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AMERICA DISCOVERED.

A Poem.

IN TWELVE BOOKS.

BY

AN AMERICAN.

Cassels, Samuel Jones



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ANALYSIS.

IN the following poem, our world is supposed to be under the ministry of angels. These heavenly hierarchs meet among the mountains of Chili, in South America, about the year 1450, to deliberate on the best mode of making known this continent to Europeans. The result of these deliberations is, that two of their number, Abdah and Habdiel, are delegated to spread the matter before the throne of the Eternal. In their journey through space, they light on two worlds, the one fallen, but not redeemed; the other unfallen. They afterwards reach the place of their destination, are entertained by Hallan, a former acquaintance, have interviews with Abraham, Adam, etc., and are finally admitted to the presence of the Son of God, where they obtain their petition. On their return, Abdah is appointed to suggest the matter to Columbus, then a youth at the college of Pavia, and also to superintend him in all his changes to the final consummation of the enterprise. He first appears to the youthful Genoese while musing on the banks of the Tesino, in the character of a Swiss shepherd. The suggestion makes the student restless; he longs to go to sea; is opposed by Ella, his betrothed; argues her into acquiescence; her tragical death; his voyage described to the foot of Italy. He coasts along the shores of Greece and the islands of the Ægean. A Turkish ship is taken, in which is found a Genoese captain, who relates to them the capture of Constantinople. He is shipwrecked afterwards on the coast of Portugal, where his Guardian Angel appears to him a second time, and encourages him to persevere. His marriage

to Doña Felipa of Lisbon, described. His prospects with John failing, upon the death of his wife, he enters Spain, where in great poverty he and his son are entertained at the Convent of Perez de Marchena, who advises him to lay the subject before the Spanish sovereigns. He comes before them at Cordova ; they are absorbed in war with the Moors, but recommend him to the college of Salamanca. He finally, through the agency of the Queen, obtains his end and sails on the voyage. The parting scene, the ocean, the landing, etc., described. In the last Book Columbus is presented in prison, where Abdah appears to him for the last time, and assures him of an immortality of fame ; reveals to him the real greatness of his discovery ; sketches the history of the continent to the present time ; predicts the future, and gives a glowing description of the North American Republic. Here the poem ends.

BOOK I.

THE CONVENTION.

QUEEN of the silent hour, fair Dian, drives
O'er heav'nly pavements, gemmed with sapphires bright,
Her silver car, that to the slumb'ring forest gives
And waves pale joy ; as when the tender light
Of beauty's fading eye half-smiling lives
Upon the smitten heart. O'er nature Night
Beyond her pole prevails ; her evening portals wet
With matin dews, her locks with radiant moonbeams set.

Late from their leafy bed, with eye of flame,
High leap o'er mountain-heath, the tiger, bear,
Or lowly crouching bend their dreaded frame,
On some lone fawn to bound, or trembling hare.
Swift through the parting leaves, high bent on game,
Loud shrieks the kingly owl, like trumpet clear ;
While prostrate 'neath his bushy tent the Indian lies,
And drowns the warrior's cares in sleep's unclosing eyes.

Not thus the Guardians of man's earthly toil,
Who sleep's refreshing balm and rest ne'er know,
Seeking by day and through the night to foil
Satan's designs—our great and mortal foe.
Swift through the air and o'er the busy soil
They move, on wings unseen by man below.
Where power its throne exalts high wreathed in clouds of fire
They watch—and where the saddened poor on straw expire.

And lest amid their ranks of peace before,
Discord new-born should raise its grating sound,
Wise Heaven divided just the common power,
To each assigning fixed his office, bound.
The South was Hazel's, vast but desert shore ;
Azzan's the North, more blest, and happier ground ;
Habd'el's wise hand embraced where first the dawn appears,
Great Abdah ruled where parting suns dissolve in tears.

These were the Chieftains in th' angelic hosts
That guard our race. Round each, high stand in files
Belligerent and strong, like ocean's coasts,
A mighty army spreading forth for miles.
Of viet'ries gained, but ne'er defeat, each boasts ;
Of friends protected, enemies slain in piles.
With burnished spear and sword, and some with silver bow,
They serve with cheerful heart around each Chieftain low.

When once the silver trump of war is heard
From Hazel, Azzan, Habdiel, or th' mouth
Of mighty Abdah, forth they rush with sword
Outdrawn to east or west, to north or south,
Prepared to execute by force the word,
And fill, if need, all earth with burning wrath.
So angry winds the son of Hippotas obey ;
So raised doth Neptune's wand great Ocean's wrath allay.

Full often too, when grave occasion called,
When vice was honored, virtue trampled down ;
When in the prison's cell the good were walled,
And free oppression wore its diamond crown ;
When murd'ers and thieves lived unappalled,
And they who prayed to deserts wild were flown—
Full oft these heav'nly Guards in one great onset join,
And with resistless force break wide Hell's boastful line.

And often too, when things were in a maze,
And no straight line through wild confusion lay ;
When Wisdom staggered in her well-plann'd ways,
And Truth was stamm'ring what right word to say ;
When half-wrought deeds coy Prudence still delays,
And threat'ning fates o'erhang each passing day—
In woful times like these, oft would the Chieftains meet,
And hold in secret conclave pure and high debate.

Such time there was ; and on Cozanti's brow—
Cozanti—fairest of the Andes' heights ;
Where Spring comes laughing from the wint'ry snow,
And Summer lingers in her sweet moon-nights ;
Where tall the fir and chestnut proudly grow,
And round the haw the woodbine wreathed unites—
There meet the summoned Chiefs in golden armor clad,
Each face illumed with thought, each heart with musings sad.

Nor comè they yet alone—a royal suite,
Selected wisely from each angel band,
Attend their Chief revered, and at his feet
Stand nearly to obey each known command.
So, when in battle mighty warriors meet,
A vet'ran few around their Sovereign stand ;
Victor, prepared with him th' opposing hosts to slay ;
Or conquered, die with him on such eventful day.

A place there is on fair Cozanti's breast,
Wide arched by vernal boughs of gloomy height.
Around are grayish rocks, that deeply rest
As bulwarks firm, to guard the chosen site.
Fresh from its spring a silver fountain blest
Flows sparkling onward in the quiet night ;
A font with lymph so pure, that e'en celestial lips
Might quaff the stream of joy as o'er the rock it skips.

High seats ascend from side to distant side
 Of solid rock, a granite theatre.
 Far back and central one, whose summit wide
 Looked in the distance dim, as seen by star
 Or lunar ray, the dark and massive side
 Of some proud fane. From crossing boughs all clear
 And dewy leaves that gently moved to passing winds,
 Soft as the smile of Spring, the wavy light descends.

In this wide capitol, with nature all
 For audit'ry, the angel Chiefs convene.
 Abdah first rose, all fair and princely tall.
 High o'er his arching brow was radiant seen
 Pure light, while loud like cat'ract's roar, clear fall
 The tones, that gush his iv'ry lips between.
 Fixed on his words with joy each list'ning ear reposed,
 And Night her dews forgot till he descending closed.

“ Brave Chieftains of the Lord, ye hosts of light,
 Who kind from other lands have sought this place—
 A hearty welcome take ye all this night,
 A triple welcome to this wilderness.
 No stone-raised palace with its turrets bright,
 No golden gate with many-diamond face ;
 No throne of iv'ry, crown of various pearl ye see—
 'Tis nature wild and vast that now around you be.

“ These mighty lands, by wild beasts long possessed,
 And long by savages more rude than they,
 With Christian cities have not yet been blest ;
 Unfelled the giant oak, the pine, the bay.
 Their virgin soil no farmer’s spade has pressed,
 No shepherd’s gangs along their valleys play—
 Majestic rivers, mountains vast, are all we boast,
 Proud lakes, rich valleys and interminable coast.

“ A land of promise great, but unsubdued
 By civil arts and true religion fair.
 The wild beast’s scream, the wilder Indian’s feud,
 Are all save nature that salute the ear.
 Proud nature hath her song, and this aloud
 She always soundeth forth both far and near.
 This song, from morn to eve and eve, to morn again,
 Falls on the ear of God, but not of savage men.

“ Long have I watched these lands with anxious eye,
 To see the dawn of more auspicious day ;
 But watched, in vain ; for barb’rous still they lie,
 By savages oppressed and beasts of prey.
 No anthemed praise from Christian hearts on high
 ’Tis ours to bear ; no Pentecostal day.
 Sent’nels of Heaven, here have we stood long ages past,
 And viewed with eye uncheered this wild and boundless waste.

"No doubt, our Author has his ends in view;
 No doubt, some noble destiny awaits
 This continent. It cannot sure be true,
 That such a land, as if accursed by fates,
 Is destin'd strangely for the savage few
 That roam its Eden o'er. More wise, God hates
 Not thus his work; but hidden from angelic ken,
 His plans design e'en here some wondrous good for men.

"Perhaps our Sovereign waits from us to hear,
 Guardians below of earth and human kind,
 The joint petition, the united prayer—
 Perhaps, a special mission now may find
 Acceptance, and may move his ear:
 Above, below, none doubt but He is kind.
 To his High Court, let us some delegate appoint
 His will to learn, his power request to our intent.

"But, burdened, I have hurried on too fast.
 'Twas not to make such move that I arose.
 Another end was first, tho' now 'tis last:
 My full heart touched too soon, its fountain flows.
 If then, ye wisely judge the time not past,
 One to preside let us appoint, who knows,
 By long experience, order to keep. Habbiel
 I name, for he, I ween, will manage all things well."

He sat ; as on the Eastern Prince now turned
 All eyes. With modest grace the Chieftain rose.
 Not age, pure wisdom on his features burned.
 High his brow, his eye fiery ; while flows
 O'er shoulders broad his princely hair. Long learned
 In councils, wars, and stratagems of foes,
 A godlike greatness sat upon his noble brow,
 As at the call of Abdah he arises now.

“ High Princes of this noble earth, and all
 Who here have met on this auspicious night ;
 E'er ready to obey your uttered call
 At other times, now shrinks whate'er of might
 I own 'neath cares that all my heart appal,
 And which no warrior brave perceives are light.
 No common post it is o'er you to fill such seat,
 Nor is the bus'ness small, but vast and intricate.

“ Ye seek to haste the wheels of Providence,
 To look the fast-sealed leaves of fate between ;
 Of God's decrees to learn the hidden sense,
 And change of earthly things what long has been.
 All bold the step—yet suits th' intelligence
 That here convened adorns this nightly scene.
 God's deep-laid schemes of government, tho' dark, invite
 Our scrutiny ; and to examine them is right.

"Humility howe'er becomes the heart
 That would assay a daring task like this.
 In fates, decrees and destinies, no part
 Hath God assigned our creature nothingness.
 T' obey is ours, to rule all his. Apart
 From Him we are, as all, but emptiness.

Awed then the tongue that speaks of his most wise decrees,
 Who self-sufficient rules as best he only sees.

"But if more wise, y' intend beseech his throne,
 And such I augur from great Abdah's word,
 No ill can rise ; for He who hears the groan
 Of crying lamb, and feeds the humming-bird,
 His angel bands will not refuse alone,
 Despised their earnest plea, their prayer unheard.

Willing I am to join in Abdah's wise request ;
 But to preside o'er you—I leave it to the rest."

Like war trumps clear the plaudits wildly rose
 From ranks o'er joying ranks of Angels bright.
 With one consent they all wise Habd'el chose,
 Filling with loud acclaim the vault of night.
 From peak to peak the rising thunder grows,
 Wide o'er the ocean tossed with new delight.

Thus from the field of blood, when patriots claim the day,
 Rise the loud cheers of friends as foes are chased away.

Next, to the seat high-raised brave Abdah led
 His princely friend. No cushion'd silk, or gold,
 Or royal state was there; but in their stead
 A granite rock that of its Author told.
 Deep sunk it rested in its quiet bed,
 By angels honored more than thrones of old.
 How oft alas! do human hands in pride efface
 The beams divine that live on nature's unwrought face!

We chisel, gild and strive to decorate
 Some column, wall, or house of lowly clay;
 We call it palace, capitol of State,
 And make it th' wonder of our short-lived day.—
 But on our track unseen remorseless Fate
 Outwits our hands and wears our pile away!
 What castles, tow'rs and princely halls are now in dust!—
 And where the old lie buried, there soon the new ones must.

His seat high-raised, with dignity possessed,
 Around him Habdiel casts a friendly eye:
 Then rising slow, the hosts all calm addressed,
 Lifting his silver voice, his hand on high.
 "Warriors of Heaven, unworthy, still I'm blest
 This seat to hold through your kind charity.
 My errors you'll indulge, my judgment firm maintain,
 My weakness prop, while I this honored post retain.

“ Among yourselves be court’ous and polite ;
 Rough words but illy suit assemblies wise ;
 Let passion rest, and only what is right
 And true defend, with open, candid eyes.
 Look forth on nature through this quiet night—
 Behold yon orbs that gem the midnight skies—
 In harmony they all their diff’rent ways pursue
 Devoid of hate : let these examples be to you.”

He sat. The Southern Chief, brave Hazel rose.
 Long was his drooping hair, that on the night
 Wide cast, far downward flowed from noble brows.
 Beneath high arches orb’d refulgent light
 Streamed from his restless eye, that innate glows
 Pure flame. As silver from the furnace bright
 His folded lip : his words like mountain winds all free
 That shake the bending firs, and raise the billowed sea.

“ High Chiefs of vet’ran bands, who here this night
 Have come, full-hearted from each distant land,
 To place in common orb high-raised the light
 That each sustains in strong but sep’rate hand ;
 Rebounds my heart with deep, unmixed delight
 To see you here—where rocks on rocks high stand.
 Brothers we kindly meet united all in one,
 As beams unnumbered make one bright and central sun.

" Well have I known your skill, who long have held
 In steady hand, the reign of law supreme
 O'er rebel hearts on Hell's dark battle-field.
 Potent the foe—yet oft like morning dream
 Has he wild fled, his spear and cloudy shield
 Left in your princely hands, that in the beam
 Of heaven high hung, have trophy of your fame far spread,
 Where o'er surrounding fiends tall Satan lifts his head.

" Darker than times that now the world o'erspread
 Have we beheld. When Ocean's noble son
 Half-sunken rose above the mountain's head,
 Of all earth's millions he the righteous one—
 And when from burning cities rapid fled
 The Sodomite, escaped because alone
 Of many righteous—these were times of woful gloom.
 That seemed to threaten earth with one unbursting tomb.

" Dark too it was, when by the Ænean hand
 God's infant flock lay trembling in its blood ;
 When from Euphrates to the Celtic land,
 From high Caucasus to Hispania's flood,
 Remorseless wolves, with quenchless thirst, demand
 The lives and hearts of all the humble good.
 Yet soon these bloody mists were scattered far away,
 As son of Helena restored a happier day.

“ Dark too as shades of Tophet’s dismal cave,
Dark as the sooty smoke of burning Styx,
Dark as the midnight of Death’s inner grave ;
Dark as despair, where friendly never mix
Sweet light with gloom—dark thus the wave,
That o’er this sunken world for centuries six,
Has poured in wrath its tide of ignorance and woe ;
Yet e’en this midnight gloom some streaks of promise show.

“ Yea more. Sweet morning dawns. The smiling East
Is lifting up her portals, and the beams
Of burning gold o’er many a land are cast.
Soon truth and righteousness in living streams
Will pour their fulness o’er each sterile coast,
Waking to life all hearts from restless dreams.
The morning star has risen, and the full-orbed sun,
Behind him short, will soon his glorious journey run.

“ This land so lost, that like oasis green,
Wide gems the desert sea with hidden joy,
Must from its tomb of years, the happy scene
Of Liberty and Truth revive. Employ
No more must angry friends their spleen
On its fair soil, predestined to destroy,
’Neath Time’s late evening stars, their dark, despotic sway,
Blest herald of a morn, that always shall be day.”

Next Azzan rose, of high majestic mien,
 Blue was his rolling eye, his kindling face
 Like morning young, that o'er the dewy scene
 Calm daylight sheds. With soft and easy grace
 His words rolled on, as o'er a glassy plain
 Some joyous stream, that bosomed on its face
 Bright sunbeams bears. Attention fixed the Seraphs gave,
 As loud his silver tones rebound from hill to wave.

“ Brave Princes of the earth, and warriors bright,
 Who crowd like pressing rocks this mountain high ;
 Joys more my heart now here, than at the light
 Of Spring, long closed in win'try sleep the eye
 Of nature glad. Who fears the direful fight
 Of Hell, surrounded thus in harmony
 With hearts, whose bold designs encompass wise the means,
 Predestined to defeat the wrath of warring fiends ?

“ Wild as the storm full-winged, that bears the wave
 High tossed on heaven's broad arch, has been the strife
 Long years we wage with Satan, and the cave
 Of his infernal hosts. Not seldom grief
 Has clothed the burning eye of warriors brave,
 Who, in the cause of truth, their ease and life
 Have staked against the common foe. Yet plain we see,
 Our sad reverses gain us lasting victory.

“Dark is the day that now our raging foes
Proud claim in every land. God’s gracious hand
Withdrawn, Hell rages on the field, and throws
O’er mountain, plain, its smoke for ever fanned
By wrath, whose restless fire God’s anger blows.
Ah, mournful is the thought, that o’er the land
Where martyrs bled, and chief Apostles taught and died,
The Great Apostate rules, his kingdom firm and wide !

“And o’er Bosphorus, where the Christian king
Planted of old Christ’s standard high and young,
Proudly the Crescent, with its half-formed ring,
Has fixed its wide dominion fast and long.
From Baltic, too, to Asia’s northern wing,
Where the proud Russ uplifts his sabre strong,
Feebly gray Twilight sits upon the hearts of men,
Yielding her sickly beam to Night’s unbroken reign.

“Ah me ! how often have I pensive stood
On rocky peak of some high mountain’s dome,
And cast my eye as far as angel could,
To see, ’mid triumphs of all grasping Rome,
Where lived dispersed the humble and the good.
But few survive—and these, where wild beasts roam
And serpents hiss half-seen, live in the desert wild,
Hard rocks beneath their bed, high heaven their nightly
shield!

“ Of Hazel’s land it is not mine to speak,
 Nor yet of thine, most gracious Habdiel;
 But if the distant views I sometimes take
 Of these proud lands the real truth doth tell,
 Our mortal earth is quite enough to make
 Heaven sorrowful, and Hell with joy to fill.

Where Blest Messiah lived, and Amram’s son was born,
 Where the Cicilian preached—how sunken, how forlorn!

“ With pleasure then I heard ’mid glittering sin
 Of this your meeting with brave Abdah here;
 New light fell bounding o’er the gloomy scene
 That long my heart had pained, and eye, and ear.
 If a new world for faith we find and men,
 New hopes may grow and flourish richly there.

Borne from its barren hill, how oft the drooping vine
 Lifts from the vale its boughs with fruits almost divine!

“ But how proceed aright? This will demand
 The wisdom well determined of you all.
 This mighty continent to other land
 Is yet unknown, but to the red men tall.
 To save it, we must lay the vigorous hand
 Of faith upon it, and remove its pall.

From Japheth then tho’ dark must come the flick’ring light,
 That shall this land redeem from its unbroken night.

“ There only faith retains her partial reign,
There only men are dauntless of the sea.
Thence must we hope this mighty land to gain,
Thence bring and plant of Freedom, Faith, the tree.
Wide rolls the wave from main to distant main,
And long hard-wrought, the sea-borne voyage must be :
Yet must we wisely plan the broad-waved deep to pass,
And plant Redemption, Truth, in this great wilderness.

Auspicious too the time. A spirit bold
To climb the sea and find out other lands
The minds of many now doth strongly hold.
Tired of their own, brave hearts now seek the sands
Of other climes, and plough the deep for gold.
She, too, that at the head of Adria stands,
Proud Venice, hath to ways upon the ocean-tide
Found out, through nautic skill, a safe and happy guide.

“ E'en now a noble prince the southern cape
Of Mizraim seeks to double, and to gain
(A daring deed) ! admittance to the lap
Of oriental Ind. Nor will such minds remain
Content, till sunny Fortune fill their hope,
But ply on sea, on land, their fixed design.
Such restless hearts and bold let us unseen control,
And plant our purpose deep in some adventurous soul.

" One I advise. Dominic's daring son,
 A ruddy youth in genius unsurpassed :
 Already from the learned he has won
 Something of fame. His lot at Pavia cast,
 He now 'mid old gray walls and oft alone
 Studies the heavens, but more the sea-tost mast.
 Great Ocean hath her empire in his soul firm fixed,
 And 'mid her breaking waves he longs to ride betwixt.

" Him let us train by patience, various toil,
 To venture boldly on the wide, blue sea ;
 Him let us bring to this all virgin soil,
 And agent make of our designs to be.
 A Comber's son, he'll manly not recoil
 From the great task ; but ply it night and day.
 Youth is the time to plant with care the fruitful seed
 Of greatness, and ambition's rising flame to feed.

Yet must we learn, in enterprise so new,
 The will of Him who sits upon the Throne.
 Base would it be in us, and vainly too,
 To tempt unbid such arduous work alone.
 All cheerful then I yield to Abdah's view,
 High o'er the void abrupt some daring one
 To send : Nor know I, 'mid the warriors here this night,
 A bolder heart than his to take that upward flight."

He sat. 'Twas sanctioned by the hosts as now
A loud acclaim from seat to seat arose.
Great Abdah next; who, with majestic bow,
Thanking his friends for whom they kindly chose,
Continued thus his words—" Full well I know
The care of him who on this mission goes.
Precipitous the flight, and distant far the place;
Through worlded systems lost must such bold envoy pass.

" Nor fittest I such mission to perform ;
Heads wiser here, far bolder hearts than mine.
Habdiel especially, who oft 'mid storm
Of strife his golden spear hath raised sublime.
Moved by our need, let him his talents form
Unto this task ; choosing, as suits, his time.
By long-tried skill, great wisdom, prudent management,
More would he gain than I for this great continent."

Rose Habdiel next. But ere the silvery sound
Fell from his opening lips on anxious ears,
Hazel began. From rock to rock rebound
His words on dewy winds and reach the stars.
" Happy am I upon this sacred ground
To see these bands of love. My gloomy fears
Are fled, while your united hearts, the prophecy
Of good, declare in vain we have not passed the sea.

“As my warm thoughts have traced the hurried track
Of noble Azzan in his burning words,
Like bird escaped, my mind has wandered back,
And wept o'er Afric and its savage lords.
In sin and burning woe, there is no lack
In that dark land, where ever-warring hordes
Infest the earth and stain a guiltless soil with blood.
Alas! in once fair Mizraim's land how few the good!

Perhaps, howe'er, advantage may arise
To each, by joining all in Abdah's ease.
The cloud, whose watery garment fills the skies,
Falls not on one, but many a thirsty place.
So may the love, that o'er this cont'nent lies,
Far outward spread and bless a distant race.
One is the world, and wheresoe'er kind Mercy lights,
She spreads her wings o'er all and every heart delights.

“In this great central good let us unite,
And from a wat'ry chaos bring the prop,
That yet in evil day the temple bright
Of Truth may bear, and give the nations hope.
Wondering how oft 'mid landscape of delight,
On one sweet flower doth sportive fancy stop!
O'erlooking now all else, let every warrior's eye
Rest on this land, and seek to change its destiny.

“ Nor need we argue long the delegate :
Abdah should go, for he the country rules ;
And Habdiel, because in wisdom great.
The two are best ; for if one’s courage cools
The other may inflame, and thus the weight
Of care divide, as prudent workman tools.
Both let us send, and to their trustful zeal confide
This mighty land, from mountain to the ocean-tide.

“ Meantime, let each his viceroy wisely name,
Order to keep at home while he’s abroad.
Confusion here, reproach would be, and shame,
To us injurious, high offence to God.
But if each Chief a prudent Head should name,
All would be peace and loving brotherhood.
Wisest the ship is ruled when but one pilot guides,
And ev’n Angels happ’est where one fixed Head presides.”

He sat. Habdiel, with dignity, resumed,
And brief his smothered thoughts. “ Sure, Princes wise,
Some Power, not earthly known, has here assumed
Dominion o’er us—surely from the skies,
The grace of Heaven vouchsafed, hath here perfumed
With love our hearts in fragrant sacrifice.
Such union, energy, fraternal love !—Oh when
Have we experienced more among the abodes of men !

"Happy am I, as from this seat I gaze
 On your benignant faces, to behold,
 'Mid living image of the spirit's blaze,
 Radiance of joy more rich than purest gold.
 Such steadfast zeal a sure foundation lays
 For hope, and bids us hence be prudent, bold.
 Not in our hands, 'tis true, the destiny of things
 Is found—yet who despond, when each his influence brings?

"If then ye will that such embassy go,
 And me with Abdah freely now appoint,
 Your final sentence fixed be pleased to show
 By present vote. The happy agreement
 Of your wills t' him and me shall pass for law;
 Willing to go are we, when willing sent.
 Much might I plead and truly my unworthiness;
 But this objecting now I will not farther press."

Scarce from his closing lips had passed the words,
 When trumpet-tongued the bursting plaudits rose,
 As rattling armor, shields and burnished swords,
 Proclaimed to heaven the names all freely chose.
 From mount to mount resound the stricken chords,
 Whose echo wild along the ocean goes.
 Joy fills each heart, and peaceful Hope, her dewy wings
 From rose-lips drawn, around th' assembly gently brings.

'Twas morn. The windows of the east were raised,
As from his burning crown the early Sun
Sent forth his light. The snow-clad summits blazed
Of Andes high, as golden beams now shone
Their frozen peaks between. Diana hazed
Sat widowed on her distant ocean throne,
Her virgin smile obscured in ris'n Apollo's beam ;
Vanished each star from heaven as some forgotten dream.

The fragrant sandal, bathed in morning's light,
A robe of brilliant gems did restless wear,
While on the willow's leaf, revolving, bright,
The dewy pearl-drops waved and sported near.
From cedar's bough, the Thenca with delight,
And Thili, rais'd their notes seraphic, clear :
Morn with her balmy breath o'er vale and mountain spread,
And from each folded eye kissed off the leaden shade.

The lion wearied ceased his bloody chase,
The tiger cast him in his mountain den,
The wolf and jaguar sought some secret place,
And all the beasts of prey were silent then.
From earthen couch the Indian raised his face,
Stretched his long limbs and seized his bow again ;
While idly at his side his half-dressed offspring wake,
And to her task his brawny spouse her hands betake.

Swift on the wings of light's returning beams,
Fly the high Seraphs to their distant homes:
Brighter than noon each Chieftain's helmet gleams,
As o'er 'mid ether fast he onward roams.
Not Abdah. Lost in thought and mighty themes,
Hard climb his upward feet the icy domes;
Busied his fancy, where mid grovy worlds expire
Light's twilight beam, absorbed in some new planet's fire.

BOOK II.

THE ENVOYS.

ARRAYED in silver robes the Queen of night
High smiling sat on her meridian throne,
As from her virgin face, all soft and bright,
O'er land and restless sea, her mild ray shone.
Far o'er her head, as if engaged in fight
With Taurus, or, victor, he had won
The trophy, great Orion lifts his club, his sword,
And stretcheth forth his hands, as if of stars the lord.

On Dian fair brave Abdah met his friend.
Each had his kingdom placed in worthy hands ;
And each was now prepared his course to bend
Through starry ways to Heaven. Hence to their lands
That far below them lay, they anxious send
A farewell look, as seamen to the sands,
Where live, 'neath arching boughs by distant mountains hid,
Home's joyous scenes and hearts, from them as visions fled.

In the left foot of Neptune's warring son
A brilliant orb is seen ; Regel its name.
Thither they aim, as wearied sailors run
For light-house, when they see its joyous flame.
Far in the other arch of heaven, the sun
Now seems but taper through the darkness dim ;
While like the early dawn new lights around them rise,
And worlds unseen before make glad their wand'ring eyes.

Silence not long could hold great Abdah's heart.
" Good Habdiel, what mighty worlds we see !
The distant lands we rule, how small a part
They now appear of God's infinity !
Ah me ! My heart's appalled, and thoughts all start,
As I survey this vast and worlded sea.
Above, below, around, on ev'ry side arise
Such orbs of light, to gem these ever-varying skies !

" Why hath Omnipotence created these ?
Why poured his fulness thus o'er boundless space ?
Why did it not his goodness better please
Fewer to make, and fill with righteousness ?
Like leaves that on the Andes kiss the breeze
Of spring, so are these worlds all numberless !
Why made such rich expenditure of wisdom, power ?
Why such infinities doth God o'er nature shower ?

“By whom possessed? Are men or angels there?
Or are they left to desolations wild?
Grows there the rose, the maiden lily fair,
The mountain cedar, elm, or orange mild?
There doth the oak its outstretched branches share
With tender vines, as father with his child?
Their vales do wild beasts roam—their waters scaly fish—
Their ether birds? All these to know, how much I wish!

“Nor these alone. Doth sin or holiness
Its empire there maintain? Grows there the tree
Of death, whose poisoned roots deep sunk embrace
The heart, and boughs, in fell malignity,
Casting their pitchy shade o'er all the race,
Sad fruits afford of past apostasy?
On these bright globes hath some betrayed, primeval fall,
Brought down the wasting curse and stained the blood of all?

“One can there be upon whose gemmy breast
A drop is found of sacrificial blood?
Oh, has the High, the Great, the Ever-Blest,
E'er shown to them, as man, the vital flood
Of his redeeming grace? There too oppressed
For others has He died, the Only Good?
Or, in reverse of earth and man, doth vengeance reign,
And Sin as tyrant prey upon its many slain?”

Habdiel replies. "Brother—Oh that word
 Sounds sweet on path so lonely, so remote!
 Not music rich of India's sweetest bird;
 Not honey'st song from e'en an angel's throat;
 Not anthemed spheres that have so deeply stirred
 Our hearts of late, I value as that note.

Yes, Abdah, thou art my brother: for none I see,
 Mid all these rolling spheres, so near my heart as thee."

So spake good Habdiel, as from his eye
 Fell soft upon his breast the pearling tear.
 Deep moved, great Abdah gave responsive sigh,
 And to his friend on silv'ry wing drew near.
 Perfumed their love, they range more dear the sky,
 In joy both one, in hope, and transient fear.

So mid the storms of grief that press their wearied head,
 More kindly grow the loves of those who truly wed.

His tears suppressed, Habdiel his words recall.
 "Tis not in me, great Abdah, now to fill
 The queries you propose. Such things appall
 My heart and bid my inmost soul be still.
 What know we in our feebleness, of all
 These mighty works of God, that countless fill
 All space? O'er earthly men we boast pre-eminence;
 But what is ours to God's unscanned intelligence?"

" Yet on these worlds 'tis ours to speculate :
 God best we know when best we know his works.
 What though their number none can calculate ;
 Or, soaring high amid their starry walks,
 Survey each orb and learn its special fate—
 Yet of them men and prattling childhood talks.
 Much more 'tis ours to scan their state and history ;
 Their climate, soil, and e'en their darkest mystery.

Not by inf'rence, howe'er, can we obtain
 Specific knowledge of their various state.
 'Tis not from fishes in the boundless main
 Of seas, we learn high-plumed the eagle's fate ;
 Nor truth deducing from great el'phants gain
 Knowledge of kids that in the pastures bleat ;
 Nor yet like fish is man, or bird, or prowling beast,
 Whose heart pure reason fills, God's last and richest gift.

" So in the bosom fathomless of space,
 'Tis not one world, nor all alike that dwell.
 Diff'rence ev'n here observing far we trace,
 Some vastly great, some scarcely seen, so small.
 Here shoots the comet with its burning blaze,
 There grandly shines some sun the heart of all ;
 Here in its smaller orbit turns some lunar light,
 Yonder, great cycled worlds that never seem to set.

“ Greater the diff'rence as we nearly pass
To their domestic state. In climate, soil,
Productions, mode of life, and busy race
That till their virgin lands with various toil,
No doubt they differ in each diff'rent place :
In learning one we do not learn the whole.
'Tis not in Afric Europe's snow-clad son is known,
Nor doth Euphrates bear the warring Indian frown.

“ Likeness remote, however, among them all.
Each worlded state its throne of central power
Enjoys, from whose effulgent robes wide fall
On every solar land the golden shower.
Attraction, too, with its gigantic thrall,
Far throws its arms abroad round higher, low'r ;
Of various parts combines one great harmonious whole,
And gives a boundless universe one common soul.

“ Intelligence, no doubt, exists in most.
Some newly formed perchance are destitute :
Others by sin, perhaps, the boon have lost ;
But these are few. The many are not mute,
But mind exhibit on their star-lit coast :
Not made such worlds for inert matter, brute.
Philosophers are there, no doubt, and statesmen wise,
Who nations rule, and learning teach in nobler skies.

“ But let us not conclusions draw too fast :
Experiment will teach the perfect truth.
Ere then we leave of burning stars the last,
One let us search along our devious path.
Short the delay, though onward much we haste
On business weighty for our distant earth.”
Consent delighted Abdah gave, as each his eye
Far onward raised in hope, along the gemmy sky.

Still upward fast they go as two young beams
Of morn, that haste to seek the distant west.
Ahead now Habdiel, now Abdah seems ;
Now side by side their glittering wings are prest.
In playful mood now high the gilded beams
Of some new sun one seeks, but soon in haste
Returns. Thus strolled they on thro' starry heights sublime,
Their arduous way beguiling and beguiling time.

Now on them sudden falls the passing wing
Of some great planet's night, while nought is seen
Save stars that in their bending orbits sing.
Anon they're wrapt in burning clouds that thin
Around some massive sun their bright robes fling :
And now they pass entranced some moonlight scene.
In comet's mazy tail now thick-enrobed they go,
And now far distant hear the strains of plaintive woe.

Thus on, still on, with tireless, ceaseless wing,
They press their journey upward. So seamen,
That spread their canvas in the laughing spring
Of Thames, bound through th' deep for India's main,
Long plough the wave and often idly sing,
As storms arise and storms retire again:—
Still on they hold their way, by winds nor waves deterred,
Still steering firm their bark where first their bark was steer'd.

So moved the angel-heralds through great space.
A world appears at length whose destiny
They will to scan. Each hastens to the place,
And both now stand on one bleak summit high.
Not long their joy. With melancholy face
Amazed they gaze on all both far and nigh.
Smoky the air, the sulphurous clouds in anger drest,
While vale and mountain groaned as if by pain oppressed.

'Mid meagre grass more meagre herdlings stroll,
And birds looked sickly on the barren boughs.
In stony glens gaunt wild beasts scream and howl,
And dull and dead each lazy river flows.
The soil was gravel, sand, and ashes foul,
While on its sapless bosom lowly grows
Each stunted tree. But here and there a drooping flower,
And seldom on the withered grass a scanty shower.

Its tenant shared a harder fate. No look
 Of dignity his form possessed. He seemed,
 Like tree, by every goodly thing forsook,
 And on whose winter light had never beamed.
 A haggard face—a frame that feebly shook,
 Red, glaring eyes that from deep sockets gleamed.—
 Thin, bloodless lips that scarce their livid teeth secured ;
 A murky skin, that wrathful fates had long indured.

In reason weak, in passion strong and wild,
 He moved a curse 'mid bitter curses 'round.
 Not offspring of the Throne he seemed, but child
 Of Furies strong with starving Hunger joined,
 That on some stormy day, in open field,
 'Mid barren rocks, Malignity had found.
 Looked Habdiel amazed, and thus brave Abdah spake,
 Whose soul deep stirred within its musings thus did break.

“ Ah me ! what paradise is earth compared
 With this cursed orb ! What angels the red men
 Whom savage we have called, and who have shared
 So long Andalia's land in meadow, glen !
 Sure God, nor Angels, Fates have ever cared
 For this lost world—so waste it doth remain !
 Fixed on the frozen pole of Love's revolving wheel,
 The bounding joy of spring it never seems to feel.

"Sad the mistake we've made, good Habdiel:
 How little thought we things would turn out so!
 This world but seems the vestibule of hell,
 Such raging sin, such wide-spread terror, woe.
 Yet much I wish some messenger to tell,
 Why God in wrath such vengeance here doth show.
 Better 'twould be to blot from Nature's numerous list
 This orb—sure, in its present state 'twould not be missed."

Scarce had the words his folding lips passed by,
 When on the mount an angel-band appeared,
 With helmet, bow and shield, each armored high.
 Brave Abdah first, next Habd'el wildly stared,
 As on in rapid step they drew them nigh.
 Long used to war, still inwardly they feared
 At sight so strange. Short the alarm; as upward, bright,
 O'er helmet, spear, Heaven's pennant waves in golden light.

Advancing near, the chieftain thus. "We come,
 Kind strangers, not as foes but loving friends.
 To us the Maker has assigned as home
 This world, all else possessed by wrathful fiends.
 'Mid its wide ruins as ye see we roam,
 Guarding with shield and spear its barren plains.
 Not grateful is the task; but he who wisely fills
 His post e'en here, may stand approved on better hills.

“ But whence are ye? Direct from Heaven? Or star,
 That fills our midnight vault with distant joy?
 Fatigued ye seem—perchance have come from far?
 Other regions may your seraph-hands employ?
 And why have ye come? Why linger here
 Where sin and wretchedness all good destroy?
 Bright worlds around there are more blissful to the eye;
 These passed, why have ye sought this land of misery?”

Habdiel. “ Noble Chief of noble band ;
 Glad are our hearts to see you on this mount.
 Not from Heaven we’ve come. A distant land
 Is ours ; and to tell the vast, vast amount
 Of leagues we’ve passed, would occupy the sand
 That half this planet fills : we did not count.
 Earth is the name our province bears—perchance you’ll find
 It on the map of space : Orion ’tis behind.

“ Heaven we seek, and on a mission high.
 Yet, as we traced these starry roads so bright,
 Resolved we to approach some planet nigh,
 And ’mid its green to linger with delight.
 This brought us here : but never has our eye
 Beheld before such ugly, dreadful sight.
 Good Brother, why—by all in Heaven we ask the cause—
 Why such subversion here of our Creator’s laws ?”

To whom the Chief. " Ah, long would be the tale,
If all I should attempt relate. But brief
I'll give the sum. Not with its gloomy trail
Of ills was this world made. Affliction, grief,
No entrance had at first nor dirgeful wail :
Amid the sons of morn it was a chief.

Bright green the mountains clothed ; the valleys all were
spring ;
Happy the strolling beasts ; and joyous birds did sing.

" The air was balm, and on the verdant grass
Fell soft and rich the plenteous rain of heaven.
Its tenant blessed filled well his honored place
Devoid of crime, and by no judgment riven.
In evil hour, sin came—that word, alas !
To all, what untold depths of woe it 's given !
Sin came—Ah, gloomy as the pit its natal day,
Whose swaddling bands were clouds that never pass away !

" From that dark date till now, Heaven's distant cloud
Hath not here sent of love one pleasing ray.
Black is the Throne, and far its thunders loud
Peal on the ear of guilt with sad dismay.
Meantime the land, the sea, the air, a crowd
Of direful ills send forth both night and day.
Undone and lost, this once almost angelic race
Of former greatness now, exhibit not one trace."

Abdah responds. "The cause of sin relate,
Good Brother. Was it from hard temptation
Well laid, and pressed by subtle foe too great
For this weak race ; or, inward inclination ?
From other place did come the woful fate ;
Or did some erring hand here bring it on ?
Weak is reason joined to sense ; weaker when assailed ;
More pitied then is he, who has when tempted failed."

The Chief. "None brought the curse from other sphere ;
Indigenous it rose from this lost ground.
That all his love and sovereignty might share,
God placed this happy race 'neath easy bound
Of law. All he required in love to bear
The yielding labors of the field, profound
Their homage for his name. Base gain new-born enticed,
As they with willing hand rebellion's flag did hoist.

"'Twas done, when round yon burning orb this world
Had twice twelve thousand years in peace fulfilled.
Lived still the father of the race, and curled
Around his neck the pristine lock unkilld
By time, that beauteous there had first been furled.
He with his num'rous sons the land yet tilled ;
But like a burning flame that from some stable small
Begins, yet sweeps the town, away sin bore them all.

“ Ah me ! at thought of change so great my heart
 E'en now is made to break. Bright was the day
 Beyond, but since all dark. Then fell the dart
 That unremoved has turned our planet gray ;
 Piercing the soil, and through its inmost heart
 Wild vengeance spreading on its unseen way.

This tomb of love, this sepulchre of joys now gone,
 'Tis ours to guard with many a deep and solemn groan.”

Abdah—“ What ! No redemption made for these !
 Not so it is with us. The race we guard
 Fell too ; fell in the father ; not in days
 Of his posterity. But Mercy shared
 With them the curse, and on her shoulder stays
 The burden of the wrath they justly feared.

Heaven's Love incarnate took their nature, place,
 And by His blood restored them to his Father's face.”

The Chief, “ Redemption ? We have faintly heard
 The distant sound. Once briefly tarried here
 A stranger kind, who told us of that word.
 At news so wonderful we all did stare,
 For such a thought to us had ne'er occurred.

He said, that on some spot remote and far,
 God had a victim found for sin ; he named the place ;
 But we have since forgot. Strangers, did ye see that grace ?”

Habdiel thus. "Yes, we have seen and known
Its wonders ; not in ourselves but in the race
We guard. Matchless the love that God has shown
To men. Oft too we've asked, if other place
Such love had ever shared ; or, if alone
Of all, earth singly had received such grace ?
Not answer full to this we here receive—but oh !
How blest is earth and man to this abode of woe !"

No reply now made the Chief, but sternly gazed
To point that suddenly his care required.
Anon his armor, white wings upward blazed,
As he from Abdah, Habdiel retired.
Follow his warriors swift all high amazed
At what they saw—each face with glory fired.
Their upward way perplexed earth's heralds now renew,
O'erwhelmed with deepest awe as from the mount they flew.

So, when wild storms the sea-tost mariner
Have forced to seek in haste some rocky isle—
Its port he briefly holds, delaying there
But while the warring elements their toil
Expend—but who, when once the heavens are clear,
His canvas spreads again, and to the soil
Of other land directs his anxious way. So fled
With short delay from this lost world, earth's envoys glad.

Long their journey. New suns and worlds they passed,
Still others seeing far ahead. It seemed
As if their toil had just begun, such waste
Of boundless spheres before them freshly gleamed.
Yet, on their upward way they hold in haste,
Nor once of time or leagueless distance dreamed.
So he who on his faithful heart his Country bears,
Loves her abroad ; nor care, nor threat'ning danger fears.

Silence at length good Habdiel breaks, who thus
His thoughts express. "Sure, Abdah, in the void
Immense of space, as lately left by us,
No other orb is seen. Perchance o'erjoyed
With charm that from this worlded wilderness
Regales our buoyant hearts, God wise employed
That lone dark spot of else his perfect workmanship,
In us the gaudy plumes of too high hope to clip.

"More wise, let us some other world survey,
Whose soil wide blest and happy multitude,
From our sad hearts may smiling chase away
The gloom, that contact brief with one so rude
Has deep produced. Not always weeping stay
'Mid ashes of the tomb, who mourn the dead ;
But place their eye once more, where life all active brings
Sweet solace to the heart, that bleeds 'neath sorrow's stings."

Consent brave Abdah gives, as soon agree
 Their minds on which to light. It was not far,
 And in its soft and gem-like brilliancy,
 'Mid lovely all appeared the loveliest star.
 It seemed like summer isle on evening sea
 As they approached, whose feet calm waters clear
 Refresh, and o'er whose shoulders far green forests rise,
 Gemmed with the golden beams of more than Orient skies.

Calm on its bosom rests with gentle slope
 A hill of matted grass. Above, its brow
 Is hid in shade of evergreens, that drop
 Their manly branches round, far out that grow.
 Beneath, a purling stream, whose sunny top
 Is lade with smiles. Around, the wild-vines throw
 Their tangled curls involved, decked with the lily, rose,
 As 'mid their fragrant beds fat sheep and oxen browse.

Here lighted Abdah and his noble friend,
 Resolved, 'neath shady boughs of arching trees,
 Short hours from toil with rich delight to spend.
 Nought seen by them the eye that did not please :
 Lovely the fruitful soil ; nor did there blend
 With richer mould, loose gravel, rocky ways,
 Or spots of barrenness, that to kind culture send
 Unsought returns, and which no fostering care can mend.

Youthful the trunk of each majestic tree ;
Nor had a worm or bird its bark pierced through,
Nor could the closest eye a leaflet see,
That death had felt upon its verdant bough.
Erect, all beautiful, from blemish free,
It raised in pride its head o'er all below.

High 'mid its branches perch gay birds of golden wing,
Whose notes euphonic peal the joys of endless spring.

Reptiles here seen. But these, like diamonds strung,
Innoxious, playful, and of various hue,
From branch to branch like idle children hung,
Attract with new delight th' enchanted view.
No fatal poison here the friendly tongue
Of scorpion, asp, or playful viper knew.

Stings not the wasp, the bee ; nor doth the lion roar,
Nor feels the timid lamb the wolf or tiger's power.

Brothers all seemed, as o'er each valley, hill,
They sportive pass in happy mood. Hunger
They knew not keen, nor madly sought to fill
The appetite with others' blood. Nature
For all provided kind, beneath whose will
The soil its plenty yielded without care.

Abhorrent to each taste was flesh, nor had they seen
A drop of blood, save coursing free in its own vein.

On every side the land in gardens lay,
Parted by lowly hedge. Sweet rivulets
These irrigate, and 'mid their green-beds play.
From apple, peach, and pear, the luscious fruits
Depend, as on the ground, 'mid vines that stray
The trees among, half hid the melon sits.
Rice, wheat, and barley, corn of every grain are here,
Past crop producing crop untilled from year to year.

Scattered o'er hill and dale bright villas shone
Through clumps of distant trees. No paint on these ;
The native wood had glory all its own.
Nor rose there pile on pile, as traveller sees
On earth, the burdened proof of many a groan.
All wore an air of innocence and ease.
Kind toil on boughs that pliant to the hand did yield,
Was all required ; no tears here stained the tented shield.

Cities not here, or noisy trade—those homes
Of vice, where sin in its malignant guise
Skulks in the narrow lane, or secret roams
Beneath the silver moon or starry skies,
Virtue to slay, and round its altar tombs
Erect of slaughtered hearts. Great nature lies
On this blest orb all free, her hidden mould unwrought
To prison walls, her oar with no disaster fraught.

Nor did the massive ship here claim the sea,
And bear from land to land the luxuries
Of other climes. All blessings richly lay
Around all doors, sating, ere yet they rise,
Nascent desires with home's variety.
Blest in the fulness that around him lies,
Ne'er turns the farmer to some foreign land his eye,
Products to seek that his own fertile lands deny.

Bright lakes with verdant banks of living green,
Whose brows were crowned with trees, and round whose
edge
Gay blossoms rise, was all the ocean-scene
This planet knew. No rocks of towering ledge
With thundering waves high-tossed here shook the plain;
No cat'ract's roar, no bellowing torrent's rage.
Fair hills with verdant vales and beauteous lakes between,
Oft veined with silv'ry streams, made up the rural scene.

Frost, ice, were strangers here, and burning heat;
No frozen, no meridian zone. Sweet spring
O'er all prevailed, and in her fulness sat,
Queen of the rolling year. No months here bring
Decay or change. All things continue what
They were at first—endless, ever-blooming spring.
Gay flowers here smile the year thro'out, and fruits abound,
Nor leave rich harvests wide the ever-yielding ground.

Admiring gazed earth's envoys long and far.
Brave Abdah thus: "Sure Habdiel, this land
The curse of sin knows not, or pressing care.
Like paradise of earth, when young did stand
In innocence and love the early pair
Of human kind, throughout it seems. A land
Fit home for gods, where doubtless happy beings dwell,
Whose noble form retains its blest original.

"Burns deep my heart with strong anxiety
Their persons to behold—the friendly hand
To take—and words of passing charity
To speak. The history of this happy land
I fain would turn, and deep admiring see
On its pure page, of love the unbroken band
That kept them from apostasy. Was it their deed?
Or, did some hand unseen protect the faithful seed?"

Heard soon his prayer, as round them greeting stand,
The guardian heralds of this sinless sphere.
Unarmed were these with sword or shield, whose hand
A simple wand possessed, whose forehead fair
Was wreathed with tender boughs, their leaflets fanned
By gentle winds. From shoulder down each wore
A summer dress, inwrought the threads with beams of light;
Naked their feet, that diamond seemed to others' sight.

In ashen folds long hair their necks adorn,
Each cheek a gem, each forehead high a throne.
Radiant the peaceful eye, that like the morn
Through dews of tender love on all things shone.
Not on the pearly lip sat kindling scorn,
But charity supreme; whose uttered tone
More balmy falls on each delighted heart and ear,
Than from the cheek of night on lip of rose the tear.

For all their Chieftain spoke: "Whence are ye, friends,
And why 'mid forest-trees ye linger thus?
Good all things here, but best the race that tends
This happy land. If so ye will, let us
To them your way direct. Yonder, where wends
A path o'er flowery hill and vale of grass,
The way is short to fane, where at the middle noon
Convene the happy tribes, when morning's toil is done."

Habdiel thus: "Joyful we receive thy grace,
Brave Chief. On distant sphere we live, and here
Have come, brief knowledge of this untrod place
To gain. To Heaven we go on mission, where
Petitions bear we to our Sovereign's face.
Short moments since we turned to near a star,
Kind greetings to exchange—but found, alas! such sight,
As may kind Heaven forbid should elsewhere see the light.

“Revived beyond all thought we rest us here,
And look entranced from hill to distant hill.
State of your guarded trust we hence infer
Most blest. So speak the vernal joys that fill
This ceaseless spring—so speaks all absent fear.
Beyond howe'er deduction strong, we still
Desire the happy face of those thus blest to see ;
The friendly hand to take and hold in charity.”

He ceased ; as clearer than an angel's note
A sound came rolling on from hill to dale.
Six others soon, that like deep love did float
Upon the fragrant breeze. It was the Hail
Of worshippers, that now from crier's throat,
Loud called the sainted family to kneel
In noonday's temple ; for here, the sun was chronicler,
And called at early morn, at noon, at eve, to prayer.

Ahead the Chief proceeds and smiling bade
The rest t' follow. Arrived, they nearly stand
At temple-gate. Not polished stone this made,
Or brick, or cedar-wood well carv'd by hand
Of cunning workmen. Gems, nor diamonds laid
In gold, nor silver vases bright here stand.
A woodland frame it was, once reared that always stood :
Revered retreat for worshippers who all were good.

Its pillars firm of living oak, whose roots
Far downward grow; whose massive boughs wide spread
Great arch do form by time that never rots.
Twisted and joined in various shape, o'erhead
A canopy was drawn of leafy shoots.
From trunk to friendly trunk on either side,
Crossed and recrossed by hand of ardent piety,
Grew flowering vines of every sought variety.

Around, a cedar grove with myrtle mixed,
Whose arms inlocked, wide shelter made beyond
The inner shrine. With hand in hand close fixed,
Here stroll in converse sweet o'er saintly ground,
The happy multitudes, that unperplexed
By care, frequent this holy place. One bond
These hold in brotherhood, as strewed 'neath arching bower,
On woodland seat they kindly spend sweet friendship's hour.

Here stood, to guard the temple's purity,
The warriors of the Chief. He, Habdiel
And Abdah led within. Lived piety
On ev'ry brow, and each did inward feel
The reverence of the place. None paused to see
With vagrant eye (as oft on earth who kneel
In house of God) the new arrived. With worship fired
Each poured his full heart out to Him whom all adored.

No sin was here confessed, for none did know
Its killing weight. Nor did the groaning heart,
Self-conscious of its pain and inward woe,
Cling to some altar stained in every part
With blood. Straight on did each petition go,
As prayer of child, who in his simple art,
Hangs on his father's knee, asking unchecked the boon,
That well he knows parental love will yield him soon.

Chief praise their tongues employed. God they adored
In all his works. Him praised from ivy low
And virgin rose, to mighty stars that floored
The firmament. Of streams they sang that flow
'Twixt verdant banks; of light that widely poured
Its beams upon the grass; of beasts that low
At morn, at eve; of fruits, and fields of golden grain;
Of easy toil by day, and love's eternal reign.

In centre sat, by all around revered,
The Sire and Head of this unfallen race.
Created first and by fond woman cheered,
Oft had he joyed, as 'neath his blessing face,
Some new descendant of his blood unteared,
Would take beside him young his happy place.
Child from his child was born, great centuries between,
That now before him sat in one unbroken line.

Still raven his full lock and fresh the rose
That bloomed upon his cheek. Not bent his frame,
But tall, erect, as verdant palm that throws
Its head of green high up in heaven. Of flame
His eye, that practised long, with wisdom glows
And rich experience. Throughout the same
He was, as when Omnipotence with plastic hand
Adorned each noble limb, and bade him upward stand.

She, too, his spouse, beside him sat, as when
Upon her fragrant lip first fell the kiss
Of early love. Still beamed her cheek and shone
Her eye with youth, as when in nuptial bliss
To him she seemed of loveliness the throne.
Warm still her heart, whose ardent happiness
Diffused o'er all its joy, yet centered most on him
Whom first she loved, through ages long still loved the same.

Their worship closed, around earth's envoys come
The smiling multitudes. For all their Sire
Thus spake: "From neighborhood, or distant home,
From other orb, or Heaven's eternal fire—
Whence e'er ye come, or by what chance or doom,
Accept, kind friends, our love and pure desire
For your felicity. Not blest perchance as some,
Yet none more willing yield to passing stranger home.

" Open to you are these our ardent hearts,
 Open the soil rich-fruited all around ;
 As free the light, the dew, and stream that parts
 The golden grain : yours, too, this holy ground.
 Approach the cottage-gate ; survey the arts
 Of peaceful husbandry : partake, when found,
 Of all that appetite desires. To you as us,
 While here, shall be one lot. We all receive you thus."

Habdiel replies : " High-charmed before were we,
 Great Sire revered, as through your happy sphere,
 On hill and smiling dale our eye did see
 Your blest elysium all. Sure, Heaven is here,
 Where Goodness lives in such variety.
 Deep touched by all we were ; but nothing, Sire,
 Has so our spirit moved as this thy friendly tongue.
 Kind Heaven its owner bless and smile on old and young.

" From earth remote we're come, that with its moon
 Revolves around a central sun. Not blest
 As yours the orb we guard, whose sunny noon
 Oft looks on hearts by heavy care oppressed.
 Dewed at its early dawn, with love, ah ! soon
 Its bliss it lost, that to its anguished breast,
 As bird alarmed, had ne'er returned ; but for One Hand,
 Far reaching that restored it to its native land.

“Man sinned, for such the name of those who till
Our distant sphere. Blest he as thou, and these
Thy happy sons, who, like young cedars fill,
Unshorn of leaf and limb, thy paradise—
Blest thus, and high endowed, with freedom, will,
In evil hour man sinned, as on the breeze
Fast went his crime to taint in ev'ry part his sphere,
And make him, happy lord before, chained prisoner there.

“Of adamant the chain, and ne'er unbound,
Had not Incarnate Love its heart of grace
Cast on God's altar hot, when else was found
No victim to atone. Thus saved the race,
High Heaven once more its love in depths profound
Back sends to earth, the lost in its embrace
To congregate, and make of rebels sons to God.
Thus wonderful the grace to man confirmed by blood!

“Mixed thus with good and ill, like spreading tree
Whose branches yield discordant fruit, as now
Is plucked full life, and now fatality—
Mixed thus the moral globe, beneath whose bow
Of love, we yield far hence our ministry.
Oft has the tear these cheeks bedewed, that low
Did fall for human woe—as oft, the beaming smile
Has gemmed that tear with light, contending each the while.”

To him the father of the race : “ All new
To us what ye relate. Of sin indeed
We heard, when Satan with his fallen crew,
By roused Omnipotence, its wrath all freed,
Far down was cast, from where all vile he drew
His sword against the Lord. As on he made
His downward way, our stellar pole deep-moved did shake,
And short we feared the reeling universe would break.

“ Not since we've heard his fate, or learned if aught
Of injury has come to other sphere
Through him. Radiant with joy, our happier thought
The universe surveyed in hope, that where
Bright worlds revolve, and God has life or thought
Bestowed, full peace and happiness were there.
Undimmed ourselves and globe by shade of passing ill,
Perfection, peace, we hoped, all other worlds did fill.”

Habdiel : “ Where else his fell malignity
Has wrought, we augur not. Earth he has cursed
With doom, that tears and groaning misery
Through ages long contending, cannot burst.
Pressed on its heart of rock like destiny,
Remain his foot-prints fixed, whose impress durst
No human arm efface. Nor sated yet his wrath ;
The race he still pursues through deep and winding path.

“Him to resist our hosts of warriors bright
 Contend. Oft have we met him on the plain,
 Oft tried his subtle strength, when wrapped in night,
 He sought by craft his ramparts to maintain.
 Nor ceases yet the strife, but in its might
 All earth excites with care, contention, pain.

Ah! oft these hands have striv'n his brazen shield to rend,
 To strike his plumage low, himself far down to send.”

The sire: “All this excites our sympathy.
 But ye have not explained what most awakes
 Our hearts to know—Incarnate Deity,
 And sacrifice for sin. Such language makes
 Our thoughts rebound; yet clear and perfectly
 The truth we do not comprehend. Dim streaks
 Of light we see, but not the perfect day full-born
 Has cast its beams on us, of all its darkness shorn.”

Habdiel thus: “Created God, all-wise,
 Of human kind, one pair: tall man as thou,
 And woman meek as she who in thy eyes,
 Long centuries elapsed, is perfect now.
 These blest he placed in fruitful paradise,
 Of all exacting from their hand one vow—
 ‘Eat not the tree that Heaven all-wise forbids to taste;
 The rest is yours, for morning meal or late repast.’

“The tempter came, and o’er soft woman cast
His subtle snare. Him she obeyed, unknown
The ills that her and all would curse at last.
Destroyed herself, her heart no more the throne
Of gentle love, she plucks and brings in haste
To him, of all the fed’ral head. Alone
To stand he chose not firm, but from her hand the bait
Assumed, that earth ingulfed and them in one dark fate.

“Heaven wept, that he so lately cast without,
Should thus his vengeance wreak against the Lord.
'Twas then the Son engaged by blood to rout
The foe, and reinstate in way unheard
Before, whom he destroyed. Regarded not
His high estate, he pledged his taken word,
Man’s nature to assume and guilt, and thus atone
The crime, that else had reigned eternal and alone.”

Wonder high-wrought each auditor now fills,
Deep-moved before of this great mystery
The whole to learn. But now behind the hills
Of mellow eve the cloudless sun his ray
Was balming in the dew, that here distils
All fragrantly. Kind greetings past, with day
Descending fled earth’s envoys high on happy wing,
Heaven’s pure gate to seek, and throned its mighty King.



BOOK III.

THE ARRIVAL.

IN centre of the universe of worlds
Is Palace of their King. Its basis made
Of adamant and richly decked with pearls,
Extends immeasurably deep. Each grade
Of worlded systems round this steadfast whirls,
In orbit vast, by gravitation stayed.
Involved the circles these joined provinces fulfil,
Yet ne'er divergent one from God's controlling will.

Each moon its world, each world its parent sun
Accompanying, thus journeys onward.
And when, through ages long, this orbit run,
And each the place regains whence first was heard
The motion of its wheels, that rapid on
Through space career, as o'er the sea some bird—
Then rises new from worn-out years an age of gold,
As Spring all verdant smiles when Winter has grown old.

More dense ten thousand times than densest ore,
Is fixed on God's unchanged decree, the rock
That forms resplendent all the massive floor
Of Deity's abode. To creature's look
Immense ; whose size no eye can wander o'er.
Its date unknown is written in the book
Of God's eternity obscure. Its shape four-square ;
Its sides abrupt, down which who falls is rent with fear.

Beneath, the bottomless abyss of Hell,
Upon whose prison stands in adamant
The Throne of God : and they who wretched dwell
Within its fires, are thither hurled down slant
Tremendous of the base of Heaven. There fell
Apolyon first and his, who in this haunt
Of darkness rage in chains, and strive in vain to break
The bonds, that their own hands offending strong did make.

And there each spirit that is distant brought
From sinning planet off in boundless space—
Who hath of wicked deeds repented not,
Or, hath in pride despised when offered grace—
There is he cast, and by strong furies caught,
Is lashed and torn throughout this dismal place.
No tear of mercy now his ingrate soul bedews,
Nor, faint in absent skies, one star of hope he views.

The face of this eternal adamant
 Is all of gold, in rich mosaic set
 Of costly pearls. A silver wall the slant
 Precipitous defends, lest by some fate
 Or heedless step, the unsuspecting saint
 That ventures nigh, might loose his ill-poised weight,
 And thus, like child, that on the edge of precipice
 Doth stand, descend, ere love could 'gain replace.

On central part, high-raised of diamond all,
 Is Temple spotless of the Holy One.
 Not brightest light, that on the eye doth fall
 From high meridian of some stellar sun,
 Such burning rays afford, as here appall
 The vision from these tow'ring walls. The Throne
 Within, upon whose glory looks no untaught eye,
 So pure its uncreated beams of majesty.

Innumerable the gates that inward lead
 Through temple-walls to presence of the King.
 High-arched these shine of various pearl well-made.
 The topaz' yellow ray, and azure ring
 Of sapphirus, the emerald green, and shade
 Of sardonyx, that red and white doth wing ;
 The amethyst of vi'let hue, the jasper's ray
 Of purple, green, and blue ; combine in mingling day.

'Twixt outer and the central wall is space
 Immense. Here in their high felicity
 Abide, who entrance hither find by grace,
 Or tested full by their integrity.
 All these in garments long of righteousness
 Their mansions high enjoy and minstrelsy,
 'Twixt wall and wall, where oft 'neath arching shade composed,
 Or at some silver font they meet with hearts unclosed.

Here flows 'twixt golden banks in crystal tide
 The River pure of Life, whose pearling streams
 Divergent roll in joy on either side.
 Along its banks the Tree, whose greenness teems
 With vital fruit, that from strong branches wide
 Hang low—sweet food for those who in the beams
 Of this high glory dwell. Round ev'ry door the tide,
 And o'er each mansion spread the verdant boughs in pride.

On centre of the inner shrine, unpierced
 By creature-eye or creature-hand profane—
 Where vent'ring bold no high Archangel durst
 Intrude; and where e'en worship doth remain
 When purest awed—is throne of God, immersed
 In light and majesty, that not the strain
 Of highest Seraph can describe. At distance fall
 The worshippers within, whene'er on Him they call.

Free access here but one enjoys, the Son.
He only in the Father dwells, and stands
Unawed, where high and pure his templed throne
Abides in holiness. With priestly hands
This shrine he enters oft, and there alone
Presents the prayers that far from distant lands
Ascend. E'er blest, for whom He here doth intercede,
Since always hears the King for whom the Son doth plead.

In front, his Mediate Throne of pearly ray ;
Its base of gold, its steps of diamond made.
Beneath, a fountain pure as sunniest day
Shoots forth, of Life's pure tide the head,
That sparkling on in bright and gemmy play,
Supplies the stream without, and makes it glad.
On front the throne, in bright and pearly tablet set,
Sweet Mercy hath her name, with Truth and Justice met.

Above, high-arched a bow of various hues
Surrounds the throne. On this, high hung at right,
The wand of love, that sovereign grace employs
To heal the broken heart. On left, and bright,
The double blade that Justice stern doth use,
When grace it would defend and injured right.
Beneath this bow of love, 'twixt Justice, Mercy throned,
Exalted sits the Son with glory, honor crowned.

His face like furnace shines, his eyes like stars,
His lips bright portals of the Deity.

Around his waist a glorious robe he wears

Adorned with gems, his high Divinity.

Like forkéd lightnings part behind his hairs,

And on his bosom drawn fair Charity.

With Mercy's sandals soft his diamond feet are shod,

While at them lie composed the thunders of a God.

Now near this Holy Place, on wearied wing
Pressed upward still earth's envoys in their way.

So seamen on the briny wave, that fling

Behind them long dull leagues, all ardently

Pursue the port that to their toil may bring

Release. From nodding mast high o'er the sea,

The radiant eye long-fixed surveys the distance far,

While throbs deep-moved the heart with longings to be there.

Nor longed in vain. First seen the rising smoke

Of Hell, that like dark clouds far distant lay

In gloomy firmament. So, early woke,

The Patriarch saw o'er Sodom with dismay

The sulphur fumes high-raised, that like a cloak

Encompassed with its shroud the cheek of day.

This awful gloom by sudden turn far eastward made

They wise avoid ; and up the steep of heaven proceed.

Far o'er the outer wall kind eyes survey
 Their toil, as downward fly swift Seraphim,
 If needed help to yield them on their way,
 Or if of buoyant strength, them blest to claim
 As friends, and welcome to the Courts of day.
 Soon met, with joy on wing to wing they come
 All happily. Nor mutely come, but with loud song
 God's Capitol salute, that rises high and long.

“Hail Palace of our God! Hail happy walls!
 Hail gates of blessedness! Hail tree of life!
 Hail happy stream whose water rolls
 Beside the throne of God—City without strife;
 Thou blest abode of pure and sinless souls—
 Thou dwelling-place of God and endless life—
 Thou Beauty of the universe—thou happy Bride
 Of Deity—we joy thy walls to stand beside!”

O'er the silver bound they light within.
 Around them congregate the Seraphim.
 Most recognize, though long abroad had been
 Their absence. 'Twas when earth's natal hymn
 Was early sung, they left the heavenly scene
 To make that orb remote their trusted home.
 Their warriors bold, that ceaseless on the godly wait,
 Had oft the space repassed; but not their chieftains great.

Ardent the greetings passed, for they now seemed
Like veteran heroes from the field of Mars,
Who long with foes had battled hard, as gleamed
The sword, the spear, and high the standard-stars.
With deep anxiety now outward beamed
The face of each, as all for wounds and scars
Their persons close surveyed, to see if hateful foe,
By dart or sword, had left half-healed some secret blow.

The first rejoicings o'er, kind Hallan thus :
" To see you here, brave servants of the Lord,
Is joy intense, be sure, to each of us.
Our hearts we open free with one accord
And welcome late-returned from distant place,
Who long our common foes with shield and sword
Have strong opposed. High chiefs of Great Messiah's cause,
Long have ye stood on earth the champions of our laws.

" More hard than ours your well-confided trust,
Who with the Chief of Hell and his strong bands,
Have day and night unshrinking at your post
Of danger stood, and by your faithful hands
And prudent skill, repelled the subtle host
That truth and God oppose in distant lands.
Well ye deserve the thanks which Heaven approving gives,
Well have ye earned the wreath that now upon you lives.

“ Yet not is this the time your deeds to crown
With honors full. Hard labors of the way,
That long ascending ye have patient borne,
Demand repose. Not best attentions stay,
On hearts by toil and irksome journeys worn.
These greeting wise deferred to other day,
Your wearied limbs meantime refresh, where rising near
The mansion stands that I amid the many share.”

Consent each cheerful gave, and onward went
To Hallan's, whom of old as friend they knew.
Beside the silver wall it stood and sent
High up its turrets bright. Of gold all new
Its walls and floor, its arching firmament
Of brilliant gems high-set, that to the view
A canopy of stars revealed. On couch of gold
Reclined, to balmy rest their limbs they here unfold.

Meantime with cup and pearly plate, to tree
Of life kind Hallan went, and to its stream,
Where fruit of various kind all fragrantly
He plucked, and drink prepared of crystal beam.
These placed on golden board all beautifully,
Beside he sat to wait their waking dream.
Short their repose, whose new-balmed limbs in joy revive,
As to the kind repast their frugal lips they give.

Upraised, their thanks in glowing gratitude,
 They thus express: "We bless thee, God of all,
 Fountain of life, Bestower of all good,
 Whose opened hand, wide-spread o'er great and small,
 Provides thy creatures numberless with food.

Thine is the Tree of Life, thine the streams that roll
 These golden pavements o'er. Thy name revered we bless,
 And in thy Son thy grace adore all fathomless."

Scarce said, when at the pearly door appeared,
 Sent from the father of the human race,
 Great Adam,—here by all redeemed revered—
 A chosen few, to ask the special grace
 Of visit to his house, that upward reared

Its dome, where 'neath o'er-spreading boughs, its face
 Life's river hides. Abraham, Moses, Paul, there were;
 Whose presence known, the late arrived did deeply stir.

Israel's father thus: "Great Chieftains, hail,
 Who high on earth, our native soil, have been
 Prime ministers of God, since first its sail
 Time wide unfurled. Wise have ye ruled o'er men,
 Whose deeds of wickedness in misty trail
 Have oft your prudent work opposed and reign.

Unmoved your purpose fixed, still have ye watched with care
 And nursed with gentle hand each bud of promise there.

“ All kind your toil, yet unperceived by those
For whom ye minister. Their fleshly mind
Deep weighed by matter dull and things that close
Their vision to your work, can seldom find,
In ways of providence and grace, what flows
To them of good, by your strong hands combined.
Yet not perpetual stays upon the eye of faith
This mist—but, like departing night, escapes at death.

“ Then see as we, the souls from sin redeemed,
What thanks, through God, they owe your ministry.
Thus toils through tardy years the hand full-beamed
With hope, that in their frail minority,
Young children guards. Unpaid and often streamed
In tears, it sows in deep anxiety
The seed, whose harvest time shall ripen into fruit,
That late life's evening calms with joys departing not.

“ Such is your toil o'er dark faith's infancy.
Its high reward is here, where lost the veil
Of dull mortality, with clear and grateful eye,
The children of your care perceive in full
The debt they owe. Then seize they ardently
The hand, that o'er their earthly life all frail,
Was oft outspread against some fatal ill unseen,
Or brought to their deserted lips the food of men.

“But I digress. Beneath yon shade reclined
 Adam, our honored sire, now anxious waits
 Our ministry. By deep concern inclined,
 Us hath he sent to hail you at the gates
 Of Heaven, and urgent ask, if so your mind,
 His mansion to attend. Earth’s changing fates
 And history, that wide his work through ages long
 Evolve, his heart with deep emotions fill yet strong.”

Consent they gave, and on from stream to stream
 Of Life’s fair tide, and round its verdant tree
 All rich in fruit, to Adam’s went. Not dream
 Of paradise below, and minstrelsy
 Of joy converted soon to sighs, now beam
 Around him vain. Beside, all beauteously
 His Eve, and Abel blest, whose faith and virtuous deeds
 Now shine matured in land, uncursed by sterile weeds.

Earth’s parent thus: “High Guardians of the race,
 That from my mortal blood vast countries fill,
 And who, from this right hand, that still the trace
 Of fatal act deep bears, have gained of ill,
 What tears and groans, and Heaven’s descending grace
 Have not removed—your sight awakes a thrill
 In this deep bosom moved, that not combining all
 The splendors of this place can blessing now recall.

“ True, on my crime rolled pure from yonder throne
A crystal tide, that where it reaches heals.
Yet in that crime, whose inward sting and groan
In me have long since ceased, this bosom feels
A life, that through long centuries alone
Relieves in those, whose earth-born fate it seals:
Still moves in this warm heart the blood dispersed afar,
That in each limb of earth first caught contagion here.

“ Not joined to me, as to that Holy Seed,
Who stooping far the nature raised, by me
Transmitted lost, are now God’s elect freed
From fatal curse ; yet deep and anxiously
A parent’s love I feel, that with each need
And rising joy condoles all tenderly.
Each soul redeemed by grace, that here arrives in bliss,
No warmer heart doth find, than strong-embracing this.

“ Late come from land thus living in my heart,
Perchance, some news ye bring, that may delight
Afford, or, if ill tidings all, impart
A tearful sympathy. With day and night
Close joined, earth struggles long in busy mart
Where more that wealth is sold. Nor know we right
Before, what picture brings each messenger that comes
From that oft changing land of strong contending dooms.”

Habdiel thus : “ Adam, by all revered,
Of human life the spring, and root of Him
By blood, who has thy fatal work repaired—
Due honor to thy state and lasting fame ;
Whose faith as early fall had all men shared,
Not from the list of life had passed one name
Of all thy num’rous sons. Redeemed as righteous thou,
These mansions had they filled all blest around thee now.

“ But such is vile men’s deep apostasy,
That while thy crime they rashly imitate,
The path thy feet that led all righteously
Above, but few perceive. Mad on their fate
God’s law they proudly scorn, till wretchedly
They meet the bolt that with tremendous weight
Strong Justice hurls. Thus calmly moves the stream self-
blest,
Till o’er the cat’ract dashed, loud thunders fill its breast.

“ Yet not such fatal course do all pursue.
Some, touched by grace that from its fountain flows
Unbought, their state perceive, and in the view
Themselves abhor undone, as warmly goes
Their faith to him, the Great Messiah true,
And on his mercy hangs to heal their woes.
These pass from age to age to this high Palace blest,
Where ’neath the Tree of Life they share unending rest.

“ What numbers thus from various nations called
Enjoy this grace, 'tis yours to compute.
And glad are our warm hearts, so oft appalled,
With cares below, to see the millions great,
That here like sands along the sea high-walled,
A vast assembly make, that were one state
All earth, its tenants would appear an unknown few,
Compared with vast the hosts that now encircle you.

“ Not prevalent the cause of truth below
As formerly. Idolatry, the sin
Of earth, that in the verdant South a blow
Had hard received, northward did still retain
Its hold. Like avalanche of melting snow
That from some Alpine height o'erspreads the plain,
Southward it came, by Gothic, Vandal ardor prest,
Freezing the life of faith in wide each Christian's breast.

“ Wedded to this idolatry, the Bride
Of Truth, the Church, has felt the poison steal
Deep through her heart, corrupting in its tide
Each limb, that time nor priestly hand can heal.
Extinguished thus the light, with sceptre wide
Night reigns, beneath whose dark and cruel wheel
Earth groans in tears from pole to distant pole uncheered—
'Tis this vast gloom to light our journey here we've steered.”

More had been said, but now earth's envoys deemed
The time far spent, and taking friendly leave
On passed to holy gate. O'er jewels beamed
With light that earthly eyes could not receive,
And through surrounding groups, that shining seemed
Each made of flame, they pass. Them to receive
At arching portals stand high angels of the Lord,
Who welcome give by look and by each uttered word.

Thrice lowly bowed, before the throne they stand
Their worship offering. "We praise thy name,
O Son, exalted by thy Father's hand
Like honors to enjoy and equal fame.
Worthy art thou from far each distant land,
And holy Seraphim, the purest flame
Of worship to receive. Of Deity unknown
To creatures else, thou only art the full-orbed sun.

"Ere first these pearly walls or gates arose,
Or on thy Father's will, suspended firm,
Strong pressed the adamant that downward goes
To prison Hell—ere first wide ether warm
Felt in its mighty womb the early throes
Of nascent worlds, that 'neath the hidden charm
Of Wisdom, Pow'r, leaped into life from nothingness—
E'en then unborn, unmade, thou wast all righteousness.

“Yea more—thy hand through dark the shrine
Of God’s immensity, did light the fires
That on each distant coast of space now shine.
High hung by thee revolve the mighty spheres,
That through a boundless universe combine
In awful harmony. By thee high rears
Proud Nature strong her pole—its basis fixed thy will,
Its dewy joys the beams that from thy love distil.

“Thy breath is Reason’s life that dwells within
The Seraphim, or breathed in mortal clay,
Revives to thought what else had darkly lain
Brutality. Philosophy its eye
From thee receives of flame, the mighty plan
To search revealing all a Deity.
Its author Thou, low bending at thy throne should fall
High intellect of man, and strong archangel tall.

“Yet brightest on thy crown, Immanuel,
Is Mercy’s gem, whose pure and tender ray,
Emergent from the flames that awful dwell
In thy divinity, when far astray
Falls on the sinner’s heart, as in his spell
Of crime a mother’s voice all tenderly
Upon her son. More strong that gentle beam to heal
And save, than thunders loud that crash wild peal on peal.

“ On mercy based and reared by sovereign grace,
Through ages long thy church ascends in Time.
Polished by hand unseen, each stone its place
Assumes accordant to the plan of Him,
Who from eternity the whole did trace
In his benevolence. Thus from deep shame
Comes forth, as light from chaos dark, the temple high
Of grace—its base the earth, its dome the crystal sky.

“ For this thy mighty work, and trophies gained
From Hell, that now upon the pearly face
Of Heaven high stand, as lofty mountains chained,
To some great continent—we give Thee praise.
For ministry below, where oft deep-pained
We’ve fought with enemies, or watched the ways
Of humble saints as on they journeyed slow—for all
Thy grace to them, to us, we now before Thee fall.

“ Thy love, all ages past by us enjoyed,
Sweet aug’ry gives that to the falling dew
Of Time’s descending eve, that love employed,
For us and for thy Father’s cause, anew
Will schemes originate, till are destroyed
Who now thy church and truth assault not few.
Such grace to ask deputed by our hosts we’ve come,
Seeking for saints oppressed a new and happier home.

“Thy truth below usurping priests have sold,
Thy saints have slaughtered, and thy kingdom filled
With hypocrites. These pearly walls for gold
Are titled to the base, whose hands have killed
The just, or in the ways of sin grown old.
Thus, far the earth, sad prophecies fulfilled,
From Thee has lapsed and truth. Thy heavenly warriors hope,
Past harvests lost, new lands to seed with better crop.

“From where the frozen sea sends up in clouds
Its icy mists, to where the southern cape
Cuts with its rocky arm the deep that shrouds
Its base with foam, a land of fruitful hope,
Long ages owned by savages and crowds
Of prowling beasts, outspreads its virgin lap.
This golden land the guardians of thy saints below
With tree desire to plant, whose fruit shall always grow.

“Before thy throne, and unapproached beside
The shrine, whose inner light has seen no eye
Create, we bring our cause. To us are hid
The counsels deep, that there in mystery
Of wisdom, grace, for ends remote provide.
That ark we touch not base, nor strive to see
Its records unrevealed. Who made directs at will,
Nor can a stronger arm the throne eternal fill.

" Yet dare we, on thy Father's love and thine,
 That far descends to heal each creature ill,
 Our prayer to urge. That love ne'er sought in vain
 Will cloak our fault if high ascending still
 Our way be dark, and secretly some chain
 Unknown to us of vanity doth fill
 The mind—confiding thus, we leave our work with Thee,
 Head of the fallen race where lies our ministry."

Thus praised, petitioned they. Answ'ring the King
 Replied. " Warriors, who long the doubtful strife
 Of blood have borne, and high o'er earth, in spring,
 In winter, through all time, have risked your life
 My flag to bear—sad tidings though ye bring,
 'Tis mine to pledge and grant the sought relief.
 Wise are my Father's plans to none beside made known,
 Tho' dark the clouds afar that oft surround his throne.

" For ends by him, by me approved, Hell reigns
 On earth ; yet, reigns but short : that triumph soon
 Reversed, will end in base defeat and chains.
 Heard is the prayer of faith by me, and groan
 Of every saint, who of his foes complains
 E'er upward moves, till harbored at my throne,
 It shake, vibrating fast, that sword with vengeance hung,
 And stir those sleeping bolts to spread destruction long.

“That sword, these thunderbolts I firm repress,
Lest earth and hell should bathe too soon in blood.
Yet Mercy hath her bound, and Righteousness
In time, will wake the vengeance of a God.
That day of wrath with hurried step doth press
On heel of sin, nor lingers by the road.

Ere yet on earth our foes have half their malice spent,
That fatal day will dawn in wild astonishment.

“The prayer ye bring is just, is truly wise :
That Land oppressed by me hath been redeemed,
Asylum kept for later years. Still lies
It dark, and long by pagans trod hath seemed
O'erlooked in Providence. Yet loudly cries
To me its state, on which hath never gleamed
Salvation, grace. That Land (it is my Father's will
And mine), that Land shall Truth and lasting Glory fill.

“From priestcraft freed and laws of erring men,
There shall the Conscience clear its rights review ;
Ascend re-crowned its fallen throne again,
Bowing alone to what it sees is true.
Based on its freedom gained, the Truth all plain,
Shall rear from earth its shrine to heaven's high blue—
Shall throw its portals wide unstained by bloody crime,
And glad all nations take to Freedom's happy clime.

“ High 'mid the clouds in golden sunbeams drest,
Shall peer the waving Flag of Freedom's cause,
Sweet dews of heaven bright pearly on its breast,
And at its steadfast base all righteous laws.
Beneath its folds reposing calm shall rest
Long ages through my church, unfeared the jaws
Of savage foes. Thus bulwarked in the nation's heart,
Freedom and Truth shall fear no threatening tyrant's dart.

“ Yet not the work is done, when from its tomb
Of years, ye bring to light that continent.
Faith must be found, and from its secret home
Revealed, enlighten wide earth's firmament.
Not else the power of all-controlling Rome
Ye can defeat, or from her prisons pent
The souls release, who, now beneath her iron arm,
Groan 'neath a curse, that love, nor reason's voice can charm.

“ Nor distant far the day, but now the crown
Of morning gems with purple joys. When past
Two ages short of life, that scarlet throne
An iron hand shall feel remorseless prest
Upon its trembling heart. With dismal groan
Shall shake its deep foundations, doubly fast
By crime and years. Upheaved its mass of blood and sin,
Its potent arm shall break o'er half the minds of men.

“The Instrument in time I’ll raise—the son
Of John by prudent love of Marg’ret blest.
Of Mora he, she from Neustadt won,
Eisleben the cradle, where in peace shall rest
The infant Hercules. As peers the sun,
Dark clouds dispersed, so, o’er a world oppressed,
Shall shine in his high hand the Book of life divine,
Radiant with truth and read by all each vital line.

“This light on Albion’s heart shall purely fall,
Reflecting thence to where, o’er western seas,
Calm sinks the orb of fire beneath the pall
Of night. Condensed, in heaven’s high arch, its rays
Shall wide-dispersed revive the soul of all.
Liberty beneath her head shall raise
In joy—her heart renewed by grace, her wide-spread wing,
Bedewed with silver drops from Heaven’s baptismal spring.

“Go then, and to your warriors brave relate
The will of Heaven—my Father’s fixed decree.
Go tell them joyous of the coming fate
Of that elected Land of liberty.
O’erlooked, the wise, the proud, the earthly great,
High Heaven delights to raise low poverty ;
O’er lands long famed for science, wisdom, taste, to pass,
And cast its starry shield on some hid wilderness.”

He said, as joined in bursting chorus all,
 High rose the song of Heaven around his throne:
 "Image of God unseen, Great Son, whose call
 From empty nothing reared all nature, strown
 In crystal balls through space around this wall
 Of high magnificence.—Thou art alone
 All wise—all true—and 'neath thy conq'ring arm oppressed,
 Thy vaunting foes shall lie in crowded vengeance dressed.

"Thy church redeemed shall high in glory dwell,
 Thy saints rejoice beneath thy potent reign:
 Thy power revealed shall shake the gates of Hell,
 Nor shall proud spirits tempt thy throne again.
 Reign in thy might, O Great Immanuel,
 Thy kingdom just confirmed o'er rebel men.
 Send forth thy truth—thy rights of covenant and blood
 Maintain, till man restored, in Thee beheld his God."

Not longer stayed earth's envoys in the blaze
 Of Heaven's high jewelry.—Downward their way
 In ardent haste they press, nor to the haze
 Of stellar lights now cast the onward eye.
 Arrived, their mission all exulting praise,
 Their wisdom, zeal, and prudent energy.
 Great Abdah next without dissent they all agree,
 The Instrument to train, and guide his destiny.

BOOK IV.

THE STUDENT.

OH, who can tell the sweetness of that hour,
When signal given by bell or chronicler,
Whose classic tones have gained parental power,
Joyous students haste from college walls, where
Through the tardy sun, they toiled all day to store
Their minds, 'mid dusty tomes with anxious care!
Forth from the old torn doors of massive piles they rush,
And up in heart of each youth's buoyant pleasures gush.

Glad their eyes the brightness of th' sky now greet,
And glad their ears the breath of evening take:
With bounding stroke the earth receives their feet,
And all with joy their prison-walls forsake.
Some to the city go, kind friends to meet;
Some to the post, home's tardy lines to seek:
Some rural scenes delight, as 'neath o'erarching trees,
Or through the grassy lawn they stroll in evening's breeze.

Some, too, and these not few, (for smiling Love
 Oft clad by stealth in famed Minerva's robe,
 As moves the classic lip, doth secret move
 The heart, whose pendulum within doth throb
 With heavy beat; whose sighs do ever rove
 To some fair lass, that like the polar globe
 Strong chains its prisoner,)—some the arching portal nigh,
 To feed on rosy cheeks love's soft and languid eye.

Frown not, Professor stern, at youthful loves
 And youthful sports. Kind nature prompts to these.
 How sweet, have Poets sung, are mated doves!
 How needful, Doctors, evening's luscious breeze!
 The vine to some near prop its tendrils moves,
 The verdant heart to some fair bosom flees;
 And were it not for evening's laugh and cheerful play,
 The brilliant youth worn down, would soon live out his day.

Ah, innocent these sports, and far from blame
 These loves, if not abused. My heart e'en yet,
 O Athens! turns to thee, and sighs to be the same,
 As when with smiling lass or joyous mate,
 It felt of love the first bewitching flame,
 Or wandered free the green at sweet sun-set,
 With hearts that kindly loved, with hands that held me fast.
 Oh, sweet those hours! and only wept that they are past.

'Twas eve at Pavia, learning's leisure hour ;
And now had sounded forth the signal bell,
That from old walls glad youths did laughing pour.
Fast on the stony walks resounding fell
Their footsteps light, as from the classic door
Each turned to city, or to sylvan dell.
One, thoughtful, traced a way that none beside did go,
A hedgy path that led him to the flood below.

Tall was his form, his face vermilion hue,
His eye light gray, with diamond-fires thick-set,
Aq'line his nose and well proportioned too ;
His cheek-bone high, his hair mixed red and white :
Tow'ring his brow, that to another's view
The temple seemed of thought that with its fate
Hard strove. Like trumpet clear his tongue, whose varied
tone,
Sweet joys could soft infuse, or rouse the struggling groan.

'Neath pendent arch involved with arch above,
Sad canopy of thought, he goes. Dark trees
To him are counsellors, whose vagrant grove,
Vocal with life as round their aged knees
The wild winds blow, now whisper soft of love,
Now solemn thoughts awake in sighing breeze.
Dilates his kindling eye, his ear to nature's lore,
As pants insate his heart with longings still for more.

'Twas on a rock that o'er sweet Tesin peers—
Tessin, that from St. Gothard rolls its tide
Of silver joys, and through lake Verbane steers,
Till lost its waters clear in Padus wide—
Tessin, whose sunny stream from blood Time clears
Of Roman, Tyrian bold, when down the side
Of Alps Great Han'bal came, and near this pearling stream
The Roman Eagle turned, wreathing his brow with fame.

'Twas on a rock o'er Tesin's glassy tide,
With green moss clothed in part, and partly gray;
Whose base was deep, its summit strong and wide,
He pensive sat, and thought his hours away.
Beneath his feet bright fishes sport and glide,
And o'er his head gay swamp-birds chirp and play—
Through windows in the forest pours red sun-set's beam
That gilds the wing of eve along the sportive stream.

He sat, and thus he thought: "Sweet, lovely stream,—
Thou art the image of my life, that yet
To manhood reaches not. In my young dream
As thee play sportive things; and days beget
New thoughts that come and go, and ever seem
Fast hurrying onward to some distant fate.
Ocean thee receives and drowns thy silvery tide,
And thoughts of mine are lost in dark oblivion wide.

“ Yet fresh from secret springs within arise
New thoughts, new joys, that ceaselessly do fill
The mind, as rills from mountain-rocks thy sighs.
Gone th’ Insuber, that walked thy quiet hill ;
The Roman gone, that o’er him vanquished cries :
The arm of warring Hannibal is still ;
Nor stirs thy silver wave the Lombard Conqueror ;
Nor treads thy grassy banks the Frank or Celtic more.

“All these have passed away.—Gone, too, the lip
That oft in thee has quenched its burning fire ;
The maiden’s foot that o’er thy green did trip ;
The youth’s struck-heart that felt that maiden’s ire ;
The cruel lord who here his slave did whip ;
The infant young that held its aged sire—
All these have passed away.—Yet, Tesin, thou art here,
As fair and young as when on thee first shone a star.

“And so ’twill be with me. My earthly life
Like theirs shall pass away—my gray hairs fall,
My manly strength, subdued beneath the strife
Of days, lie low in silent dust ; and all
That’s mortal fail. Yet full I feel a life
Within, that like thy sunny wave, the call
Of death can never heed—a something stirring there
That lives through ru’n ; of immortality the heir.

“ But when in Ocean’s wave thy pearls are lost
To thee and me, where do they wander off?
Oh, is there not some far and sunny coast,
With soft grass bound or mossy rocks all rough,
Or sands where sea-birds walk, that they are cast?
Beyond dark ocean’s wave, is there no bluff
Where blooms the rose, and where in Spring sweet turtles coo?
Oh bright, enchanting stream, that I could follow you !”

He said, as on his ear fell soft the tread
Of traveller. Alarmed, he raised his eye
To see who to his woodland shrine was led,
And what pursuing he had come so nigh.
He seemed a shepherd in his look. His head
A grassy cap concealed. From chin to thigh
A frock by flaxen band was tied. Coarse slippers held
His feet: around his legs kind nature was his shield.

In his strong hand a shepherd’s crook was seen,
And on sweet evening’s breath his hair was poured.
Rolling his radiant eye, that large and keen
The window seemed of knowledge inward stored.
In dress though plain, yet noble was his mien,
And in a shepherd’s garb he looked a lord.
“ Whence art thou, stranger, said the pensive youth alarmed;
And why, at this late hour, comest thou here unarmed ?”

“Has from thy folded flock a lamb here strayed?
Or hast thou missed a bullock from thy herd?
It surely cannot be, that here some maid
Has fled thy Love; whom, as the frightened bird
By eagle prest, thou chasest to this shade:
Her loving step or voice I have not heard.
Perchance a fellow-shepherd here has sought retreat,
And thou art pressing hardly on his absent feet.”

The stranger thus: “My flocks ’mid Alpine vales
Repose, now kept by other hands. No lamb
I seek or bullock lost; nor maid here trails
My loving heart. Nor hither have I come
To seek some wedded mate, whose absence fills
My anxious hope. These cluster all at home.
I only wander free of care, and visit brooks,
And starry hills, to read in nature Nature’s books.

“From Pavia’s learned School, I ween, thou art;
For such thy fair complexion, burning eye,
And lamp-worn brow assert. Not thither dart
My thoughts, but widely seek their liberty.
The lofty peak I climb, heeding the heart
Of Nature there; or, near the evening sea,
I list all calm its groans and everlasting base,
Feeding, absorbed my thoughts, on its profound abyss.

“Dark forest still I love, whose solemn charm,
Checking the thought profane, subdues the soul
Of earthly things, and on its sombre arm
Upbears it lost to Heaven’s eternal goal.
The night-bird’s note, the cuckoo, and the storm,
The murm’ring brook and shades delight me all.
Nor has great Nature wild one chord untuned in me,
One note deep-struck, but fills my heart all ardently.

“Thus spent my life through tardy years. This cheek
Pale sunken shows my ardent zeal. The storm
I’ve battled oft as from the cloud ’twould break,
And in mad wrath would strike this climbing arm,
High struggling up the Alps from peak to peak :
And oft in deep ravines, Apollo warm
Would seem to dry my blood and burn each heated bone ;
And oft the tiger’s teeth I’ve heard and lion’s groan.

“But why on this lone rock sittest thou here
Absorbed in thought? That stream thou seem’st to love,
As youth the cheek of maid. Say, hast thou there
Entombed some friend? Or, is it the fish that move
Below, as if at evening play, that share
Thy mind? Perchance thou art thyself in love,
And moodest here, because the lass whose smiling eye
Once rolled on thee confidingly has turned away.

“ Young love is often brine as well as nect'r.
The lip's proud scorn, the cold and deadened eye,
Or smile to other given—how oft they wear
Away the heart and chill its ecstasy!
Ah, on the cheek of many a maiden fair,
And on her ruby lip, are darts that fly,
More deadly to the soul than steel of warring Mars;
More poisonous than story tells, malignant stars.

“ Perchance some fated arrow from the look
Of thy fond love has reached thy inmost heart;
Has drunk thy spirit's blood and killed thy book:
And writhing still beneath that woful dart,
Here hast thou come, beside this pearling brook
To cool thy flame. Or worse, perchance thou art
So lost, as not to see on what thy eyes do rest,
And madly think'st that water is thy maiden's breast!

“ Awake from thy deep dream, fond Youth, and tell
A stranger who thou art; what studieth thou;
And why so near the sound of evening's bell,
To this gray rock and stream thou cleavest so?
Say, wast thou born at Ticinum, or fell
Thy lot elsewhere? Thy eye and forehead show
Something of hope; and in the gloom that rests on thee
A star unborn I ken of burning brilliancy.”

The rose upon his marble cheek, he said—
 “Can this be shepherd, or philosopher?
 Perchance my learned Sires have herein laid
 Some secret plot, that I to them may bare
 My heart. Why said so much 'bout loving maid?
 Have they of me and blue-eyed Ella heard?

Oh Ella, Ella! at thought of thee I all forget;
 This brook, this chiding wight, this grove and fair sun-set.

“The day I last received thy dewy kiss,
 And curled thy auburn hair, and held thy hand,
 As by the Saints thy lips did still confess
 Thy love—that day, that deed for ever stand!
 As curls the vine in twisted, hard embrace
 Around some verdant tree, so winds its band
 Strong love around this heart and thee. To love thee less
 To me were death; to love thee more too much of bliss.

“Perhaps howe'er I err, fearing where most
 My treasure is. Perchance 'tis vanity
 They seek to tempt Full oft young students boast;
 And I perchance on Learning's nervous ear
 Some careless word have dropped that yet may cost
 Me dear. Can this be college-censor here!
 Strange man, strange look, strange words! Oh that interpreter
 Could give the meaning full of what salutes my ear!

Such were his thoughts—his words were thus :

“ Tis no unusual thing for me to sit

On this gray rock, calm viewing as they pass

These pearly drops. Near water born I yet

The water love ; and while upon its face

I look, so sweet, so passionless : I get,

Or think I get, the emblem of the Deity.

How calm as love this brook, how wild as wrath the sea !

“ Of humble birth myself, my native place

Is noble all. High Queen she palaced sits

Enthroned, where Ligur’s calm and starry face

Runs up the main, and at the base begets

Of Western Apennines a knee. A race

Of tradesmen bold, whose spirit Freedom whets,

There reign, and through Bosphorus woo the Orient trade ;

Nor woo in vain, for wealth and diamonds crown their head.

“ But these like nightly stars shine over me ;

And from them, save as idle looks will feed

On others’ goods, bless not my poverty.

Not are these bones and flesh of royal seed.

For clothing which you see my parents sigh,

Pressing the comber’s card that I may read ;

Dom’nie the one, Susan the other called ; both fair,

And I of them more proud than if of Spain the heir.

"Not long I've been at Ticinum, nor long
 Can I remain. The tears that feed my lamp
 Call me away. Ambition's hold, tho' strong,
 Yields to a higher claim. The night-dews damp
 Fall on the face of age, while I so young
 Live honored 'mong the honored in the camp
 Of learning, fame. My student's life thus trembling held
 By age and love, reluctant all, I yet must yield.

"Where next I go, I know not. Fate will choose,
 Or God, a better name. Perchance I'll join
 The toil my father knows, and earnest use
 As he the comber's tools. Perchance purloin
 From Turks and pirate-men what I may lose
 Again, or skilled in war retain as mine.
 Still these delight me not; but some new scheme unknown,
 Some untrod path—some bold adventure all my own."

"Brave thought," high-charmed exclaimed the traveller,
 "And wisely formed in youth. Why should a son
 With genius born, and made great things to dare,
 Low trace the humble course his parents run?
 Babes in the arm kind mothers softly bear,
 And lads ungrown those ways should wisely shun
 That fathers interdict. Yet why by parents' will
 Should after life be roofed, 's if men were children still?

"When from its feath'ry nest th' young eagle soars,
 It leaves behind subjection to its dam ;
 For food no more it looks to older powers,
 But plies new-fledged its wing and eye for game.
 Why then, hard-chained beside parental doors,
 Should conscious Genius pine far off from fame ?
 Has Poverty no gem in Glory's crown to shine ;
 Or shall that brilliant pearl the parent's hearth confine ?

"Remains yon diamond drop at Gothard's feet ?
 Or, hastes its pearly globe to Ocean's roar ?
 There might it rest beside its parent sweet ;
 Yonder 'twill leap and dash t' return no more.
 Yet laughs it onward as it goes to greet
 The deep, nor lingers here on Tesin's shore.
 So should the gifted youth from feet of Poverty
 Depart—so seek in other clime his destiny.

"Yet not till full parental debt is paid.
 The heart that yields a mother's tears but stone ;
 The ear that cry of father hears not sad ;
 The hand that sisters leave to strive alone ;
 The eye that will not look at home's deep shade ;
 The feet that from its groanings lightly run—
 Be these accursed by man, by God, by human law ;
 Be these devoured by fish and by the lion's paw.

“ Ungrateful wretch is he, who tears the heart
Of love from home, and dots his sinning way
With its crushed sighs and blood. The highest part
In Fame’s proud shrine—rich jewels reaped like hay—
The praise of men—his country’s good—the heart
Of half mankind—such guilt ne’er takes away.

On his cold brow th’ abiding curse of Heaven is prest,
And Fame with scorn shall cast him from her shudd’ring
breast.

“ But ne’er to deed like this thy heart, I ween,
Will lead, unless thy filial face denies
The baseness born within. Gently will lean
On thy strong arm decrepit age, its sighs
And sorrows hushed, where long has trustful been
Its hope—thy noble breast. Thy sympathies,
Like nightly dews returning to the parent soil,
Will shed o’er age its tears and heal each grief with oil.

“ Thy filial work well done, before thee lies
The world: look o’er its map and take thy stand.
Above thee shine each night the boundless skies;
Around thee spreads in mountain, vale, the land:
On the proud deep his bark the sailor plies,
And to his troops the soldier gives command:
In hidden cell the scholar burns all pale his lamp,
And o’er the ground high-scorned the Great triumphant
stamp.

“Mid these select thy destiny. Once made,
Forsake it not, but ply with energy
Thy path. Weak minds, like summer's varying shade,
Oft change their taken track capriciously ;
The great, their course in judgment deeply laid,
Hold fast, and reach its end triumphantly.

Behold this pearly stream ! content with its own lot,
Through ages long it rolls its tide, and changes not.

“ So should the youth, who eyes some distant fame,
His purpose firmly press from hill to dale ;
Opposed, encouraged, still pursue the same,
Nor once his mind through doubt permit to fail.
Glory's extreme is the deep gulf of shame,
And he who yields his end lifts there his wail.

Not always Fortune's iron arm can mortals bend,
Yet he who strives the most is most her chosen friend.

“ And if your course a stranger may advise,
The ocean deep shall be your future home.
So look your almost sailor face, your eyes ;
So augur I from these, your fortune's doom.
Nor coast thou timid o'er the land-bound seas,
But where has cut no keel great Ocean's foam.

Perchance beyond Cape Bajador and Verd are lands,
Perchance beyond th' Atlial wave high golden sands.

“ If spherical the earth, as sages say,
And larger not than Alfragan maintains ;
Then’s eastern Thinae not the door of Day,
Nor Azore where she drops her golden reins.
The western coast we know, the orient may
Far outward reach in ocean’s wide domains.

If error this, between no doubt there lies unknown
Some golden coast,—some mountain-ridge—great Ocean’s
throne.

“ See, o’er this pearly steam, a verdant shore ;
Bold Padus in his pride still has the same.
Beyond the southern sea great billows roar
On Libia’s sunny coast. Proud Ætna’s flame
Beyond the Tyrrhine burns ; and Euxine more
Boasts Pontus south, and north the Scythian name.

Has Ocean then no coast to bound his western reign ?
No shore with mighty arms his billows to restrain ?

“ That coast, where sinks amid descending dews
The star of love, and where the crested moon
Her couch each evening finds, as ever grows
More dim her eye—that far Hesperion,
Where every light that sets to us but glows
With golden beam on its ascending noon—

That unknown land pursue, thy purpose fixed and strong,
When Time the means shall yield and thou no more art
young.”

He said ; as blazed his changing face to flame,
And o'er the pearly stream expand in wings
His shepherd's garb. High through the air like beam
Of golden light he flies, yet downward flings
His radiance soft on evening's grove and stream.
Pale on the rock the student falls, as rings
Upon his frozen ear the voice so strangely stilled :
Cold was his stiffened frame, his heart with wonder filled.

Himself again, to Ticinum he turned
His feet. Long had the sun his fiery crown
Cooled in the Gallic sea ; and now sweet burned
O'er Alpine snows the star of love. The brown
Of evening filled the wood, and mournful yearned
The night-bird in her song for mate now flown.
'Mid forest-trees all loudly clear his footsteps fall,
As onward, pale and still, he seeks the college wall.

BOOK V.

THE ADVENTURER.

SEA of the middle earth, whose western head
The high Atlantic bathes, whose feet are pressed
On Palestine; what glory Time has shed
On thee! Great Rome upon thy maiden breast,
Proud Greece upon thy distant knee, are laid.
Thy silv'ry wave all o'er is richly blessed
With isles of fame; and e'en thy back and sandy heel
Are guarded well by Punic and Egyptian steel.

The waters of the distant Russ and tide
That laves the Pyramids, both meet in thee.
High Alpine snows melt in thy northern side;
Leb'non and Spain unite fraternally;
And Barb'ry's sun-burnt rills, nor long nor wide,
Still haste to find in thee satiety.
Thou art the mother of waters; in thy bosom
Meet all rivers, and in thy ample heart find room.

'Twas first upon thy shore the chord of song
 The son of Maia struck. Apollo rose,
 Long-haired and silver-bowed, thy waves among.
 Orph'us thy dashing billows heard where flows
 Th' Hebrus to th' Ægean. And he whose song
 The fabled and the known connects, that goes
 Still young o'er time, immortal Homer, sang of thee ;
 And from thy wave th' Mantuan drew his minstrelsy.

Upon thy classic hills Philosophy
 Gray-haired her wand extends ; and 'long thy shore
 Proud El'quence boldly pleads for liberty—
 For liberty, that now on thee no more,
 'Neath turbaned Turk and purpled Papacy,
 Is known ; yet still that liberty of yore
 Spread its broad leaf far o'er thy billows and thy isles ;
 And reared upon thy rocky coasts its marbled piles.

Upon thy smooth and virgin face have met
 The Persian and the brazen Greek for blood.
 The Punic sailor and the Roman yet
 More bold, have perished in thy wat'ry flood.
 Arbiter thou hast been of nations great,
 Who on thy yielding wave have fallen, stood.
 Oh could the dead that tomb thy classic wave but speak,
 Thy rocks would rend and all humanity would shriek !

Salvation's bow thy orient feet adorn
High o'er Jerusalem ; where holy kings
And prophets ruled, and Israel's Hope was born.
Thence o'er thy waves its glory-beams it flings,
Quenched in thy present night, but cast unshorn
On other lands. The world that bow now rings
With beauty, joy ; and on its mellow arch is hung
The faith-born hope of all, the aged and the young.

Oh, wondrous sea ! The present and the past
Are thine ; thine learning, thine the crown of power.
Yet on thy faded shores in vain are cast
Our eyes to find the wreath thou hast no more.
Time has made thee bare—yet e'en thy trodden waste
More glory hath than monarch's crown or floor.
Thy soil is vocal—not a twig or rock on thee,
But wakes the heart to deep and mournful ecstasy.

He stood upon thy shore, the noble son
Of Dominic, as o'er thy glassy wave
Far reached his anxious eye, to see alone
The coming sail. Like mourner at the grave,
All thought he seemed, as low some smothered groan
Would pensive rise, that with his purpose brave
Held inward strife. Yet high resolved and anxiously
O'er Ligur's port he looked, and sought the distant sea.

One called him back, fair Ella, who had shared
His heart through tardy years. Not yet the age
Of manhood he had reached, when love had paired
His heart to hers, unmindful of the rage
Of fortune stern, whose iron heart un-eared
Heeds not the call of youth, but on doth wage
Remorseless war 'gainst human bliss. Ah, hard to love,
Yet feel the prison-walls of such strong power above !

She stole upon his sea-lit face, as night
Upon the traveller. Her silent tread
He heeded not, till her soft hand so light
Was trembling on his high-raised forehead laid,
As drooped her dewy brow beside the wight
She loved—"My Christopher," she rising said,
"I fear that sea. Long have I watched the hidden flame
In thy brave heart to get us wealth and get thee fame :

"But love is wealth ; and if on India's shore
There be a mine more pure, more deep than is
This heart to thee—go seek that golden ore.
With thee all toil, all care were highest bliss ;
With thee to live, of Heaven I ask no more
Of joy—this is my cherished paradise.
Without, the sea, the land, the gemmy sky were nought,
And riches, honor, fame, to me one hateful blot.

“Potent thy hand, and mine to skill is given,
Nor hath a crime defaced our character.
Why then should our warm hearts by seas be riven;
By wind-tost hopes be torn and anxious fear?
Hath honesty on land for bread e'er striven
In vain? Shall we the first that mis'ry share?
Oh yield thy purpose bold, crown of my maiden love,
My one hope's end—my heart's sole life—nor from me rove.”

As summer-rain that on the oak doth fall,
That gems each leaf, and pride to tenderness
Doth melt, so wept he at her loving call;
So drooped his heart beneath her kind embrace.
Nor strange—for she throughout was lovely all.
Blue as the peaceful sky, all tenderness
The orb of her soft eye. Her golden tresses float,
Kind as the zephyr's breath, around her neck, her throat.

Ruby her lip—her almost speaking smile
Soft as the lily's hue—her gentle form,
Yielding as willow-bough, when past the gale,
Delaying winds still wreathes its pendent arm.
So looked she in her loveliness, a pile
Of grace that art and paint can never warm.
Yet that to him which was o'er all her brightest star,
Was love, deep love, that beauteous made her doubly fair.

With eye like rose-bud in a dewy morn,
And lip like aspen in the sighing breeze,
He kissed and thus addressed his Love: "Not torn
From thee, Dear Ella, in the distant seas
I'll be. Thy love can never be unborn.

'Twill live with me through life, and nought can freeze
But death its glow. Ah, could I think that parting seas
Would drown of it one beam, I'd hate those cruel seas.

"Thee more I love than wealth or glory's plume;
Thee more I love than all of earth beside.
Ah, cold and dismal as the lonely tomb
Would be all else to me, if not my bride
Thou should'st become. Thou art the star that gloom
Of poverty doth cheer—in storms, the tide

Whose sunny bosom takes my shattered bark in peace:
The pillow soft where oft I lay my care-worn face.

"'Tis love for thee, thou angel of my heart,
Thou fairest one in all the maiden throng,
That tread the green of Ligur's beauteous port—
'Tis love for thee, that makes my int'rest strong
In mighty seas. We need so young a start
In life. To risk our future all were wrong.

Thy love I know, the dextrous skill of thy soft hands;
But what can mortals do 'gainst Fate's supreme commands?

“To till the soil I know not; to traffic
In a lane, is far beneath my honor.
Cobblers, hucksters, petty knaves by trick
May live—but I prefer on seas to wander.
There Fortune’s lifted horn my hands may take
In lawful trade—or, snatch the Moslem’s plunder.
Not long the hasty days that heaven revolving gives;
And I thy smile will see, when Autumn drops her leaves.”

Love’s hard consent reluctant all she gave,
Pressed his strong hand and took the farewell kiss.
Deep-moved within his sea-heart yearned tho’ brave,
And still her lip he kissed with warm embrace.
She left him, but her heart pursued the wave.
With leaden foot she reached her parents’ face;
With leaden eye and heart looked cold on all things there:
Nought smiled, nought joyed, but all appeared to her despair.

The rose her gentle hand had nursed looked sad,
The leaflets of her love-trained vine hang down
In mournful solitude. The smiles, that had
Of sisters filled her heart with joy, now drown
In misery. The play of babes all glad,
And singing birds are themes to her unknown.
Her absent heart leaps with the ship on distant seas;
Her smitten bosom throbs with untold agonies.

Not long could bear her lily-form such grief:
 Perished the rose that morned her maiden cheek ;
 Beamless her faded eye ; her lip like leaf
 Of Autumn pale, silent and sad doth shake :
 Her blood runs thin and cold, and death like thief
 Comes secret, rapid onward. Visions make
 Her gloom more dark, as on sick fancy's canvas gray
 Her lover's hearse she sees, and her own widowed day.

Their wakeful skill physicians ply in vain :
 Her only remedy the wave had borne
 To other lands. Nor lay in bloody vein
 Her sicknesses. His bitt'rest, deadl'est thorn,
 Strong Love had fastened in her heart, whose pain
 All others magnified, and one alone
 Could heal. On him she called, with frantic wildness called ;
 But him from her the unregarding seas had walled.

“ Oh sea,” she often said, “ Oh cruel sea !
 Why might I not thy foaming billows climb ?
 Since he too tender was to stay with me,
 Why dared I not thy wave to stem with him ?
 But this, alas ! is woman's destiny ;
 To love, dying to love, and yet for shame,
 E'en from him who knows it, half-conceal the inward fire,
 Whose flames her heart consume, and never, never tire !

“ Oh Christopher ! thou name to me more dear
Than all of earth and half of Heaven above—
Oh but for once to clasp thy image here
On this warm heart, and show how much I love !
But no. The bounding deck thy feet shall bear,
The heartless sailor look, as thou dost rove,
On thy bright eye—and e'en the rope thy hand shall feel,
And the rough billow hear thee, broken by the keel !

“ But this true heart, so full of single love
To thee—that rolls in pensive sadness round
Thy loosened ring—that tracks the silent grove,
Where oft we strolled in joy 'neath tender sound
Of evening-birds—and eyes, oft eyes the wave—
This heart so full of love, is only bound
To take the thought—to catch the air of thee—to feed
On crumbs, while alien hands possess the vital bread !”

She said, as freezed upon her eye the tear.
She tried again to speak, but heart nor throat
The smothered words could pass. Another near
Propp'd her swung head, whose call she heeded not ;
But on her maiden couch as fatal bier,
Cast her loose limbs devoid of feeling, thought !
Her golden tresses still around her temples lay,
And still her faded eye was turned the wat'ry way !

Long months had passed ere first he heard the deed
 His prudent love had wrought. Long years, alas !
 Before his mind from that dark gloom was freed !
 Oh thou, on whom some young and loving lass
 Has fixed her heart, and thee has made the meed
 Of her chief earthly joy—touch kind the case
 That bears her jewel frail.—Rough held but once 'twill break,
 While at the deed too late thy bursting heart will wake.

Proud stood the gallant ship, its evening's prow
 South-eastward turned, its canvas floating white ;
 Its sun-lit stern on high Genoa now ;
 Its buoyant flag in beams of golden light.
 'Long its dark sides in strong and massive row
 Lie th' caved iron, whose sulph'rous throat in might
 Jove's thunder loud becalms, when round Olympus spreads
 His cloudy battlefield, or o'er the Cætan heads.

Behind, on evening's shaded hills are seen,
 In crescent form and rising far and high,
 The marbled palaces of Ligur's queen.
 On either side the hill-raised vineyards sigh
 With odors sweet, as from the orange, vine
 And terraced gardens come all balmily
 The freighted winds, that like a mother's tender breath
 Breathes them away in peace, and for their welfare pray'th.

High on the deck in evening's mellow beam,
Lone stands the son of Dominic in thought.
O'er bay arose and palaces the gleam
Of his warm eye, and on an humble cot,
Where mountain-gray and city-white now seem
To join, was fixed. Fresh on his heart the lot
Of Ella comes, while her last words like plaintive airs
His soul afflict—the dirge of deep and stirring fears.

Still onward hies the ship 'mid setting sun
And rising stars. Gray Twilight now her cloak
Of ebon-gloom draws o'er great Neptune's throne,
As leap the dancing stars on billows broke.
Far o'er the larboard high and bright alone
Gleams the glad sea-light from its pillared rock,
While through the clatt'ring shrouds the night-winds wildly
 howl,
And 'long the coast is heard the distant water-fowl.

Oh night, maternal Night! how soft do fall
On land and sea thy shadows dim! Thy wing
More gentle is than turtle's down, or call
Of tend'rest love. On thy kind lap do fling
All burdened hearts their cares, and 'neath thy pall
Sleep off the woes that leaden Time doth bring
By daylight's lamp. Soft as the tender dews that balm
The lawn, is thy still breath our passions all to calm.

'Neath the dark pole each seaman sleeps in peace,
 Save they who watch the stars and guard the ship.
 The helm these hold, or climb with up-turned face
 The peering mast, as onward still doth skip
 The gallant bark, nor lingers in her race.

No sound is heard save screams of rubbing rope,
 That all night long their lullabies do plaintive pour,
 And the dull splash of waves that strike the floating floor.

But short the cradling rest. Aurora soon
 Her blushes sheds upon the eastern sky ;
 As o'er the snow-clad Alps dark Night her noon
 Drops down, and bids the orient world good-by.
 Out the blue wave his golden locks the Sun
 Lifts up, as playful on the water lie
 His beams. Rubbing his eye the half-slept seaman wakes,
 Bathes his warm face in haste, and day-born duty seeks.

Falls calm the sun behind the Spanish sea,
 And Night once more her gemmy curtains spread
 Around her pole, when with the dawn they see
 The isle of Cynos dim beyond th' Mora's head.
 Cynos—where once the straying bull did flee
 By Corsa sought ; and where by fortune led
 The Thespidæ, from fifty sisters born at court
 By Hercules, first found for their tossed bark a port.

Cyrnos,—whose soil the potent foot did feel
Of Marius, Sylla—which Vandals ruled,
And Saracen subdued with burning steel.
But these are nought. Hence He, who proud controlled
Europe's domain—on thrones his plebeian heel
Did fix; and as 'mid palaces he strolled
Made vacant royal heads, and crowned what brows he chose!
Enthroned, a god; deposed, whom scarce one stranger knows!

Bright glory, shame, Napoleon, thou, of France!
Like the strong eagle from its rock built stand,
That distant eyes the storm with haughty glance;
Yet steals when nigh its wings and scorns the land—
So didst thou rise on wings of Providence,
Whose wide-spread blasts all Europe roughly fanned—
So didst thou fall when calm those wings again were furled,
And God, his purpose wrought, forgave a sinning world.

Now half his morning course had Phœbus run,
When down the anchor sinks in Cyrnos' port.
Two days here resting 'neath the dews, the sun,
The Mora lay. The third begun, they start
For other lands. Joined to their number one
Was here received, Feraldi's son, whom art
And nature kind had full endowed. At Florence born,
Freedom he loved; her tyrants loathed with bitter scorn.

As drop to kindred drop doth flow, so ran
 The heart of Christopher to Haraldin.
 Apart, them Nature both on one great plan
 Had formed; as in the grove, wide hills between,
 Are often seen gigantic oaks, that fan
 The breeze with equal arms. The Florentine
 In lore excelled, in genius bold the Genoese:
 High majesty of soul the same did each possess.

First glowed their hearts to love, when now did tell
 The Florentine, the strifes his native land
 For liberty had known—how Nobles fell,
 And in their stead high Demagogues did stand,
 Who placed with sterner eye a baser heel
 Upon the people's neck. Of Guian's wand
 He spoke, high raised for liberty, that bold did tear
 From office, place, the Great, by potent Gonfal'nier.

Too weak the Gonfal'nier wild passions' rage
 To quell, of high Nobility he told,
 Exotic in the land, who firm did wage
 Destructive war the Prior to uphold.
 Albaz' he named and Uz', as on the stage
 Of changing power they came, devoted, bold—
 Too bold—whose fatal Balia pierced fair Liberty,
 As fell her Pallé waning to the Medici.

While thus his Country's page he turned, his eye
Indignant burned and heart, as loud he said :

“ Oh Queen of Arno, like the hills that lie
Around thy palaces, whose evening head
The melting sunbeams gild, embracing I
Thy liberty, alas ! now distant fled,

Enshrine in this warm heart !—May from thy ashes rise
Freedom revived to clear anew thy dusky skies !”

Firm on his blazing cheek now steadfast gazed
The Genoese, deep felt his words of fire.

“ Your plebeian nobles tell what causes raised
To power ? Great worth, or wealth, or Heaven's ire ?
The first, revered they should by all be praised ;
The last, the hope of freemen sole is prayer ;

But if by gold have peered the free above the free,
Then all should hate or seek that potent quality.”

“ 'Tis wealth,” with scorn the Florentine, “ that makes
Our chains. Like wealth our titled Gentry had,
And still might hold, but for the sad mistakes
On them entailed. They loved the Ghibelin,
The people all were Guelf. As when forsakes
The body doth the head, so came between

The castles and the shops stern death—nor yet hath time
From lordly Nobles 'rased that unforgiven crime.

“No blood to boast, our present lords are they,
Who hold a liberal purse—Liberty
No doubt the people love, yet willing pay
A higher debt to gold of piety.
So speaks the past, so loud the present day.
When freedom, gold, in equal scales do lie,
Trust not the free—too soon their toils and pains they’ll give,
With liberty, for wealth; and on its spoils will live.”

“But whence such wealth,” responds the Genoese?
“From plunder, high-tilled soil, or distant sea?”
“The last,” replied the Florentine. “The seas,
More criminal the eastern seas, our free
Enslave. Thence come on ev’ry fragrant breeze,
The silks, the spice, the diamond’s brilliancy,
That ’cross the Persian sands the struggling camel bears,
Plebeian Royalty to dress, and shine on plebeian ears.

“One feeble hope our gloomy sky yet holds.
The Turk—no thanks to him—hath spread his moon
O’er all the land that such rich trade controls.
With Christians ’raged, he will no doubt and soon
Their trade exclude, or raise too high the tolls
Profit to yield. Thus Moslem wrath a boon
To Liberty will grant, that ne’er so strong appears,
As when her standard high the toiling yeoman bears.”

With warmer eye the Genoese replied.

“ Too far chaste Liberty all wealth excels.

This none can doubt ; yet, sure, is not denied

All worth to gold. None seek as idle shells

Such boon ; but o'er the land and sea all wide

Their prize with energy pursue, while swells

Each bounding heart, as round his happy doors are spread

The products of the winds, or fruits from nature made.

“ Since good the two, then why the two disjoin ?

'Tis not in either lie the ills that men

Afflict ; but in their passions deep that join

To work their overthrow. 'Tis only when

On restless neck of lust men drop the line,

And cease beseeching appetites to reign,

That Liberty too free awakes the dreadful storm,

That Wealth strong wings with power to do its utmost harm.

“ 'Tis at their passions, then, that we must aim,

The double curse if we would root from men.

Like tree the fruit that's borne, and streams the same

As mountain springs from which they come. Within,

The hateful tyrant reigns that we must blame.

This bound, destroyed, and man is free again :

His noble nature proud to heaven in grandeur peers,

His unbound heart restored in ev'ry virtue shares.

“ Of Turks you tell, who lift the cimeter
 O'er Christian men, that seek the eastern trade—
 But shall these Infidels our hands deter,
 As if, for them alone such boon were made ?
 The wrong all Europe wide to war would stir,
 And fill the eastern shores with new crusade.

Soon would the Crescent proud from its high throne be hurled,
 And blood-stained swords re-open wide the orient world.

“ But let me not too bold for others speak.
 Of common blood and poor a private scheme
 I have. For madness most perchance would take
 My thoughts—yet are they more than idle dream.
 Long years have passed, but they do not forsake
 My brain, increased by time as morning's beam.
 Philosophers announce our dwelling-place a sphere ;
 Then why not brave the deep and sail due westward there ?

“ Especially, possessed that needle's aid,
 Whose origin Amalfi claims ; yet wrong—
 Since Guinizelli in his published ode
 Two centuries before, its praises sang—
 And long ere he, enraptured Guiot said,
 Northward pure magnets tended, short, or long—
 Perchance the Saracen we hate its use first knew,
 Or in remoter climes, who dwell 'neath India's blue.

“No matter whence—it points the Arctic star:
 And when that light, dark Jupiter doth hide,
 High Phœbus dims, and Dian with his car,
 This magic spright doth still our journey guide,
 Through billows vast to home’s loved altars far.

Of use on inland seas; where Ocean wide
 The occident maintains, its aid much more ’twill yield,
 And moor the wearied ship ’neath some Elysian field.”

’Twas night. Once more her lofty chandeliers
 High Nature hung in her vast temple dim.
 Her sombre priests, high mountains, waves, and airs,
 Her altars dark now crowd with dirge and hymn.
 The dewy forest sighs, the ocean bears
 Her bass along, while deep imbibed the theme,
 Vast continents and isles the nightly sabbath keep:
 Vig’lant the earth beside, and man alone doth sleep.

One off’ring sweet e’en he doth joyful bring—
 The vesper meal. Of costly viands made
 Or common fare—’mid palaces that ring
 With joyous mirth, or where in her lone shade,
 The widow and her orphans sit ’neath wing
 Of poverty—yet always blest and glad
 Is evening’s board. An household sacrament; it binds
 United hearts by chord, that ever, ever winds.

High on the wavy deck brave Gaspar spreads
 His nautic plank. The snowy flax conceals
 Its ruggedness, as virtuous deeds the shades
 Of unknown character. Above, wide steals
 The arching tent from nightly dews bare heads
 To screen and solar beams. In centre shields
 One steadfast lamp a glassy shade, as round convene
 To simple fare the Mora's crew—now phalanx'd men.

Brief the demands of appetite—not so past
 The supping of the soul. Till Night was throned
 Upon her arch of stars, this on did last.
 Of friendship, freedom, love; the Greeks that groan'd
 Their country lost, and gloom thus widely cast
 O'er Christendom, they spake—of science join'd
 With art—events long past—the future destiny
 Of man—all these enkindled now their sympathy.

Of man's high genius proof, that now did stir
 'Neath tyranny oppress'd, the high raised light
 Of truth to see—the pledge of things that are
 For him reserved in time, Haraldin set
 Upon the board a work of art, that fair
 All eyes enchained in curious gaze. Not yet
 Had others seen, though most had heard the mystery:
 'Twas Book of God first printed in this century.

Commenting thus the Florentine: " This art
Did not philosophers, but lab'ring men
At Rhemish Metz invent. Nor thence its start,
But Strasbourg first. Guttenburg the plan
There taught; confiding taught to his own hurt.
More shrewd than he his base disciples, when
The secret they had gain'd, eloped, and Koster, Fust,
A palm with Mental claim'd, that time will turn to dust.

" But rogues or honest men its authors found,
What blessings o'er the world 'twill richly shed!
Like vital seeds that fill the fruitful ground,
Like summer's rain o'er nature's bosom spread;
So will this new-born art, its arm unbound,
Upon the living pour the treasures of the dead.
Hid knowledge then, so long confined in golden vase
Of kings, will bless the poor, and elevate the race.

" This Word--this Holy Word of God--will then
Loud speak. The few possess it now, and they,
Like thieves, who hate the light, its joy from men
Conceal. But morning-star is this of day,
When wickedness rebuked, the truth again
Her trumpet-tongue shall raise to scourge away
The wolves, and leave the sheep of Christ to pastors true.
Oh, haste thou, Day of God, and bless our human view!

"Nor this alone. Philosophy, close join'd
 With reason pure, will leave her mazy field;
 Her wordy chains will break, that long purloin'd
 From bedlamites, have been an iron shield,
 To prison truth, and keep the nations blind.
 Sweet Po'sy, too, her broken limb well-heal'd,
 On golden wing will rise to spread her seraph light,
 Where else her balmy dew had ne'er infused delight.

"Then Danté, thou, Apollo of the throng,
 That through all weeping time embellish earth—
 Then wilt thou wrap in numbers of thy song,
 That Heaven doth arch and binds its gloomy girth
 On Hell, all hearts fast held as captives long.
 Thy golden age no more thy iron birth
 Shall persecute. Th' Neri, Banchi, and thy thankless Town
 Shall live—but spots abhorr'd upon thy fadeless crown.

"Immortal Bard! How strong this heart now feels
 Thy fires! Of all my pride the golden point
 Be this—that where on thee the potent wheels
 Of Fortune fell, Life form'd each bone and joint
 In me—that where blest wife, and name, and meals
 From thee were torn, my lot did Heaven appoint.
 Liberty's son, the Muses' richest heir; thy fame,
 Thou Pride of man, shall live, when Florence has no name."

Two days, two nights, had fill'd their round,
When through the Tyrrhene borne, the Ostian tide
They hail not far from land. On holy ground
Beyond, proud Rome, where long with sceptre wide
The mitred crown, contending nations bound
On Peter's head, submissive at his side.
That potent crown Alphonsus, late of Spain, now bore,
And with it strove to raise against the Turks a war.

Great Rome! what boundless thoughts thou wakest up!
Extremes of things remote unite in thee.
Snow'd Age and vernal Youth embracing groop
Around thy feet; and gray, lost Liberty
Her relics shows 'mid steel of Austrian troupe!
Apostles kill'd, Apostle changed to Deity
Thou hast! High Eloquence enthroned, barbaric speech,
The wreath of song, and crying want, are in thee each!

Yet fallen as thou art, wrapt memory
Thy sunken dust e'er treads with pensive awe.
Like nature's Light eclipsed, thy struggling ray
All eyes attract, as from thy temples low
And high coliseum, the breathing sigh
Of other years is heard. To learning law,
To taste the model fix'd thou art—enriching, poor
Thyself, the world with harvests from thy classic floor.

First daughter of the Sun, high-built appeared
Fair Naples next. In front, the gemmy Bay,
Upon whose winding curve bright villas reared
Enchant the eye. Capri, Ischia lay,
Her feet to guard ; her virgin face was starred
With palaces. Beyond, in morning's ray,
His smoky pile Vesuvius shoots in curves on high,
Whose gems around the neck of Parthenope lie.

Two days the winds pressed on the canvas wide,
When now thy blood-wrote name, Pelorus, came
In sight. Fell monsters here the beauteous side
Of Sylla tear, while round her neck, oh shame !
Six bellowing throats upon the rushing tide
Poured out their trumpet roar ! 'Twas Circe's flame
For Glaucus made such monster of a bride !
And ah ! if Circe's direful art did still remain,
How many a lass t' rocks and dogs might turn again !

Your magic isle, fair Sisters, next doth lie,
Whom Calliope t' Achelous did bear.
A nautic choir, here did your miustrelsy,
Your thrilling flute, and yet more thrilling lyre,
The roughened heart of seaman make to sigh ;
Till Son of Laertes, by Circe's care,
Whom Hector's sword, nor Cyclop's potent arm could fright,
Suffered you t' die, that he might still enjoy the light !

Charybdis next, with whirling jaws is seen,
Beneath the scorning foot of Sicily.
Too poor with spreading herds, that on the green
Of her wide pastures fed, through penury,
The herds of Jove's high Son she stole unseen.
The Gods enraged, here fixed her destiny;
But left her crying throat wide open still in want,
As sea-waves dash and roll upon its craving slant.

O'er sea of blue and earth of distant green,
Next Ætna peers, a frowning giant high.
His shoulders snow, his head of fire is seen,
His smoky breath upon the clouds do lie;
Eternal thunders roar and peal within,
And round his feet unending harvests sigh!
Asleep a lamb, aroused a thund'ring God he's known,
Whose wrath disturbs the land and wakes the ocean's groan.

That wrath, Empedocles, thou feltest, when
From fame, philosophy, and charming song,
The poet and the man thou tossedst in
The vaults of cav'rnous fire, that here belong
To Jupiter. The Gods thy sandal thin
Threw back, but bound the bard with fetters strong.
Perehance their grating tones they sought to mollify
With thy sweet verse; or, thou some high-famed destiny.

These past, the Mora's onward prow now steered
For Greece, where fruits of distant merchandise
Gascar pursued. High o'er the sea she reared
In pride, mid peaceful wave and sunny skies,
That like the smile of all the gods appeared.
The oars, the sails each vig'rous seaman plies,
As rapid round the heel of Italy they passed,
White billows broke below, and bent the freighted-mast.

BOOK VI.

THE CAPTURE.

HAIL Greece ! whose mainland belts, whose islands gem
The sea ! Fair land of song and valor hail !
Thou art the golden arch, whose bases Shem
And Japheth hold ; whose classic curve not frail
The temple props of learning, deathless fame,
Whose walls the earth, whose dome the heavens assail.
All hail, Great Greece ! whose soil by democrat controlled
Or haughty Turk, still vital all is never cold.

From each lone isle that sleeps upon thy wave,
From each gray hill that props thy crystal sky,
From sighing streams thy barren rocks that lave,
And weeds that on thy widowed bosom lie,
Sad memory recalls the mighty Brave
Whose deeds of high renown can never die.
Speak loud thy hills—speak loud thy ruin and decay,
That e'en beneath the Crescent proud emit the Muses' lay.

Extinguished now are all the fires that Time
Once saw upon thy hills. Liberty's blaze
From thy strong hand has dropt, its only crime
The light it shed upon the tyrant's ways.
Fair Science, Learning, now not in thy clime,
Have sought out other homes, yet speak thy praise.
Des'late, but still with living glory clad thou art,
Dim hues upon thy cheek, pale ardor round thy heart.

One potent arm defends thy freedom yet,
One sword bright glitters in thy setting light.
Among the Stymphian hills brave Castriot
Thy banner high unfurls with courage, might ;
While Amurath, that bolt of angry Fate,
His scattered troops recalls and takes to flight.
Heaven guard the arm that last in Freedom's noble cause
Fears not the lion bold, or his wide, brazen claws.

First o'er the sea Tenarum peers in sight,
Its foot the wave, its brow the windy cloud.
Upon its bosom play glad sun-beams bright,
And round its rocky knees dash billows loud.
Air-hung beyond are hamlets of delight,
Above whose sunny glare, snowed mountains proud
Stretch to the Spartan gate, or seek th' Arcadian vale,
Or orient turned, the citadel of Corinth hail.

Eternal Clift! Here Neptune built of stone
His lifted shrine proud looking o'er the sea,
That wrecked amid its waves the struggling groan
Of seaman, borne on jarring minstrelsy
Of winds, might reach his ear. The trident thrown,
The lost oft raised the sea-god to his knee.
'Mid dripping robes and gold no trophy here more smiled,
Than o'er its stricken chords thy face, O Arion mild.

But hark! Tartarus' smoky waves loud roar
Beneath thy covered feet, as Son of Jove,
High-browed and free, upon the sooty floor
Of Pluto treads! Amazed the misty grove
Of spirits gaze, as with resistless power,
Alcestis borne and Cerberus above,
Hell mourns in wrath her queen and three-tongued keeper lost.
Oh gallantry divine, what toil thy prize doth cost!

Next on the sea—Love's cradle—firm appear
The rocks of Cythera. Borne in a shell
The Cyprian Maid, by zephyrs fanned, did here
Her beauty shrine, beloved of Heaven and Hell.
In face an angel bright, a massive spear
Her right hand bore, a shield her left, whose spell,
Not brass, her safety gave. Here oft the Great, the Brave,
At Beauty's feet adored, the Goddess of the wave.

Oh Beauty, fair but dang'rous power ! How oft
 Thy heart the sacrifice has been thy charms
 Require ! Thy smiles omnipotent, yet soft,
 Thy purity have often borne to arms
 That loved thee not ; or, thou in pride aloft
 Thyself hast plunged—too low !—Fair Venus warms
 The breast of Mars, her plighted love to Vulcan broke ;
 And beauteous Helen fades in Troy's ascending smoke !

Malea next, where dark the waters break
 On sea-worn rocks, and where the billows yet
 The ghosts untombed of many an ancient wreck,
 Bear on their frosty foam : Ah dismal fate,
 To feel the biting winds, while others bask
 No better in Elysian vales ! And yet
 Such thoughts arose in charity, that in each breast
 Too weak, wild storms obliterate towards those oppressed.

First of the Sacred Twelve, that calm surround
 The cradle of the burning God, arose
 Fair Melos clear, whose double head high crowned
 With rock, far off the lab'ring seaman knows.
 Sleeps at its granite feet in peace profound
 The waveless cove, above whose smile high grows
 The arching vine. Here kisses Spring stern Winter's lip,
 And from the Storm's cold brow the vernal dew-drops drip.

But ah, could yon prophetic rocks but speak,
 What iron words would fall upon the ear!
 First pride of Greece, they saw thee, Athens, wreak
 Thy fretted vengeance on the strong and fair!
 Oh hard from heart of cherished sires to break
 The chain, that Nature firm has welded there!
 Yet rose thy glit'ring blade in Freedom's hand to cut
 Deep filial veins as free from their parental root!

Paros next, whose marble womb th' embryos
 Held of Gods and Goddesses, that magic art
 With life inflamed, as round each feature glows
 Its hue, and bounding from the throbbing heart
 Each sculptured passion speaks from living brows.
 Not all the Sacred Temples hold.—A part
 Philosophy adopts, and on the sister face
 Of Gods imprints the epochs of the Grecian race.

But hark! a Poet's note! Not soft it flows
 As dew upon the bending blade, or light
 Of star on lover's eye, or song that woos
 At night some tender ear. The lightning's flight,
 It blasts where'er it comes. His smothered woes
 Archil'chus sings, bestowed on other wight
 His loved Neobule. Vengeance his wrath decrees,
 As falls Iambic fire on heart of Lycambes.

Clad in their viny robes, as nascent Spring
 In Winter's arms, the Naxian hills arise.
 Like swans upon a quiet lake that fling
 Their whiteness on the wave, so gem the trees
 Afar the arching walls. Young as the wing
 Of morn thyself, thy rocks and gilded skies
 Loud speak of former days, when slavery's yoke thrice pressed,
 Thrice dashed thy hand the curse from thy indignant breast.

The moorless isle, Asteria next, whose fate
 The trident fixed of Neptune on the sea,
 That fair Latona pressed by Juno's hate,
 And by the Python watched all ceaselessly;
 One spot might find uncursed to leave her weight.
 Great the reward—for, from such labors, see,—
 The God of song, Apollo rise, and Dian fair!
 Did e'er a Goddess yield before such noble pair?

Sacred the spot! Here met the Ion race
 In joyous sports, long ere the Alphean tide
 The laurel wreath beheld or victor's face.
 Here, too, by arrows guarded as a bride,
 His trust Apollo keeps.—Yea, more—this place,
 Great Socrates, what angry Greeks denied,
 And e'en thy wisdom doubtful chose, conferred on thee,
 Life's orb delayed to blaze in immortality.

Not long had Cynthus sunk behind the wave,
When dimly far a sail the pilot sees.
Om'nous its look, that fast approaching gave
Fresh signs of enmity. Curled on the breeze,
Three moons new-born its hoisted shroud did wave
Around a globe of green—the badges these
Of Turkish blood and hate. Aroused, brave Gascar cries,
“*To arms! to arms!*” war’s vengeance blazing in his eyes.

His sword, his battle-axe, or burnished spear
Each seaman holds, and steady on the foe
Looks anxiously. The massive tubes some near
With lifted match prepared huge rocks to throw;
The adverse mast, the deck, the hull to tear,
Destruction spreading as they onward go.
Brief the delay, as loud the Turkish thunder roared,
And splashing, dashing round the broken water poured.

Like grace the Mora gives, as from her jaws
Of lightning sped the instruments of death.
Pressed on the Hassan’s side his works to straws
The rocky globes soon tear, their whirlwind path
With slaughtered Moslems strewed. Enraged, fierce gnaws
His teeth in hate the son of Haldarath,
As still another flash of fi’ry brimstone gleamed,
And wilder yet the waves around the Mora streamed.

Another storm of thunder-claps quick sent
 The Christians forth, as onward to the sea
 The peering mast and waving crescents went,
 The haughty Hassan leaving as a tree
 Bereft of boughs. In mad astonishment
 Their oars the Infidels resume to flee:
 In vain. For soon the Mora in her victor pride,
 Outruns the foe and grapples with his torn-up side.

Yet stern authority nor winning love
 The Turkish wrath could cool, that now became
 More desperate, as for the vict'ry strove
 Close-joined each Moslem brave. Like lightning's flame,
 When hurled its heated bolt from hand of Jove,
 Each sabre falls, destructive as it came.
 The price of conquest hard six prostrate Christians pay,
 While thrice their number fall of Moslems on that day.

Stained was the trodden deck with blood, whose gore,
 From Christian veins or Infidel less pure,
 Fraternal mixed. All brothers at the core,
 Alas, that diff'rent speech or diff'rent shore
 Should nature's laws subvert by laws of war!
 Thy shoreless tomb, O Death, and conquests sure
 From infancy to age, cannot diseases fill,
 And plague, and fate? Too slow—must man be taught to kill?

Self-conscious of the crime, the hero's plume
By glory fanned, yet stoops upon thy plain,
'Mid slaughtered heaps some momentary room
To find, and recollect himself a man.
Deceitful tears! that from thy bloody gloom
No husband, father, son, calls back again!
Barbarous on a savage coast, thy glory fades
To deeper night when Christians mix in thy dark shades.

One toilsome day brave Gascar here delayed,
The Hassan's treasure to arrange along
The Mora's side. The massive gold, when weighed,
Five thousand ducats made; the silver hung
At ten. Rich silks were found and balm that made
Some thousands more. Nor these alone. Among
The spoils were jewels rare; captured, perchance, before,
But destined now to shine on far some Christian shore.

But hark! a smothered groan as from a grave
The joy arrests of victory. Unseen
Below in dismal cell, whose gloomy cave
No cheerful light revived, alone had lain
Long months uncheered by hope, a hero brave.
Touched by the sound through living, prostrate slain,
Brave Gascar hastes. An iron door unbarred, he sees,
Faded and poor, yet glad, a noble Genoese:

"Gaspari! Fates! Can this be he? The same,
 Who on the velvet shore of Genoa proud
 High walked among the free, the brightest beam
 In freedom's orb! High o'er the plummy crowd,
 As mountain fir above the vale, the flame
 Of his high crest arose 'mid trumpets loud.
 How changed from that bright morn who here all ghostly lies!
 A man, and not a man, so faded now his eyes!"

His chains removed and light upon his eye
 Once more, the hero thus: "All just the Power
 That yon high arch sustains in purity.
 As bounds the bill'wy sea the granite shore,
 And on its haughty face all brokenly
 Returns its wave, so oft doth Heaven pour
 On sinful men their wickedness. Its blasted state
 The Hassan earns—the enemy of God and Fate.

"Free as the air that fans these balmy isles
 We sailed the placid sea, escaped but late
 From war's tumult'ous strife. Sadly the piles
 Of Christian shrines that near Bosphorus sat,
 We left in hands of Infidels. Yet smiles
 Once more our tears illumed, that kindly Fate
 Our way had opened to our Christian homes. Too bright
 The rising joy—bedimmed as born in starless night!

“ Windward we saw the moony shroud, that now
On yon dark billow floats, high in the light
Of heaven. As falcon from the mountain’s brow
That on the vale below, devoid of might
The dovy flock perceives, and downward, low,
As lightning on his prey swift falls; so bright
With joy on us, too weak for fight, the Hassan came :
Sad relic of the crew alone of all I am !

“ Unable to resist, we sought to raise
In their stern hearts, some secret charity.
By common blood, by frame erect, by rays
That issue from one gen’ral sun, by sea,
By land, by home’s desire and love of praise,
By hope of gain, by future destiny—
Their clemency we urged. In vain our earnest prayers—
Weak as the cry of lamb upon the lion’s ears !

“ Our treasure gained—too small—they quench’d in blood
The sordid appetite. Alphonso brave
And Cassadere, high on the lifted wood,
They crucified. Alberti, Laerhave
And Hertz forced on the deck submissive stood
To feel the sabre’s edge. As sacrifice they gave
To Neptune ill appeased the sons of Mazzarin :
The rest by various means last closed the bloody scene.

"Me they reserved for ends unknown. Perchance
 Their lust for flesh an after meal desired,
 As sated wolves desert for future wants
 The bones their teeth too long have gnawed all tired.
 Or hate to gratify, as glutton t' enhance
 His appetite by costly viands fired
 In various ways ; me, as a living sacrifice
 They kept, malice to feed in that befitting place.

"But Heaven too kind for their infernal hate,
 Their thirsting tongues and hearts has now deprived
 Of sav'ry food. Well have they drunk, though late,
 The nectar-draughts by their own veins supplied.
 Imputed blood has seal'd the Hassan's fate,
 Whose iron heart to us all grace denied.
 Ye were the means—just Heaven the high avenging Power,
 That taught yon hated flag to tyrannize no more."

The pris'ners bound, the bloody conflict o'er,
 Again the sportive winds the canvas fill.
 Bright was the Ægean wave, whose gilded floor
 All peaceful lay, as if no martial sail,
 With spear and bloody sword, e'er ting'd with gore
 Its placid smile. So bloom 'mid tombs all still
 The laughing vines, that round sad hillocks low, or brow
 Of lofty monuments, no signs of sorrow show.

On, as a maid of queenly port, whom eyes
Unseen admire, as through the busy street,
Or gravel-walk, with lightsome heart she hies—
So pass'd the joyous ship 'mid waves that greet,
And happy winds her course. Yet often lies,
'Neath cheek of pearl and eyelids bright,
Some secret sigh that pride or charity conceals,
As o'er the gnawing worm the rose exulting smiles.

Blest Sympathy! As from the willow's blade
The tear-drop rolls by sorr'wing clouds let fall;
Or through the arching isles, that in the shade
Of forests grow irregular, the wail
Of mourning winds is heard; so sighs all sad
Through human hearts of human woe the tale.
One instrument the race, who strikes too hard one string,
The peace of all disturbs and makes ten thousand ring.

Such is the heart, till selfishness and sin
Have turn'd its silken chords to hardest steel.
Look at the child—how near in heart akin
To all his race! And gentle woman still,
Like olive in a grove of smitten pine,
Receives on her kind heart and loves to feel
The woes of all mankind. The truth I blush to own,
'Tis chiefly man whose heart to man is made of stone!

One vital throb e'en here remains—deep love
 For land that nursed his infant smile. A vale
 Elysian all, or barren rocks above
 That frown on abject poverty, the soil
 One calls his own is sacred ground. The grove
 All still, the quiet stream, the willow pale,
 And wand'ring pathway far, have charms alone for him,
 That earth and smiling art beside, can never dim.

Touch'd by the double flame, Gaspari's side
 The Son of Dominic and Haraldin
 Enchain'd. His soldier's arm, his forehead wide,
 And eye of burning flame, that late had been
 In War's terrific strife, awaked unhid
 In them the sigh, on that all bloody scene
 Farther to gaze. So oft the silver lip of age
 Charm'd infancy surrounds, to glean some by-gone stage.

High on the prow with radiant eye began
 The hero thus: "Sons of the free-born West,
 Whose emerald vales no proud Mohammedan,
 By crescent raised and sword, has e'er oppress'd—
 Sad is the tale ye ask, whose devious plan
 Rehearsed, like waves that on the hollow breast
 Of sea-rocks dash, responsive groans awake within.
 Day's orb erased I tell and Night's establish'd reign.

“Bright as the glassy snows on Alpine heights,
But late arose the spires and gilded domes
Of proud Byzantia. Through silv’ry nights
With laughter free, along the starry streams,
Or lanterned streets, her maidens walked. Delights
Of ev’ry clime were in her port ; her homes
Were quietness and peace—Free at his altar blest
Revered arose in flowing robes her saintly priest.

“Not thus her present state. As blighted grove
Whose arching arms wild winds have tossed in pride,
The clouds high wreathing with the forest’s love—
So lies she now—the vale of sorrows wide.
No sabbath-bell loud calling from above
Invites to house of prayer—no happy bride
At priestly altar stands. Profaned all these, the Star
Of Islam shines on mourning waves, and hill-side far !

“The crown—of earthly crowns the starriest one—
That first the head of potent Cæsar wore,
And Time had decked with all his honors on—
This crown—that soon in night for evermore
Was doomed to set—above the lock now shone
Of Constantine. Worthy the brow that wore,
Whose marble arch strong intellect within enshrined,
Beating beneath a heart with ev’ry virtue joined.

“ Young as the Spring, when from her icy home
First peers her head with flow’ry ringlets crowned,
The Monarch stood. Not yet the after tomb
Of care on his glad cheek was graved, nor owned
His laughing eye a smitten beam.—The dome
Of his young heart not yet had sighing groaned
With sorrow’s deep-toned bass—but o’er its arches rang
The merry songs of joy, that choirs ethereal sang.

“ Twas first a care of State, the Monarch’s arm
To bless with suited bride. But who so fair
Of womankind that noble breast to warm,
And thence transmit of royal blood an heir?
Vain wish—since at the bridal door a storm
Was rising fast, that on the empty air
High royalty should cast as atoms on the wind!
Yet breathed each buoyant heart such angel spouse to find.

“ Phranza, ’twas thine earth’s Eden to survey
With curious eye, and from its balmy lakes
Or arching bowers, some second Eve decoy.
From where on frozen hills the feath’ry flakes
Of snow descend, to Greccia’s southern bay,
The vig’rous search was plied.—In vain—her locks
The maiden shakes where Euxine bathes the Georgian sand;
There fair Larissa smiles, the goddess of the land.

“The nuptial night was fixed, when on her arch
Declined, the golden moon of Spring should shine
On quiet men. But in its fickle march,
Oft flings ill-natured Time sad snows that line
The lap of May. Not always monarchs reach,
As other men, the goal, that high o'er pine
And earthly hill-top rears its many clouded spires ;
But seize as most the shade that in their hand expires !

“Yet sweet down path illusive still to gaze,
And sip from airy things a present joy.
Thus pleased, all eyes the ever-winding maze
Of dark futurity surveyed. Employ
All hearts the Monarch's bliss, and blood that strays
Through other veins and other thrones enjoy.
So smiles on ruby cheek of child the parent's kiss,
Breathing the hues of life on other lips like this.

“But hark ! War's clarion note is on the hill !
Byzantia stirs. Her spears and glitt'ring swords
Fast rattle in the street, as on to fill
The bloody line of death, pass hordes on hordes.
Approach the hostile legions nearer still,
As now is heard their horses' tread, and words.
High mid the cloudy ranks the Moslem Chief is seen,
Bright stars upon his crest and glory in his mien.

“ If ye have never seen, ’tis where his wave
 The Euxine pours upon the Marble sea,
 Byzantia stands. Her feet the waters lave
 Of Bosphorus—her arms all tenderly
 And breast repose on grassy hills above.

With gloomy rocks that pierce the distant sky,
 One side Propontis guards—the other shields a wall
 High built of stone—the Golden Wave around it all.

“ From where its tears the Lycus pours serene
 Upon the Yellow Bay, to battlements
 Of Marmora, are double piles between
 Of granite high. Beyond, with jaws immense,
 A dark abyss, whose banks of double green
 Nor man nor horse can span. Strong thus the fence
 That round high temples, domes, and love’s sweet fireside,
 Co-working Nature, Art, had placed close side by side.

“ But there are times, when Fate that rules the gods,
 Descends to dwell with men. Personified
 In some brave heart, it heaves from earth its loads
 Of adamant, and in its onward pride
 Turns thrones on high and palaces to clods.
 His form but man, his heart of muscle made,
 Mahomet planned, Time’s toiling strength through years to
 foil,
 And shake ’neath Nature’s steadfast throne her marble pile !

“As 'gainst some Alpine rock Jove's thunder breaks,
That lifts its smitten brow above the storm
Unharm'd, so beat the northern wall the strokes
Of loud artillery. As Ætna warm
Upheaves her treasury below of rocks,
That fill the air, and from her wrathful arm
Sicilia shakes; so seem'd the hills above, that blaze
And frown alternate in the smoke and distant haze.

“One giant tube, more potent than the rest,
Drowns all in its terrific roar. Uzzan
This made—a Christian name—whose fallen breast
Opposed the faith his life at first began.
Alas! that Truth by her own sons oppress'd,
Her banner high that waves should feel to wane!
Yet oft, the daring hand that casts her altars down,
Smiling as mother once, she proudly called her own!

“The deep abyss attempt the Moslems next
To fill. In vain—the Night encaverns all
The Day supplies. Scornful, but perplex'd,
Afar the Sultan eyes the standing wall:
'Shall I,' he cries, his Turkish blood deep vex'd;
'Shall I, who feel through heart and vein to roll
The blood of Mighty Bajazet, and am the son
Of Amurath, by Christian dogs be thus outdone?

“‘Forbid it Fate! Not always hath its side
 The mountain high of rock.—Where tall yon firs
 Their kingly stateliness imprint in pride
 Upon the Golden Wave, shall pass ’mid birs,
 My high-land fleet! As ’bove the clouds doth ride
 The eagle free, my lifted keels and oars
 Shall o’er the spires of Pera glide to feel below
 The wave. Such is my will—and Fate decrees it so.’

“The miracle was wrought! ’Long beams well laid
 Of lofty firs, across the sandy plain
 Descend the brigantines, as sportive shade
 From airy clouds. Beyond their tightened chain
 And fleet, amazed the Christians saw parade
 At morning’s eye, the Turkish hosts.—In vain
 Resistance now, save in the Powers that rule above,
 And in each vet’ran’s arm close by his foe that strove.

“Night came. Not such as o’er the resting vale,
 Distils the dewy tear in morning’s light
 To smile. Not such, as round her temples pale,
 Soothes with its balm the heart and eyelid shut
 Of dreaming maid. Not such as love to hail
 The happy swains, when ’neath the tent all bright
 Of heaven’s high canopy, their wand’ring gangs by day
 Repose round peaceful fires, to doze the shades away.

“Portentous gloom! whose starry choirs loud sang
But dirges on the wind! His last resort,
St. Sophia’s shrine the Monarch seeks. Along
The sighing street with yielding step and short,
As mourner to the tomb he goes. Low rang
On gloomy walls, bedecked with various art,
His onward steps: “Perchance kind Heaven may turn the
scale,
That now on narrow edge suspends a nation’s weal.”

“’Long the dark walls of Wisdom’s aged shrine,
Pale gleams the sickly lamp, that half reveals
The leaders of the host.—These now convene
Around the altar last, ere loud the peals
Of coming morn should wake a bloodier scene.
With saintly hand and tall, the Priest kind deals
The symbols of the cross—“Be strong, ye sons of war,
Nor fear Mahomet’s rage, or loudly thund’ring car.”

“’Tis morn. With day’s young eye began the roar
Of loud artillery. The hills resound
With thunder tones, and o’er the glassy floor
Of roused Bosphorus, groans afar the sound.
Peal after peal that seemed for evermore
To ring, wide shake the wall and solid ground.
As writhes unfelled by show’ry spears the elephant,
So writhed unfallen still the tow’ring battlement.

"Vile Gold! thou hast a magic power to move,
 When martial arms are weak. Her liberty
 Of yore proud Grecia lost, not by the grove
 Of iron spears high raised from Philippi;
 But gauzy wires of thee, fast bound, above,
 Below, round Freedom's arm! Thy brilliancy,
 As star above a cloud, strong Hassan's eye beguiles,
 As leaps his massive bulk o'er heaps of frowning piles!

"As down the craggy rock the rushing tide
 Descends of some great waterfall, wide foam
 And rainbows arching 'long the noisy side
 Of falling thunderbolts; so onward come
 O'er walls of flame the turbaned hosts, that glide
 As spirits of the wind. A fearful doom
 Awaits each Christian now, who yields his sword unwon,
 Or grasps more strong its hilt with double courage on.

"As meets the king of beasts the unicorn,
 High-bounding o'er some desert wild, so pressed
 Each Christian hero on his foe. Far borne
 On distant lands, high burns the patriot's breast
 With fire, as o'er the field of death is strown
 His Country's flag. But who their firesides blest
 And smoking altars see, have hearts of hardest stone:
 So fought we in the breach 'twixt love and Turkish scorn.

" Brave Justin first—our countryman. As waves
 The lofty oak its head in some wild storm,
 High raised above the humbler trees, so braves
 His lifted crest, the sabre, and the arm :
 Of haughty Mussulmen. Piled groves on groves
 Of corpses lie around his giant form :
 Insatiate still, hot fury lifts his victor blade,
 The light beyond to see, or perish in the shade.

" Nor dared he less—the noble Constantine.
 Unmindful of his crown, above his brow
 Of royalty high shone in glittering line,
 The crested steel. Upraised and blazing now,
 His sword the hostile ranks wide rends, as pine
 Jove's thunderbolt, that at its base below
 Its pride and glory leaves. Nor toils alone his arm,
 But wide o'er others stretched, directs the awful storm.

" Ye Ghosts unseen, that 'twixt the closing eye
 And regions far remote officiate—
 What work had ye to do, as hurriedly
 Such crowds—your trust—from homes did emigrate
 Of mortal clay! Below, or far on high,
 Ne'er more was pressed from earth your brazen gate.
 As furious tide that widely sweeps the plain along,
 So raged through street and lane the war, ferocious, strong.

"Yet strives in vain the oak against the storm,
 Too potent for its strength. Not once, but e'er,
 The blast returns that rends its twisted arm.
 As fallen leaves in June to what do bear
 The boughs above, so seemed the corpses warm
 Below, to Turks high bounding through the air.
 By number, not by valor foiled, we yield the prize—
 Despair in every heart, lost hope beyond the skies.

"The end, not mine—some iron tongue must tell;
 Nor such till doubly frozen at the pole,
 All sympathy with life away shall steal.
 St. Sophia! what maddened shrieks did roll
 From thy high arch! Ye tender maids! what peal
 Of untold agony awaked your howl!
 What sounds unheard, ye matrons, stunned your bleeding
 ears?
 How flowed your blood, ye priests, amid your altar-fires!

"As jewel trod by raving swine, that still
 Beneath their feet its dusted brilliancy
 Maintains, so lay amid the bloody pile
 Of slaughtered men, brave Constantine. His eye
 Undimmed, his hand still clenched on burning steel,
 Prostrate he lay, the last of royalty!
 So sank to noble night Great Cæsar's sword-won crown!
 So 'neath the Moslem moon the Christian orb went down!

“ As sparks from some great temple burnt, that rise
And far in darkness fall, so fled the few
Escaped from Moslem wrath to other skies.
Wretched among them I, whose living view,
Unsated yet with Turkish cruelties,
Was destined to behold the phazes new
Of that cursed moon. The rest on earth where'er they stroll,
Kind Heaven protect—and blight the orb of Moslem rule.”

As fife and drum that to the battle field
Proud legions urge, so fell on heart and ear
Of each Gaspari's words. High Fates concealed,
The Christian's God, strong Justice, Love and Fear,
Were all by turns invoked, their potent shield
To interpose. Nor these alone. Did swear
Each heart now hot, Islam's high flag through life to hate,
In every land, her creed, her name, her hosts to desolate.



BOOK VII.

THE SHIPWRECK.

LONG years had passed, when on the airy rock
Of Cintra, late escaped from shipwreck, stood
The Son of Dominic. Briny his lock,
That yet the sun from strife of ocean's flood
Had not well dried. O'er earth, o'er sea, his look
He pensive cast and on the distant wood,
That with its fringing green the banks of Tagus drest,
Or threw its maiden sheen along the mountain's breast.

Low in the smiling vale, that half its joy
In Cintra's shroud concealed, his strolling gangs
A shepherd lonely watched, that like a boy
Far in the distance seemed. Confiding hangs
On struggling props, o'er hills and valleys gay,
Autumn's rich vine, whose purple tears the pangs
Of grief allay, or tinge the wings of joy with dyes,
That only Nature equals in her evening skies.

Before, was Ocean's majesty, that late
Its scornful frown upon his gallant bark
Had fixed, leaving, nor pence, nor joyous mate,
Life to support, or cheer its prospect dark.
Behind, the beams of yellow evening sat
On domes and citadels that proudly mark
Olispo's site; where wealth and glory meet the eye,
And Pride its castles rears along the cloud-wreathed sky.

High in the distance rise the misty peaks
Of Iber far, where rocks and forests strive
For prevalence, and green and gray, their streaks
Combined, the solemn and the joyous give
The scenery. Aspiring Art its villa makes
Along the rugged steeps, where clustered live
Sad eremites, whose smiling cells without, illumine
Below a world, their misled faith o'erspreads with gloom.

Far in the skirting wood, bright Tagus rolls
In winding way its wave along the shore—
Tagus, whose smiling childhood playful strolls
Through kissing roses on a golden floor,
Till dashed by rocks at Toledo, it cools
Its youthful heart, and wilder now its tour
Performs to Alcantar: vast pillars here impede
Its way—brow joined to brow by Adrian made.

Like pine late struggling with the storm, that lifts
Its airy head o'er broken limbs, the wreck
Of disrobed pride, high standing in his griefs
He said: "Is this, through arduous toil the speck
My heart has seized! Of all thy various gifts,
Are there no crumbs, Fortune, that lastly speak
Thy charity to me? A cast-off son, no look
Has thy repenting heart to ease thy blighting stroke?"

"And why, if made thy mortal mark, the barb
Must I receive where Nature only smiles?
Is there no barren waste, where vernal garb
Of Spring ne'er blooms—no secret den where coils
Half-seen the viper and the asp—no herb
On some forsaken shore—where I the piles
Of thy inflicted wrath might feel uncharmed by life—
The dead amid the dead as leaf on rotting leaf?"

"Insane! By sterling Wisdom unrestrained,
Each morn, each eve with more enchanted eye,
Thy changing form I chased, as evil-brained,
Some youth the maid, that scorns his worthless plea.
Alas, that only late, too late, is gained
By man acquaintance with thy subtilty!
Coquetish Power! who serves thy crown must some time feel,
Thy laws and heart alike both made of hardest steel.

“And thou that didst on Tesin’s evening shore,
Angel or friend, excite to youthful fame—
Is this the goal that thy malignant power,
False to the eye as fled some meteor’s beam,
Through struggling years has reached in evil hour?
Bereft of all, is this thy subtle game?”

Alas, that thought in strongest minds below too weak,
Some Power unseen by man should more erratic make!

“But not the Present kills alone. Past years
Their cycles slow evolve, whose bitter tomb
Is filled with groans and sighs, that more my ears
Afflict and heart than present, rayless gloom!
O Memory, whose graven record sears
On life’s best check its unsubstantial bloom—

How deep thy lines of steel on sorrowing hearts are prest,
When from the shad’wy past one boon they cannot wrest!

“Oh, sweet Liguria, that in some dell
Of thee had been my unpretending home!
Then in the quiet vale where never peal
The thunders loud of Fate, and where his doom
The rustic waits with cheerful hope—each meal
A sacrament, each barren spot all bloom—

There had I viewed at morn the rose in dew-drops drest,
Or hummed at eve some air as sank the stars to rest.

“Blest Ella! once my Love, my Goddess now—
Had warm the tear that fell thy cheeks along,
Each smile effacing as it rolled below;
Had that bright drop, more distant flung,
But reached the heart that dies without thee now;
E'en fate had yielded, and my purpose strong
To court the sea adventurous, like tow'r on high
Had fallen from its pride beneath thy conqu'ring eye.

“Ah man, proud man! how oft to gentleness
Of woman's heart, sagacious of the ill
That thy strong eye, too fixed in selfishness
On airy things, perceives not nigh—her call
How oft from brink of yawning wretchedness,
It plucks thy wayward feet, and makes a rill,
Where else had been a cataract of howling woe!
Ah blest, thrice blest the men who such advisers know!

“But years not then or griefs this weighty truth
Had written on my heart. Nature within
I served, not Love without, whose tender youth
Prophetic not I deemed of ills, that brain
Nor strong philosophy endures. Rueth
My heart too late its deep-recorded sin,
That like a viper bites, still bites ferociously,
Nor lets its victim live, nor lets him peaceful die.”

He ceased, and on a rock of grayish years,
 Half sunk in sand, and half above the soil
 Its storm-beat brow that lifts, oppressed with cares
 Low sank him down. Above, the arching pile
 Of Summer's oak with crest and arms appears
 Like hero on the field, as file to file,
 Proud legions stand. Sunny its top as youth's first smile,
 Gloomy its shade below, as wrecked man's fun'ral pile.

Hid in its wavy robe, as Cupid sly
 'Mid dangling curls on woman's iv'ry neck,
 A lonely songster sat, that merrily
 And loud his music poured from struggling beak.
 As smile upon the brow of infancy
 To manhood's gloom, that shoots its radiant streak
 Across the cloud of older care, so fell each note
 Relaxing on his ear—his griefs now half forgot.

Ah, if o'er life's more sandy plains, no rose
 Of beauty reared its head—if, 'mid its winds
 Of wild complaint, courted the ear of woes
 No sweet Æolian sounds—if care that binds
 Man's rugged heart, no smile on childhood's brows,
 Or love on woman's lips relaxed—if lines
 From Mercy's orb like these gemmed not our desert o'er;
 How oft the heart would sigh, ah sigh, for evermore!

He felt the charm and with his adverse fate
Philosophized. "Sweet, homeless bird, thou hast
No barns of golden grain—no coffered weight
Of earthly ore—no palace proudly cast
Upon the sunny air—no robes rich set
With jewelry—and yet, are joyful past
Thy days in calm felicity! No eagle high
Thou fear'st, no arrow on the string, or archer's eye!

"Gay in the storm as in the smiling beam,
To-morrow's dawn on thee no anxious care,
Unbalm'd in dewy sleep, devolves. No dream
Of things benumbed by buried winters, are
To thee, afflictions still. Reason's high flame
In man, that crowds ubiquity with fear,
And dims to him the vales that bloom beneath the eye,
Sheds not on thee its proofs of argued misery.

"Pure as the ray Hesperus sheds upon
The dewy blade is thy perennial joy,
That with the morning dawns, and in the brown
Of evening sets like star along the sky.
All free thy happy wing! O'er monarch's throne
And citadels of pride, that from the eye
Obeisance claim of men below, it upward soars,
Undimmed its plume by care that weeds all mortal shores.

“ Oh could I rise with thee above the cloud
Of gloom, that now my changed horizon dims—
I too would sing, and strike with hand aloud
My chordless harp. High poised on air, the themes
Of youth and better days reborn, would crowd
My heart anew, while lost 'mid childhood's dreams,
Like vales relaxing in the vernal beam, love's charm
And innocence once more would make this bosom warm.”

He said, as o'er the snow upon his cheek,
Like Borealis 'long the northern sky,
The purple light began to spread : yet like
Those magic hues that soon retiring die,
Back to its winter sank each bashful streak,
Fixed paleness leaving on his brow and eye.
Victorious thought rebarbs the arrow deep within,
And night all starless binds her undisputed reign.

But hark ! A stranger climbs proud Cintra's side,
Hard struggling upward in the mellow beam.
Ah, there are joyous times, when far and wide
Man's eye from man dispels the brooding dream,
That like a vulture perched in dismal pride,
Sits on the bleeding heart ! But not on him
Thus fell the light, that from the stranger's eye unknown
Ill-auguring, he judged the blaze of wrath alone.

Firm on his sword, that spite of Neptune's hate,
His hand had lifted on the bulwarked shore,
His nervous grasp he fixed, and sternly sat
To meet the coming foe. So takes its power
The struggling soul, when at its broken gate,
Strong Death triumphant stands. Convinced its hour
Has come, from life's decaying throne unawed it smiles,
And most the hero seems 'mid nature's funeral piles.

But looks there are and words, that from the heart,
Thrice cased in fear or deep malignity,
Can melt the venom off, and sweet impart
Felt charity. More near, the stranger's eye
Betok'ning love, removed the unseen dart,
That doubt and distance gave unwittingly.
So from the thunder's track that shakes the distant sky,
Distils the balmy rain, when storms are passing by.

A wearied traveller he seemed, whose feet
Olispo's gate had late forsook. Hard prest,
His manly shoulders bore, in tow'ring weight,
A sack of various merchandise, that best
Home's need might satisfy, as smiling meet
The wife admiring and the children blest,
Around the op'ning store. His brow a reedy hat,
His form a flaxen garb concealed—sandals his feet.

Reposed his weight, beneath the shade he stood,
 As willow loosened from the driving winds.
 The shipwrecked thus: "O'er path and winding wood
 Not soft thy way has been, whose strength thus binds
 Such massive load. Nor these alone; more rude
 The solar beam, that from his throne strong sends
 Apollo on the dusty road. His piercing line
 But few could bear, where droop the forest and the vine."

The traveller: "For others, not myself,
 I bear these solar ills. More strong than is
 Apollo's beam domestic love, that grief
 Nor toil can subjugate, but like the breeze
 Best heard in wintry nights, its plighted faith
 Firmest maintains, as round it dangers rise.
 The orient chill, damp eve, and day's protracted toil—
 Man feels not these, when blest with cheerful woman's smile."

The shipwrecked thus: "More blest thy golden lot
 Than mine. Not with the beams on high I strive,
 Or with their ovened strength, that rising hot
 From burning sands consume the feet. I strive
 With Fortune, Fate, and fickle gods, that late
 Have left me wrecked, but what you see—alive.
 Would that their subtle hate one step had farther gone,
 And that destroyed, which left is but one living thorn!

“ Nor am I cheered, in this malignant fight,
By woman’s smile, or home’s seraphic joys.
These, too, are fled, and left to me a night
Unjewelled by a star! Ah, were there eyes,
Such eyes as I have seen, to cast their light
Upon my rayless path, new life would rise
In this thrice-coffined heart, that should the war renew;
Unfelt each deadly dart, with woman’s love in view.

“ But this cold earth, that in its ample breast
The maiden’s smile and arm heroic holds,
Entombs for me of life, what most and best
I valued here. The little spot enfolds
A willow tree, whose dangling locks undrest
Sigh o’er the sainted dead. Oft thither rolls
This heart its burdened grief, that with the dirgy winds
Moans in the sable boughs, and weeping comfort finds.

“ Sacred the spot, as in the pilgrim’s eye
The cleft on Golgotha. No weeds of death
We water more with tears, than thoughtlessly
We plant in soil too rich round coffined earth.
Dreary the loss beneath the brightest sky:
But when too busy thought, with present grief
The painful past connects in gloomy brotherhood,
Thrice dies the stricken heart low welt’ring in its blood.”

He ceased ; for words his struggling throat had made
 Too weak for utterance. The stranger thus :
 " Alas ! that from our lowly hearth, 'mid shade
 Of poverty, one straying ray should pass,
 To make on other cheek Hope's dawning fade !
 As well to glow-worm's sickly beam, its face
 Some golden star might shroud in heaven's high canopy,
 As thou be envious thus at our low poverty.

" But there are wounds so tender in the soul,
 That e'en a word may irritate. Perchance
 Thy heart, oft broke beneath the wheels that roll
 High arched o'er human bliss, but lacked a glance
 Its wounds within to stir from pole to pole.
 The Past, not I, who here have met thee once,
 Must be thy painful visitant. Forgive the word,
 That kind upon my lip, has thy deep sorrow stirred."

" Not thee I herein blame," replied the Son
 Of Dominic. " Oft through the vernal vale,
 Where smile the purple flowers, doth creeping run
 Some mudded stream, that from its winding trail
 Sad death exhales upon the balmy air. So on
 Its serpent's way, from cell to gloomy cell,
 Through ruin of this heart, deep grief doth madly wind ;
 Unpearled, unwreathed, uncharmed, by smiling things
 around.

“Cold on your ear must fall such arctic words,
Unused to sail as I, where all is ice.
But he that leaves the tropic song of birds,
Through frozen latitudes in vain to chase
The pole, will often find his warmest words
Fall snowy on a heart, that in its peace
Has through all life inhaled meridian winds. 'Tis ill,
And yet 'tis mine o'er joy such winter to distil.”

“But why conceal the fountains of thy grief,
Or cast around thee thus but broken scum?
Dislodge the mass, that hard confined, as thief
Steals all thy temple joys. Thou lackest room
For bliss, that like the balmy air we breathe,
Is but expelled, where fast imprisoned gloom
Strong bolts each portal of the soul, that dark within,
Each maddened thought may rave in undisputed pain.

“Turn out these robbers of thy peace, that Joy
Recrowned and Hope again within thy heart
May gain ascendancy. Beneath what sky
First beamed on thee yon sun, whose after dart
Hath chased thee gloomily? Along this sea—
Or where yon granite piles, like pillared art,
Sustain the base of heaven—or, in what other clime,
First fanned thy ruddy cheek, the passing wings of Time?

" And why, thus lonely on a desert rock,
 High stand thy laboring feet? Did vagrant choice,
 Or cas'alty here turn thy manly look?
 Hast thou some end in view, or do the joys
 Of nature wide from hill to pearling brook
 Entice thy mind? Foreign thine accent, eyes,
 That not to Lusitan belong; where on the brow
 Apollo stamps his gold in smoke of gods below."

With doubt upon his eye, the shipwrecked thus:
 " Good the advice thy sagely tongue affords:
 Yet hard in leaky bark the wide abyss
 To stanch, whose buoyant wave in hordes
 Outruns the laboring hand. Whose timbers kiss
 The sea unbored, may chide the storm with words:
 But he who feels his vessel's rottenness, alarmed
 May well his leaden eye lift up, by songs uncharmed.

" There are who trace life's backward path with joy,
 Their footprints left in vales Elysian all.
 For such, Time's early ruin and its sky
 Are decked with golden hues, that softly fall
 Upon the eye. Not thus the crooked way
 I trace, that with its ever-winding thrall
 'Mid tombs has passed, and lowly labyrinths of night,
 Where things malignant hiss and pits ensnare the feet.

“ Where earth’s high sons enshrine their brow
Upon the glassy wave, and with the stars
Adorn each night their shaggy locks below—
Where pride its battlements of castles rears
Along the arching hills, afar that grow
Dimly sublime—where Zephyr never sears
The placid lake, or on the face of woman dims
The rose—there first new-born were sung my natal hymns.

“ Youth’s bounding heart entrapped by early love,
Through rosy wreaths with cedars rich entwined,
Pendent that crowned the fairy arch above,
Love’s fane I entered young. Within enshrined
The incensed pan I held, that curling gave
Its smoky fragrance to the Goddess kind.
With dewy morn and in the shade of balmy eve
My vow I brought, content her blessing to receive.

“ But like the bird, Love often builds her nest
High-cliffed above the sea. Hard flung below,
The trident strong I found not mildly prest
As Love’s soft wing. Their iron cycles throw
Long years around my brow, while I the Priest
Of Ocean serve. Deceived by wages low,
The sea-god’s rule I leave, and seek again the fane,
Where ne’er I brought in youth one cheerful off’ring vain.

"All-changed the scene! No altar now could find
 My vagrant eye, but myrtle grove instead
 And willow branch, that o'er the dead combined,
 Such canopy of gloom outstretched, as shade
 Of Hades seemed. Unwreathed the land, unvined,
 I scorned it more than sea, that lately had
 Life's summer-days to winter turned. My bark once more
 I trimmed: in vain—there lies its wreck along the shore!

"Thus crossed on land, on sea, beyond the gate
 Of life begun I stand, less born than they
 Who roll unmeaning eyes on work of fate.
 Back on the unborn past has been my way,
 Led on by guides that fiction, history late
 Or old, has ne'er described. Where living stay
 Blank purposes of God unvitalized with things,
 E'en there has seemed my life, that no fruition brings."

"Too rash thy hasty words," the traveller.
 "Not born in vain, who 'neath the nightly tree
 Of arching sorrow, gain experience here.
 No lines so groove the heart indelibly,
 As on its softened face, of Wisdom fair
 The scribe, Affliction writes. Upon the sea
 Are pressed the shallow truths that ear of ease enjoys,
 What falls on furrowed hearts no hand of Time destroys.

“Look to the dome, that high o'er land and sea,
Proud Nature hangs on pedestals unknown.
'Tis not with golden light between we see
Its high-hung lamps, but when the sober brown
Of Night, balmed in the weeping dews, the eye
Attracts to gaze. Then Thought erects its throne,
And far beyond the narrow globe, that bounds by day
Its eye, communes absorbed with heaven's high canopy.

“Affliction is the school in which we learn
Philosophy. Strong selfishness outdone,
And earth disrobed of transient glare, we turn
Beneath the rod to golden truth alone.
Then too are stirred the fires that deepest burn
Within the soul. Few know, till abject thrown
Upon themselves, their hidden strength. 'Tis then awake
High thoughts and powers, themselves that mighty moun-
tains make.

“Judgest thou ill, that love and abject gold
Are equal to the stores fair Wisdom fills?
What though in ease with shining sands untold
Others have lived? or, in the morning smiles
Of woman basked.—Do their strong fingers hold
A treasure more than thine? Her marble piles
Fair Wisdom rears, not from the common rock, but mine
Unwrought, untouched by hand, save what she makes divine.

" And if more sunk than most thou strikest low
 The rock, of richer grain the piece thy hand,
 Laborious long, triumphantly shall throw.
 The bloom that in the Spring enwreathes the land,
 Few dews produce, and few efface—But lo!
 The diamond's brilliancy! Hard formed in sand
 Through ages long, Time's latest wings it gems with light,
 Still radiant on the gloom where thrones and kingdoms set.

" Perchance some high-arched goal near crowns the road
 Thou walkest in. Not always sees the end
 Blind man of his vicissitudes, but God,
 Whose prudent hand prepares, for what do send
 His purposes. Thy crooked way, so strewed
 With tears at first, in morning's light may end.
 In scheme of God what wayward lies to us is straight,
 And often stumbling feet stand next th' appointed gate."

As boughs of some tall tree whose bosom fills
 The wind, that toss and heave beneath the freight
 They seem to glory in—so, struggling swells
 And falls his heart beneath the soothing weight
 Of balmed philosophy. Not more what tells
 The traveller he weighs, than unexpected sight
 Of one in rustic garb, who seemed of Wisdom's fane
 The priest. He sighed, he smiled, and thus his words began.

"The root of that malignant tree, beneath
 Whose drops of bitter grief unhealed I stand
 In manhood's prime, was planted when a youth
 Philosophy I served, where through its sand
 Of gold sweet Tesin flows. At feet of Truth
 Reclined, in evening's beam I sat, where land
 Its granite heart, as man's in woman's sympathy,
 Bathes in the quiet stream. Beside me stood, with eye

"Of burning flame, such mystic wight, as Time
 Not since has cast upon my gaze. This heart
 So calm before, so perished since, with flame
 Unquenchable he fired, whose inward smart
 On land and restless sea has been the same.
 Where on the lap of dewy eve his heart
 Hesperus leaves, he bade me seek far distant shores,
 Where Spring and fruited Summer shed unending stores.

"Since then, as seeks with restless life the pole
 Amalfi's steel, this unmoored heart supreme
 Its purposes has turned, where loudly roll
 On western rocks unheard, great Ocean's theme.
 Each star that there has quenched its fiery soul,
 Each wind that thither blows, the restless beam
 Of this pale eye has watched—stirring beneath a fire,
 That chilling dews and rain could never make expire.

“This phantom chased, as boys the butterfly,
That spreads in Spring its wing of varied gold
O'er flowery lawns—less fortunate than they,
I grasp, and grasp, but cannot firmly hold.
Like them o'er pits I fall, but not the eye
Like them of laughter raise, but heart so cold,
That Winter in her snow feels not a sturdier chill.
Thus fights my foolish hand Fate's high, unchanging will.”

“The error thine, perchance, who seekest soon
What God designed thy fingers late should reap.
Perchance, 'twas in thy seared leaf the boon
Was promised, not when vernal locks do creep
Thy temples down. If fev'rish youth should run
Too fast on manhood's prime, e'en gained, must drop
The crown from its too pu'rile arm. Long years between,
It holds with firmer grasp the weight its efforts win.

“Matured by time, by sad reverses trained
Adversity to bear, retrim the bark,
That now thy faded eye to evil chained
Surveys all hopelessly. Thy life-time's mark
Thy hand laborious still may gain, if planned
Aright thy future path. No better ark
For thee than Lusitan, where wise Felippa's son
High royalty employs to trace the setting sun.

“Where Vincent rears his brow of pillared stone
That on the sea looks frowningly, high stands
In pride his nautic pile, within that's strown
With charts of fresh discovery. All lands,
That hear in distant latitudes the groan
Of Ocean's bass he seeks, and sands
Or blooming vales, unites to crown of Lusitan.
His ear thy plea may hear and raise thy hopes again.

“Or, mocked by him, in childhood's tender dew,
There beats at Arvelo a heart more kind.
Not yet her girlish eyes survey the blue
Of that majestic arch among mankind,
Her fame shall fill—but in their playful hue
Laugh to the gilded toy, or idly bind
The wreathy vine. When woman's radiant prime shall bloom
Full-orbed upon her cheek, her angel hand the gloom,

“Long settled on thy heart, shall dissipate.
Woman first sinned, and to redeem the past,
Now eyes with tender beam what princes hate.
Soft as the pearly dew her love is cast
Where sorrow weeps, or with his struggling fate
Bound Genius strives. Her tongue as angel's last
Thy leaden ear shall joy with words that ne'er shall die ;
Her sceptre point thee dauntless to the western sky.”

He said, and bounding on the air wide spread
His seraph-wings. So from the grav'ly shore,
Near eyed some fisherman, its arching head
The snow-white crane exalts, that treads no more
The fishy sea. With one wild scream of dread
Upward it leaps, and at full length doth soar,
A sheet of moving white in heaven's unchanging blue :
So passed from Cintra's top the Seraph as he flew.

BOOK VIII.

THE CHANGE.

O MARRIAGE! pure and blissful tie, that joins
In one harmonious hearts, by love disposed
To seek each other kind, as drop combines
With pearly drop, that morning's eye composed
Has left on arching blade, with narrow lines
Between; unblest till by one globe inclosed—
Thy well-earned praise through ev'ry age have poets sung,
Thy sweet delights entrance the aged and the young.

Against thy golden yoke do none rebel,
Till Vice the crystal heart hath entered pure,
And on th' grave of virt'ous love its cit'del
Hath raised—a beacon light to ruin sure.
The innocent, the young for ever feel
Thy healthful glow, while youthful charms allure
Thy gentle reign, and oft thy crown by artifice
Secure, which worlds to buy were mean and worthless price.

All earth, all nature wide to nuptial bliss
Invites. On petalled couch Love balmy lies
Within each tender flower, whose soft embrace
Of pistils, stamens, incense sweet doth raise
Around the nectared shrine. From heaven's high face,
O'er plumes supreme, the manly eagle flies,
'Mid barren rocks to build for love an airy home ;
Unblest his daily wing till nightly there he come.

The Greek thy brow with verdant roses crowned,
Thy right-hand armed with torch of glowing light,
Thy left with purple robe, as high-adorned
Fair Hymen stood, perfection in his sight.
Thy sceptre pure the warring Roman owned,
And thy Thalassius worshipped on each night,
When stood the jewelled bride, all angel in her look,
To take the hand of him who wore her plighted lock.

Yea more—thy blissful reign was then begun,
When from the marble side of Adam came,
By touch of God, fair Eve—creation's sun.
Then rose new-born in human hearts that flame,
That when life's fires are set, still shines alone ;
Then, Goddess of the heart, of various name
But ever one, Love reared her temple-walls below,
Patroness of youth, asylum blest for human woe.

Swift years had fled when now the shipwrecked One,
Through teachings kind of him who twice had come
From heaven, o'er life's high road to lead him on
Of fame, in his sunk heart a secret home
For peace had found. Not now so lost, so lone
He felt, as when misfortune's gloom
Had quenched the beam of joy in ev'ry face he saw,
And earth wide chaos seemed—no order, peace, or law.

Life now to him was living life once more,
Whose fountain from his heart fresh bubbling up,
Wide o'er the desert of the soul did pour
Diffusive joy. Oh, Spring of life, sweet Hope,
Whose deep vitality, when frosts are o'er,
Starts from the long-chilled earth with fruit to crop
Our summer days!—For ever in their snows would lie
Our hearts, but for thy vernal call and vernal sky.

Yet one hid wound within his heart remained,
That not young Cupid gave, but stronger sire,
Brave Mars, as aiming ev'ry nerve he strained
To fix the arrow deep with quenchless fire.
In youth's delighted hour this love-wound gained,
Matured with age, nor would by time expire.
So clings the branchy oak to vine whose root is cut,
And on its living bosom lets it kindly rot.

As he, who walks in wedlock 'mong the fair,
Admires, but never loves a stranger's eye,
So he who coffins in his heart the star
Long set of some bewitching flame, no sigh
Can raise when beauty, virtue, sweetness are
Before his eye. Steeled at heart, he passes by
The harvest of soft eyes, as huntsman in the chase
O'erlooks in hot pursuit the flowers that kiss his face.

Such was his fate, whose pierceless heart no maid
In Lusitan could reach. Nor absent those
Whose charms he might have felt, but for the shade
Enshrined within. Nor Stoic he; but chose
A steely heart to smiles, that else had made
His heart all flame. Oh, wretched lot of woes!
Devotion of the Eremite—whose sickly vow
Confines a buoyant heart, that would be happy now!

Where All-saints lifts its gilded dome on high,
And on the silver wave of Tagus looks
Composedly, Laspero's tiles the eye
Of coming day salute. A man of books,
The learned and the wise around him nigh
Were oft convened. His time, in fruitless jokes
Or scandals of the day, he scorned too wise to pass,
Weighing each transient grain from life's too hasty glass.

What moments run to waste in most men's lives !
 What moments more are armed with secret spears !
 The bee, in its excursive wand'ring lives
 The nectar'd gum—the ant laborious bears
 The grain along : but man, if outward thrives
 His work, on his unvolumed heart calm hears
 The strokes of Time, unturned each lettered page ! Yea,
 worse,
 Into another's cup distils the bitter curse !

Better their lot whose evening lamps, like stars,
 Soft shine on Wisdom's page. Day's loaded car
 For them lifts up its nightly wheel, its fears
 And biting envies hushed, or heard afar.
 Them Virtue guards—they smiling Wisdom bars
 From life's unnumbered ills. Refreshed as are
 The dewy blades ; by books, by friendship, sleep revived,
 Each morrow smiles on them, for they have doubly lived.

But happier still each book'd Elysian hall,
 If Love as Wisdom smiles. The tender look,
 The snow-white hand and tones of Woman fall,
 Enchantment on the page. As laves the brook
 The fretted rock and on its breast doth roll
 Its roughnesses, so balmily doth take
 From man's pale brow of thought fair woman's hand the
 frown,
 Tipping with love as gold his high, imperial crown.

Such goddess in thy house, Laspero, dwelt.
There are who deem their husband's lore
A household plague; and some who vainly melt
To sate a guest from their superior store.
Disgustful both, who never truly knelt
At Wisdom's shrine. A prudent wife will soar
Beside her husband's wing; nor drag him from his flight,
Nor leave him scorned behind on pinioned self-conceit.

In lunar light fair Ina shone, too wise
The sphere to arrogate, that Nature gives
To man alone. Three sprightly babes her eyes
Delighted with a mother's joy, who lives
In each a tender life, as older trees
Whose upward branch from ev'ry rootling thrives.
Two at her side, and one on happy knee she'd hold,
Charming with baby-song or some narration old.

When laboring Day his heated crown would cool
Far in the western sea, and stars retrimmed
The heavens would light with sapphires bright, a stool
Or couch worn Christopher would take, where seemed
To him most joy—'neath Ina's sweet control.
Here in the airy court, or if were hymned
Cold Winter's dirge, beside the household-fire he'd sit,
Absorbed in Lasp'ro's lore, or Ina's pleasant wit.

The home of man! O God! if from this earth
 That name were blotted out, and household-walls
 As rotted fence should sink, beneath the breath
 Of wicked men—if hushed the tender calls
 Of wife and child on man's warm ear—not Death,
 In all his prison-cells and Hadean halls,
 Such mournful sight could show. Lost were the race, indeed,
 Or if preserved, like brutes, a wandering, cursed seed.

Excuse the fire who reads, for daring hands
 Of late, the smoking sacrifice would take
 From first God's altar blest! But Ina stands,
 (And there are millions more,) terribly to make
 Such ruffians quail, beneath what Woman sends,
 Her scorn. Oh, sweet as mocking-birds, that wake
 The flowery South, is wedded woman's voice and eye,
 That as a sister calls to home's felicity!

He sat, and thus disturbed, would often think:
 "Had Death its marble pile not pressed too soon
 On one fair breast, I, too, could smile and wink
 As worshipped Laspero. But yet alone
 In manhood's prime, as when the verdant brink
 Of youth I trod, life's high and lifted sun
 I watch, as he who treads a wilderness of sand!
 Ah, hard the lot of man unblest by woman's hand!"

'Twas heard, his thought, in Ina's watchful ear—
For if clairvoyance there be, that mystic spell
In love is woman's eye. She saw the tear
Within that rolled, and unobtruded fell
On Ella's grave. With soft and tender care
As woman only feels for man, her skill
She plies, the thorn from his pressed heart to 'radicate,
By Fortune planted, or the sterner hand of Fate.

He told th' unvarnished tale, as she replied :
" Were she alive, thy beauteous Ella now,
With heart elate and eye of tender pride,
Not e'en St. Peter would condemn thy vow.
But thou art clinging to an empty shade,
A thought unclothed with flesh, since from the brow
Of yon bright arch, where Seraphs strike their golden lyres,
The spirit of thine Ella shines, in pure, seraphic fires.

" Would her kind heart, if mortalized once more,
Doom thee to drag long years for her in pain—
Clothe thee with cypress, willow from the shore,
Where but her ashes rest and earthly chain ?
With such bright smile as filled her eye of yore,
She'd kiss thy wrinkled lip, thy hand again
Would press—and as she parted say—' Forget the past ;
Or if thou think on me, thine eye far upward cast.' "

"As dew thy speech upon my heart," he said;
 "But there are feelings that remain, when thought
 And logic are convinced. 'Tis true, a shade
 I worship; but a shade, if often brought
 In contact with the mind, is strangely made
 Reality. Autumn's swift leaves have sought
 Full oft the ground, since her soft hand I pressed in mine,
 Yet still her eyes I see with beams almost divine.

"This image wakes a glow half earthly, half
 Ethereal. Pleasure it gives, but pain
 Of deeper sting. With it I sometimes laugh,
 But oft'ner weep with it a bitter rain.
 I wish 'twere not; and then more madly quaff
 The ideal joy. Thus held by iron chain
 Between two spells, alternately I die and live;
 And yet for earth, for heaven, would never give

"My dream away. 'Tis madness; this I know;
 But madness of the heart, that prisons up
 And loves to horde its treasury of woe.
 Were I the suff'rer lone, the bitter cup
 These lips should drink with hand that wouldn't let go
 The chalice from its grasp. But when my crop
 Is sheaffed in other hearts, as thine, my nerves relax,
 And nature shrinks within from such unmanly tax."

"Thy burden would I bear with twice its weight
 Pressed on this willing heart, if hand or tongue
 Could lift it off from thee. Woman's delight
 To share another's woe, in me more strong
 The zeal for thee, whom learning, genius, Fate,
 Have made my frequent revery. If young
 Once more these eyes could see thee wholly made, 'twould be
 To latest life a spring of pure felicity.

"Then, why not throw the spell from thy pressed heart?
 If at some bubbling spring 'neath arching shade,
 Thy lips had sweetly drunk in joy, and wert
 Thou thence, by call of Providence, far made
 On other lands to dwell; would not the smart
 Of biting thirst, to other fountain, shade,
 Thee swift invite? Among the dark-eyed Fair who light
 Our viny Lusitan, is there no smile to blight

"The spectre from thy heart? The thought may start
 Thy fixed philosophy; but other cure
 For thee is none. As cloud to rain, as light
 To morn; so woman's heart to man's. Be sure,
 No other bane 'gainst poison of thy heart
 All earth doth yield. And thou in thought demure,
 With viper on thy joy, must pass thy dragging days,
 Or dress thy crown again with woman's gathered bays."

It went like lightning to his heart. But now
The stars were peopled on their lampy throne,
And Midnight watching, from her sable brow
Turned off the veil, 'mid dews and night-beams strown
O'er land and wave, her images to view.

They parted—but our thoughts do seldom own
That fun'ral word—farewell—but mix and mix again,
Ethereal in their track, when space is thrust between.

O Life of bachelors', how sadly plain
Thy dwelling-place! To me, not crying child,
Or cloudy days of love, or calls in vain
I seek to satisfy of daughter mild
Or playful boy—not sickness, Death's sad reign
Around the married hearth, or aught that wild
Man's fancy paints in home of love; such picture draws,
As that void gloom that nights thy cell of dust and straws.

Such cell was his; by poverty in part,
And part by vacant negligence secured.
O, if our single men would wisely part
With half the means their wasteful hands have poured
On vap'rish things; in them the bounding heart
Would oft'ner see, life's blissful dwelling floored
With gilded drapery. But Vice her harvest gleans
From those, whose hands for married love e'er lack the means!

On couch of straw he slept 'mid barren walls :
His nautic charts—his work by day—were laid
On table of old pine, his books on stalls.
Hence had the labored thought, that often strayed
O'er lands and distant seas, or 'mong the balls
Of fire on high, its wild excursions made.
Yea, in this cell, so lone, so poor, were struggling born,
America, thy vales, and hills of snow-piled scorn !

He slept. But often when the silver lid
Conceals the diamond ball, another eye
Within unfolds its orb by daylight hid.
There are who never dream, or only see
Asleep the visions of the day. But sad,
Or joyous in extreme, the mind its eye
Far sends through darkness on, unthought-of things to view,
And combinations makes of what it never knew.

Beside him stood, as when on earth she was,
His Ella in her love. In fairy land
She seemed, whose arching boughs, and streams of bliss,
And bloom unearthly to the sight, were fanned
By winds of myrrh and balm. Her angel face
He gazed upon, and sought her offered hand,
And tried once more upon her silver lip to press
The token of his love. In vain ; he could not kiss

The shade though smiling in his view. He ceased,
And thus his heart unburdened of its joy :
“ Is this my Ella, she whom I have traced
Long years unseeing with a watchful eye !
O Love, to me more dear through life’s dull waste
Than aught these eyes have seen ; beneath what sky
Hast thou reposed, unseen though sought so ardently ?
They famed thee dead—but here thou art reality.”

The Shade replied : “ Yes, I am dead, or what
Men call the dead ; for here that frightful name
Hath no significance. Ethereal wrought
Their natures by Omnipotence, the same
Unchanging through eternity, their lot
Pure Spirits do maintain. The happy flame
Of their delights are stars that never, never set,
Radiant through age with joy and ever-burning light.

“ With earthly things we have no sympathy,
Save of the spirit-kind. The body left,
With it we all inter that to the eye
Was pleasing once. Not, that pure love, the gift
Of God, thus dies. Its earthly part—the tie
That binds in law, expires. The rest we lift
As spiritual on high. Sedate this heavenly flame ;
Yet lives in us as you, unchangeably the same.

" Yet not with us as you the passion burns.
 Betwixt a thousand hearts it may be felt.
 'Tis marriage of the soul, whose good-will turns
 To all of kindred sort. No envy felt
 By us, when heart we left behind, fresh yearns
 For other arms. * And when for us is spilt
 Vain tears, the motive we approve, but not the flood,
 That shed beneath our feet, can do us here no good.

" Warned of thy tears by messengers of God,
 I here have come to dry their fountains up.
 Not me thy Love below, it seemeth good,
 In heaven to grant. Yet soon shall new-winged Hope
 To its warm bosom bring another. Would
 That I could name ! But God doth wisely stop
 The mouth of prophecy, lest thy free-will by fate
 Confined, should be less free in its imperfect state.

" And yet, I may reveal imperfectly
 The truth. When day with coming night shall blend,
 And through the mingling veil Diana high
 Her hazy image to the wave shall lend ;
 With pensive step and lost in reverie,
 Where Tagus joins the shore, thy feet shall wend
 Their way. Two Maids at evening-stroll shall meet thee
 there ;
 Pursue their track ; the taller shall become thy Fair.

“ Meantime thy hand with nautic skill apply,
Earth’s form to calculate and lands afar.
For thou art raised from lowly poverty,
Not Love to worship as thine only star ;
But, where proud Phœbus sinks behind the sea,
Successfully to trace his glorious car.

Yet ere thy hope shall reach its zenith-place on high,
Thy various life must taste full oft adversity.”

He waked, and ’twas a vanished dream ! O Thought,
What troops of thee now marshalled on his brain !
Not till the God with rosy finger brought
The laughing morn, his eyes were closed again.
There are who have no faith in dreams, nor blot
Nor gem life’s opened page with things so vain.

Yet Prophets dreamed—and on wide Fancy’s airy wing,
There still are visions brought that leave a joy or sting.

Time journeyed onward, filling up its page
With deeds and thoughts of men. O, if would stop
The unseen Chronicler, and but the age
Of one brief day to human eye count up—
What struggling hopes, and fears, and burning rage,
What smiles and tears would crowd beneath the top
Of that one page ! Uncounted, still they people up
Man’s transient hours ; for weal or woe, a mighty crop !

The maiden's heart ! What eye save One hath seen
 Within ! There, unfledged Love, beginning Hope,
 And Modesty, have made their home. 'Neath screen
 Of tender loveliness, their unreaped crop
 The Virtues sow in this fair soil for men.

Propense to wed, yet like a bird on top
 Of some loved tree, that dreads to leave its wonted hold
 Through fear of archer's eye, or other wing more bold,

She clings to home, till love subduing all,
 Reluctantly she cuts the natal tie,
 And quits her father's for another's wall.
 Momentous step ! whose hidden destiny,
 With tears or smiles, fills up the hanging scroll
 Of woman's life ! If blest, Time's treasury
 Discloses nought so fair—if bound to worthless man—
 'Tis done—but better far than hers the infant's span !

The bell had rung for evening prayers ; and now
 Through lanes and streets, were wending in their train
 The lines of living multitudes. Below,
 What lovelier sight than thus to cool the brain,
 O'er-scorched by day, in evening's dewy vow !
 But there are those, who crowd the high-arched fane
 Of godliness for other ends than prayer. To see,
 To hear, to love—these often draw to bended knee.

The temple's smoke, involving in its shroud
 The various freight, arose to bear on high
 What did not fall to earth. A mystic cloud,
 Alas! it often rends; its vapor in the sky,
 Its night below! Yet they who pray, aloud
 Or secretly, are ever heard. The eye
 That truly weeps, sheds dew on blades that grow in heaven,
 And if below no fruit, the harvest will be given

Above. All these had passed away, as now
 Felipa walked and Eunice alone.
 To quit the heated town, and 'neath the brow
 Of shaggy forests to inhale the tone
 Of Zeph'rous winds—to mark how upward grow
 The cypress and the pine—or deep commune
 At eve with blades and unwalled flowers—ah, this is life!
 The antidote of care—to day-worn hearts relief.

They strolled as two young lambs all silently.
 Of love they chiefly talked, and then would tell
 Their lover's name. Sacred the trust, that eye
 Of angel might not see; and yet they'd dwell
 Full charmed upon the theme, and secretly
 Would tell again! So, in its fragile shell
 The butterfly unfolds its wing, that waits the time
 Its prison to escape, and chant its free-born hymn.

Patroness of love, Diana from the skies
Woos with her beam their swelling hearts the more.
Here fancy ranges, and a paradise
Of bliss creates on man's all grav'ly shore.
'Tis better thus; for by illusion, eyes
That would be bleached if clear, full sweetness pour
On Life's oft wrinkled brow. The silver wave now lies
Of Tagus at their feet, as bounding in surprise,

One they discover mute upon its shore.
He seemed a genius of the stars, whose eye
Like telescope did only upward soar.
But they disturbed his dream, as vividly
The visions of his Ella rose to pour
Realities on him. They fled, as flee
Young children when they find a serpent in their way,
Bounding with frantic fear o'er grass and weeds away.

His eye and feet their steps erratic trace,
Till portal they had reached of Monis high.
He marked the site, but from the wished-for place
Abstained, lest rudeness should defeat the sigh
That breathed new-born in him. O, if the face,
Long years before, sick lovers could descry
Of their own wives, what deep solitudes would wake
Too soon to tread Love's path, and their espoused take!

But Time with leaden foot reveals though late,
What Fancy, Genius, Love could ne'er find out ;
And when the time decreed arrives, his mate,
As God to Adam brings. Unknown this lot,
Man strives, nor woman less, by love, by hate,
Themselves to extricate, or bind in knot
Of destiny. In vain—though here the winds have shared
More lovers' sighs and tears, than Mercy ever heard.

Thoughts rose and fell as waves in his strong breast.
The shade of Ella called, yet urged him on.
But 'twas a dream ; and on a dream to rest
So much of earth, of heaven, beseemed alone
The maniac. But there are threads that haste
Invisibly the heart, when doubts are strewn
Along the lover's path. He would not go, and yet
He goes, still onward goes, unconscious of his gait !

But higher from its mate, the folded leaf
Of love I must not farther lift, save from
Its sideling page one line to read—in grief
Felipa loved another man ! Oh, doom
Of female hearts, of men's ; to feel as thief
Him coming, who was destined to become
Ourselves ! And yet like silly vines young virgins tie,
As men, their tendrils where, they only climb to die !

The night arrives ; and o'er that night what smiles,
What tears are shed ! Long-cherished love its throb
Now yields, and on the cheek of woman piles
The saffron passions, that would seem to rob
The skies. Man comes more sagely up, and foils
His own to check another's fears. Yet throb
Below deep thoughts high-written on his arching brow,
Life's fate deducing from the present, laughing now.

Youth smiles with bounding heart, and glad surveys
The nuptial scene. Ah, there are eyes that steal,
With sportive glance, the rose that blooming stays
Upon another's cheek—and thoughts, that wheel
In wild career, as children at their plays,
Among unmarried hearts. Thus from one meal,
God, Hymen feeds a score of hungry lips—The crumbs
He scatters on the winds to make still other homes !

As mountain 'mid still lakes, the dome up-rears
Of All-saints in the lunar ray. Within,
The pendent chandelier from circling stars
Full day emits upon the nightly scene.
Two-eyed in recess far, the altar peers
Beneath the lifted cross. In linen clean,
As angels on a cloud, the choristers on high
Before the deep-toned organ sit composedly.

The Priest appears.—Down to his covered feet
His garb descends high-breasted with a cross.
Index of law, and from Jehovah's seat
The messenger, revered he stands to toss
The fatal die! Before his lips they meet,
Man's strength to wreath with woman's gentleness.
As fir-tree he, as willow bending she the vow
Receives, confirmed by God and music waking now.

“ As stars that gem the sky,
As waves that kiss the shore,
So be this nuptial tie
All peaceful evermore.

“ But stars do westward set
And waves dissolve in sea,
Yet never may kind Heaven let
Such changes pass o'er ye.

“ More bright each dewy morn
More blest each happy eve,
May life possess no thorn
And Time no sorrows give.

“ Take her, strong man, and be
The pride of her high hope,
For parents anxiously
To thee now yield her up.

“ Sigh of the morning’s dawn,
Tear of the weeping rose,
She now on thee is thrown,
To smile, and live, and doze.

“ May Heav’n your love unfold
With gentle, watchful, hand,
And when your hearts grow cold
Resume, as now ye stand.

“ Sweet nuptial Tie, farewell,
We charm you to repose,
Blest dews descend and dwell
Where ye all peaceful doze.”

As ocean’s waves far on the distant shore
Their murm’ring echo breathe, so dies on air,
Along the quiet night the organ’s roar.
And now they leave, the stronger with the fair,
The pillared gate of Fane they sought before.
Felipa, through thy heart what currents are
Of fevered passions, led by other hand away !
So sets some bashful star to find another day.

BOOK IX.

THE CONVENT.

How man'ya morning sigh breathes its perfume
On air, long ere the sultry sun its noon
Has reached! How man'yan infant's smile doth bloom
To fade upon the eye, ere Time has run
One cycle of its course! Thus from the womb
Man comes a thing of change, till Life has won
Its far or nearer goal. How blest the hands sublime,
That sow their harvests not on treach'rous shores of Time!

But there are things 'mid change that change them not;
High purposes of thought, pure virtue, faith,
Humility. These stand the shock, nor blot,
Nor blight receive from ravages of death.
Parts of the soul divine, as round them rot
Earth's vanities, they draw a fresher breath
From life within. So peers the forest-oak on high,
A hundred robes decayed beneath its tearless eye.

He buried her ! As angel bears away
The seraph from the pulseless heart, with hand
Too soft to sear the faded rose that lay
On her cold cheek, he bore her to the land
Where sleep our vanished joys ! Ah, sad that day
To him, who loving weeps that in the sand
Himself he cannot hide, where lies who oft has lain,
Smiling as joyous May, beside his pillowed brain !

And when from clay-clad love we turn the feet,
To press the steps of life, still warm with tread
Of her we'll see no more—how mournful sweet
Each relic of her hand—each needled thread,—
Each ribbon—pin—or vacant chair that meet
The eye ! Free tears flow out ; but on their tide
Love casts a smile, that like a rainbow arches o'er
The gulf of bitter grief, and calms its dirgeful roar.

And if beside all these, her love has left
In living form, one image of herself—
One daughter, son, whose infant's eye bereft
Smiles as did the mother.—Oh earth, oh pelf
Of man, how vain thy store to buy that gift !
Fondly there dotes as on her living self
The bleeding heart—and tries—all ceaseless tries in vain,
From one resembling hue the whole to form again.

And when, as oft, to make a pageant fit
 For Death, our plans are crossed without, as die
 Within our joys, two-beaked, Despair would sit
 Upon the soul, and tort'ring out the sigh
 Half left within,—if courage did permit—
 Hope's essence would extract, and to the eye
 Leave nought beside! Ah, strong the heart whose manly
 brow
 Receives the double stroke, nor yields its purpose now.

'Tis noon. The horses of the sun snort fire
 On their ethereal track, and toss the head,
 And throw the mane before the whirling car
 Of Jove's careering Son. 'Twould seem the shade
 Of ether would consume, were not the power
 Of Phœbus on the bit. So 'long the tide
 'F Alpheus th' steeds of Thessaly were wont to rave
 When reached the goal ahead, and Greeks their shoutings
 gave.

The vine hangs wrinkled on the hills, and 'neath
 The shade of cedar pants the sturdy ox.
 Each pebble and each grain of sand now breathe
 A fi'ry vapor up, combined that shocks
 The shrinking eye. Wrapt in the burning death
 Strong nature sighs, as when some giant rocks
 From side to side through fever on his restless couch—
 The heaven is brass; yet earth could never drink too much.

Ye Rivers that do run 'twixt banks of clouds
On high—what ashes all below, if ye,
Like selfish man, within your floating shrouds
Should wrap the needed treasure up, nor be
To us munificent! On crowds would crowds
Of sighing men lift to your springs the eye,
And for one balmy shower give estates away.
Oh should we value less tho' yielded every day!

He leaves the boat, that round St. Vincent bore
The giver of a world! What fools are kings,
As other men, who oft caress, adore
The pedler of a box, or toy that brings
To them delight, despised some richer store
That Angels would content! So, Judea flings
Her Christ away for tinsel of an empty creed,
And than be rich in Him prefers a banished seed!

But he is treasured on thy shore, O Spain,
Now doomed to link with thee his destiny.
Yet comes he poor as ever Fortune vain
Beheld her beggared child. Anxious the eye
At best, that from its friendly hills, and plain,
And wonted smiles of men, abroad doth lie
On strangers all—but he such change that undergoes
With pence nor crumb in hand, is pressed by tenfold woes.

He had one boy, his sole attendant here.
'Tis pleasant to possess such property
At common times. To see ourselves uprear
Their youth in better forms, as snows supply
Our locks with white—to find our hopes appear
On younger cheeks—the labored destiny
Of life by us forsook transferred to warmer hands—
Our name not blotted out—our goods and purchased lands

Our children's when we die—all this is joy.
Nor can the nurs'ry's cares, or toils more late
Of parents for their young, such soul destroy
Of music from within. E'en the idle prate
And cry of children, seen bright beneath the sky
Of gained futurity, are far more sweet
To parent's eye and heart, than chorused grove, or thrill
Of instruments combined, or brook, or murm'ring rill.

But when to Want's cold eye the thirsting lip
Turns up its famine for supply—when that
Sweet voice, that oft and merrily did skip
Along the pleased ear, more harsh, more flat,
Now begs for bread in vain—like struggling ship,
The heart turns leaky of its grief, and late
Repents, that nature from her opened store should grant
Such pledge of love, to die with unreplenished want.

But there are homes for charity, that like
Diffusing water spreads itself to lakes,
Whose laughing banks, the poor, the lost, the weak
Invite in sympathy. Where Nature makes,
Beyond Olispo's wall, a mound whose peak
Uprises from the bristly pine, forsakes
Each saint, St. Francis, at thy call, a frowning world ;
And there o'er monkish rites fair Char'ty is unfurled.

High walls of stone the chosen site surround,
Upreamed through sighing centuries. There mix
The off'rings of the poor, the diamond crown
Of Spanish kings, and pearls and robes that fix
Nobility. Uniting all, all own
Nor birth, nor place, but like soft rainbows mix
Fraternally. So in thy crown, Judea's Guest,
Combines the diff'ring work of faith absorbed and blest.

In front, an iron gate with lifted cross
Frowns on the stout of heart, whose knee disdains
Prostration to the sacred sign. With face
Of maiden tenderness beyond, 'twixt lanes
Of whited gravel, spreads the matted grass,
Whose robe of friendly green the fire detains,
Reflected else in each consuming beam. So calms
A heated eye the smile that round it sportive beams.

Dissected this to various shapes that seemed
Geometry on sand. The circle, square,
Elliptic curve and graceful segment teemed
With waving life. These edge bright flowers that are
In oblongs laid. With Protean smiles here beamed
The bell-formed hyacinth, narcissus fair,
The amaranth, whose cheek Time taints not with decay,
The varied rose, the pink and lily of a day.

Here, too, the peach, the orange and the pear
Extend their summer arms with bending fruit,
Each like a mother standing forth to share
The bursting fulness of the pendent teat.
Art lends her aid—as from the fountain clear
Shoots like a spirit-arch the dewy jet,
Misting the tender leaves of humbler plants below,
And o'er the verdant green expanding Mercy's bow.

There is a charm in nature that we feel,
When weakness, or disgust, or poignant stings
From other hearts, have made us lift the heel
From man's society. Then softly rings
Upon the inner ear sweet sounds, that steal
'Long braded grass, or trembling leaves, or wings
Of forests, brooks, or from the universal heart
Of nature, sighing to the griefs that men impart.

Such friendship blooms along the sombre track
Of hooded eremites. And oft the eye,
Averted from the maiden's lip and neck
Of iv'ry loveliness, will fix its sigh
On petals of the rose, and seek to deck
Its half-quenched vision with the smiles, that lie
Subdued on nature's unoffending cheek. Divine
The feeling, and should live around each sacred shrine.

He stood before the gate, a lofty form,
His eye within, his child upon his arm.
The Prior saw him, for his eyelid warm
Quick watched the pilgrim's step, that from alarm
Of foes, or biting poverty, or storm
Of other ills, was used his sacred farm
To seek. In gown of gray and lock of silver white,
He treads the space between to meet him with delight.

Ah, clumsy Friendship of the selfish world,
What broken legs thou walkest on, thy weight
Of mountain lead to bear, where lies unfurled
Beneath thine eye, some smitten child of fate!
As rusty hinges grate when idly whirled
Of some great door, so screaming turn and grate
Thy knee-joints on their curve cold charities to give,
With hand that half withdraws what others half receive!

Not such Marchena's love, whose ardent tongue
The stranger thus addressed: "Come in, come in,
Nor linger at the gate with child so young
Beneath the ardent sun. Where'er have been
Thy wearied feet, or to what creed belong
Thy hands, these walls to thee are free. 'Tis man
We honor with a human love, whate'er his clime,
His country, speech, or transient hold on passing time."

As stirs the rose's heart when dewy morn
First sheds its balmy light, so leaped his soul
That through the night had passed of human scorn.
"Too kind thy words, though used to render whole
The broken heart thou seem'st. No Spaniard born,
I at thy gate but ask the feeble toll,
Bread for this starving boy. Helva we nearly seek
Where flows his kindred blood in woman's rosy cheek.

"Where Tagus rolls from Spanish hills its tide
Near to the Ocean's wave, we lived. Deep love,
And deeper death, that land within this side
Have fast interr'd, whose painful memories give
Uncertain joy. Love's garden bloomed and died
Beneath that sky, its exile I, its dove
This unfledged boy. Relics of the change we tread your soil,
Unknown the fates we court to bless or rudely spoil."

“To bless, I trust,” the Prior with a smile.
“Meantime this iron portal pass to rest
Thy wearied limbs, where comes the nautic gale
Kind Neptune fans from off his evening breast
The panting lassitude to cool, that soil
Too heated gives. This we enjoy more blest
Than others in this clime, where nature stands to take
The coming breath of waves that almost seem to speak.”

’Twixt beds of laughing flowers o’er gravly street,
The door they enter of the massive pile.
Four-square this lay with court between, where sweet
’Neath canopy of stars, free monks would while
Away their time each dewy eve, and greet
Each other kind. By day the cloistered cell,
Or chapel hid, the brotherhood might part; but night
With tender hand renewed the ever-welcome sight.

There are who deem such brotherhoods a pest.
Nor err they far, since man with man was made
Socially t’ mix, in offices that best
His virtue might expand. The deepest shade,
The highest wall, no vow, the human breast
Of its humanity can rob. The blade
Of piercing sin, deep sighs, and agonies of woe
Live in the troubled thoughts, where’er we hide or go.

But chief here dies fair woman's love, or lives
In torture of its life. The sex, the heart,
The fancy still survive; but that which gives
Vitality of joy, and pulls the dart
E'er wounding from within, and kindly hives
In us as bees the honeyed store; no art,
No pensive faith from monkish walls or cell can draw,
But dwells on living woman's tongue and smiling brow.

Yet evil hath its good, and e'en the cell
Of solemn monks, bright virtues have produced
That Truth, unyielding through all time, must hail
With high applause. Great natures when abused,
Do oft beneath retain, as rusted steel,
Their bright original. False judgments must
The mind eclipse in part, yet round that central night,
Hid virtue often throws, a more than earthly light.

They dined. A simple meal, and chiefly made
Of fruits. Such food best suits a sultry clime,
Where parched by piercing heat, e'en in its bread
The tongue petitions drink. High praise to Him,
Life's Source, who juiciest fruit and widest shade
Gives to the burning zone; whose ardent flame
Man's nature would exhaust, but for the copious dews
Of morn, regaling fruits, and canopy of trees.

But sweeter than the luscious peach e'en here,
 Or fragrant juice of oranges, the love
 That summers on the heart, and soft and fair
 Burdens each bough with charity. Nor grove,
 Nor farm of northern latitudes can bear
 Such harvests of the soul, such fruits of love,
 As Nature hordes 'round Southern hearts. Soon angry, proud,
 A wrong is quickly felt, an insult answered loud ;

Yet open is the hand, the jarless door,
 The lib'ral purse, as in no other clime.
 Marchena's heart was of the zone—a floor
 Of full-ripened grain—an orchard with each limb
 Recumbent of its load. Thus on did pour
 His words, that to the stranger's ear now seem
 Æolian sounds. "Hard fates, perchance, have borne you here
 And this your loving child, taught in the bud to bear

Affliction's load. Unbound by solemn vow
 To penury, thou seem'st, but in thy look
 Of loftiness, one of the sect whose brow
 Devotion scales with misery. As book
 Of tattered leaf thy robe, as flaky snow
 On brow of spring delayed, thy whit'ning lock.
 Why on a form Adonian once have years thus piled
 Their weight ; or Time with hasty hand such temples soiled ?

“As child to parent’s ear unchecked, disclose
Thy griefs upon this heart, whose sympathy
Is thine, tho’ hand may prove too weak to close
The wound that bleeds within.” With one deep sigh
He answered thus: “Causes there are of woes
Beside oppressing time. The steadfast eye
That from the present looks, absorbed in things remote,
Oft looks, and looks, until its outward vestments rot.

“This madness hath philosophers, and all
Who labor for the common weal. Themselves
All blotted out, they seek some mighty pall
From others to remove, or vacant shelves
To load from their own stores. This honored scroll
Not yet I fill, whose ardent hopes by halves
Have passed away. Yet struggles, agonized below,
This high-wrought soul in birth of what it ne’er lets go.

“In early life (divine or human needs
Not here be told), one thought its empire made
In this too ardent breast. That thought, as breeds
The hasty hare, within has often laid
Its progeny. These struggling loves the weeds
Produce, that now to thee and others shade
The roses of my life. On land, or on the restless sea,
’Twere easy to provide for this one child and me.

“But as who walks in nightly dream I tread
The grosser soil, absorbed in themes remote
From vulgar eyes. Where sinking sunsets shed
Their parting smiles, that o’er the ocean float
As love on woman’s cheek, these eyes, this head
Long years have lived, striving with truth to dot
That boundless sea. If round our earth, as sages say,
Then, why not India seek in that less dang’rous way ?

“To prove this truth to my own mind by strong
And varied argument, and others make
Disciples to my creed, has been—ah, long—
My studious toil. There tend my thoughts awake,
And there, when Fancy brings her airy throng
Around the dreamy brain, deep-stirred they take
Unquiet rest. This chaos moving from within,
Has bleached my locks and made my cheek and temples thin.”

Marchena gazed, as he would gaze, who eyes
An angel at his board. Of faith sincere,
The world e’en now to him appeared of size
Too great for piety. Its gorgeous sphere
Of seas and piled-up hills he would comprise
In one small plat, whence Hope might upward rear
Her ladder to the skies. Yet friendship oft will yield
Indulgence to a guest, nor lift as hero shield

'Gainst adverse thoughts expressed. "New as thine eye
Thy words unheard before ; yet not despised
On that account. If not philosophy,
Long years have taught, that truth is not comprised
In limits of one brain. Who sails the sea
And deep communion hath with stars, surprised,
May often wonders see, that eye on land confined
Ne'er guessed, ne'er argued, ne'er felt to cross the mind.

"To me, less taught in things so deep, impart
The reasons of thy creed, that to the eye
Appears belligerent. Earth's varied chart
From childhood I have learned, is flat as lie
These grav'ly walks. In mighty race th' char'ot
Of the sun, through orb enlarged along the sky,
And moon and stars their various ministry afford,
Obsequious all to Earth, as in their centre lord.

"Oft have I traced God's care herein and love
To insects of a day, that temples up
For man, unmindful of the boon, such grove
Of stellar lights, and o'er his head doth prop
The sun and nightly moon. Yet, not above
Such themes of piety my thoughts, (that stop,
Alas, too soon in truth's pursuit,) have upward soared ;
Anxious the more am I to have such things explored."

"If not discourse that illy suits too long
 The brief repast of summer's medial board,
 Condensed I'll hasty touch for thee the throng
 Of arguments, that to the mind afford
 Contingence of the truth. The problem strong
 Doubt's lever that shall turn by deed, not word,
 Futurity must solve, when rides the gallant ship,
 Where suns and dewy stars each coming evening drop.

"Yet proofs that image forth the truth are near
 At hand. By chance, decree, or inward force,
 Free matter unrestrained assumes the sphere.
 When wearied of her tears, Night sheds on grass
 And leaves her matin pearls, globous and fair
 They hang, transfused with solar dies that pierce
 The pendent orb refracted from its curve. We see,
 How oft a thousand globes on one fresh morning's tree!

"But for the current air, whose ceaseless fan
 Combustion keeps alive, each restless flame
 Around the wick that burns, or where the clan
 Domestic meets, its fiery streaks would cram
 To one red globe. The air—the breath of man—
 Convulsive in its strength, or like a lamb
 Soft bounding o'er the sea, moves in a globous mass—
 As seen its form in sails distended on that pass.

"Nor earth in her more steadfast mould denies
 The law, but in all valleys, hills and trees
 Assumes the globular. The last, with eyes
 Of wonder contemplate, as on with ease
 Each shooting limb its place assumes, and tries
 Its parent to adorn with globous wreaths—
 Involved the tender boughs, and twigs, and leaves, to one
 Rich robe of rounded green! What more has Art e'er done?

"And when from terrene matter we ascend
 To things on high, the crooked, irregular
 And flat, appear no more. In what all blend—
 The Dome, earth's canopy supreme, how far
 Above all art globicular! Can find
 No eye in that empyrean arch one scar,
 Or twisted flaw distended from the rest, that breaks
 Sphericity. From where on heads of pine it makes,

Or on the shaking wave, its base, to where
 All curves unite in centre of the whole,
 Arch lives in pearly arch connate, and star
 With jewelled star combines to form one sole
 For heaven, one crystal crown for earth. Nor are
 The parts dissimilar. At dawn, or goal
 Of high meridian, or at its evening gate,
 One ball of globous fire the sun, unchanged as great.

Fair Dian too her side with milder zone
 Begirds, thick-set with jewels of the night,
 That like all other queens capricious fash'on
 Serves, and drops or higher wears her maid'n light;
 Yet when we see full-rayed her perfect crown,
 Unchanged her look, that ball of silver bright
 Seems in the nightly sky. Nor less globicular
 The stars—each, like an angel's eye, one burning sphere.

“ Thus through all earth, all space free matter forms
 The globular. The cause remote or last
 Weak reason may not scan, e'er lost in storms
 Too potent for its wing, when farther prest
 Its search than things submitted to its arms.
 Perhaps the globe, concentric, one, is best
 The image of the Deity; or such best serves
 The Architect, strongly to prop all things with curves.

“ Plain inf'rence hence (and this concerns us most)
 That Earth is round, not flat, as to the eye
 Her champaigns seem. In her deep bosom lost,
 Rotundity we no more grasp, than fly
 Or ant along the mountain's side, the vast
 High cone on which it dwells. Yet on the sea,
 Half kens the sailor's eye the curve, that leaves his view,
 Where far the wave is joined with heaven's seraphic blue.

“ How stand erect on earth its multitude
Of things, nor seem inclined, nor fall propense
Along its curvy plain, is understood
Perhaps by none. Nor doth our span of sense
Embrace, how strangely in the hands of God
Revolve the sun, the moon, the stars, far hence
That seem on no foundations laid, yet keep unchanged
Their circuits through all time, as when at first arranged,

“ Facts we determine, not their cause, that lies
Perceived by Deity alone. These weighed
With careful hand, we find in glad surprise
One principle in all—one truth that's laid
In our philosophy. Thus Wisdom tries
By slow, yet steadfast steps her temple's head
To lift among the stars—examined, weighed each stone,
That forms high-polished all, her more than crystal throne.”

With such discourse repaid Liguria's son
His gen'rous host. Not till the Sun his car
Had peaceful dropt o'er Vincent's wave, his throne
Behesting to the dews and balmy air
Of Night, relaxed his fluent speech.—Nor then;
Resumed amid the silent walks and cheer
Of flowers, that in the cool of eve seemed paradise
Below, unheard as love, as eloquent of sighs.

“But who shall me equip with fleet and men
 For that far shore,” continued now the Son
 Of Dominic? “First, in my pride, the plan
 I laid before the Free of my own Town.
 Despised, the theme I pressed on Lusitan
 Through years of doubtful hope. The British crown
 The brother of my heart now seeks, Bartholomew—
 His fate unknown—his mission and his absent crew.

“Lone on your soil as orphan of the world
 I’m cast, unfriended, ’patronized, and poor.
 Yet rich the soul within, that tost and whirled,
 Beneath its treasury of good, some floor
 Desires, on which to lay its harvests toiled
 Through many a sun. Perhaps, where yields the Moor
 To Christian sabres may be found, some one great soul,
 To patronize the scheme, and re-exalt Earth’s pole.”

With eye collecting on its orb the blaze
 Of thought intense, and look as angel’s kind,
 Marchena thus—“The Queen, above all praise
 Beloved, is such great soul. Her tender mind
 These hands directed, when a child the maze
 Of time first opened on her view. More kind
 No other heart than hers—more studious of the general weal,
 More prompt to feel distress—to hear a wise appeal.

“ Our king, long years absorbed in war, may see
No wisdom in thy scheme, and as the rest
Complacently may smile on it and thee,
Affording still no aid. But in the breast
Of Isabel, more kind, more tender, free,
'Twill wake desire that to the unknown West
May lead thee on. Where Cordova exalts her spires
Above the Bœtian wave, she holds 'mid dazzling fires

“ Of royalty her court. There haste to spread
Thy bold conjecture on her ear, unawed
By courtiers of high name, by inward dread
Of failure to thy plea, or aught that would
Defeat thine aim. Talv'ra I know, late made
Adviser to the throne. Through him, thy guide
Advised by me, audience thou'lt gain to Royalty;
Despised no more thy scheme through his strong ministry.

“ Thy child, the image of thyself, so fair,
Repose on us. As bone of bone within
This frame, and blood from my own blood most dear,
For thee, for him, I'll press him as a son
To this warm heart. No want, no uttered fear
In him these eyes shall overlook, till done
Thy ministry of good, thy joyous lips once more,
On his shall press the love they oft have pressed before.”

'Tis night. The stars renew their vigilance
On high, and silent dews now stealing down
The day-parched lips of flowers and waking grass,
Refresh each petal, blade, to meet the crown
Consuming of to-morrow's sun. Their wants
On Providence reposed, the Father, Son,
Marchena and the monks resink to balmy sleep,
Earth's cares forgot, till new-born light shall o'er them creep.

Oh, Sleep—sweet Sleep—oblivion of the past,
And bow high-arched on dark to-morrow's gloom—
How soft thy steps of tender down are prest
On senses of the soul! Limb sinks by limb
Through touch of thee composed, till eye and breast
Descend full-charmed to silence of the tomb—
Sweet tomb, that yields refreshed to day's returning beams,
What heavy sank at night from life's corroding themes.

BOOK X.

THE COURT.

OH hapless lot is theirs, whose thoughts too great
For common minds, live in themselves alone—
Yet struggling live, as some impulsive fate
E'er goads to higher life each smothered groan,
That checked within behind some bolted gate,
Still pants to reach its self-created throne!
Pale Fear deep-marked sits high above each arching brow,
And Genius scorns within the yoke that binds it now.

Yet well have known this bitter fate unteared,
Who most of fame have high on earth enjoyed.
Their wide-laid schemes by other men unshared,
From side to side have their own souls annoyed,
Till labored into life have vast appeared,
What men untaught before would have destroyed!
So groaned thy noble heart within, Columbus Great,
While mocked thy bold design at Learning's haughty gate.

And so ye inward writhe, ye gifted Poor,
Whose eagle wings ungemmed by silver rays,
Lie spurned in dust upon the filthy floor
Of some rude heart, that only gold obeys.
Oh burning shame, America, and more,
That 'neath thy Freedom's stars that proudly blaze,
Genius divine should crouch at common printer's door,
Begging his smile to mount its lofty car and soar.

Shake off thy dust, Mæcenas, long entombed,
The Bard to rest upon thy purple arm
Once more. Return to earth, too early doomed
To spend on ancient song alone thy charm.
Thee loud would hail each humble swan well-plumed,
Who longs to rise but fears the threat'ning storm.
Oh, come, thou friend of Phœbus and the Sacred Nine,
To raise our fallen harp and bless each magic line!

Long days of doubt had passed before the ear
Of Majesty he reached. Thus Fate designed,
That his unrivalled heart should future share
Alone, the fame that this great work entwined.
Who long delays in Virtue's cause do bear
From men, themselves unchanged, shall high enshrined
Above the vulgar herd remain, their temples crowned
With light—their praises sung to Time's far-distant bound.

These fled, the day auspicious came desired,
When Royalty should hear his humble plea.
Large was the courtly hall and richly fired
With gems, whose soft and mingled brilliancy
Outshone the stars, by all beheld admired.
On either wall high-hung triumphantly,
Were Crescent flags, that Christian arms had nobly won
From Moorish towns, or plucked from Moorish hands undone.

High on a throne of crimson dye, proud sat
The noble Ferdinand. His forehead wide,
His eye of piercing glance in hurried gait,
Darted like lightnings winged from side to side.
Lofty his look that well the inward state
Of his high soul, sagacity and pride,
Expressed; with iron nerve the war-horse wild to rein,
Or guide the storm of war unbridled on the plain.

Beside, his royal spouse—kind Isabel.
From Calpe to the distant Alp none born
More fair than she. In form proportioned well,
Her look benignant seemed as roseate Morn
Fresh from her dewy couch, that soft doth steal
O'er hill and balmy vale. Uncurled by scorn
Her lip, whose ruby blush 'mid bed of snow expressed,
The purity and love of her seraphic breast.

Around were noble knights, whose arms of steel
The sword had often bathed in Moslem blood.
Each armored full from crown to distant heel,
Like lion roused before his Sovereigns stood.
Rodrigo first, whose mountain storm did feel
Alhama strong, high-built 'mid gray rocks rude.
Bold Cabra next, whose prudent skill Lucena knew,
As for his throne and life Abdallah proud did sue.

Nor these alone. In robes of purple clad,
High bishops sat, proud counsellors of war.
Each breast a brilliant cross, each rev'rend head
A mitre wore. Before the Queen, and near
Mendoza first, whose wisdom peerless shed
On royal plans full light, and arm the care
Of state sustained. Talv'ra next and Geraldine,
Who kept the heart and young of Spain's illustrious Queen.

'Mid these erect the Genoese, whose eye
Escaped like star but late from gloomy cloud,
Its joyous radiance poured on Royalty.
With manly tones, elastic, mellow, loud,
He thus began: "Most Gracious Princes, I,
For audience gained like this may well be proud;
Especially, when noble knights recase their swords,
To hang in brief suspense upon a stranger's words.

“ Nor stand I here, new counsellor of war,
 Some untried plot t' advise against the foe—
 Some fortress undefended, some new star
 Of hope to specify. These better know,
 Who long have tried in glitt'ring steel, the car
 Of Moslem fight. My mission is to show
 A theme of peace, accordant in your minds, I fear,
 Too little with the martial state that glitters here.

“ Yet Peace and righteous War one end design
 At last—the gen'ral good. Not distant then
 My work from theirs, who o'er the bloody plain,
 Proud chase the standards and the men
 Of adverse war. Where stars each eve decline
 Beyond the western sea, new morned again
 To rise in nightly day—absorbed my thoughts have long,
 Through fear and fickle hope, conjectures built now strong

“ Of earth's rotundity. Let not the thought
 Your Majesties offend, because denied
 By vigilance of all. But dim and short
 The view, that from each centre takes the lid,
 With which we view earth's plane or restless port.
 Beyond that circle, changing e'er, is hid
 How oft, a larger, lovelier scene, than meets within
 The eye! Why then no shore where ships have never been?

“Nor think such judgment rash. Great sages read
With care, their thoughts have been improved by light
Of new philosophy, whose beams have shed
Fresh rays on this our dwelling-place, and night
And day have joined in bands, whose distant head
Is in yon glowing arch—the solar Light.

Revolving e'er, earth's half-turned wheel brings on the day,
Night next we have when turned that wheel the other way.

“Not flat, but round must then our world be made,
To whose attractive centre tends what lies
Its surface o'er. Thus all things firmly stayed
Upon itself, beneath its arching skies
It rolls, in light half-robed, half-robed in shade.
His steadfast prow due west who therefore plies,
Must reach in time the coast of oriental Ind,
Unless between some golden shore he chance to find.

“That untried sea to pass, I stand me here
Petitioning your grace, prepared for all
That Fate may send, success, remorse, despair.
If on some sea remote my ship shall fall
O'rorwhelmed by storms, and life forsake me there,
'Twill be a paltry price; nor should appal
The Great, who on the chance of War's unknown decree
Adventure all—their crowns, their lives, and majesty.

“ But if success the enterprise shall crown,
What good untold shall bless your regal state !
Where Mangi spreads its coast, and proud the Khan
Of Cathay lives in palaces of plate—
Cambalu, Quinsai, and the rich Cipan’,
The spiey Isles, and diamond mines not yet
To Europe known—all these their treasures full shall pour,
Through years unending, on your land and princely floor.

“ Nor less would Fame her wreath of fadeless green
Bind on your temples just, whose radiant beam
To distant times would reach, and unborn men
Inspire, with sense of your exalted claim
To their high praise. Nor to the Christian mean
Must be the thought, that to some distant clime,
O’er paths untrod by man before, he thus may send
His own pure faith to bless some new discovered land.

“ If then your Majesties approve, what here
Too plain I dress in accents rude perchance
To Spanish ears, ordain what part ye’ll bear
Of men and ships for that far Occidence.
The rest bold hearts and mine will volunteer,
Ready to risk on Fortune’s wheel what chance
Or nature gives. For me, I all with life depose,
Staking the end by ev’ry drop that in me flows.”

He sat. Amazement like a mist fell on
The faces of brave knights, who paused to know
Each other's minds. On some deep thought now shone
Pre-eminent—keen ridicule the brow
Of others clothed. Kinder the Queen, whose throne
Was destined to protect what men below
Despised. The theme she much admired, the man far more,
His noble mien, his eloquence, his deep-read lore.

To Ferdinand, as most, in deep suspense,
She uttered thus, and he for her the will
Of Majesty: "Such theme the higher sense
Of scholars doth require, whose cautious skill
Must trace its various parts, and last events
From furnished data draw. Sal'manca will
Such doubts resolve; where soon shall be convened wise men,
Thy thoughts to weigh, and where thou may'st be heard
again."

He said; as on the high winds rose the blast
Of war's shrill trump, that to his bloody post
Each soldier called. His helmet raised in haste,
On goes each knight to join the moving host.
O'er banner, banner peers, each bloodless cast
Upon the breeze; toward Mochin turned the most.
Proud rides the King, and near, his more than worshipped
Queen,
To change for peaceful arts war's wild, terrific scene.

Slow turns the leaden wheel of Time through blood
And purple smoke, that now the Christian flag,
The Moslem next afflicts. War's clarion rude
Loud sounds o'er Loja's plain and the high crag
Of Axarquá, where proud El Zagal stood,
The Christian lines to chase, that slowly drag
Their broken lengths along, 'mid rocks and clefted steeps,
As on them, maddened into rage, the Moslem leaps.

Yet boast not loud ye turbaned Hosts in pride ;
Brave Cabra comes, the Christians' champion fast.
Up the steep rock his charger now doth glide
As eagle in the air : behind are pressed
His men in flying ranks, that to the tide
Of Xaniel drive Boabdil's hosts, oppressed
By furious charge. Here found thy heart, O Atar bold,
Its tomb, unawed by Christian steel, unbribed by gold.

Thus rose or fell on War's revolving steel
The Cross or Crescent proud, till with her smile
Fair Isabel awaked of shouts the peal,
Where roared the cannon loud against the pile
Of time, wide placed around high Mal'ga's heel.
By magic touched, each knight with dauntless zeal
Fought like a Cyclops strong, till broke stern Zeli's arm,
His flag and creed he struck to woman's potent charm.

One fortress still its moon holds up on high—
Granada proud. Her feet in Xenil's tide,
Her head on Nevada, the heaving sigh
Of death she breathed, as some despairing bride
That on the breast of Love doth palely lie.
But cloudy rocks, nor Allah vast and wide,
Relief afford, as from her gate Abdallah weeps,
And high ascends the Cross Alhambra's lofty steps.

Thus swept stern War from Spanish hills and towns,
The Moslem blood and faith. Eight centuries
Had stood brave Tarik's work, whose piercing wounds
First felt at Xeres Christian men. Thus plies
Her equal rule Justice enthroned, and bounds
With retribution late, the tears and sighs
Oppression early makes. At Gebel now the Moor,
The water on his foot, his eye on Africk's shore!

Unheard in War's loud din, unnoticed in
Its crowd, Genoa's Sage had passed obscure
The tedious months. One theme by day, and when
The stars were vigilant, absorbed demure
His thoughts. A captured town perchance, or keen
Some rushing charge upon the foe, might clear
Away the dream; but soon with vigor new 'twould come
His brain to repossess—its own, and only home.

The time arrives. On Tormes' banks once joined
By Roman arch, revered for age arise
The turrets of the Wise. Not then was found
As since Minerva's Halls beneath all skies,
Her doors wide open hung. Yet more profound
The awe, that from her aged shrine the eyes
Oppressed with reverence. Within these classic cells
As gods the Learned lived—their voice without appeals.

St. Stephen's was the place, where high in fame
Proud Scholars meet, to hear the simple tale
Of him, whose ungowned arm did illy seem
Bright omen of a brain, that e'er the veil
Minerva wears had reached. 'Twas night—a gleam
From one lone lamp, shedding its lustre frail
On walls of massive gray, the scene illumined dim:
In front a table stood, a Bible on its rim.

Around on seats revered demurely sat
The Sages wise, whose Delphic voice expressed,
The Throne deters, or hastens in its flight.
Arrayed in sombre gown each hand now pressed
A cross, or dingy parchment held that late
Had been perused. Erect and calm addressed
Them thus the Genoese: "To God, to you, to all,
I'm grateful, Friends, to stand within this classic wall.

"Brawny this arm, yet drank my youthful lip
 Once at this stream. Too small that partial draught,
 Yet has it filled my mind, as restless ship,
 With cargo of great thoughts, that stirring oft
 Make earth a pilgrimage indeed. This heap
 Of classic lore warm hails my heart, abaft
 Too often driven by ignorance of men. Your minds
 Can better judge—where Truth and wiser Reason reigns.

"That spherical the earth, Philosophy
 Maintains against the vulgar creed. Can you
 High orbs, that fill in multitudes the sky,
 Obeisance pay to Earth, that from their throne,
 Far looking down the airy void, they see
 Perchance no larger than to us is known
 Each evening's star? The simpler truth Reason prefers,
 That sense denied, all space is filled with rolling spheres.

"How round the Sun, the moon, each twinkling star,
 To e'en a peasant's gaze! Because no eye
 Hath reached around, or ship, or man so far
 Hath gone, shall we rotundity deny
 The earth, exception to the rest? Why are
 Our souls invis'ble, but to teach there lie
 Beyond our human sense, great truths, unseen, unknown,
 To Reason pure addressed, by Reason only known?

“ Nor is the the’ry new, conjectured long
 By Sages of the Greek and Roman School.
 It Pliny taught; the Stagyrte, whom wrong
 But few admit. Wise Ptolemy the whole
 Of earth globicular divides among
 The hours that fill the day; each hourly scroll
 To fixed degrees. Of these ’twixt Thincæ and Cape Verde
 The most are found—the fewest lie ’twixt us and Ind.

“ Nor less experience hath confirmed of late,
 What sages argued *a priori* first.
 Marco of Venice, at the orient gate
 Of morn, new lands deseried afar that erst
 Had ne’er been known. The Portugese how late
 The Azores have bound to Europe’s dust!
 Each sailor too, that tracks more far the western wave,
 Returns to tell of isles that distant waters lave.

“ Far off from Vincent on the distant sea,
 Vicenti found of Lusitan afloat
 A cylinder of wood, that foreignly
 Was carved. Pedro the like in diff’rent route
 Obtained at Porto Sant’. Trees too there be
 Resembling nought on Europe’s coast, but brought
 By storms from other lands. And still the truth more plain
 To make, at Flores came ashore two western men!

" All these concur one point invincible
 To prove—not wide the sea between that parts
 Th' Orient from th' Occident. How sail
 Proud ships that sea, is point that only starts
 The vanity of human lore. No hill,
 Or sea abrupt, or pole reversed, the charts
 Of Europe, Asia, thus far note. Nor need we guess
 Such monsters to exist in ocean's wilderness.

" If then as me your minds such arguments
 Convince, announce the same to Majesty,
 That only waits your oracle its sense
 Efficiently to give. On you must lie,
 And these your aged walls, the good far hence
 Or ill, Posterity receives, not I.
 Weigh well these thoughts—nor from your learned brows
 avert,
 The crown immortal now that doth your temples court."

He sat : Hiraldo rose, through Europe famed
 For various lore. " Long years have taught me well,
 That doctrine 'cause 'tis new, should not be blamed,
 On that account. Gray hairs once darkly fell
 Around the brows of youth. The child full framed
 Becomes the man—the man the sage, when well
 His time improved. 'Gainst novelty I argue not,
 But must oppose what casts on Truth Divine a blot.

“ Philosophy, if found on earth must all
Agree, the Scripture doth contain. Here know
We first earth's origin, supreme the will
Of Him, who dark from chaos brought what now
Of beauty, order doth all nature fill.

Read then that book; and where doth Moses show,
Or prophets high inspired, that Earth is one round ball
Revolving in free space—a globe at random all!

“ The humblest mind that thence its doctrine draws,
Must central place the Earth—a mighty plain—
Illumined by the lights of heaven, whose laws
Of motion, order, we can ne'er explain.

Perhaps escaped from crimson couch, or straws,
The soul in those high lights doth blest remain,
And there pure music learn and happiness enjoy,
Beam of the beams ethereal in that pure sky.

“ Or if for other end designed, what higher
Can we augur than to serve our human earth?
The moral doth the physical, as sire
The son obey. Then why not in its path
Above, to man each planet minister

Below? Did not the Son of God by death
A value set on him, that not all nature else,
Serving how much, his heart with equal homage melts?”

Salvano next arose of fewer years :

“’Gainst learning, learning be reply. What say
The Fathers famed ? If e’er round human hairs
Her crown pure Wisdom wreathed and not of clay,
’Twas sure about their locks, whose lore not wears
Away rude time. What do the Fathers say ?

Lactantius wise doth proudly scorn Antipodes—
And great Augustine proves, such not from Adam’s knees !

“ Has then of late some brighter star arose,
That wise these ancient sages never saw ?
So think perchance the rude—but not who shows
His descent drawn from men whose will is law
To Christendom. If then your learned brows
This shade exalt, ’twould be a lasting flaw
On Salamanca’s fame. For this fair college then
And for ourselves, let us reject this figment vain.”

Harmenes next : “ Though urged with pleasing skill,
Design I yet suspect in this strange plot.
Not Spaniard, but a Genoese this hill
Of learning climbs. Why pressed he boldly not
His theme at home ? Genoa’s fleet wide fill
The sea—her wealth great piles that ne’er can rot
Hath proudly raised. Why not, a citizen, the vote
Of his own peers he took ; but wanders here afloat ?

“Perchance some crime or deep insolvency
Is parent to this scheme. Sure, sane of mind,
And heart, full life none hate so daringly,
As all to trust, where 'neath the raging wind,
Dark waves are tossed on seas unknown. May be,
Some island near or Christian coast will end
This novelty, where Spanish fleet and Spanish men
Will some new col'ny raise we ne'er shall see again.”

Diego last: “Deep pain me all, but most
What latest we have heard. Would Royalty
To us confide, unworthy of its post,
A thing of nought, or whose late end may be
Injurious? Reproach we herein cast
Upon the throne, to place a jealous eye
On whom it recommends to our regard. Such thought
By us be scorned!—on Learning, Spanish blood, foul blot.

“The truth of what our Guest maintains can I
Nor other judge, till bold experiment
Shall test, what seen by us with various eye,
To one appears absurd, a monument
To other mind of thought. For one, I'm free
To sanction all, and to the government
Commend, as worthy of its trust, this noble scheme—
Time soon can prove its worth, or scatter as a dream.”

He said. But 'twas a whisper to a storm—
Before wild winds a leaf. The rest demure
No argument desired, but kindling warm
The fancy voted down, ere it allure
Fresh converts on its side. Once more his arm
Bold Christopher exalts, in wisdom pure,
One last appeal to make. Red flashed his eye with fire,
As thus his tongue expressed the stirrings of his ire.

“Sages of Spain—what secret passions make
An end like this, I augur not. The heart
Is monarch of itself, and must awake
For its own deeds applause, or that fell dart
That ever wounds. Your vote can never shake
From this deep breast, what thought and time impart,
Invincible within. Who sees the truth full read,
And loves as sees, all earth from it can ne'er unwed.

“The Spanish crown ye may despoil of trade
More wealthy than its mines—may alienate
More lands, than clothed in luscious vines are laid
On this peninsular. Yea more, what Fate
Presents may desecrate, a wreath whose shade
No autumn kills. The loss be yours. Some State
Of nobler heart the harvest all will reap, while ye,
Your error seen too late, may writhe in agony.”

As some proud king before a plebeian mob,
That lifts his head on high despite their frown,
So turned he now from them with beating throb
Of high disdain. Alas, that in its gown
Learning enshrined, should rashly seek to rob
Genius of laurels, 'cause too amply thrown
Around its brow! Yet Time at last the right perceives,
And binds the plundered head with crown of fadeless leaves.

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BOOK XI.

THE VOYAGE.

LIKE some proud Alp in morning's dewy smile,
He stood before the Queen. Soft snows had now
Upon his vernal lock begun their pile
Of wint'ry white, as o'er his manly brow,
His honor's Time with swift and iron wheel,
Had left. Yet lived the blazing fire, whose glow
From his warm eye escaped, as orb of Seraphim—
Index of soul that 'mid life's ashes dull was flame.

As melts the early mist before the beam
That young Apollo shoots upon its heart,
So moved her breast at him, that all did seem
Of new-born zeal to blaze. "Free will I part
With this my royal crown, and ev'ry gem
There radiant blot with night, but thou shalt start,
Brave man, to seek the goal that thy bold heart desires—
Go spread thy sail—go moor thy ship 'neath western fires."

Leaped more his heart beneath her angel tongue,
 Than spotted fawn in Spring to seek its dam,
 Bounding that o'er its bushy pathway young,
 Darts through the dews as some ethereal flame.
 So leaped his heart with manly pulse and strong,
 As late life's evening reaped its early aim.
 Oh ye who nurse some good within through tardy years,
 Behold the joy that crowns our long protracted cares !

St. George's bell had rung its multitudes
 To house of prayer. The old, the young, the gay
 Now meet beneath its arch in living crowds,
 To look, to smile with airy heart, to pray—
 The organ's notes and incense to the clouds •
 Had borne with priestly prayers sweetly away,
 The off'rings of the heart. Earth's cares in thinnest air
 Were lost—its groans, its burdens, sighs, forgotten there.

But hark ! A crier's voice, as clarion's note,
 Peals on the wakened ear. In deep surprise
 All gaze, as on in loud and lab'ring throat
 • The Officer proceeds: "Ferdinand decrees—
 August and Christian King—that by its vote,
 Olipula ordain for western seas
 Two ships of war. These must command the Genoese,
 Who here doth stand, holding in hand the King's decrees."

As when some earthquake's shock upheaves the ground,
Strong walls deposing in its giant stroke—
So passed from heart to palsied heart around
The tidings sad. Solicitude awoke
In ev'ry breast, and fear with pulse profound
O'er joyous eyes exhales its gath'ring smoke.
'Twould seem the day of reck'ning had forestalled its date,
So sick in heart the crowd at edict of the State.

His home with melancholy tread now seeks
Each citizen. But not as seen before,
Now look of children, wife and friends the cheeks,
Whose beam of love, by some malignant power,
Sepulchral aspect wore, that only strikes
The eye with grief. How sad in one brief hour,
Ten thousand joys that flourish round the heart to kill—
Sweet innocence, and mirth, and laughter thus to still!

Imagination works to deeper dread
The common fear. Where stars descending set,—
Each smiling to the last—uplifts its head,
By thunders pealed,—a dismal pit of Fate—
The gulfy Tartarus. Its gloomy shade
Spirits of horror fill, whose restless hate,
Upheaving from beneath the sulph'rous rocks of fire,
Turns waves to liquid flame, and all around devour.

More sober in their views, some augur there
 Mælstroms of vast extent, or waterfalls
 Of thund'rous roar. A downward curve some fear,
 Whose circle passed, the ship e'er downward falls
 That tries to reascend. Monsters now hear
 The tender and the young, whose gutt'ral walls
 Whole ships and men absorb. Thus raved, prolific, Fear,
 Whose spell from human minds Reason nor Art could tear.

Pinzon, 'twas thine—a noble name—to still
 The furious storm: "The ships, with all of life
 That beats in this warm heart, judgment and will,
 I venture for the West. If in the strife
 Of distant seas such omens sad as fill
 Your minds there be—this heart, inured to grief,
 Shall brave the worst. But fancies of the brain can shake
 No seaman's heart—fullest at ease when storms awake.

"Evil I augur not, but full success
 T' this adventure. Revolved, and studied long,
 The whole I proud adopt; and in the face
 Of your pale fears—'fore women, tender young,
 Char'cter and life for it I downward place.
 Disperse your tears, brave friends, that more belong
 To infancy than men. Palos this day shall make
 Immortal as the star on heaven's unchanging cheek."

As 'gainst a rock the hurrying tide doth break,
Back turning on itself, yet pauses short
Till wave with wave combined, it round doth make
A sep'rate path—so 'gainst the manly port
Of his high soul conflicting passions strike;
Reversed the few, with still more rapid dart
The many passing by. Bold hearts him patronize;
The timid, weak, unmanly, flee with weeping eyes.

The day arrives. Augustus, 'twas thy star
Now shone upon the earth. Good omen this
To what despised, o'er western waves afar,
Was destined to uprear, that in its bliss
Proud Rome should far excel. Calm ported are
The ships; more restless than the sea each face
And heart of man, that eyes them oft with sad dismay,
And in their shrouds beholds their doom, far, far away.

One sacrifice the winds and Heaven demand—
Confession full for sin. Percz, 'twas thine—
An honored task—'twixt suppliants to stand
And Heaven's high throne. The hero first at shrine
All merciful descends, with lifted hand
And eye, life's errors to bewail: "'Tis thine,
Almighty, to forgive whate'er of sin in me
Is found—whate'er of grace I need, 'tis thine all free

"To grant. If e'er presumptuously I've done
 What thy pure Law condemns, or, by mistake
 Have grieved thy Spirit or thy spotless Throne—
 Back to myself such folly all I take,
 Forgiveness asking through thine only Son.
 If e'er for benefits received awake
 No thanks in me; or, if thy gifts to selfish ends
 Have been applied—here I desire to make amends.

"To Thee, omnipotent on land, on sea,
 Myself I dedicate and waiting crew.
 Smile on this soul, Father divine, and be
 Its Guardian now, when most thy friendship true
 Reason and skill demand. Not self, but Thee
 I herein serve, agent appointed now
 For all of human kind. Whate'er my fate or end,
 The untold future all to Thee I now commend."

Brave men succeeding fast now lowly bend,
 Where never falls faith's tear in vain. Ah, deep
 As ocean's heart the struggling cries they send
 Unseen to Heaven! The Past and Future leap
 Together on one hour, whose weight would bend,
 If not upheld, Time's axle in its sweep.
 Tremendous date! connecting in its link two spheres,
 That since, two oceans arched, makes earth what earth
 appears!

'Tis done ; and now convene upon the shore
The multitudes to take the last adieu.
Oh parting words and looks, what inward pow'r
Ye have, the eye, the spirit to subdue !
E'en when we hope, that Time's revolving hour
Will soon the heart possess of some loved view
It lingers to forsake—'tis hard to say—farewell—
But when for evermore the eye despairs to dwell

On looks and smile of those we love—ah, high
As mountain on the soul that dirgeful word,
Whose weight no tears profuse, or struggling sigh
Can thence remove. Time flies; yet still is heard
As echo from the tomb, for ever nigh,
For ever keen, that soft, destroying word.
Odiel, thy wave such melancholy partings saw,
When sons and lovers stood upon thy banks with awe.

Here wept the mother on her son, no hope
Possessing that her eye, his cheek or lip
Shall e'er behold again. On his doth drop
Her bosom, freighted with more care, than ship
Of weightiest cargo bears. Ah ne'er doth stop
Her tears, that from her heart disturbed doth drip
On his all flaming cheek ; deep tokens of a love,
That fire nor flood, nor change nor time, can e'er remove.

Two Lovers stood, whose nuptial night all blest
 Dian should bring, when o'er the glassy wave
 Of Cunia her silver arms and crest
 Should next be seen. As at the early grave
 Of Hope they wept upon each other's breast,
 In storm of grief high-tossed, as when do heave
 The forests mighty winds. Like lily pale she bent,
 He strong like oak of ev'ry bough and leaflet rent.

But one, a sire, his son unmoved addressed :
 " Child of my bone, my nerve, my inmost heart ;
 Go brave the sea. Coward and here distressed
 I weep not loud. Mine are the tears that start
 Within the soul, and there as fountain blest
 Shall ever flow, my child, for thee. We part,
 But not in virtue, prayer. For noble end thee long
 I've trained ; that noble end pursue, brave Boy, while young."

But hark ! The hero on the prow of his
 High ship, now lifts his hand, his healing voice :
 " Hear me, ye stricken ones, too weak to face,
 What I revolving long, in heart rejoice
 To see. Noble the off'ring that ye place
 This day at my command—your sons—your bliss—
 'Mid streaming tears. High Heaven be witness, that this
 heart,
 Touched at the costly gift, that gift will ne'er desert.

"Whate'er on sea, on land, betide this heart,
 Dear as the blood that flows within shall be
 Your sons and sires to me. No secret dart
 Misfortune sends on them, but touchingly
 Shall pierce this soul as theirs. One common part
 We bear of good or ill—one destiny
 Pursue. If honor, fame, success, shall crown this brow,
 'Twill shine on them as me, united e'er as now.

"Nor fear the sea.—On distant coasts unknown
 It laves with gentle touch as here the shore,
 Bathing, perchance, beside its peaceful throne
 Some maiden's foot, some seaman's boat, that far
 On its undreaded wave has sportive gone.
 What lies between soft winds will kindly bear
 Us swiftly o'er. This past, our prize is richly won,
 Cathay, Cipang, or Ind, beneath the setting sun."

He said; as rose the whited sail to meet
 The courting breeze. As if by magic sent,
 Each shroud and rope its place assumes. Eyes greet,
 Still greet in tears each other's gaze, as went
 Down Odiel slow the half-reluctant fleet.
 Ah, hard to part, where backward e'er is sent,
 The heart's pierced love on ev'ry winged thought that goes
 To linger still behind, where love and friendship glows!

Yet love, nor friendship, tears nor home deter
 The onward fleet, 'round Saltes seen the last.
 Momentous Barks! whose sides as on they steer,
 More embryos bear of future things, than mast
 Or hull e'er held before! The seeds were there
 Of Empires, Kingdoms, States, that in the west,
 The eastern old, should flourish in unending youth—
 Philosophy, Religion, Commerce there and Truth!

How like to thee, O Son of Lamech, were
 These far adventurers, who on a flood
 Uncrossed before, to new world safely bear
 The treasures of the old! Oh that they had
 But blessings borne—oppression, evil, care,
 Far left behind! But e'en our western wood
 Foul trees begin to bear, the seeds from Europe brought—
 Oh that our children late may never pluck the fruit!

Ocean! What thoughts of power thou wakest up!
 Whence come thy multitude of drops, that hold
 Imperial sway o'er most the freighted lap
 Of earth below? Were thy proud billows rolled
 Together strong, lest inward fires, that wrap
 Our planet's heart, its crust should wide enfold
 In living flame? Or is thine end from man to part
 Warm man, quenching between the passions of his heart?

Image of Power, of God, Eternity—
 Thou holdest with an icy hand each pole ;
 And with thy chain vast continents, that lie
 On thy pure wave, confinest to the goal,
 That through all time unchanged they occupy.
 Companion of storms, when roused thy soul
 By mighty winds, the clouds become thy chariot—
 Becalmed, upon thy bosom gemmed soft star-lights float !

But there are things that make infinity
 More infinite. The soul's dark view by no
 Experience led, struggling the vast to see
 That rises unexplored, above, below,
 Yields terror to the great, whose agony
 Within a *sense* imparts, that makes to grow
 What hath no bounds. Experience the evil cures,
 The mind accustomed now to its own little shores.

What thoughts majestic then arose within
 Each seaman's heart, when first his eye bedimmed
 In its unbounded gaze, oft tried in vain,
 The curve descending far of waters rimmed
 By heaven, to contemplate ! Ah, ne'er again,
 Can Ocean's deep sublimity be hymned
 Upon the soul, in tones so lade with stirring awe,
 As when Spain's seamen first its untouched bosom saw !

Long leagues they sail the wilderness of waves.
Save the three ships and heaven, above, around,
Nought else is seen but alternate the graves
And peaks of Ocean's restlessness profound.
Fresh from his wat'ry couch Apollo waves
Each morn his golden locks—fast hurr'ing round,
Each evening drops, mid Occidental billows far,
His chariot-wheels. From water comes and sets each star!

As in a gulf of ether unexplored,
Some heav'nly Hierarch pauses in suspense;
Fearing to climb where wing has never soared,
Fearing t' return o'er track now grown immense—
So paused, so struggled amid ocean shored
By nought of land, the bravest hearts, long since
Surpassed the ideal coasts, all hoped at first to reach.
Return or progress now seemed clothed with terror each!

Suspense of danger—all the past proclaims—
Is worse to feel the curse we future dread.
Strong passions then awake whose crossing flames
Give fury to the soul, its reason fled,
Or held in chains. Himself each seaman blames,
His king, his country, fate—but most, who led
His feet astray—the Great Adventurer!—So stood
At Migdol Amram's Son, chided, but raised his rod!

But there is magic power in one brave heart
 O'er timid fears. High standing on the prow,
 With voice first heard in eloquence to dart
 O'er western seas, the Hero firmly now
 His men exhorts. "Companions brave, why start
 Within your souls dark thoughts, that upward grow
 To paleness on your cheeks? Long days, long nights, 'tis
 true
 Ye plough the unknown deep, no welcome land in view.

"Your constancy herein I praise--your trust
 Reposed in me. Ah, few of human kind
 Such toils as ye endure, uncertain, lost
 On untried seas, could bear with equal mind!
 On your strong courage still, I cheerful cast
 Of this unmapped, unmeasured way, the end.
 Accomplished now the most, ye surely will not shrink
 From that all splendid prize near Ocean's hast'ning brink!

"The sea as land is bounded by some shore.
 Left free on either side, its waves that roll
 Unforced, would thence descend with awful roar
 Vast continents to flood, forsaken all
 Its bed behind! What binds it to the shore
 Of Europe, lies high clifted at the goal
 We westward seek. Long leagues already past proclaim,
 That shore not far, sweet smiling 'neath some western beam.

"Once more then rouse your fortitude to bear
 The trials of the sea. 'Tis not by way
 Direct, but wand'ring oft, and dark, and drear,
 God leads to victory. Afflictions lay
 Foundations deep for joys, that after bear
 Diviner fruit. Perhaps some op'ning bay,
 Or isle, or coast of vernal bloom, now courts the eye
 Half-seen, as here I speak. Oh, let us rather die

"Than traitors prove to our near destiny."
 He said; as o'er the sea on sportive wing
 Two sea-birds came, that arching 'long the sky
 Encircled now the ship. Ah, ne'er in Spring,
 Or Summer's meditative morn, to eye
 Or ear, such joy the vocal forests bring,
 As at that painful hour, these heralds of the land!
 All gazed, admired, and still admiring joyful stand.

The sky, the sea, and each warm cheek now beamed
 With new-born hope. This to confirm, beside
 Them float, late loosened from the shore that seemed
 Not far, rent weeds and grass, that on the tide
 Of Ocean lay, first-fruits of land. All deemed
 The trophy won, as gazing far and wide,
 From deck, from mast, each seaman now with heart elate,
 Seeks in the distance dim some coast or western State.

But hence, delighted herald, flee ahead,
Melpomene, Euterpe, Clio fair,
Or what fond sister of the Nine has led
My song thus far. On land as sea there are
Fit themes for thee; especially, where shade
Of evergreens conceals, from nightly star
And winds, Guano's tent. Bravely was laid to rest
The Chief, his tomahawk and bow beside his breast.

One child was his, the lily of his eye—
Higenah fair. Oft when his fisher's boat
Returned him to the land, or with a sigh
Of hot fatigue the chase he left, her throat
And bounding limbs with laughter bursting high,
Would welcome to his tent. And when all hot
The trees were drooping without wind, beneath the shade
At noon, she'd hold, and oft caress his honored head.

Beneath his tent of palm softly she sleeps,
As dew on Hana's leaf. Dark ringlets lie
Upon her neck—vermillion beauty creeps
Round either cheek. If e'er a girlish sigh
By day she had, it slumbers now, or weeps
Unconscious tears. Or if, some lover's eye
Soft sympathies had waked in her all sportive breast,
The dart, the spell, the charm of love was now at rest.

But there are wings unseen, unfelt, that when
 We sleep, surround the curtained eye. Like dreams
 They come, too oft, alas! like dreams forgotten,
 Disappear. Revealed she sees, in glowing beams
 Of light, Adona by her side. Upon
 Her gazed the Okki with surprise, who seems
 Lovely as when o'er green, o'er banks of matted grass,
 Idly they strolled at eve, or plucked in sportive chase

The lilies of the vale. "Hana's pure Rose,
 Why keeps its silver ball the golden lid,
 When near thee stands, anxious to press thy brows
 With gentle touch, thy Anda loved? Long fled
 Thy sight, I now return gladly the vows
 Of childhood to renew, and love, tho' shade,
 As we were wont to love, when pressed thy hand this hand,
 With glow, alas! on earth, too ardently to stand!

"Where peaceful lake of Xaraqua reflects
 Elysian bowers, and 'neath o'erarching trees
 Sweet fountains rise, that through the grassy brakes
 Mellifluous flow—a fairy land of ease—
 All happy Okkies dwell. There sweetly wakes
 At dawn, at eve, music divine, whose lays
 Roll on the quiet lake, or joined with song of birds,
 Reanimate the grove with sweet and heavenly words.

“Thence have I come tidings to bring thee new :
Short leagues from where the billows break on rocks
Of Hana’s isle, strangers approach, whose view
On land, on sea, unlike all western looks,
Will wake thy wild astonishment. A few
They are of multitudes, that ocean locks
By oriental bars, from western men. Long lost
Upon the sea, they seek now anxiously thy coast.

“As clouds along the wave their ships, as roar
Of thunders loud, their wild artillery.
Nor hath the sun on them as thee its pow’r
Imposed—but left upon each cheek and eye,
'Mid saffron hues, a pearly white. Of yore
Their blood with thine was mixed, by diff’rent sky
Divided since, that through long years has marked its lines
Divergent on you both—seeming no longer twins.

“The Spirit, who resides where calmly set
The sinking stars, has sent them here. They come
Adventurers to find, what long by fate
Our sires have here possessed as happy home,
This western continent. Not war, nor hate
They bring, but peaceful arts, whose after doom
With them shall spread, as forests long our verdant hills,
Our lakes and sunny streams to crowd with burdened sails.

“This jealousy shall wake between their race
And ours. Chief joined to chief the forests all
Shall fill with war’s terrific cry. The chase,
The fisher’s boat, the patch of corn and call
Of wife and child, warriors shall leave, to face
With tomahawk and bow, the white man’s ball
Loud thund’ring in the wood. Blood oft with blood shall
pour,
Libation to the fiends, whose cruel work is war.

“These shall arise in distant times, the work
Pursued, till league by league, posterity
Shall find their lands in other hands. Where bark
The hollow waves on western rocks, and sea
And land conjoin, lately shall stand the ark,
The relics of our race t’ bear mournfully
Away, to their first home. ’Tis sad, but thus decreed
By Him, who gives or takes the soil his power has made.

“Yet go, as prophetess inspired, and on
The early beach the hand of friendship give.
Not these in fault, through many dangers thrown
Upon thy peaceful isle. Nor should we grieve
At changes wrought by Providence, whose throne,
Too high to feel our selfish ends, can weave
For nations, men, no partial destinies.—Go meet
Their Chief—go welcome to thy shore these sons of fate.”

It stole upon her ear as music on
 A lake. Affection, fear, deep wonder rose
 In her young heart anxious to tell, and then
 Afraid her father to afflict with woes,
 Too childish for a chieftain's ear. Still on
 They come, the bold adventurers. Night throws
 Her ebon cloak far on the restless sea, now pearled
 By diamonds of the sky; yet, than each upper world

More anxiously is sought, the lifted torch
 Of fisher's boat, or light upon the shore.
 Midnight now stands one sign beyond her arch,
 When suddenly is heard, unheard before
 With equal joy, the signal gun, that beach
 And sea afar astounds with echoes o'er.
 Longest those echoes rang in each glad seaman's heart,
 Waking emotions there, ah, never to depart!

Mothers have joy at birth of first-born son—
 Fathers when crowned such son in after years
 With civic fame, or laurel-wreaths are won
 From battle-fields.—Young brides, when round their ears
 Soft greetings rise, seem angels in the sun—
 And Wisdom smiles when to her eye appears
 New truths first found—But all of these, nor one hath joy,
 Equal to thine, Columbus, at that midnight cry.

'Tis morn—and now is seen upon the wave,
 Lovely as woman in her smiles, an isle
 Of beauteous shape. Ah, never virgin gave
 To man's bowed heart, submissive to her will,
 Such thrill of ecstasy, as wave on wave,
 Now comes from Hana's dewy trees and isle,
 To Spanish hearts. 'Twould seem again the nuptial bow'r
 'F Eve were painted 'fore th' eye, in that fresh golden show'r.

They land—the Hero first. With bended knee
 The soil he clasps, and on its grav'ly cheek
 Impresses deep, and long, and silently,
 The ardor of his heart. “O God,” now break
 His lips in prayer—“O God, most thankfully
 Thy Name, Thy Power I praise, that here do make
 Life's end complete. The land, the sea, the heavens are Thine,
 And what Thou giv'st to Thee returned we would resign.”

High in the breeze now float the wavy shrouds
 Of Spain's insignia. 'Mid these the Cross,
 First reared in Judea, but 'long the clouds
 Of western lands now doomed to take its place.
 Around, the vet'rans of the sea in crowds
 Collect, adoring as a god, whose face
 Unchanged by threats and angry tones, had smiled serene,
 Till now their perils o'er, it more than smiled again.

These greetings o'er, along the beach is seen
 A vet'ran form, a damsel at his side.
 As some brave oak, that o'er the fertile plain,
 'Mid broken limbs, its head exalts in pride,
 So looked the Chief, whose high and lofty brain
 Winters had snowed, but from whose eye a tide
 Of fiery passions streamed.—In wild surprise he stood,
 His guests to augur gods, or if of mortal blood.

Silence Higenah broke, who thus addressed
 The Captain of the host. “ Brave man, whose fate
 The gods have fixed, and thee appointed west
 Millions to lead, whence first the Sun in state
 Ascends the oriental sea, amazed, oppressed,
 We still thy coming hail, and at the gate
 Of thy first entrance yield to thee the hand of peace.
 So Heaven ordains—so wills our heart to meet thy face.

“ Near to my side, when last the balmy night
 Sweet sleep had cast upon my limbs, one stood :
 It was my Anda loved. In youth's delight
 Oft had we spent as one, near forest, flood,
 The passing suns ; and like the birds, whose flight
 We watched, oft felt our hearts in bounding mood
 Up-leap to catch some golden joy.—But short the moon
 That o'er us hung—fair Anda fell, and I am one !

“ Three times the lily of the vale has bloomed ;
Three times the peach has bent its arching limb
With fruit ; since life’s chief. Joy to me was tomed !
Each moon that since with golden horn the rim
Of yon deep pine hath palely gemmed, her doomed,
With cedar-branch I seek and plaintive hymn.

Knit heart to heart around her mound the wild vines grow,
Whose spreading leaves I count, whose tendrils all I know.

“ ’Twas but this night, when ’neath the palmy tent
Of this my Sire I slept, she stole beside
My couch, and on my wakened ear intent,
Such words pronounced, as through the after shade
Of night, with deep, but dark astonishment
This bosom filled. Thyself, these ships have made
The vision plain. Here are my Anda’s words before
My eyes—fulfilled my nightly dream on daylight’s shore.

“ For her, for this my sire, for all the hearts
That living beat on this our peaceful isle,
I give thee, Chief, what this warm hand asserts—
A welcome to our shore. Waves, pile on pile,
Have us divided long, severed by arts
At last of nautic skill through thee. Ah, while
Yon Sun his furnaces shall light with daily fire,
Thy fame like his shall rise, but never shall expire.”

Amazement filled each eye, each ardent cheek,
That from the lips of youth unseen before,
Such prophecies should rise. The Hero spake—
“ Surely, companions of my toil, this shore
High Heaven to Christian men ordains.—Hence take
New courage for the cares, that more and more,
On your strong hands may fall. We lay this day the stone,
That through all coming years Posterity shall crown.”

BOOK XII.

THE PRISON.

O FORTUNE vain, whose swift kaleidoscope
Time changeful holds with ever-varying hand,
Rainbow the joys thou paintest to our hope,
Rolling the stones on which by thee we stand!
Thy morning wreath how oft a cruel rope
At eve; thy more than princely gifts but sand!
Yet fickle as thou art, men vile would change thee more,
And what they merit not would wrest from other's door.

Capricious god, thy smile is wanton given
Where worth and virtue have no lasting home.
How oft by thee are noble hearts far driven,
To seek 'mid deserts wild their outcast doom!
Elate with joy in thy mysterious heaven
Chief live the base, the better in thy tomb!
Oh blést the man, whose heart too stern thy smile to feel,
Proud scorns thy flatteries and sings beneath thy wheel!

Brief from thy scourge renowned He stood and great,
The sea his base, a new-made world his crown.
But ah, how rudely doomed by thee and Fate
To cast, as Autumn's tree, his honors down!
Yet fell they not as Autumn's robe all late—
But like the Summer's pine, whose top is strown
By Jove's high thunder on the ground. He sank at noon;
But sank to rise again with tenfold glory soon.

Where peaceful Azema her fragrant smile
Casts on the Carib sea, as maid her love
On man's rough heart, 'mid forests green a pile
Of late-hewn trunks is seen. Here in a grove
Diazo sought retreat, a fatal broil
To cool in woman's arms, as strongly wove
Cate'na round his heart the web of love unknown,
Dipping each thread in gold that she might always own.

O'er nature's breast, untouched by art before,
Her wand young Science moves, as spring to life
The cottage and the dome, and 'long the shore
Resound from lifted axe and saw the strife
Of busy sounds. The new-made streets gay pour
Their multitudes along, as high and chief
The temple's spire is seen, whose solemn belt at dawn,
At eve, the Indian charms and fills the grassy lawn.

On hill, that downward looks o'er busy men,
 He stood. High o'er his head the stately palm
 Bathes in the sun its swordy crown, as when
 On war's destructive plain, great heroes calm
 Their crowded blades exalt all madly keen.
 Before and far, the ocean like a lamb
 Lies still—behind, proud mountains rise, whose peaks of
 green
 Eden the ruby sky with Spring's bewitching scene.

From silver veil, that Time had thinly cast
 Upon his brow, he upward looked and sighed :
 " Is this the goal that laboring hard at last
 My age has reached ? Beyond great ocean wide
 Like this no cup I drank, though oft the blast
 Of Fortune wild I shared, that o'er my side
 And heart fell strong ! Land of my lifetime's dream, the
 star
 Of all my hopes, on thee must I such fetters wear ?

" Nor made by Indian hands, whose gen'rous heart
 Disdains the deed through inward love of right.
 Baptized, who now such treacherous gifts impart
 For years of arduous toil, by day, by night !
 Humanity ! Is this the venom'd dart
 Thy envy hurls in heaven's unsullied light ?
 And thou, Blest Queen, whom absent, present, I adore,
 Is this the gall thy more than angel hand doth pour ?"

He said, as down his pallid cheek the brine
Of inward grief fell warm, that on the breast
Of nature sought repose—a welcome shrine
For those, who find in human hearts no rest—
“Where now has fled that haughty pride of thine?”

Diego next, as o'er his arms, his breast,
The rope he cast. “Thou art an infant now, all tears,
As Justice for thy crimes to her tribunal bears.

“Once, as a noble pine on Haytian hills,
Its head amid the clouds, its lofty feet
High raised above the better growth that fills
The vale beneath, thou stoodest in thy state,
A very god. Reversed, deep horror chills
Thy bones, thy flesh, because reluctant Fate
Has laid its hand on thy proud heart. Restrain thy tears :
But women weep, and who like them are filled with fears?”

“Not at thy hempen cord, or steel I weep,
Vile knave, much less at thee. These hard-worn feet
And hands, that on the land and varied deep
Soft rest have seldom known, can firmly meet
These lighter chains—honors that villains heap
Upon the good. That Royalty should set
Its honored seal upon the work of worthless men,
Excites my tears—not their loathed persons or their spleen.

“ Like lion strong, whose limbs the huntsman binds,
Caught in a subtle net, that barking curs
Might gnaw his gen’rous neck, as o’er it winds
Their empty froth—so am I held by snares
That o’er my honor, age, and heart that finds
On earth no rest; base men may crawl, whose ears,
If free, my voice would terrify, as heart of stag
The lion’s roar. But bind—’tis ’neath the Spanish flag !”

Weeks passed—and yet to him huge timbers made
All earth one floor, all heaven one grated light !
Still was the weary day, more still the shade,
Whose calm nought troubled but the idle flight
Of winds, that through the shingles breathed all sad,
As o’er a fevered child its nurse by night.
So lies misfortune e’er on earth in her lone cell—
A cast-off plague with which none better choose to dwell.

But where, on sorrow’s path descending low
Through dark and frightful steeps, the foot of man
Ne’er comes, kind Angels sent do often show
A purer love. Earth’s pageantry all vain
Obscures their ministry, as stars that grow
Unseen in solar light. ’Tis night of pain
And dark desertion, that reveals their happy wings,
As ’neath their radiance cheered the fallen spirit sings.

'Twas night. The stars—those eyes of Deity,—
 That, when all mortals sleep, survey the world—
 Shone calm in heaven. Wide o'er the distant sea
 Diana floored the wave with gems, that pearled
 Upon its breast in restless brilliancy.

On couch, or straw, each human eye now furled
 Seeks rest, as hulled upon the heart fierce passions lay,
 Till life's repeated call shall give them new-born play.

He slept—for Nature kind her wings of down
 Will spread upon the lid of misery.
 Yet not like fortune's sons in country, town,
 High hung on oak or rich mahogany,
 He lay.—His bed was plank, his folded gown
 The cushion scant of his worn brow. Calmly
 He slept, till visions of the night his thoughts employ,
 Filling his fallen heart with rich, seraphic joy.

Beside him stands a Form not earthly known ;
 Of flame his eye, of light his garment low.
 Peaceful his look, as from strong Reason's throne,
 Far down descend his locks of fiery glow.
 Light from his person through the prison shone,
 Revealing in its blaze the station low
 Of him who slept in chains. Awaked the pris'ner sees
 With terror, who addressed him kindly, and thus says :

"Why chained, brave Hero thus, whom nations own
 Their proudest name? O'er heaven's empyreal dome
 Thy fame abroad is spread—and art thou strown
 As culprit on this floor, whose well-earned doom
 Strong locks and bars must keep? Where now are flown
 Thy better winds, that thou should'st have such home?
 Did thy own choice these cheerless walls unforced embrace?
 Or have vile hands here bound thee to their own disgrace?"

"Not of myself," returned his frightened heart,
 "But of base men, whose hate its poisoned thread
 Weaves in my better life, I share the part
 Of criminal. Boabdil chief, whose head
 Too scant to weigh another's worth, his art
 Employs for my disgrace. His willing aid,
 Fonseca, turns at home each magic wire of hate,
 To wrest from foreign head the vernal crown of fate.

"Others unite, once lifted by these hands
 To fame in sight of blessing royalty.
 Forgot my parent's care, in ruthless bands
 They join, to fix concerted wrath on me!
 So chase wild winds the bark that proudly stands
 Upon the deep, a common foe, all free.
 Alas, how human passions rage, when once their gate
 Rude hands unbar and turn out human hate!

“ Yet not all man the cause. Unseen is One,
Whose purpose fixed controls our mortal life,
As planets in their orbs one central sun.
Nor comes there e'er to human lips of grief
The cup, but from his hand. That hand I own,
That o'er me spread, amid the bitter strife
Of men, their rage restrains, and but its finger lays,
Where on the sickly heart, some fatal ulcer preys.”

“ His servant I to thee bring tidings good.
Who o'er thee rage shall sink, their fragments cast
Upon the sea—and e'en their work now rude,
When Time's great wheel in its revolving haste
Shall wear out present things, will dark be strewed
As shadows on thy fame, to give when past
Thy virtues youth. So smiles the bow on heaven's dark
crest,
So shines more bright the moon 'mid shadows of the west.

“ But thine own sun, that long has toiled in pain
Up heaven's high arch, and now fatigued doth shed
Its beams on evening's cheek, in peace its reign
Triumphantly shall yield. Nor night's deep shade
Shall be thy pall, whose risen star shall shine
With more effulgent joy, as long are laid
Thy limbs below. Ah, glorious the night that o'er thy sleep,
'Mid lights that never set, its peaceful watch shall keep.

" But I now haste the truth to publish whole.
 Long ere in thy young breast first stirred the thought
 Of foreign land, while cheerfully at school
 Of Ticinum thy task thou pli'dst, on nought
 Reflecting but the work before thee dull—
 The Guardians of thy sphere, whose wakeful lot
 It is, o'er human things to watch, assembled wise,
 This Land, by consultation deep to make thy future prize.

" 'Mid much debate 'twas finally decreed,
 High Heaven to seek your lifetime's work to plan.
 How lost through space we soared there is no need
 To tell, or all we absent saw explain.
 The end we gained, and from restrictions freed,
 E'er since have toiled on this great Land, the reign
 Of Truth and Righteousness to plant. The dawn appears
 Of our fond hope—the full-orbed day the future bears.

" O'er thee 'twas mine through life thy chosen way
 To guide. In days long past, twice have I been
 To thee revealed—first, at the sleep of day,
 Where Tesino along the woodland scene
 Soft murmurs to the Po. Next at the bay,
 Where Tagus rolls in pride his silver sheen
 Bright to the Ocean's wave. Unseen by thee beside,
 Ne'er has my guardian hand been absent from thy side.

“ But most thy heart to cheer, now cast thine eye
Down future years. Not small the verdant soil
By thee late found. Where proudly Arcion high
Holds in his double paw the stately pile
Of ice that summer never feels, to sky
Remote o'er southern seas, it lies. Proud roll
Upon its western side great waves, whose virgin smile
Ne'er yet its joy has shed upon the passing keel.

“ Vast mountains, lakes, and laughing spring
Abound from shore to distant shore all blest.
Here bounds the deer, and here of ev'ry wing
Gay birds their melodies attune; while Nature dressed
As happiest bride, exults her smiles to fling
All o'er this Land. From east to happy west
'Tis paradise of bliss—a land of fruits and flowers,
Without forbidden tree or Satan in its bowers.

“ Gold in its streams, and in its bosom ore
Of silver mines are found. Present the gems
Of orient Ind, whose blazing orbs shall pour,
Starred on the crown of kings, effulgent beams.
Such is the land, that in thy lifetime's hour,
'Mid toil by day, and on thy bed swift dreams
By night, 'twas thine appointed task of Heaven to find;
And thus at dying leave a world to bless mankind.

“Immense thy work—its peerless monument—
Not city, state, or massive pile whose height
Near meets the stars—a mighty continent
Thy trophy proud shall be, while day and night,
Or rock, or shore, or, in the firmament
Bright stars shall shine. Envy shall claim the right
To name—and Time, that rolls o’er words as water stone,
That right shall yield—yet e’er shall stand the Work thine
own.

“To these blest lands shall come through future time
Proud Europe’s sons, who on its velvet green
Shall lay their heads, as to the happy chime
Of bees and sportive rills, that flow between
All flowery banks, their ears entranced shall dream
Of care and pain no more. The beggar mean
New-made shall feel his life-blood start from other font,
And here shall happy smile each outcast son of want.

“The Southern Land, whose starry snow descends
In three great rivers to the sea, shall yield
Its soil and gems to Castile blood that blends
With Arragon. One part shall Alvar’s shield
Procure for Lusitan, as loudly rends
The air his nitrous joy, and in a field
The mass he celebrates. Despised the gift untried,
Spurned Eber’s sons shall first awake the desert bride.

“ Long years shall these new Lands repay all free
 Their homage due and gold the parent State.
 But Time, that brings to babes full liberty,
 And from its nest the eagle sends elate
 To soar unchecked in heaven’s empyrean sky—
 From cottages and farms will raise the fate
 Of these new colonies, that like new stars admired,
 Shall take their place in heaven with endless glory fired.

“ Yet not the highest fame and liberty
 Shall these attain. Misled by gold and gems
 That here abound, they’ll not with industry
 Their rich soil till, that shall decay ’mid dreams
 Of shadowy wealth, as squalid misery
 Invests who idly stand at golden streams.
 Labor wise Providence assigns to human things,
 Unwrought *this mine* her lap no teeming plenty brings.

“ Far worse their moral state. Religion here
 Like out-cast lamb, o’er which dark vultures spread
 Their sooty wings, and on its vitals bare
 Their beaks of flowing blood insatiate feed—
 Shall be oppressed long years by priests, that share
 Its offal food and feast on virtues dead.
 Extinguished thus the orb that men must guide aright,
 O’er all beneath will spread the raven wing of night.

“ As when on ashes warm of some great pile
Young children walk, whose tender feet can keep
No steadfast place, but fly in frantic style
From track to track—so here unstayed shall leap
The public heart all restlessly, until
Some Freeman’s sword shall with tremendous sweep
Cut priestcraft from the laws, and thus on error’s tomb,
To Truth and Freedom give a safe and endless home.

“ Diff’rent the North, whose fertile soil less gemmed
Shall tempt to husbandry, as o’er its hills
And smiling vales the steady plough strong-framed
Shall cast its furrows wide, whose bosom fills
The nascent seed. The massive barn well-beamed
Shall golden harvests fill, when winter kills
The verdant blade. Thus rural industry shall pour,
With lib’ral hand, its gifts upon the farmer’s floor.

“ These lands shall sons of Albion possess.
Some on his Lion’s paw shall come to till
The soil, who by his side in wilderness
Shall rest secure. Some, from his rage to kill
At home, shall flee ’mid savages a place
To find for their pure faith—where calm and still
Pure waters flow through forests to the distant sea,
And nought true prayer disturbs but Nature’s minstrelsy.

“ These in their youth shall serve the parent Land.
But when to manhood-grown, the heavy scourge
Shall drive them to revolt, as hand in hand
They lift the blazing sword, and onward urge
The mighty war. Years shall their crystal sand
Be drenched in blood, till standing on the verge
Of hope, her eagle plumes shall Freedom lift on high,
Her splendid prize below, her wings from sky to sky.

“ Who shall her trophy thus in heaven exalt,
Next learn. Of Mary born and Augustine,
The light he first shall see, where playful melt
On Potomac, Spring's floreate joys. Not mean
Of birth, his youthful hand shall clasp the hilt
Of war not vain, as from the peaceful scene
Of home's warm hearth, he seeks wild savages to drive,
Or force the Gallic bands back to their northern hive.

“ Him shall the People choose, when War's loud roar
Shall rend the sky, to quell its thunders loud,
And o'er its tumults calmed from shore to shore,
Immerse his Country's Stripes in ev'ry cloud.
High shall his righteous hand on heaven's gemmed floor
Pure Liberty exalt ; whose torn-up shroud
The Deep shall coffin on its base—its portals wide
To men of ev'ry clime, to enter and abide.

“ His country saved, this Hero's fame shall rise,
 A constellation new on heaven's high dome.
 A central light, 'twill fix divergent eyes,
 That else misled from Freedom's happy home,
 Might meteors chase through false and dang'rous skies,
 Far off to find for all a common tomb.

Great Washington this evil shall prevent and fate,
 United all to Him as children of one State.

“ Despots and kings shall his pure virtues eye
 With envy, and shall feel ancestral light
 Depart their crowns, beside the purer ray
 Of his made royalty.—And e'en the Great
 Of other times—skilled heroes, statesmen, aye,
 Philosophers—shall stir beneath their weight
 Of long-pressed clay, one Greater Man to venerate—
 Who took, resigned, with equal hand the car of State !

“ From Morn's first wave that on the rocky cape
 Doth spread its pearls, to evening's distant beach,
 Where sinking suns their good-night blessings drop
 On nature's lap, shall The Republic reach.
 Vast lakes, as seas shall northward guard and shape
 Its boundaries—its southern ear the speech
 Of Spanish lips shall hear.—Spreading through years more
 wide,
 Its lines shall westward grow and on its southern side.

“ Each sep’rate State shall its own laws maintain
And rights, united still the parts to form
One common Whole. Thus doubly propped, the reign
Of Liberty shall bear strong passion’s storm
At home, and on her fortresses in vain
Shall strike exotic wrath. Itself e’er warm,
Thus doth the heart far distant parts with blood supply,
Each limb and member taxed to keep the fountain high.

“ Religion unrestrained, shall o’er this Land
Shed its first dews again, pure in its creed,
As when in Galilee with lifted hand,
The Son of Mary cast its pristine seed.
No edicts of the State with legal band
Its doctrines shall restrain, or seek to wed
By ties incestuous, Salvation to the will
Of godless men. Its power alike shall feel

“ The lowly and the great on equal terms,
More wide its gate, or narrower to none.
All births and stations held within its arms
One brotherhood shall form—one living throne
Of holy hearts.—As tares ’mid wheat, the germs
Of discord may ’twixt brethren rise—but soon,
As wave on yielding wave, pure Charity shall rest—
All hearts one sea of love with heaven upon its breast.

“The arts of life, intelligence and trade
Shall here their zenith reach. Ah, 'twould be vain
The endless catalogue to fill, or shade
Of genius to invade, whence from the brain
On glowing thought, through centuries are made,
Of ideas first material forms, to gain
O'er inert matter power. Obsequious all, all things
By Science called, to human life shall yield swift wings.

“Where now the Indian roves, unskilled to bend
Created agencies to human use,
Intelligence shall raise from forests, wind;
And e'en the lightning's breath, vast means profuse,
Nature to quicken, and her strong powers blend
With human skill. The wilderness shall lose
Its quiet, and the mountains hear and lowly vales,
Commerce and trade rebounding o'er the glist'ning rails.

“The air shall be intelligent; as thought
Its leagues shall track electrical with speed.
Far distant minds, by airy magic brought
In contact, shall commune, and often shed
For griefs or joys commingling tears, as at
One household shrine. Thus o'er dull matter led
Pure spirit shall preside, and mountains, vales and woods,
Be peopled o'er with mortal, not immortal gods.

“ O'er seas remote shall spread its commerce wide,
High 'mid the flags of Europe, Asia, found
Its Stripes and Stars. These shall revere when eyed,
The hearts and tongues of other lands, profound
Their homage to the Badge, that oft defied,
From tyranny protects and foes around,
The freedom of the world. Thus, where her laws are not,
Her lifted Sign shall teach the freeman's happy lot.

“ As struggling 'mid dark hills the rising sun,
O'er meadow, lakes, and smiling fields beyond,
Pours his glad ray; so, o'er each lifted throne
'Twixt crowns and blazing heraldry, this Land
The light of Freedom shall project, where groan
Oppressed in vales of poverty, who stand
Disfranchised of their rights. Beneath the radiant beam
Strong hearts within shall bound, for ever broke the dream

“ Of rights divine opposed to human weal.
Oceans of blood shall flow, old usages
To tear from their strong holds, and wounds to heal,
That through long centuries have bled. But these—
Ah rich the price—e'en these, as one last meal
To Tyranny, shall Freedom grant, and choose,
One age to sacrifice, all ages thence to free
From yoke, resisted not, that binds eternally.”

He said ; and from the prison's darkness drew
His radiance. Nor rest, nor quiet more
The prisoner felt, till Phœbus on the dew
Once more began his golden shower to pour.
But Thought, deep Thought around him drew
Its shroud, as o'er the past, the future more,
He sought entranced God's untold Providence to scan,
His own strange life, and future destiny of man.

THE END.

ERRATA.

On page 9, line 9, for wide *read* wild.

“ 17, “ 21, “ friends “ fiends.

“ 28, “ 8, “ beam “ beams.

“ 34, “ 8, “ frown “ brown.

“ 67, “ 17, “ O'er “ O'er-passed.

“ 92, “ 1, “ forest “ forests.

“ 94, for the 6th line, “ Do they for me and blue-eyed Ella care ?

“ 94, line 20, for on “ 'fore.

“ 94, “ 20, “ nervous ear *read* critic eye.

“ 94, “ 22, “ here “ nigh.

“ 158, “ 2, “ friend “ fiend.