor dare the fight, nor can they flee the plain.
 But, while conflicting tumult thinn'd the host,
 Their flags, their arms in wild confusion tost,
 Bold in the midst a blooming warrior strode,
 And tower'd undaunted o'er the field of blood,
 In desperate toils with rising vengeance burn'd,
 And the pale squadrons brighten'd where he turn'd.
 As, when thick vapors veil the evening sky,
 And starry hosts, in half-seen lustre fly,
 Bright Hesper shines o'er all the twinkling croud,
 And gives new splendor thro' the opening cloud.

Fair on a firey steed, sublime he rose,
 Wedg'd the firm files and eyed the circling foes ;
 Then waved his gleamy sword, that flash'd the day,
 And, thro' dread legions, hew'd the rapid way,
 His hosts roll forward, like an angry flood,
 Sweep ranks away and smear their paths in blood ;
 The hovering foes pursue the strife afar,
 And shower their balls along the flying war ;
 When the brave leader turns his sweeping force,
 Points the flight forward—speeds his backward course,
 The foes fly scattering where his arm is wheel'd,
 And his firm train treads safely o'er the field.

While these fierce toils the pensive chief descried,
 With anxious thought he thus address'd the guide :
 These numerous throngs, in robes of white array'd,
 From Gallia's shores the peaceful bounds invade,
 And there Britannia's standard waves sublime,
 In crimson pomp to shield the friendly clime.
 Why here, in vengeance, roll the furious bands ?
 And strow their corses o'er these pathless lands ?
 Can Europe's realms, the seat of endless strife,
 Afford no trophies for the waste of life ?
 Can monarchs there no proud applauses gain ?
 No living laurel for their subje^{cts} slain ?
 Nor Belgia's plains so fertile made with gore,
 Hide heroes' bones nor feast the vultures more ?
 Danube and Rhine no more their currents stain,
 Nor sweep the slaughter'd myriads to the main ?
 That infant empires here the rage must feel,
 And these pure streams with foreign carnage swell.
 But who the chief, that closed in firm array
 The baffled legions and restored the day ?
 There shines, in veteran skill and youthful charms,
 The boast of nature and the pride of arms.

The Power replied ; In each successive age,
 Their different views thy varying race engage.
 Here roll the years, when Albion's generous host,
 Leagued with thy children, guard the invaded coast ;
 That infant states their veteran force may train,
 And nobler toils in later fields sustain ;

When future foes superior banners wave,
The realms to ravage and the race enslave.
Here toils brave Albion with the sons of Gaul ;
Here hapless Braddock finds his destined fall ;
Thy greatest son, in that young martial frame,
From yon lost field begins a life of fame.
Tis he, in future strife and darker days,
Desponding states to sovereign rule shall raise ;
When the weak empire, in his arm, shall find
The sword, the shield, the bulwark of mankind.

The Seraph spoke ; when thro' the purpled air,
The northern squadrons spread the flames of war :
O'er dim Champlain, and thro' surrounding groves,
Rash Abercrombie, mid his thousands, moves
To fierce unequal strife ; the batteries roar,
Shield the grim foes and rake the banner'd shore ;
His fainting troops the dreadful contest yield,
And heaps of carnage strow the fatal field.

While glorious Amherst on a distant isle,
Leads a bold legion, and renews the toil ;
High flame the ships, the billows swell with gore,
And the red standard shades the conquer'd shore.

And lo, a British host, unbounded spread,
O'er seaflike Laurence, casts a moving shade ;
On lessening tides, they hold their fearless flight,
Till rocky walls salute their longing sight.
They tread the shore, the arduous conflict claim,
Rise the tall mountain, like a rolling flame,

Stretch their wide wings in circling onset far,
And move to fight, as clouds of heaven at war.
The smoke falls folding thro' the downward sky,
And shrouds the mountain from the hero's eye ;
While on the burning top, in open day,
The flashing swords, in fiery arches, play.
As on a ridgy storm, in terrors driven,
The forked flames curl round the vault of heaven,
The thunders break, the bursting torrents flow,
And flood the air, andwhelm the hills below ;
Or, as on plains of light, when Michael strove,
And swords of Cherubim to combat move ;
Ten thousand fiery forms together play,
And flash new lightning on empyreal day.

Long raged promiscuous combat, half conceal'd,
When sudden parle suspended all the field ;
Thick groans succeed, the cloud forsakes the plain,
And the high hill is topp'd with heaps of slain.
Now, proud in air, the conquering standard waved,
And shouting hosts proclaim'd a country saved ;
While, calm and silent, where the ranks retire,
He saw brave Wolfe, in pride of youth, expire.
So the pale moon, when morning beams arise,
Veils her lone visage in the silent skies ;
Required no more to drive the shades away,
Nor waits to view the glories of the day.

Again the towns aspire, the cultured field
And blooming vale their copious treasures yield ;

The grateful hind his cheerful labour proves,
And songs of triumph fill the warbling groves ;
The conscious flocks, returning joys that share,
Spread thro' the midland, o'er the walks of war :
When, borne on eastern winds, dark vapors rise,
And sail and lengthen round the western skies ;
Veil all the vision from his anxious sight,
And wrap the climes in universal night.

The hero grieved, and thus besought the Power :
Why sinks the scene ? or must I view no more ?
Must here the fame of that fair world descend ?
And my brave children find so soon their end ?
Where then the word of Heaven, Mine eyes should see
That half mankind should owe their bliss to me ?

The Power replied ; Ere long, in happier view,
The realms shall brighten, and thy joys renew.
The years advance, when round the thronging shore,
They rise confused to change the source of power ;
When Albion's Prince, that sway'd the happy land,
Shall stretch, to lawless rule, the sovereign hand ;
To bind in slavery's chains the peaceful host,
Their rights unguarded and their charters lost.
Now raise thine eye ; from this delusive claim,
What glorious deeds adorn their growing fame !

Columbus look'd ; and still around them spread,
From south to north, the immeasurable shade ;
At last, the central shadows burst away,
And rising regions open'd on the day.

He saw, once more, bright Del'ware's silver stream,
And Penn's throng'd city cast a cheerful gleam ;
The dome of state, that met his eager eye,
Now heaved its arches in a loftier sky ;
The bursting gates unfold ; and lo, within,
A solemn train, in conscious glory, shine.
The well-known forms his eye had traced before,
In different realms along the extended shore ;
Here, graced with nobler fame, and robed in state,
They look'd and moved magnificently great.

High on the foremost seat, in living light,
Majestic Randolph caught the hero's sight :
Fair on his head, the civic crown was placed,
And the first dignity his sceptre graced.
He opes the cause, and points in prospect far,
Thro' all the toils that wait the impending war—
But, hapless sage, thy reign must soon be o'er,
To lend thy lustre and to shine no more.
So the bright morning star, from shades of even,
Leads up the dawn, and lights the front of heaven,
Points to the waking world the sun's broad way,
Then veils his own and shines above the day.
And see great Washington behind thee rise,
Thy following sun, to gild our morning skies ;
O'er shadowy climes to pour the enlivening flame,
The charms of freedom and the fire of fame.
The ascending chief adorn'd his splendid seat,
Like Randolph, ensign'd with a crown of state ;

Where the green patriot bay beheld, with pride,
The hero's laurel springing by its side ;
His sword hung useles, on his graceful thigh,
On Britain still he cast a filial eye ;
But sovereign fortitude his visage bore,
To meet their legions on the invaded shore.

Sage Franklin next arose, in awful mein,
And smiled, unruffled, o'er the approaching scene ;
High on his locks of age a wreath was braced,
Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal graced ;
Beneath him lies the sceptre kings have borne,
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.
Nash, Rutledge, Jefferson, in council great,
And Jay and Laurens oped the rolls of fate ;
The Livingstons, fair Freedom's generous band,
The Lees, the Houstons, fathers of the land,
O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,
Bade all the oppress'd to speedy vengeance rise ;
All powers of state, in their extended plan,
Rise from consent to shield the rights of man.
Bold Wolcott urged the all-important cause ;
With steady hand the solemn scene he draws ;
Undaunted firmness with his wisdom join'd,
Nor kings nor worlds could warp his stedfast mind.

Now, graceful rising from his purple throne,
In radiant robes, immortal Hosmer shone ;
Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound,
The statesman's wreath the poet's garland crown'd,

Morals and laws expand his liberal soul,
Beam from his eyes and in his accents roll.
But lo, an unseen hand the curtain drew,
And snatch'd the patriot from the hero's view ;
Wrapp'd in the shroud of death, he sees descend
The guide of nations and the Muses' friend.

Columbus dropp'd a tear ; the Angel's eye
Traced the freed spirit mounting thro' the sky.

Adams, enraged, a broken charter bore,
And lawless acts of ministerial power ;
Some injured right, in each loose leaf appears,
A king in terrors and a land in tears ;
From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,
With eye retortive look'd creation thro',
Op'd the wide range of nature's boundless plan,
Traced all the steps of liberty and man ;
Clouds rose to vengeance while his accents rung,
And Independence thunder'd from his tongue.

The hero turn'd. And tow'r'd the crowded coast,
Rose on the wave a wide-extended host,
They shade the main and spread their sails abroad,
From the wide Laurence to the Georgian flood,
Point their black batteries to the approaching shore,
And bursting flames begin the hideous roar.

Where guardless Falmouth, looking o'er the bay,
Beheld, unmoved, the stormy thunders play,
The fire begins ; the shells o'er-arching fly,
And shoot a thousand rainbows thro' the sky,

On Charlestown spires, on Bristol roofs, they light,
 Groton and Fairfield kindle from the flight,
 Fair Kingston burns, and York's delightful fanes,
 And beauteous Norfolk lights the neighbouring plains;
 From realm to realm, the smoky volumes bend,
 Reach round the bays and up the streams extend;
 Deep o'er the concave heavy wreaths are roll'd,
 And midland towns and distant groves infold.

Thro' the dark curls of smoke the winged fires
 Climb in tall pyramids, above the spires;
 Cinders, high-sailing, kindle heaven around,
 And falling structures shake the smouldering ground.

Now, where the sheeted flames thro' Charlestown roar
 And lashing waves hiss round the burning shore,
 Thro' the deep folding fires, a neighbouring height
 Thunders o'er all and seems a field of fight.
 Like shadowy phantoms in an evening grove,
 To the dark strife the closing squadrons move;
 They join, they break, they thicken thro' the air,
 And blazing batteries burst along the war;
 Now, wrapp'd in reddening smoke, now dim in sight,
 They sweep the hill or wing the downward flight;
 Here, wheel'd and wedg'd, whole ranks together turn,
 And the long lightnings from their pieces burn,
 There, scattering flashes light the scanty train,
 And broken squadrons tread the moving plain.
 Britons in fresh battalions rise the height,
 And, with increasing volleys, give the fight.

Till, smear'd with clouds of dust, and bath'd in gore,
 As growing foes their raised artillery pour,
 Columbia's hosts move o'er the fields afar,
 And save, by slow retreat, the sad remains of war.
 There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains,
 Calls the tired host, the tardy rear sustains,
 And, mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,
 Waves back his sword and dares the following war.

Thro' falling fires, Columbus sees remain
 Half of each host in heaps promiscuous slain;
 While dying crowds the lingering life-blood pour,
 And slippery steeps are trod with prints of gore.
 There, hapless Warren, thy cold earth was seen,
 There spring thy laurels in immortal green;
 Dearest of chiefs, that ever press'd the plain,
 In Freedom's cause, with early honours, slain,
 Still dear in death, as when in fight you moved,
 By hosts applauded and by Heaven approved;
 The faithful Muse shall tell the world thy fame,
 And unborn realms resound the immortal name.

Now, from all plains, as smoky wreaths decay,
 Unnumber'd shapes start forward to the affray;
 Tall, thro' the lessening shadows, half conceal'd,
 They glide and gather in a central field; [they stand,
 There, stretch'd immense, like lengthening groves
 Eye the dark foe and eager strife demand.

High in the frowning front, exalted shone
 A hero, pointing tow'r'd the half-seen sun;

As, thro' the mist the bursting splendors glow,
And light the passage to the distant foe ;
His waving steel returns the living day,
Clears the broad plains and marks the warrior's way ;
The long, deep squadrons range in order bright,
And move impatient for the promised fight.

When great Columbus saw the chief arise,
And his bold blade cast lightning on the skies,
He traced the form that met his view before,
On drear Ohio's desolated shore.
Matured with years, with nobler glory warm,
Fate in his eye, and vengeance on his arm,
The great Observer here with joy beheld
The hero moving in a broader field.
Unnumber'd chiefs around their leader stand,
Fired by his voice, and guided by his hand,
Now on his steps their raptured eye-balls glow,
And now roll dreadful on the approaching foe.

There rose brave Greene, in all the strength of arms,
Unmoved and brightening as the danger warms ;
In counsel great, in every science skill'd,
Pride of the camp and terror of the field.
With eager look, conspicuous o'er the crowd,
The daring port of great Montgomery strode ;
Bared the bright blade, with honour's call elate,
Claim'd the first field, and hasten'd to his fate.
Calm Lincoln next, with unaffected mein,
In dangers daring, active and serene,

Careless of pomp, with steady greatness shone,
Sparing of others' blood and liberal of his own.
Heath, for the impending strife, his falchion draws ;
And fearless Wooster aids the sacred cause.
There stood stern Putnam, seam'd with many a scar,
The veteran honours of an earlier war ;
Undaunted Stirling, dreadful to his foes,
And Gates and Sullivan to vengeance rose ;
While brave McDougall, steady and sedate,
Stretch'd the nerved arm to ope the scene of fate.
Howe moved with rapture to the toils of fame,
And Schuyler still adorn'd an honour'd name ;
Parsons and Smallwood lead their daring bands,
And bold St. Clair in front of thousands stands.
There gallant Knox his moving engines brings,
Mounted and graved, * *the last resort of kings* ;
The long, black rows in dreadful order wait,
Their grim jaws gaping soon to utter fate ;
When, at his word, the red-wing'd clouds shall rise,
And the deep thunders rock the shores and skies.
Beneath a waving sword, in blooming prime,
Fayette moves graceful, ardent and sublime ;
In foreign guise, in freedom's noble cause,
His untried blade the youthful hero draws ;
On the great chief his eyes in transport roll,
And fame and Washington inspire his soul.

* *Ultima ratio regum* ; a device of Louis XIV. engraved on his ordnance.

Steuben advanced, in veteran armour dreft,
 The noble ensign beaming on his breast ;
 From rank to rank, in eager haste, he flew,
 And marshall'd hosts in dread arrangement drew.
 Morris, in aid, with open coffers stood,
 And Wadsworth, patron of the brave and good.
 While other chiefs and heirs of deathless fame
 Rose into fight, and equal honours claim ;
 But who can tell the dew-drops of the morn ?
 Or count the rays that in the diamond burn ?

Now, the broad field as gathering squadrons shade,
 The sun's glad beam their shining ranks display'd ;
 The glorious leader waved his glittering steel,
 Bade the long train in circling order wheel ;
 And while the banner'd hosts around him roll,
 Thus into thousands speaks the warrior's soul :

Ye patriot chiefs, and every daring band,
 That lift the steel or tread the invaded strand,
 Behold the task ! these beauteous realms to save,
 Or yield whole nations to an instant grave.
 See the dark squadrons moving to the shore,
 Hear, from all ports, their boasted thunders roar ;
 O'er bloody plains, from Charlestown-heights, they
 O'er far Champlain they lead their northern way, [stray,
 Virginian banks behold their streamers glide,
 And hostile navies load each southern tide.
 Beneath their steps your smouldering temples lie,
 And wreaths of smoke o'er cast the reddening sky.

With eager stride they tempt a nobler prize ;
 These boundless empires feast their envious eyes ;
 They see your fields to lordly manors turn'd,
 Your children butcher'd and your villas burn'd ;
 While following millions, thro' the reign of time,
 That claim their birth in this indulgent clime,
 Bend the weak knee, in servile chains confined ;
 And sloth and slavery overwhelm mankind.

Rise then to war, to noble vengeance rise,
 Ere the grey fire, the helpless infant dies ;
 Look thro' the world, where endless years descend,
 What realms, what ages on your arms depend !
 Reverse the fate, avenge the insulted sky ;
 Move to the strife, we conquer or we die.

While thus he spoke, the furious files advance,
 And fiercer lightnings o'er the champaign dance.
 At once, the different skirts are wheel'd, afar,
 In different realms, to meet the distant war.

With his dread host, Montgomery issues forth,
 And lights his passage thro' the dusky north ;
 O'er streams and lakes his conquering banners play,
 Navies and forts, surrend'ring, mark his way ;
 Thro' desert wilds, o'er rocks and fens, they go,
 And hills before them, lose their craggs in snow ;
 Unbounded toils they brave ; when rise in fight
 Quebec's dread walls, and Wolfe's still dreary height ;
 They climb the steep, he eyes the turrets round,
 With piked hosts and dark artillery crown'd,

The daring onset points ; and, high in air,
 O'er rocky ramparts leads the dreadful war.
 As wreaths of morning mist ascend on high
 Up the tall mountain's side, and reach the sky,
 So rose the rapid host ; the walls are red
 With flashing flames ; down roll the heaps of dead ;
 Now back recoil the ranks, o'er squadrons slain,
 And leave their leader, with a scanty train,
 Closed in the circling terrors of the wall,
 Where round his arm the hostile legions fall.
 Through the wide streets, collecting from afar,
 The foes in shouting squadrons urged the war ;
 The smoke convolved, the thunders rock'd around,
 And the brave hero prest the gorey ground.
 Another Wolfe Columbus here beheld,
 In youthful charms, a soul undaunted yield ;
 But lost, o'erpower'd, his hardy host remains,
 Stretch'd by his side, or led in captive chains.

Now the bright Angel turn'd the hero's eye,
 In other realms, where other standards fly ;
 Where the great leader, mid surrounding foes,
 Still greater rises, as the danger grows ;
 And wearied ranks, o'er weltering warriors slain,
 Attend his course thro' many a crimson'd plain.
 From Hudson's banks, along the dreary strand,
 He guards in firm retreat, his feeble band ;
 While countless foes, with British Howe advance,
 Bend o'er his rear and point the lifted lance ;

O'er Del'ware's frozen wave, with scanty force,
 He lifts the sword and points the backward course,
 Wings the dire vengeance on the shouting train,
 And leads whole squadrons in the captive chain ;
 Where vaunting foes to half their numbers yield,
 Tread back the flight, or press the fatal field.
 While, mid the furious strife, brave Mercer strode,
 And seal'd the victory with his streaming blood.

Now, where dread Laurence mingles with the main,
 Rose, on the widening wave, a hostile train :
 From shore to shore, along the unfolding skies,
 Beneath full sails, the approaching squadrons rise ;
 High waving on the right, red banners dance,
 And British legions o'er the decks advance ;
 While at their side an azure flag, display'd,
 Leads a long host, in German robes array'd.
 Tall on the boldest bark, superior shone
 A warrior, ensign'd with a various crown ;
 Myrtles and laurels equal honours join'd,
 Which arms had purchased and the Muses twined ;
 His sword waved forward, and his ardent eye
 Seem'd sharing empires in the southern sky.
 Beside him rose a herald, to proclaim
 His various honours, titles, feats and fame ;
 Who rais'd an opening scroll, where proudly shone
Pardon to realms and nations yet unknown.

Champlain receives the congregated host,
 And his dark waves, beneath the sails, are lost ;

St. Clair beholds ; and, with his scanty train,
 In firm retreat, o'er many a fatal plain, [force,
 Lures their wild march.—Wide moves their furious
 Where flaming hamlets mark their wasting course ;
 Thro' pathless realms their spreading ranks are wheel'd
 O'er Mohawk's western wave and Bennington's dread
 Till, where deep Hudson's winding waters stray, [field.
 A yeoman host opposed their rapid way ;
 There on a towery height brave Gates arose,
 Waved the blue steel and dared the headlong foes ;
 Undaunted Lincoln, moving at his side, [wide ;
 Urged the dread strife, and spread the squadrons
 Now roll, like winged storms, the lengthening lines,
 The clarion thunders and the battle joins ;
 Thick flames, in vollied flashes, fill the air,
 And echoing mountains give the noise of war ;
 The clouds rise reddening, round the dreadful height,
 And veil the skies and wrap the sounding fight.
 Now, in the skirt of night, where thousands toil,
 Ranks roll away and into light recoil ;
 The rout increases, all the British train
 Tread back their steps and scatter o'er the plain ;
 To the glad holds precipitate retire,
 And wide behind them streams the flashing fire.
 Scarce moved the smoke above the gorey height,
 And oped the slaughter to the hero's fight ;
 Back to their fate, when baffled squadrons flew,
 Resumed their rage and pour'd the strife anew,

Again the batteries roar, the lightnings play,
 Again they fall, again they roll away.
 And now Columbia, circling round the field,
 Points her full force, the trembling thousands yield ;
 When bold Burgoyne, in one disastrous day,
 Sees future crowns and former wreaths decay ;
 While two illustrious armies shade the plain,
 The mighty victors and the captive train.