

A R G U M E N T.

Coast of France rises in vision. Character and speech of Louis. Spain, Holland, the northern Powers, Germany, Ireland, variously affected by the affairs of America. Battle of Monmouth. Actions of Lincoln. Movements of Cornwallis. Progress of Greene. French and American armies move toward Virginia. Naval action of De Grasse and Graves. Capture of Cornwallis.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

B O O K VI.

THUS view'd the sage. When, lo, in eastern skies,
From glooms unfolding, Gallia's coasts arise.
Bright o'er the scenes of state, a golden throne,
Instarr'd with gems and hung with purple, shone.
Great Louis there, the pride of monarchs, fate,
And fleets and moving armies round him wait ;
O'er western shores extend his ardent eyes,
Thro' glorious toils where struggling nations rise ;
Each virtuous deed, each new illustrious name,
Wakes in his soul the living light of fame.
He sees the liberal, universal cause,
That wondering worlds in still attention draws ;
And marks, beyond, through western walks of day,
Where midnight suns their happier beams display,
What fires of unborn nations claim their birth,
And ask their empires in that waste of earth.

Then o'er the eastern world he turn'd his eye ;
Where, sunk in slavery hapless kingdoms lie ;
Saw realms exhausted to enrich a throne,
Their fruits untasted and their rights unknown :

A tear of pity spoke his melting mind—
 He raised his sceptre to relieve mankind,
 Eyed the great father of the Bourbon name,
 Awaked his virtues and recall'd his fame.

Fired by the grandeur of the splendid throne,
 Illustrious chiefs and councils round him shone ;
 On the glad youth with kindling joy they gaze,
 The rising heir of universal praise.
 Vergennes rose stately o'er the noble throng,
 And fates of nations on his accents hung ;
 Columbia's wrongs his indignation fired,
 And generous thoughts his glowing breast inspired ;
 To aid her infant toils his counsel moved,
 In freedom founded and by Heaven approved.
 While other peers, in sacred virtue bold,
 With eager voice the coming scenes unfold ;
 Surrounding heroes wait the monarch's word,
 In foreign fields to draw the glittering sword,
 Prepared with joy to trace the distant main,
 Mix in the strife and join the martial train ;
 Who now assert the rights of sovereign power,
 And build new empires on the western shore.

O'er all, the approving monarch cast a look,
 And listening nations trembled while he spoke.
 Ye states of France, and, ye of rising name,
 That work those distant miracles of fame,
 Hear and attend ; let Heaven the witness bear,
 We lift the sword, we aid the righteous war.

Let leagues eternal bind each friendly land,
 Given by our voice, and 'stablish'd by our hand ;
 Let yon extensive empire fix her sway,
 And spread her blessings with the bounds of day.
 Yet know, ye nations, hear, ye Powers above,
 Our purposed aid no views of conquest move ;
 In that vast world, revives no ancient claim
 Of regions peopled by the Gallic name ;
 Our envied bounds, already stretch'd afar,
 Nor ask the sword, nor fear the rage of war ;
 But Virtue, struggling with the vengeful Power,
 That stains yon fields and desolates that shore,
 With nature's foes bids former compact cease ;
 We war reluctant, and our wish is peace ;
 To suffering nations be the succour given,
 The cause of nations is the cause of Heaven.

He spoke ; the moving armies shade the plain,
 And bold D'Estaing rode bounding on the main ;
 O'er lands and seas, the loud applauses rung,
 And War and Union dwelt on every tongue.

And now Columbus, tow'rd his favourite sky,
 Saw sails and stores and chiefs and armies fly ;
 Thro' clouds of smoke, and stain'd with streaming
 Contending navies spread their wings abroad. [blood,
 Europe, from all her shores, approves the fight,
 And balanced empires wait the finish'd fight.

Now circling far, above the labouring main,
 Rose into view the extended coasts of Spain ;

He saw bold barks their warlike engines wield,
 New squadrons coursing round the banner'd field;
 Where Gallic streamers o'er the main advance,
 The Hispanian flags in wonted union dance;
 Round the deep gulph, that fair Florida laves,
 In martial pride, their conquering standard waves;
 While, thro' the entrance of the midland sea,
 Encountering sails and hostile banners play.

And now the level strand, extending wide,
 That opes the busy Texel's loaded tide,
 Rose brightening from the gloom; beneath his eye,
 Famed Belgia's temples glitter to the sky.
 Sudden, the assembled States new glory warms,
 Their ships collect, their thousands, rush to arms,
 And, roused by conquering Rodney to prepare,
 In foreign seas, to meet the sweeping war;
 Lift bolder wings, in sign of rage, unfurl'd,
 And vengeance bears them round the watery world.

Where waves and mountains skirt the northern sky,
 New scenes ascending met the hero's eye.
 Increasing splendors up the vault aspire,
 Like boreal lights, the midnight heavens that fire;
 And raise to view the Baltic's gleaming wave,
 Whose opening streams surrounding cities lave.
 Fair on her throne, revolving distant fate,
 Imperial Katharine majestic fate;
 Courts throng around her, kings and heroes stand,
 Receiving swords and sceptres from her hand.

She waits the day, and bids the nations rest,
 Till that new empire, rising in the west,
 Shall sheathe the sword, the liberal main ascend,
 And, join'd with her, the scale of power suspend;
 Bid arts arise, and vengeful factions cease,
 And commerce lead to universal peace.

Christiern, amid his waves, exalted high,
 On the great empress cast a reverent eye;
 While Sweden's prince obeys her sovereign word,
 And aged Frederic half assumes his sword.
 Where wide Germania's opening towers arise,
 Immortal Joseph lifts his ardent eyes.
 High in a golden car, he stands sublime,
 Late borne disguised to every distant clime,
 The powers, the policies of every throne
 He mark'd, unnoticed, and by all unknown;
 Now, mid his splendid court, his travels o'er,
 With eyes directed tow'rd the western shore,
 The monarch learns, from that illustrious train,
 To share with liberal hand the bounties of his reign.

Where fair Hibernia's flowery circuit lies,
 Her glad sails wave and gathering armies rise.
 Leinster and Grattan there assert their claim,
 And raise the realm to freedom and to fame.

Thus all the eastern world, in glad amaze,
 Gaze on the scene and brighten as they gaze;
 Wake to new life, assume a borrow'd flame,
 Enlarge the lustre and partake the fame.

So mounts of ice, that polar skies invade,
Unheeded stand beneath the evening shade;
Yet, when the morning lights their glaring throne,
Give back the day and imitate the sun.

The growing contest now, with loud alarms,
Fill'd every clime and roused the world to arms.
Where Indian borders skirt the orient skies,
To furious strife unwonted myriads rise;
Great Hyder, there, unconquerably bold,
Bids vengeance move and freedom's flag unfold;
Fires the wide realms t' assert their ancient sway;
And scourge fierce Britons from their lawless prey.
Round the rich isles that grace the Atlantic tide,
In dread array the encountering navies ride;
Where Albion's treasures yield a wealthier prize,
And o'er her walls the Gallic standards rise.

Still to fresh toils, o'er all the western shore,
Her thronging fleets their new battalions pour;
The realms unconquer'd still their terrors wield,
And stain with mingled gore the embattled field.
O'er Schuylkill's wave, to various fight they move,
And adverse nations equal slaughter prove;
Till, where dread Monmouth lifts a bloomy height,
Britannia's thousands met the Observer's fight.
There strode imperious Clinton o'er the field,
And marshal'd hosts for ready combat held.
As the dim sun, beneath the skirts of even,
Crimsons the clouds that sail the western heaven;

So, in red wavy rows, where spread the train
Of men and standards, shone the unmeasured plain.

But now the chief of heroes moved in fight,
And the long ranks roll forward to the fight;
He points the charge, the mounted thunders roar,
And plough the plain, and rock the distant shore.
Above the folds of smoke, that veil'd the war,
His guiding sword illumed the fields of air;
The vollied flames, that burst along the plain,
Break the deep clouds and show the piles of slain;
Till flight begins; the smoke is roll'd away,
And the red standards open into day.
Britons and Germans hurry from the field,
Now wrapp'd in dust, and now to fight reveal'd;
Behind, great Washington his falchion drives,
Thins the pale ranks, and copious vengeance gives.
Hosts captive bow, and move behind his arm,
And hosts before him wing the driven storm;
When the glad shore salutes their fainting fight,
And thundering navies screen their rapid flight.

Thro' plains of death, that gleam with hostile fires,
Brave Lincoln now to southern climes retires;
Where o'er her streamis beleagured Charleston rose,
The hero moves to meet the assembled foes.

Shading the invaded isle, on either flood,
Red standards waved and winged batteries rode;
While, braving death his scanty host remains,
And the dread strife with various fate sustains.

High from the sable decks, the bursting fires
 Sweep the full streets, and cleave the glittering spires.
 Vaulted with flying flames, the burning air
 Reddens with shells and pours the etherial war ;
 The tented plain, where dauntless heroes tread,
 Is torn with broken craggs and strow'd with dead.
 Long crouds of suppliants, round the gallant chief,
 Raise their wild cries and pour their frantic grief ;
 Each shower of flames renews their startled woe,
 They wail the strife, they dread the infuriate foe
 The afflicted Fair, while tears bedew their charms,
 Babes at their side and infants in their arms,
 With piercing shrieks his guardian hand implore,
 To save them trembling from the victor's power.
 He shares their anguish with a moistening eye,
 And bids the balls rain thicker thro' the sky ;
 When a lost hero, in a neighbouring post,
 Gives a lone fortress to the approaching host.
 Now gathering thousands croud around the isle,
 Threat wider vengeance and increase the toil ;
 On temper'd terms, great Lincoln yields the prize,
 And plucks the standard from the saddening skies.
 The conquering legions now the champaign tread,
 And tow'rd the north their fire and slaughter spread ;
 Thro' towns and realms, where arming peasants fly,
 The bold Cornwallis bears his standard high ;
 O'er many a field displays his dreadful force,
 And thousands fall and thousands aid his course ;

While thro' the conquer'd lands, from every plain,
 The fresh battalions join his splendid train.
 So mountain streams, o'er climes of melting snow,
 Spread with encreasing waves, and whelm the world
 The great Columbus, with an anxious sigh, [below.
 Saw British ensigns reaching round the sky,
 Saw desolation whelm his favourite coast,
 His children scatter'd and their vigor lost ;
 De Kalb in furious combat press the plain,
 Morgan and Smallwood various shocks sustain ;
 When Greene, in lonely greatness, rose to view,
 A few firm patriots to his standard drew ;
 And, moving stately to a rising ground,
 Bade the loud trump to speedy vengeance sound ;
 Fired by the voice, new squadrons, from afar,
 Croud to the hero and demand the war.
 Round all the shores and plains he turn'd his eye ;
 Saw forts arise and conquering banners fly :
 The saddening scene suspends his rising soul,
 And fates of empires in his bosom roll.
 With scanty force where should he lift the steel ?
 While hosting foes immeasurably wheel ;
 Or how behold the boundless slaughter spread ?
 Himself stand idle and his country bleed ?
 A silent moment, thus the hero stood,
 And held his warriors from the field of blood ;
 Then points the British legions where to roll,
 Marks out their progress and designs the whole.

He lures their chief, o'er yielding realms to roam,
To build his greatness and to find his doom ;
With gain and grandeur feeds his fateless flame,
And leaves the victory to a nobler name ;
Gives to great Washington, to meet his way,
Nor claims the glories of so bright a day.

Now to the conquer'd south with gathering force,
O'er sanguine plains he shapes his rapid course ;
Forts fall around him ; hosts before him fly,
And captive bands his growing train supply.
At length, far spreading thro' a fatal field,
Collecting chiefs their circling armies wheel'd ;
Near Eutaw's fount, where, long renown'd for blood,
Pillars of ancient fame in triumph stood,
Britannia's squadrons, ranged in order bright,
Stand, like a fiery wall, and wait the shock of fight.

When o'er the distant hill brave Greene arose,
Eyed the far plain and view'd the glittering foes ;
Dispos'd his squadrons, form'd each folded train,
To lead the charge, or the wide wings sustain,
Roused all their rage superior force to prove,
Waved the bright blade, and bade the onset move.
As hovering clouds, when morning beams arise,
Hang their red curtains round the eastern skies,
Unfold a space to hail the promised sun,
And catch their splendors from his rising throne ;
Thus glow'd the approaching fronts, whose steely glare
Glanced o'er the hideous interval of war.

Now roll with kindling haste the rapid lines,
From wing to wing the sounding battle joins ;
Batteries, and fosses wide, and ranks of fire,
In mingled shocks, their thundering blasts expire :
Beneath the smoke, when firm advancing bands,
With piked arms bent forward in their hands,
In dreadful silence tread. As, wrapp'd from sight,
The nightly ambush moves to secret fight ;
So rush the raging files, and sightless close,
In plunging strife, with fierce conflicting foes ;
They reach, they strike, they struggle o'er the slain,
Deal heavier blows, and strow with death the plain ;
Ranks crush on ranks, with equal slaughter gored
While dripping streams, from every lifted sword,
Stain the thin carnaged hosts ; who still maintain,
With mutual shocks, the vengeance of the plain.
Till, where brave Williams strove and Campbell fell,
Unwonted strokes the British force repel :
The rout begins ; the shatter'd wings, afar,
Roll back in haste and scatter from the war ;
They drop their arms, they scour the marshy field ;
Whole squadrons fall and faint battalions yield.

O'er all the great Observer fix'd his eye,
Mark'd the whole strife, beheld them fall and fly ;
He saw where Greene thro' all the combat drove,
And death and victory with his presence move ;
Beneath his arm, saw Marion pour the strife,
Pickens and Sumner, prodigal of life ;

He saw young Washington, the child of fame,
 Preserve in fight the honours of his name ;
 Brave Lee, in pride of youth, and veteran might
 Swept the dread field, and put whole troops to flight;
 While numerous chiefs, that equal trophies raise
 Wrought, not unseen, the deeds of deathless praise.

Columbus now his gallant sons beheld
 In triumph move thro' many a banner'd field ;
 When o'er the main, from Gallia's crouded shore,
 To the glad strife a host of heroes pour.
 On the tall shaded decks the leaders stand,
 View lessening waves and hail the approaching strand.
 Brave Rochambeau, in gleamy steel array'd,
 The ascending scenes with eager joy survey'd ;
 Saw Washington, amid his thousands, stride,
 And long'd to toil and conquer by his side.
 Great Chastelleux, with philosophic view,
 Mark'd the glad prize that rising realms pursue ;
 Intent in thought, his glowing bosom warms,
 To grace the walks of science and of arms.
 Two brother chiefs, in rival lustre, rose,
 Rear'd the long lance, and claim'd the field of foes ;
 The bold Viominils, of equal fame,
 And eager both t' exalt the noble name.
 Lauzon, beneath his sail, in armour bright
 Frown'd o'er the wave, impatient for the fight ;
 A fiery steed beside the hero stood,
 And his broad blade waved forward o'er the croud.

And now, with eager haste, they tread the coast ;
 Thro' grateful regions lead the veteran host ;
 Hail the great chief, beneath his banners join,
 Demand the foe and bid the strife begin.

Again Columbus cast his anxious eye,
 Where the red standard waved along the sky ;
 And, graced with spoils of many a field of blood,
 The bold Cornwallis on a bulwark stood.
 O'er conquer'd provinces and towns in flame,
 He mark'd his recent monuments of fame,
 High raised in air, his hands securely hold,
 With conscious pride, a sheet of cypher'd gold ;
 There, in delusive haste, his skill had graved
 A clime subdued, a flag in triumph waved :
 A middle realm, by fairer figures known,
 Adorn'd with fruits, lay bounded for his own ;
 Deep thro' the centre, spreads a beauteous bay,
 Full sails ascend and golden rivers stray ;
 Bright palaces arise, relieved in gold,
 And gates and streets the crossing lines unfold.
 O'er all the mimic scene, his fingers trace
 His future seat and glory of his race.

While thus the raptured chief his conquests view'd,
 And gazing thousands round the rampart stood,
 Whom future ease and golden dreams employ,
 The songs of triumph and the feast of joy ;
 Sudden, great Washington arose in view,
 And union'd flags his stately steps pursue ;

Blest Gallia's bands and young Columbia's pride,
Bend the long march and glitter at his side.

Now on the wave the warring fleets advance,
And different ensigns o'er their pinions dance ;
From northern shores, great Albion's flag, unfurl'd,
Waved proud defiance to the watery world ;
While, from the southern isles, a daring train,
With Gallic banners ; shades the billowy main.
Here brave De Grasse in awful splendor, rode,
And there stern Graves a rival splendor show'd.

The approaching sails, as far as eye can sweep,
Look thro' the skies and shade the shuddering deep.
As, when the winds of heaven, from each far pole,
Their adverse storms across the concave roll,
The fleecy vapors thro' the expansion run,
Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun ;
Till the dark folding wings together drive,
And, ridg'd with fires, and rock'd with thunders, strive,
So, bearing thro' the void, at first appear
White clouds of canvases, floating on the air ;
Then frown the approaching fronts ; the sails are laid,
And the black decks extend a dreadful shade ;
While rolling flames and tides of smoke arise,
And thundering cannons rock the seas and skies.
Where the long bursting fires the cloud disclose,
Hosts heave in fight and blood the decks o'er-flows ;
There, from the strife, tost navies rise to view,
Drive back to vengeance and the toil renew ;

Here, shatter'd barks in squadrons move afar,
Led thro' the smoke, and struggling from the war ;
While hulls half-seen, beneath a gaping wave,
And plunging heroes fill the watery grave.

Now the dark smoky volumes roll'd away,
And a long line ascended into day ;
The pinions swell'd, Britannia's flag arose,
And flew the vengeance of triumphing foes.
When up the bay, Virginian lands that laves,
Great Gallia's line its conquering standard waves :
Where still dread Washington allumes the way,
And fleets and moving realms his voice obey ;
While the brave Briton, mid the gathering host,
Perceives his glories and his empire lost.

The heaven-taught sage in this broad scene beheld
His favourite sons the fates of nations wield ;
There joyous Lincoln shone in arms again,
Nelson and Knox moved ardent o'er the plain,
Unconquer'd Scammel, mid the closing strife,
In sight of victory, pour'd his gallant life ;
While Gallic thousands eager toils sustain,
And death and danger brighten every train.
Where Tarleton strides, with hopes of flight elate,
Brave Lauzon moves, and drives him back to fate.
In one dread view, two chosen bands advance,
Columbia's veterans and the pride of France ;
These bold Viominil exalts to fame,
And those Fayette's conducting guidance claim.

They lift the sword, with rival glory warm,
 O'er piked ramparts pour the flaming storm,
 The mounted thunders brave, and lead the foe,
 In captive squadrons, to the plain below.
 O'er all great Washington his arm extends,
 Points every movement, every toil defends,
 Bids closer strife and bloodier strokes proceed,
 New batteries blaze and heavier squadrons bleed ;
 Round the grim foe approaching banners rise,
 And shells like meteors vault the flaming skies.
 With dire dismay the British chief beheld
 The foe advance, his veterans quit the field ;
 Despair and slaughter when he turns his eye.
 No hope in combat and no power to fly ;
 There dread De Grasse o'er shades the loaded tide,
 Here conquering thousands all the campaign hide ;
 Fosses and batteries, growing on the fight,
 Still pour new thunders and increase the fight,
 Shells rain before him, rock the shores around,
 And craggs and balls o'erturn the tented ground ;
 From post to post, the driven ranks retire,
 The earth in crimson and the skies on fire.

Now grateful truce suspends the burning war,
 And groans and shouts, promiscuous, load the air ;
 When the pent squadrons, where the smokes decay,
 Drop all their arms and move in open day.
 Columbus saw the immeasurable train,
 Thousands on thousands, redden all the plain ;

Beheld the glorious Leader stand sedate,
 Hosts in his chain, and banners at his feet ;
 Nor smile o'er all, nor chide the fallen chief,
 But share with pitying eye his manly grief.
 Thus thro' the extremes of life, in every state,
 Shines the clear soul, beyond all fortune great ;
 While smaller minds, the dupes of fickle chance,
 Slight woes o'erwhelm and sudden joys entrance.
 So the full sun thro' all the changing sky,
 Nor blasts, nor overpowers the naked eye ;
 Tho' transient splendors, borrow'd from his light,
 Glance on the mirror and destroy the sight.

He points brave Lincoln, as they move along,
 To claim the triumph of the trembling throng ;
 Who sees, once more, two armies shade the plain,
 The mighty victors and the captive train.

ARGUMENT.

Hymn to Peace. Progress of Arts in America. Fur-trade. Fisheries. Productions and Commerce. Education. Philosophical inventions. Painting. Poetry.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VII.

HAIL sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright abode,
Mid circling faints that grace the throne of God.
Before his arm, around the shapeless earth,
Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth;
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,
Veil'd in the brightness of the Almighty's mind,
In blest repose thy placid form reclined;
Borne through the heavens with his creating voice,
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,
Their joys to angels, and to men their praise. [stain,
From scenes of blood, these beauteous shores that
From gasping friends that press the sanguine plain,
From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,
I rise, delightful Power, and greet thy glad return.
Too long the groans of death, and battle's bray
Have rung discordant through the unpleasing lay:
Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,
O'er heroes' wounds and patriot warriors dead;

Accept, departed Shades, these grateful sighs,
Your fond attendants to the approving skies.

And thou, my earliest friend, my Brother dear,
Thy fall untimely wakes the tender tear.
In youthful sports, in toils, in blood allied,
My kind companion and my hopeful guide,
When Heaven's sad summons, from our infant eyes
Had call'd our last, loved parent to the skies.
Tho' young in arms, and still obscure thy name,
Thy bosom panted for the deeds of fame,
Beneath Montgomery's eye, when, by thy steel,
In northern wilds, the lurking savage fell.
Yet, hapless youth! when thy great leader bled,
Thro' the same wound thy parting spirit fled.

But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more,
Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore;
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,
With yon retiring navies to the main.
While other views, unfolding on my eyes,
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise:
Bring, bounteous Peace, in thy celestial throng,
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song;
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway;
To see thy blissful charms, that here descend,
Through distant realms and endless years extend.

To cast new glories o'er the changing clime,
The Seraph now reversed the flight of time;

Roll'd back the years, that led their course before,
And stretch'd immense the wild uncultured shore;
The paths of peaceful science raised to view, [pursue.
And show'd the ascending crouds that useful arts

As o'er the canvass, when the master's mind,
Glow with a future landscape, well design'd,
While gardens, vales and streets and structures rise,
A new creation to his kindling eyes;
He smiles o'er all; and, in delightful strife,
The pencil moves, and calls the whole to life.
So, while the great Columbus stood sublime,
And saw wild nature clothe the trackless clime;
The green banks heave, the winding currents pour,
The bays and harbours cleave the yielding shore,
The champaigns spread, the solemn groves arise,
And the rough mountains lengthen round the skies,
Through all the scene, he traced with skillful ken
The unform'd seats and future walks of men; [play,
Mark'd where the fields should bloom, and streamers
And towns and empires claim their peaceful sway;
When, sudden waken'd by the Angel's hand,
They rose in pomp around the cultured land.

In western wilds, where still the natives tread,
From sea to sea an inland commerce spread;
O'er the dim streams and thro' the gloomy grove,
The trading bands their cumberous burdens move;
Where furs and skins, and all the exhaustless store
Of midland realms descended to the shore.

Where summer's suns, along the northern coast,
 With feeble force dissolve the chains of frost,
 Prolific waves the scaly nations trace,
 And tempt the toils of man's laborious race.
 Though rich Peruvian strands, beneath the tide,
 Their rocks of pearl and sparkling pebbles hide;
 Lured by the gaudy prize, the adventurous train
 Plunge the dark deep and brave the surging main;
 Whole realms of slaves the dangerous labours dare,
 To stud a sceptre or emblaze a star:
 Yet wealthier stores these genial tides display,
 And busy throngs with nobler spoils repay.
 The hero saw the hardy hosts advance,
 Cast the long line and aim the barbed lance;
 Load the deep floating barks, and bear abroad
 To each far clime the life-sustaining food;
 While growing swarms by nature's hand supplied,
 People the shoals and fill the exhaustless tide.

Where southern streams thro' broad savannahs bend,
 The rice-clad vales their verdant rounds extend;
 Tobago's plant its leaf expanding yields,
 The maize luxuriant clothes a thousand fields;
 Steeds, herds and flocks o'er northern regions rove,
 Embrown the hill and wanton thro' the grove;
 The wood-lands wide their sturdy honours bend,
 The pines, the live-oaks to the shores descend;
 Along the strand unnumber'd keels arise,
 The huge hulls heave, and masts ascend the skies;

Launch'd in the deep, o'er eastern waves they fly,
 Feed every isle and distant lands supply.

Silent he gazed; when thus the guardian Power—
 These works of peace awhile adorn the shore;
 But other joys and deeds of lasting praise
 Shall crown their labours and thy rapture raise.
 Each orient realm, the former pride of earth,
 Where men and science drew their ancient birth,
 Shall soon behold, on this enlighten'd coast,
 Their fame transcended and their glory lost.
 That train of arts, that graced mankind before,
 Warm'd the glad sage or taught the Muse to soar,
 Here with superior sway their progress trace,
 And aid the triumphs of thy filial race;
 While rising crouds, with genius unconfined,
 Through deep inventions lead the astonish'd mind,
 Wide o'er the world their name unrivall'd raise,
 And bind their temples with immortal bays.

In youthful minds to wake the ardent flame,
 To nurse the arts, and point the paths of fame,
 Behold their liberal fires, with guardian care,
 Thro' all the realms their seats of science rear.
 Great without pomp the modest mansions rise;
 Harvard and Yale and Princeton greet the skies;
 Penn's ample walls o'er Del'ware's margin bend,
 On James's bank the royal spires ascend,
 Thy turrets, York, Columbia's walks command,
 Bosom'd in groves, see growing Dartmouth stand;

While, o'er the realm reflecting solar fires,
 On yon tall hill Rhode-Island's seat aspires.
 O'er all the shore, with sails and cities gay,
 And where rude hamlets stretch their inland sway,
 With humbler walls unnumber'd schools arise,
 And youths unnumber'd sieze the solid prize.
 In no blest land has Science rear'd her fane,
 And fix'd so firm her wide-extended reign;
 Each rustic here, that turns the furrow'd soil,
 The maid, the youth, that ply mechanic toil,
 In freedom nurs'd, in useful arts inured,
 Know their just claims, and see their rights secured.

And lo, descending from the seats of art,
 The growing throngs for active scenes depart;
 In various garbs they tread the welcome land,
 Swords at their side or sceptres in their hand,
 With healing powers bid dire diseases cease,
 Or sound the tidings of eternal peace.

In no blest land has fair Religion shone,
 And fix'd so firm her everlasting throne.
 Where, o'er the realms those spacious temples shine,
 Frequent and full the throng'd assemblies join;
 There, fired with virtue's animating flame,
 The sacred task unnumber'd sages claim;
 The task, for angels great; in early youth,
 To lead whole nations in the walks of truth,
 Shed the bright beams of knowledge on the mind,
 For social compact harmonize mankind,

To life, to happiness, to joys above,
 The soften'd soul with ardent zeal to move;
 For this the voice of Heaven, in early years,
 Tuned the glad songs of life-inspiring seers,
 For this consenting seraphs leave the skies,
 The God compassionate, the Saviour dies.

Tho' different faiths their various orders show,
 That seem discordant to the train below;
 Yet one blest cause, one universal flame,
 Wakes all their joys and centres every aim;
 They tread the same bright steps, and smoothe the
 Lights of the world and messengers of God. [road,
 So the galaxy broad o'er heaven displays
 Of various stars the same unbounded blaze;
 Where great and small their mingling rays unite,
 And earth and skies repay the friendly light.

While thus the hero view'd the sacred band,
 Moved by one voice and guided by one hand,
 He saw the heavens unfold, a form descend,
 Down the dim skies his arm of light extend,
 From God's own altar lift a living coal,
 Touch their glad lips and brighten every soul;
 Then, with accordant voice and heavenly tongue,
 O'er the wide clime these welcome accents rung.

Ye darkling race of poor distressed mankind,
 For bliss still groping and to virtue blind,
 Hear from on high th' Almighty's voice descend;
 Ye heavens, be silent, and thou earth, attend.

I reign the Lord of life ; I fill the round,
 Where stars and skies and angels know their bound ;
 Before all years, beyond all thought I live,
 Light, form and motion, time and space I give ;
 Touch'd by this hand, all worlds within me roll,
 Mine eye their splendor and my breath their soul.
 Earth, with her lands and seas, my power proclaims,
 There moves my spirit, there descend my flames ;
 Graced with the semblance of the Maker's mind,
 Rose from the darksome dust the reasoning kind,
 With powers of thought to trace the eternal Cause,
 That all his works to one great system draws,
 View the full chain of love, the all-ruling plan,
 That binds the God, the angel and the man,
 That gives all hearts to feel, all minds to know
 The bliss of harmony, of strife the woe.
 This heaven of concord, who of mortal strain
 Shall dare oppose—he lifts his arm in vain ;
 The avenging universe shall on him roll
 The intended wrong, and overwhelm his guilty soul.
 Then lend your audience ; hear, ye sons of earth,
 Rise into life, behold the promised birth ;
 From pain to joy, from guilt to glory rise,
 Be babes on earth, be seraphs in the skies.
 Lo, to the cries of grief mild mercy bends,
 Stern vengeance softens and the God descends,
 The atoning God, the pardoning grace to seal,
 The dead to quicken and the sick to heal.

See from his sacred side the life-blood flow,
 Hear in his groans unutterable woe ;
 While, fixt in one strong pang, the all-suffering Mind
 Bears and bewails the tortures of mankind.
 But lo, the ascending pomp ! around him move
 His rising saints, the first-born sons of love ;
 View the glad throng, the glorious triumph join,
 His paths pursue and in his splendor shine ;
 Purged from your stains in his atoning blood,
 Assume his spotless robes and reign beside your God.

Thus heard the hero—while his roving view
 Traced other crouds that liberal arts pursue ;
 When thus the Seraph—Lo, a favourite band,
 The torch of science flaming in their hand !
 Thro' nature's range their ardent souls aspire,
 Or wake to life the canvases and the lyre.
 Fixt in sublimest thought, behold them rise,
 Superior worlds unfolding to their eyes ;
 Heaven in their view unveils the eternal plan,
 And gives new guidance to the paths of man.

See on yon darkening height bold Franklin tread,
 Heaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his head ;
 Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,
 And forked flames emblaze the blackening storm.
 See the descending streams around him burn,
 Glance on his rod and with his guidance turn ;
 He bids conflicting heavens their blasts expire,
 Curbs the fierce blaze and holds the imprison'd fire.

No more, when folding storms the vault o'er-spread,
 The livid glare shall strike thy race with dread ;
 Nor towers nor temples, shuddering with the sound,
 Sink in the flames and spread destruction round.
 His daring toils, the threatening blast that wait,
 Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate ;
 The pointed steel o'er-top the ascending spire,
 And lead o'er trembling walls the harmless fire ;
 In his glad fame while distant worlds rejoice,
 Far as the lightnings shine or thunders raise their voice.

See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,
 Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky ;
 Clear in his view the circling systems roll,
 And broader splendors gild the central pole.
 He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,
 Copies creation in his forming mind,
 And bids, beneath his hand, in semblance rise,
 With mimic orbs, the labours of the skies.
 There wondering crouds with raptured eye behold
 The spangled heavens their mystic maze unfold ;
 While each glad sage his splendid hall shall grace,
 With all the spheres that cleave the ethereal space.

To guide the sailor in his wandering way,
 See Godfrey's toils reverse the beams of day.
 His lifted quadrant to the eye displays
 From adverse skies the counteracting rays ;
 And marks, as devious sails bewilder'd roll,
 Each nice gradation from the stedfast pole,

See, West with glowing life the canvass warms ;
 His sovereign hand creates impassion'd forms,
 Spurns the cold critic rules, to seize the heart,
 And boldly bursts the former bounds of Art.
 No more her powers to ancient scenes confined,
 He opes her liberal aid to all mankind ;
 She calls to life each patriot, chief or sage,
 Garb'd in the dress and drapery of his age ;
 Again bold Regulus to death returns,
 Again her falling Wolfe Britannia mourns ;
 Warriors in arms to frowning combat move,
 And youths and virgins melt the soul to love ;
 Grief, rage and fear beneath his pencil start,
 Roll the wild eye and pour the flowing heart ;
 While slumbering heroes wait his wakening call,
 And distant ages fill the storied wall.

With rival force, see Copley's pencil trace
 The air of action and the charms of face ;
 Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of state,
 The Senate listens and the peers debate ;
 Pale consternation every heart appalls,
 In act to speak, while death-struck Chatham falls.
 His strong, deep shades a bold expression give,
 Raised into light the starting figures live :
 With polish'd pride the finish'd features boast,
 The master's art in nature's softness lost.

Fired with the martial toils, that bathed in gore
 His brave companions on his native shore

Trumbull with daring hand the scene recalls,
 He shades with night Quebec's beleagur'd walls,
 Mid flashing flames, that round the turrets rise,
 Blind carnage raves and great Montgomery dies.
 On Charlestown's height, thro' floods of rolling fire,
 Brave Warren falls, and sullen hosts retire ;
 While other plains of death, that gloom the skies,
 And chiefs immortal o'er his canvass rise.

See rural seats of innocence and ease,
 High tufted towers and walks of waving trees,
 The white waves dashing on the craggy shores,
 Meandering streams and meads of spangled flowers,
 Where nature's sons their wild excursions lead,
 In just design, from Taylor's pencil spread.

Steward and Brown the moving portrait raise,
 Each rival stroke the force of life conveys ;
 See circling Beauties round their tablets stand,
 And rise immortal from their plastic hand ;
 Each breathing form preserves its wonted grace,
 And all the soul stands speaking in the face.

Two kindred arts the swelling statue heave,
 Wake the dead wax and teach the stone to live.
 While the bold chissel claims the rugged strife,
 To rouse the sceptred marble into life ;
 While Latian shrines their figured patriots boast,
 And gods and heroes croud each orient coast,
 See Wright's fair hands the livlier fire controul,
 In waxen forms she breathes the impassion'd soul ;

The pencil'd tint o'er moulded substance glows,
 And different powers the unrival'd art compose.

To equal fame ascends thy tuneful throng,
 The boast of genius and the pride of song ;
 Warm'd with the scenes that grace their various clime,
 Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.

With keen-eyed glance thro' nature's walks to pierce,
 With all the powers and every charm of verse,
 Each science opening in his ample mind,
 His fancy glowing and his taste refined,
 See Trumbull lead the train. His skillful hand
 Hurls the keen darts of Satire thro' the land ;
 Pride, knavery, dullness, feel his mortal stings,
 And listening virtue triumphs while he sings ;
 Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no more,
 In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,
 Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain—
 The world shall learn them from his deathless strain.

On glory's wing to raise the ravish'd soul,
 Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
 For daring Dwight the Epic Muse sublime
 Hails her new empire on the western clime.
 Fired with the themes by seers seraphic sung,
 Heaven in his eye, and rapture on his tongue,
 His voice divine revives the promised land,
 The Heaven-taught Leader and the chosen band.
 In Hanniel's fate, proud faction finds her doom,
 Ai's midnight flames light nations to their tomb,

In visions bright supernal joys are given,
And all the dread futurities of heaven.

While freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In counsel sage, nor inexpert in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword and string the sounding lyre ;
That lyre which, erst, in hours of dark despair,
Roused the sad realms to urge the unfinish'd war.
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,
His heart-felt sighs in moving numbers flow ;
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul and animate his lays ;
Immortal Washington with joy shall own
So fond a favourite and so great a son.

THE
VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

The vision suspended. Causes of the slow progress of Science and its frequent interruptions. Its ancient compared with its modern establishment. Consequences of the latter. Causes of the apparent uncertainty in matters of theology. Superstition built on the passions; scepticism on the reasoning power. Necessity and happy effect of the united force of reason and the passions in the discovery of truth.

THE VISION OF COLUMBUS.

BOOK VIII.

AND now the Angel, from the trembling sight,
Veil'd the wide world—when sudden shades of night
Move o'er the etherial vault; the starry train
Paint their dim forms beneath the placid main;
While earth and heaven, around the hero's eye,
Seem arch'd immense, like one surrounding sky.
Still, from the Power superior splendors shone,
The height emblazing like a radiant throne;
To converse sweet the soothing shades invite,
And on the guide the hero fix'd his sight.

Kind messenger of Heaven, he thus began,
Why this progressive labouring search of man?
If man by wisdom form'd hath power to reach
These opening truths that following ages teach,
Step after step, thro' devious mazes, wind,
And fill at last the measure of the mind,
Why did not Heaven, with one unclouded ray,
All human arts and reason's powers display?
That mad opinions, sects and party strife
Might find no place t'imbitter human life.

To whom the Angelic Power ; to thee 'tis given ;
 To hold high converse, and enquire of heaven,
 To mark uncircled ages and to trace
 The unfolding truths that wait thy kindred race.
 Know then, the counsels of th' unchanging Mind,
 Thro' nature's range, progressive paths design'd,
 Unfinish'd works th' harmonious system grace,
 Thro' all duration and around all space ;
 Thus beauty, wisdom, power, their parts unroll,
 Till full perfection joins the accordant whole.

So the first week, beheld the progress rise,
 Which form'd the earth and arch'd th' incumbent skies.
 Dark and imperfect first, the unbeauteous frame,
 From vacant night, to crude existence came ; [bound,
 Light starr'd the heavens and suns were taught their
 Winds woke their force, and floods their centre found ;
 Earth's kindred elements, in joyous strife,
 Warm'd the glad glebe to vegetable life,
 Till sense and power and action claim'd their place,
 And godlike reason crown'd the imperial race.

Progressive thus, from that great source above,
 Flows the fair fountain of redeeming love.
 Dark harbingers of hope, at first bestow'd,
 Taught early faith to feel her path to God ;
 Down the prophetic, brightening train of years,
 Consenting voices rose of different seers,
 In shadowy types display'd the accomplish'd plan,
 When filial Godhead should assume the man,

When the pure Church should stretch her arms abroad,
 Fair as a bride and liberal as her God ;
 Till warm benevolence and truth refined,
 Pervade the world and harmonize mankind.

And thus fair Science, of celestial birth,
 With times long circuit, treads the gladsome earth ;
 By gradual steps to mark the extended road,
 That leads mankind to reason and to God.

In elder times, when savage tribes began,
 A few strong passions sway'd the wayward man ;
 Envy, revenge and fateless lust of power
 Fired the dark soul and stain'd the fields with gore.
 By jarring strife, all milder joys suppress'd,
 Lost their soft influence on the furious breast ;
 No friendly ties the barbarous feuds assuage,
 And ceaseless carnage, feeds the brutal rage.

When different tribes, in social bands combined,
 Their local views the joyless soul confined,
 Eternal bickerings brutal strength supply'd,
 Cities are wall'd and warring hosts divide.
 When infant arts, in growing nations, rose,
 They lured the envy of surrounding foes ;
 The savage bands united sieze the prey,
 Destroy the learning and obstruct the sway.

Thus, at the Muse's call, when Thebes arose,
 And science sway'd where nurt'ring Nilus flows,
 Rich with the spoils of art, fair structures blazed,
 And barb'rous nations envy'd as they gazed ;

The tempting pyramid, the growing store,
 The charm of conquest and the grasp of power
 Lured the dark world, with envious pride elate,
 To overwhelm fair Science in the wrecks of state.
 Till Thebes and Memphis nameless ruins lie,
 And crush'd the power that raised them to the sky.

O'er bright Chaldea's plains her vot'ries stray,
 Described the stars and fix'd their wandering way,
 The unclouded skies the shepherd learn'd to read,
 His loves to cherish and his flocks to feed;
 Till haughty Babel stretch'd an envy'd sway,
 And furious millions warr'd the arts away,

Ilissus' banks display'd a happier seat,
 Where every Muse and all the graces meet;
 Parnassian heights she soars; then, steering far,
 Driven by the close pursuit of vengeful war,
 She wings her flight, a western region gains,
 And moves in majesty o'er Latian plains.

But pride and conquest follow where she leads,
 Her eagle flies, the untutor'd savage bleeds,
 Rome's haughty Genius, taught by her to soar,
 With pride of learning swells the pride of power;
 From Brits, from Scythians plucks the laurel crown,
 And deems, by right, the unletter'd world his own.
 Till, fired by insult, vengeful myriads rose,
 And all the north pours forth the swarming foes,
 Like sweeping tempests in embattled heaven,
 When fire and blackness streak the sails of even,

The dark-red hosts of painted warriors roll,
 Rome's thoughtless capitol the tempting goal;
 Nor arts they need nor order points thier way,
 For arts and order swell the Roman sway;
 Spain, Latium, Afric feed the furious flame,
 And hapless Science mourns her buried name.

As when the sun moves o'er the flaming zone,
 Careering clouds attend his fervid throne,
 Superior splendors, in his course display'd,
 Proclaim the progress of a heavier shade;
 Thus where the Power her ancient circuit held,
 Her shining course succeeding darkness veil'd.
 Fear, interest, envy bound her laurel'd reign,
 A coast her walk, the Hellespont her main,
 Ere Goya's trembling steel could point the pole,
 Or heavens inverted taught thy bark to roll.

At length the scene a nobler pomp assumes,
 A milder beam dispels the Gothic glooms;
 In sober majesty, and charms of peace,
 The goddess moves, and cheers her filial race,
 Lifts bolder wings, with happier flight to soar,
 No more to rest till heavens illumine no more.

At once, consenting nations rise to fame;
 Here Charles's genius wakes the Gallic name,
 There Alfred aids the universal cause,
 And opes the source of liberty and laws;
 Here Greece invites her to her ancient home,
 There in rough greatness heaves her Gothic dome,

Wide spreads her sway o'er blest Arabian plains,
Where her own Caliph, liberal Rachid reigns,
O'er all the climes extends the rising Power,
From farthest Ganges to the Atlantic shore.

Even horrid war, that erst her course withstood,
And whelm'd, so oft, her peaceful shrines in blood,
Now leads thro' paths unseen her glorious way,
Extends her limits and confirms her sway.
See, from all Europe's bounds, the warriors pour,
In crouding millions to the Asian shore;
Mankind their prey, the unmeaning Cross their pride,
And sacred vengeance their delusive guide.
Zeal points their way, thro' famine, toil and blood,
To aid with arms the imagin'd cause of God;
Till fields of slaughter whelm the broken host,
Their pride appall'd, their countless myriads lost,
The sad remains to peaceful toils return,
Skill'd in the arts, that eastern climes adorn;
O'er Europe's changing shores, the charms display,
And wasted realms with happier fruits repay.

The rival barons, whom ambition draws,
Their wealth to lavish in the holy cause,
In peace retiring, yield the regal crown,
And blend their counsels to exalt the throne.
While slaves, no longer purchased with the foil,
Waked into freemen, ply the cheerful toil,
Assert their rights, extend the royal reign,
And mutual terrors break the feudal chain,

Now growing commerce in firm compact joins
Surrounding nations and their force combines;
From rich Aufonia, bold advent'ers rise,
Trace midland currents tow'rd the northern skies,
Enlarge their navies, and with wealthier train,
Roll with the Rhine and widen with the main;
Then tempt a broader flight, extend the sail,
Point the sure compass, call a foreign gale,
For spicy fruits the orient surges brave,
And load with sparkling gems the liberal wave.

See Rome once more the unfolding arts attend,
Her groves rewarble and her walls ascend;
Bologna's learned towers arise to fame,
And thine, fair Paris, nobler honours claim;
In rival splendor, bright Oxonia, smiles,
And spreads her blessings o'er the British isles;
There, like the star that leads the orient day,
Chaucer directs his tuneful sons their way,
See hapless Gallileo's daring soul
Explore the stars and point their orbs to roll;
And, happier Faustus, thy inventive mind
Awakes the unbounded genius of mankind:
O'er wondering climes thy letter'd types display
The works of science and extend her sway.

Bold chivalry romantic aids her cause;
In honour's name the knight his falchion draws;
Lured by the charms that grace the guardless fair,
To suffering virtue bends his generous care,

Thro' toil and pain in quest of glory roves,
 Braves death and danger for the maid he loves;
 While fired by gallantry, the generous art,
 Improves the manners and amends the heart.

When pride and rapine held their vengeful sway,
 And praise pursued where conquest led the way,
 Fair nature's mildest grace, the female mind,
 By rough-brow'd power neglected and confined,
 Unheeded sigh'd, mid empire's rude alarms,
 Unknown its virtues and enslaved its charms.
 So the lone wild-rose opes the sweetest bloom,
 To scent the unconscious thorn, and wither round the

Blest Science then, to rugged toils confined, [tomb,
 Rose but to conquer and enslave mankind,
 O'er gentle passions spread a harsh controul,
 And waked the glare of grandeur in the soul,
 She taught the lance to thirst for human gore,
 She taught pale avarice to swell the store,
 Taught milder arts the peaceful prize to yield,
 Her Muse to thunder thro' the embattled field;
 In ruin'd realms to build the shrine of fame,
 And call celestial aid to raise a tyrant's name,
 In chains and darkness mourn'd the hapless fair,
 The price of gold, the insulted prize of war,
 While fires, unfeeling, claim'd the fordid dower,
 And nymphs were sold the slaves of lust and power.

A happier morn now brightens in the skies,
 Superior arts, in peaceful glory, rise;

While softer virtues claim their guardian care,
 And crowns of laurel grace the rising fair,
 With all the raptures of celestial fire,
 Each rival sex the rival arts inspire;
 This bids bold commerce load the labouring main,
 Or swells the peaceful harvest of the plain,
 That leads the hours of calm, domestic toil,
 And cheers the household with an evening smile.
 While states and empires, policies and laws
 Lure the firm patriot in the bolder cause,
 To stem the tide of power or guide the war,
 Like thee to suffer and like thee to dare—
 With equal honour, as with softer grace,
 The matron virtues guide the rising race.

On this broad base while Science rears her sane,
 New toils and triumphs fill her glorious train,
 Thro' fairer fields she leads the expanding mind,
 Glads every clime and dignifies mankind.
 Contending kings their views harmonious blend,
 With temper'd force their arts and arms extend;
 The opposing hosts beneath their liberal reign,
 Crowd the vast wave and glitter o'er the plain,
 With thundering engines rend the harmless air,
 And lose the horrors in the pomp of war.

See the glad sage to useful labours soar,
 Tempt other seas and unknown worlds explore,
 Bid feeble tribes display their powers abroad,
 And regions smile without the waste of blood.

Then, while the daring Muse, from heavenly quires,
 With life divine the raptured bard inspires,
 With bolder hand he strikes the trembling string,
 Virtues and loves and deeds like thine to sing.
 No more with vengeful chiefs and furious gods,
 Old Ocean crimsons and Olympus nods,
 Nor heavens, convulsive, rend the dark profound,
 Nor Titans groan beneath the heaving ground ;
 But milder themes shall wake the peaceful song,
 Life in the soul and rapture on the tongue ;
 To moral beauties bid the world attend,
 And distant lands their social ties extend,
 Thro' union'd realms the rage of conquest cease,
 War sink in night, and nature smile in peace.
 Then shall he soar sublimer heights, and rove
 O'er brighter walks, and happier climes of love ;
 Rapt into vision of the blest abode,
 From Angel-harps to catch the inspiring God ;
 Thro' heavens o'ercanopy'd by heavens behold
 New suns ascend and other skies unfold,
 Seraphs and system'd worlds around him shine,
 And lift his mortal strains to harmony divine.

To these superior flights, the chief rejoin'd,
 If happier years shall raise the roving mind ;
 Progressive arts exalt the soul on high,
 Peace rule the earth and faith unfold the sky ;
 Say, how shall truths like these to man be given ?
 Or science find the limits mark'd by Heaven ?

In every age since reasoning pride began,
 And heaven's dread Sire reveal'd himself to man,
 What different faiths the changing race inspire !
 What blind devotions and unhallow'd fire !
 What gods of human form and savage power
 Cold fear could fashion or mad zeal adore !
 These croud their temples, those their names despise,
 In each dire cause the exulting martyr dies ;
 Till, sense renounced, and virtue driven afar,
 Rage fires the realms, religion sounds to war ;
 And the first blessing, Heaven for earth design'd,
 Seems the severest curse that waits mankind.

Say then, my guide, if heavenly wisdom gave
 To erring man a life beyond the grave—
 If one creative Power, one living soul
 Produced all beings and preserves the whole ;
 Who, throned in light, with full perfection blest,
 Mid changing worlds, enjoys eternal rest ;
 While man, still grovling, passionate and blind,
 Wars with his neighbour and destroys his kind—
 Say, what connecting chain, in endless line,
 Links earth to heaven, and mortal with divine ?
 Applies alike to every age and clime,
 And lifts the soul beyond the bounds of time ;
 And when shall science trace the immortal way,
 And hail religion in her native day ?

The Power return'd. Thy race shall soon behold
 Reason refined, and moral lights unroll'd,