

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Joel Barlow**

**- 23 poems -**

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## **Joel Barlow (24 March 1754 – 26 December 1812)**

Joel Barlow was an American poet, diplomat and politician. In his own time, Barlow was well known for the epic *Vision of Columbus*. Modern readers may be more familiar with "The Hasty Pudding" (1793). He also partly drafted the Treaty of Tripoli, which includes the controversial and disputed phrase: "...the Government of the United States of America is not, in any sense, founded on the Christian religion...".

### Biography

Barlow was born in Redding, Fairfield County, Connecticut. He briefly attended Dartmouth College before graduating from Yale University in 1778, where he was also a post-graduate student for two years. In 1778, he published an anti-slavery poem entitled "The Prospect of Peace." From September 1780 until the close of the revolutionary war was chaplain in a Massachusetts brigade. He then, in 1783, moved to Hartford, Connecticut, established there in July 1784 a weekly paper, the *American Mercury*, with which he was connected for a year, and in 1786 was admitted to the bar. At Hartford he was a member of a group of young writers including Lemuel Hopkins, David Humphreys, and John Trumbull, known in American literary history as the "Hartford Wits". He contributed to the *Anarchiad*, a series of satirico-political papers, and in 1787 published a long and ambitious poem, *The Vision of Columbus*, which gave him a considerable literary reputation and was once much read. Barlow died of pneumonia in the village of Zarnowiec, between Warsaw and Kraków, on December 24, 1812.

### Poetry

In 1807 he had published in a sumptuous volume the *Columbiad*, an enlarged edition of his *Vision of Columbus*, more pompous even than the original; but, though it added to his reputation in some quarters, on the whole it was not well received, and it has subsequently been much ridiculed. The poem for which he is now best known is his mock heroic *Hasty Pudding* (1793). Besides the writings mentioned above, he published *Conspiracy of Kings*, a Poem addressed to the Inhabitants of Europe from another Quarter of the Globe (1792); *View of the Public Debt, Receipts and Expenditure of the United States* (1800); the *Political Writings of Joel Barlow* were published (2nd ed., 1796) but much of his speculation never passed beyond his voluminous notebooks, many of which are conserved in Harvard's Houghton Library.

### Diplomacy

In 1788 he went to France as the agent of the Scioto Land Company, his

object being to sell lands and enlist immigrants. He seems to have been ignorant of the fraudulent character of the company, which failed disastrously in 1790. He had previously, however, induced the company of Frenchmen, who ultimately founded Gallipolis, Ohio, to emigrate to America. In Paris he became a liberal in religion and an advanced republican in politics. He helped Thomas Paine publish the first part of *The Age of Reason* while Paine was imprisoned during The Reign of Terror. He remained abroad for several years, spending much of his time in London; was a member of the London Society for Constitutional Information; published various radical essays, including a volume entitled *Advice to the Privileged Orders* (1792), which was proscribed by the British government; and was made a citizen of France in 1792.

He was American consul at Algiers in 1795-1797, securing the release of American prisoners held for ransom, and negotiating a treaty with Tripoli (1796). He returned to America in 1805, and lived at his home, Kalorama in what is now the city of Washington, D.C., until 1811, when he became American minister plenipotentiary to France, charged with negotiating a commercial treaty with Napoleon, and with securing the restitution of confiscated American property or indemnity therefor. He was summoned for an interview with Napoleon at Wilna, but failed to see the emperor there; became involved in the retreat of the French army; and, overcome by exposure, died at the Polish village of Zarnowiec.

Anno 1812, Decembris 26 at 1 o'clock P.M. before us the rector of the Zarnowiec parish and civil recorder of the village of Zarnowiec, Pilica County, Department of Cracow, there came Hon. John Blaski, postmaster and Mayor of the village Zarnowiec, residing here and thirty-six years old, and Idzi Baiorkiewicz, residing at his farm of two quarts at Zarnowiec and thirty-three years old, and declared that his Excellency, Joel Barlow, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Emperor of the French and King of Italy, died on the above day at 12 o'clock at noon in the house No. 1 while journeying from Warsaw to Paris, at the age of fifty-six, son of unknown parents, and husband of her Excellency Mrs. Margaret nee Baldwin, residing in the American city of Ridgefield. After reading this to the present we undersigned it with the witnesses, Rev. Stanislaus Bajorski, civil recorder; John Blaski, witness; Idzi Baiorkiewicz, witness.  
Joel Barlow was painted by Robert Fulton and John Vanderlyn (1798).

#### Legacy

Barlow, Ohio is named in his honor.  
He was one of the contributing editors of the first agricultural magazine in America, the *Agricultural Museum*.  
Joel Barlow High School in Redding, CT

#### Works:

*Conspiracy of Kings*, a Poem addressed to the Inhabitants of Europe from another Quarter of the Globe (1792)  
*View of the Public Debt, Receipts and Expenditure of the United States* (1800)  
*the Political Writings of Joel Barlow* (2nd ed., 1796)

## Advice To A Raven In Russia (1812)

Black fool, why winter here? These frozen skies,  
Worn by your wings and deafen'd by your cries,  
Should warn you hence, where milder suns invite,  
And day alternates with his mother night.  
You fear perhaps your food will fail you there,  
Your human carnage, that delicious fare  
That lured you hither, following still your friend  
The great Napoleon to the world's bleak end.  
You fear, because the southern climes pour'd forth  
Their clustering nations to infest the north,  
Barbarians, Austrians, those who Drink the Po  
And those who skirt the Tuscan seas below,  
With all Germania, Neustria, Belgia, Gaul,  
Doom'd here to wade thro slaughter to their fall,  
You fear he left behind no wars, to feed  
His feather'd canibals and nurse the breed.  
Fear not, my screamer, call your greedy train,  
Sweep over Europe, hurry back to Spain,

You'll find his legions there; the valliant crew  
Please best their master when they toil for you.  
Abundant there they spread the country o'er  
And taint the breeze with every nation's gore,  
Iberian, Lussian, British widely strown,  
But still more wide and copious flows their own.  
Go where you will; Calabria, Malta, Greece,  
Egypt and Syria still his fame increase,  
Domingo's fatten'd isle and India's plains  
Glow deep with purple drawn from Gallic veins.  
No Raven's wing can stretch the flight so far  
As the torn bandrols of Napoleon's war.  
Choose then your climate, fix your best abode,  
He'll make you deserts and he'll bring you blood.  
How could you fear a dearth? have not mankind,  
Tho slain by millions, millions left behind?  
Has not CONSCRIPTION still the power to weild  
Her annual faulchion o'er the human field?  
A faithful harvester! or if a man  
Escape that gleaner, shall he scape the BAN?

The triple BAN, that like the hound of hell  
Gripes with three joles, to hold his victim well.  
Fear nothing then, hatch fast your ravenous brood,  
Teach them to cry to Bonaparte for food;  
They'll be like you, of all his suppliant train,  
The only class that never cries in vain.  
For see what mutual benefits you lend!  
(The surest way to fix the mutual friend)  
While on his slaughter'd troops your tribes are fed,  
You cleanse his camp and carry off his dead.  
Imperial Scavenger! but now you know  
Your work is vain amid these hills of snow.

His tentless troops are marbled thro with frost  
And change to crystal when the breath is lost.  
Mere trunks of ice, tho limb'd like human frames  
And lately warm'd with life's endearing flames,  
They cannot taint the air, the world impest,  
Nor can you tear one fiber from their breast.  
No! from their visual sockets, as they lie,  
With beak and claws you cannot pluck an eye.  
The frozen orb, preserving still its form,  
Defies your talons as it braves the storm,  
But stands and stares to God, as if to know  
In what curst hands he leaves his world below.  
Fly then, or starve; tho all the dreadful road  
From Minsk to Moskow with their bodies strow'd  
May count some Myriads, yet they can't suffice  
To feed you more beneath these dreary skies.  
Go back, and winter in the wilds of Spain;  
Feast there awhile, and in the next campaign  
Rejoin your master; for you'll find him then,  
With his new million of the race of men,  
Clothed in his thunders, all his flags unfurl'd,  
Raging and storming o'er the prostrate world.  
War after war his hungry soul requires,  
State after State shall sink beneath his fires,  
Yet other Spains in victim smoke shall rise  
And other Moskows suffocate the skies,  
Each land lie reeking with its people's slain  
And not a stream run bloodless to the main.  
Till men resume their souls, and dare to shed  
Earth's total vengeance on the monster's head,  
Hurl from his blood-built throne this king of woes,  
Dash him to dust, and let the world repose.

Joel Barlow

## **On The Discoveries Of Captain Lewis (January 14, 1807)**

Let the Nile cloak his head in the clouds, and defy  
The researches of science and time;  
Let the Niger escape the keen traveller's eye,  
By plunging or changing his clime.

Columbus! not so shall thy boundless domain  
Defraud thy brave sons of their right;  
Streams, midlands, and shorelands elude us in vain.  
We shall drag their dark regions to light.

Look down, sainted sage, from thy synod of Gods;  
See, inspired by thy venturous soul,  
Mackenzie roll northward his earth-draining floods,  
And surge the broad waves to the pole.

With the same soaring genius thy Lewis ascends,  
And, seizing the car of the sun,  
O'er the sky-propping hills and high waters he bends,  
And gives the proud earth a new zone.

Potowmak, Ohio, Missouri had felt  
Half her globe in their cincture comprest;  
His long curving course has completed the belt,  
And tamed the last tide of the west.

Then hear the loud voice of the nation proclaim,  
And all ages resound the decree:  
Let our occident stream bear the young hero's name,  
Who taught him his path to the sea.

These four brother floods, like a garland of flowers,  
Shall entwine all our states in a band  
Conform and confederate their wide-spreading powers,  
And their wealth and their wisdom expand.

From Darien to Davis one garden shall bloom,  
Where war's weary banners are furl'd,  
And the far scenting breezes that waft its perfume,  
Shall settle the storms of the world.

Then hear the loud voice of the nation proclaim  
And all ages resound the decree:  
Let our occident stream bear the young hero's name,  
Who taught him his path to the sea.

Joel Barlow

## **Psalm CXXXVII The Babylonian Captivity**

ALONG the banks where Babel's current flows  
Our captive bands in deep despondence stray'd,  
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,  
Her friends, her children mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp, that once with joy we strung,  
When praise employ'd and mirth inspir'd the lay,  
In mournful silence on the willows hung;  
And growing grief prolong'd the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase the woe,  
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim;  
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow,  
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen chains and lands unknown,  
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?  
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,  
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,  
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,  
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame;  
My hand shall perish and my voice shall cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,  
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay,  
His arm avenge her desolated walls,  
And raise her children to eternal day.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book I

### The Argument

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

I sing the Mariner who first unfurl'd  
An eastern banner o'er the western world,  
And taught mankind where future empires lay  
In these fair confines of descending day;  
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,  
Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore,  
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod  
Pursued by avarice and defiled with blood,  
The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil  
Snatch'd from his hand, and slaughter'd for their spoil.

Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,  
Enjoy'd his labours and purloin'd his fame,  
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd.  
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world  
Long overwhelm'd in woes, and sickening there,  
He met the slow still march of black despair,  
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,  
And wish'd from thankless men a peaceful tomb:  
Till vision'd ages, opening on his eyes,  
Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise;  
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,  
And Freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Almighty Freedom! give my venturous song  
The force, the charm that to thy voice belong;  
Tis thine to shape my course, to light my way,  
To nerve my country with the patriot lay,  
To teach all men where all their interest lies,  
How rulers may be just and nations wise:  
Strong in thy strength I bend no suppliant knee,  
Invoke no miracle, no Muse but thee.

Night held on old Castile her silent reign,  
Her half orb'd moon declining to the main;

O'er Valladolid's regal turrets hazed  
The drizzly fogs from dull Pisuerga raised;  
Whose hovering sheets, along the welkin driven,  
Thinn'd the pale stars, and shut the eye from heaven.  
Cold-hearted Ferdinand his pillow prest,  
Nor dream'd of those his mandates robb'd of rest,  
Of him who gemm'd his crown, who stretch'd his reign  
To realms that weigh'd the tenfold poise of Spain;  
Who now beneath his tower indungeon'd lies,  
Sweats the chill sod and breathes inclement skies.

His feverish pulse, slow laboring thro his frame,  
Feeds with scant force its fast expiring flame;  
A far dim watch-lamp's thrice reflected beam  
Throws thro his grates a mist-encumber'd gleam,  
Paints the dun vapors that the cell invade,  
And fills with spectred forms the midnight shade;  
When from a visionary short repose,  
That nursed new cares and temper'd keener woes,  
Columbus woke, and to the walls address  
The deep felt sorrows bursting from his breast:

Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil  
Of painful years and persevering toil.  
For these damp caves, this hideous haunt of  
pain,  
I traced new regions o'er the chartless main,  
Tamed all the dangers of untraversed waves,  
Hung o'er their clefts, and topt their surging graves,  
Saw traitorous seas o'er coral mountains sweep,  
Red thunders rock the pole and scorch the deep,  
Death rear his front in every varying form,  
Gape from the shoals and ride the roaring storm,  
My struggling bark her seamy planks disjoin,  
Rake the rude rock and drink the copious brine.  
Till the tired elements are lull'd at last,  
And milder suns allay the billowing blast,  
Lead on the trade winds with unvarying force,  
And long and landless curve our constant course.

Our homeward heaven recoils; each night forlorn  
Calls up new stars, and backward rolls the morn;  
The boreal vault descends with Europe's shore,  
And bright Calisto shuns the wave no more,  
The Dragon dips his fiery-foaming jole,  
The affrighted magnet flies the faithless pole;  
Nature portends a general change of laws,  
My daring deeds are deemed the guilty cause;  
The desperate crew, to insurrection driven,  
Devote their captain to the wrath of heaven,  
Resolve at once to end the audacious strife,  
And buy their safety with his forfeit life.

In that sad hour, this feeble frame to save,  
(Unblest reprieve) and rob the gaping wave,  
The morn broke forth, these tearful orbs descried  
The golden banks that bound the western tide.  
With full success I calm'd the clamorous race,  
Bade heaven's blue arch a second earth embrace;  
And gave the astonish'd age that bounteous shore,  
Their wealth to nations, and to kings their power.

Land of delights! ah, dear delusive coast,  
To these fond aged eyes forever lost!  
No more thy flowery vales I travel o'er,  
For me thy mountains rear the head no more,  
For me thy rocks no sparkling gems unfold,  
Nor streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold;  
From realms of promised peace forever borne,  
I hail mute anguish, and in secret mourn.

But dangers past, a world explored in vain,  
And foes triumphant show but half my pain.  
Dissembling friends, each early joy who gave,  
And fired my youth the storms of fate to brave,  
Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,  
Pursued the fortune and partook the praise,  
Now pass my cell with smiles of sour disdain,  
Insult my woes and triumph in my pain.

One gentle guardian once could shield the brave;  
But now that guardian slumbers in the grave.  
Hear from above, thou dear departed shade;  
As once my hopes, my present sorrows aid,  
Burst my full heart, afford that last relief,  
Breathe back my sighs and reinspire my grief;  
Still in my sight thy royal form appears,  
Reproves my silence and demands my tears.  
Even on that hour no more I joy to dwell,  
When thy protection bade the canvass swell;  
When kings and churchmen found their factions vain,  
Blind superstition shrunk beneath her chain,  
The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,  
And isles rose beauteous in Atlantic day.  
For on those silvery shores, that new domain,  
What crowds of tyrants fix their murderous reign!  
Her infant realm indignant Freedom flies,  
Truth leaves the world, and Isabella dies.

Ah, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,  
That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light;  
These welcome shades shall close my instant doom,  
And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb.

Thus mourn'd the hapless man: a thundering sound  
Roll'd thro the shuddering walls and shook the ground;  
O'er all the dungeon, where black arches bend,  
The roofs unfold, and streams of light descend;  
The growing splendor fills the astonish'd room,  
And gales ethereal breathe a glad perfume.  
Robed in the radiance, moves a form serene,  
Of human structure, but of heavenly mien;  
Near to the prisoner's couch he takes his stand,  
And waves, in sign of peace, his holy hand.  
Tall rose his stature, youth's endearing grace  
Adorn'd his limbs and brighten'd in his face;  
Loose o'er his locks the star of evening hung,  
And sounds melodious moved his cheerful tongue:

Rise, trembling chief, to scenes of rapture rise;  
This voice awaits thee from the western skies;  
Indulge no longer that desponding strain,  
Nor count thy toils, nor deem thy virtues vain.  
Thou seest in me the guardian Power who keeps  
The new found world that skirts Atlantic deeps,  
Hesper my name, my seat the brightest throne  
In night's whole heaven, my sire the living sun,  
My brother Atlas with his name divine  
Stamp't the wild wave; the solid coast is mine.

This hand, which form'd, and in the tides of time  
Laves and improves the meliorating clime,  
Which taught thy prow to cleave the trackless way,  
And hail'd thee first in occidental day,  
To all thy worth shall vindicate thy claim,  
And raise up nations to revere thy name.

In this dark age tho blinded faction sways,  
And wealth and conquest gain the palm of praise;  
Awed into slaves while groveling millions groan,  
And blood-stain'd steps lead upward to a throne;  
Far other wreaths thy virtuous temples twine,  
Far nobler triumphs crown a life like thine;  
Thine be the joys that minds immortal grace,  
As thine the deeds that bless a kindred race.  
Now raise thy sorrowed soul to views more bright,  
The vision'd ages rushing on thy sight;  
Worlds beyond worlds shall bring to light their stores,  
Time, nature, science blend their utmost powers,  
To show, concentred in one blaze of fame,  
The ungather'd glories that await thy name.

As that great seer, whose animating rod  
Taught Jacob's sons their wonder-working God,  
Who led thro dreary wastes the murmuring band,  
And reach'd the confines of their promised land,

Opprest with years, from Pisgah's towering height,  
On fruitful Canaan feasted long his sight;  
The bliss of unborn nations warm'd his breast,  
Repaid his toils and sooth'd his soul to rest;  
Thus o'er thy subject wave shalt thou behold  
Far happier realms their future charms unfold,  
In nobler pomp another Pisgah rise,  
Beneath whose foot thy new found Canaan lies;  
There, rapt in vision, hail my favorite clime,  
And taste the blessings of remotest time.

So Hesper spoke; Columbus raised his head;  
His chains dropt off; the cave, the castle fled.  
Forth walked the Pair; when steep before them stood;  
Slope from the town, a heaven-illumined road;  
That thro' disparting shades arose on high,  
Reach'd o'er the hills, and lengthen'd up the sky,  
Show'd a clear summit, rich with rising flowers,  
That breathe their odors thro' celestial bowers.  
O'er the proud Pyrenees it looks sublime,  
Subjects the Alps, and levels Europe's clime;  
Spain, lessening to a chart, beneath it swims,  
And shrouds her dungeons in the void she dims.

Led by the Power, the Hero gain'd the height,  
New strength and brilliance flush'd his mortal sight;  
When calm before them flow'd the western main,  
Far stretch'd, immense, a sky-encircled plain.  
No sail, no isle, no cloud invests the bound,  
Nor billowy surge disturbs the vast profound;  
Till, deep in distant heavens, the sun's blue ray  
Topt unknown cliffs and call'd them up to day;  
Slow glimmering into sight wide regions drew,  
And rose and brighten'd on the expanding view;  
Fair sweep the waves, the lessening ocean smiles,  
In misty radiance loom a thousand isles;  
Near and more near the long drawn coasts arise,  
Bays stretch their arms and mountains lift the skies,  
The lakes, high mounded, point the streams their way,  
Slopes, ridges, plains their spreading skirts display,  
The vales branch forth, high walk approaching groves,  
And all the majesty of nature moves.

O'er the wild hemisphere his glances fly,  
Its form unfolding as it still draws nigh,  
As all its salient sides force far their sway,  
Crowd back the ocean and indent the day.  
He saw, thro' central zones, the winding shore  
Spread the deep Gulph his sail had traced before,  
The Darien isthmus check the raging tide,  
Join distant lands, and neighboring seas divide;  
On either hand the shores unbounded bend,

Push wide their waves, to each dim pole ascend;  
The two twin continents united rise,  
Broad as the main, and lengthen'd with the skies.

Long gazed the Mariner; when thus the Guide:  
Here spreads the world thy daring sail descried,  
Hesperia call'd, from my anterior claim;  
But now Columbia, from thy patriarch name.  
So from Phenicia's peopled strand of yore  
Europa sail'd, and sought an unknown shore;  
There stamp't her sacred name; and thence her race,  
Hale, venturous, bold, from Jove's divine embrace,  
Ranged o'er the world, predestined to bestride  
Earth's elder continents and each far tide.

Ages unborn shall bless the happier day,  
That saw thy streamer shape the guideless way,  
Their bravest heroes trace the path you led,  
And sires of nations thro the regions spread.  
Behold yon isles, where first thy flag unfurl'd  
In bloodless triumph o'er the younger world;  
As, awed to silence, savage bands gave place,  
And hail'd with joy the sun-descended race.

Retrace the banks yon rushing waters lave;  
There Orinoco checks great ocean's wave;  
Thine is the stream; it cleaves the well known coast,  
Where Paria's walks thy former footsteps boast.  
But these no more thy wide discoveries bound;  
Superior prospects lead their swelling round;  
Nature's remotest scenes before thee roll,  
And years and empires open on thy soul.

To yon dim rounds first elevate thy view;  
See Quito's plains o'erlook their proud Peru;  
On whose huge base, like isles amid sky driven,  
A vast protuberance props the cope of heaven;  
Earth's loftiest turrets there contend for height,  
And all our Andes fill the bounded sight.  
From south to north what long blue swells arise,  
Built thro the clouds, and lost in ambient skies!  
Approaching slow they heave expanding bounds,  
The yielding concave bends sublimer rounds;  
Whose wearied stars, high curving to the west,  
Pause on the summits for a moment's rest;  
Recumbent there they renovate their force,  
And roll rejoicing on their downward course.

Round each bluff base the sloping ravine bends;  
Hills forms on hills, and croupe o'er croupe extends;  
Ascending, whitening, how the crags are lost,  
O'erhung with headcliffs of eternal frost!

Broad fields of ice give back the morning ray,  
Like walls of suns, or heaven's perennial day.

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

There molten rocks explosive rend their tomb;  
Volcanos, laboring many a nation's doom,  
Wild o'er the regions pour their floods of fire;  
The shores heave backward, and the seas retire.  
There lava waits my late reluctant call,  
To roar aloft and shake some guilty wall;  
Thy pride, O Lima, swells the sulphurous wave,  
And fanes and priests and idols crowd thy grave.

But cease, my son, these dread events to trace,  
Nor learn the woes that here await thy race.  
Anorth from that broad gulph, where verdant rise  
Those gentler mounds that skirt the temperate skies,  
A happier hemisphere invites thy view;  
Tis there the old world shall embrace the new:  
There Europe's better sons their seat shall trace,  
And change of government improve the race.  
Thro all the midsky zones, to yon blue pole,  
Their green hills lengthen, their bright rivers roll;  
And swelling westward, how their champaigns run!  
How slope their uplands to the morning sun!

So spoke the blest Immortal; when more near  
His northern wilds in all their breadth appear;  
Lands yet unknown, and streams without a name  
Rise into vision and demand their fame.  
As when some saint first gains his bright abode,  
Vaults o'er the spheres and views the works of God,  
Sees earth, his kindred orb, beneath him roll,  
Here glow the centre, and there point the pole;  
O'er land and sea his eyes delighted rove,  
And human thoughts his heavenly joys improve;  
With equal scope the raptur'd Hero's sight  
Ranged the low vale, or climb'd the cloudy height,  
As, fixt in ardent look, his opening mind,  
Explored the realms that here invite mankind.

From sultry Mobile's gulph-indented shore  
To where Ontario hears his Laurence roar,  
Stretch'd o'er the broadback'd hills, in long array.  
The tenfold Alleganies meet the day.

And show, far sloping from the plains and streams,  
The forest azure streak'd with orient beams.  
High moved the scene, Columbus gazed sublime,  
And thus in prospect hail'd the happy clime:  
Blest be the race my guardian guide shall lead  
Where these wide vales their various bounties spread!  
What treasured stores the hills must here combine!  
Sleep still ye diamonds, and ye ores refine;  
Exalt your heads ye oaks, ye pines ascend,  
Till future navies bid your branches bend;  
Then spread the canvass o'er the watery way,  
Explore new worlds and teach the old your sway.

He said, and northward cast his curious eyes  
On other cliffs of more exalted size.  
Where Maine's bleak breakers line the dangerous coast,  
And isles and shoals their latent horrors boast,  
High lantern'd in his heaven the cloudless White  
Heaves the glad sailor an eternal light;  
Who far thro' troubled ocean greets the guide,  
And stems with steadier helm the stormful tide.

Nor could those heights unnoticed raise their head,  
That swell sublime o'er Hudson's shadowy bed;  
Tho' fiction ne'er has hung them in the skies,  
Tho' White and Andes far superior rise,  
Yet hoary Kaatskill, where the storms divide,  
Would lift the heavens from Atlas' laboring pride.

Land after land his passing notice claim,  
And hills by hundreds rise without a name;  
Hills yet unsung, their mystic powers untold;  
Celestials there no sacred senates hold;  
No chain'd Prometheus feasts the vulture there,  
No Cyclop forges thro' their summits glare,  
To Phrygian Jove no victim smoke is curl'd,  
Nor ark high landing quits a deluged world.  
But were these masses piled on Asia's shore,  
Taurus would shrink, Hemodia strut no more,  
Indus and Ganges scorn their humble sires,  
And rising suns salute superior fires;  
Whose watchful priest would meet, with matin blaze,  
His earlier God, and sooner chaunt his praise.  
For here great nature, with a bolder hand,  
Roll'd the broad stream, and heaved the lifted land;  
And here from finish'd earth, triumphant trod  
The last ascending steps of her creating God.

He saw these mountains ope their watery stores,  
Floods quit their caves and seek the distant shores;  
Wilcl thro' disparting plains their waves expand,  
And lave the banks where future towns must stand.

Whirl'd from the monstrous Andes' bursting sides,  
Maragnon leads his congregating tides;  
A thousand Alps for him dissolve their snow,  
A thousand Rhones obedient bend below,  
From different zones their ways converging wind,  
Sweep beds of ore, and leave their gold behind,  
In headlong cataracts indignant rave,  
Rush to his banks and swell the swallowing wave.  
Ucayla, first of all his mighty sons,  
From Cusco's walls a wearied journey runs;  
Pastaza mines proud Pambamarca's base,  
And holds thro sundering hills his lawless race;  
Aloft, where Cotopaxa flames on high,  
The roaring Napo quits his misty sky,  
Down the long steep in whitening torrents driven,  
Like Nile descending from his fabled heaven;  
Mound after mound impetuous Tigris rends,  
Curved Ista folds whole countries in his bends;  
Vast Orinoco, summon'd forth to bring  
His far fetch'd honors to the sateless king,  
Drives on his own strong course to gain the shore,  
But sends Catuba here with half his store;  
Like a broad Bosphorus here Negro guides  
The gather'd mass of fifty furious tides;  
From his waste world, by nameless fountains fed,  
Wild Purus wears his long and lonely bed;  
O'er twelve degrees of earth Madera flows,  
And robs the south of half its treasured snows;  
Zingus, of equal length and heavier force,  
Rolls on, for months, the same continuous course  
To reach his master's bank; that here constrains  
Topayo, charged with all Brazilians rains;  
While inland seas, and lakes unknown to fame,  
Send their full tributes to the monarch stream;  
Who, swell'd with growing conquest, wheels abroad,  
Drains every land, and gathers all his flood;  
Then far from clime to clime majestic goes,  
Enlarging, widening, deepening as he flows;  
Like heaven's broad milky way he shines alone,  
Spreads o'er the globe its equatorial zone,  
Weighs the cleft continent, and pushes wide  
Its balanced mountains from each crumbling side.  
Sire Ocean hears his proud Maragnon roar,  
Moves up his bed, and seeks in vain the shore,  
Then surging strong, with high and hoary tide,  
Whelms back the Stream and checks his rolling pride.  
The stream ungovernable foams with ire,  
Climbs, combs tempestuous, and attacks the Sire;  
Earth feels the conflict o'er her bosom spread,  
Her isles and uplands hide their wood-crown'd head;  
League after league from land to water change,  
From realm to realm the seaborne monsters range;

Vast midland heights but pierce the liquid plain,  
Old Andes tremble for their proud domain;  
Till the fresh Flood regains his forceful sway,  
Drives back his father Ocean, lash'd with spray;  
Whose ebbing waters lead the downward sweep,  
And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the deep.  
Where suns less ardent cast their golden beams,  
And minor Andes pour a waste of streams,  
The marsh of Moxoe scoops the world, and fills  
(From Bahia's coast to Cochabamba's hills)  
A thousand leagues of bog; he strives in vain  
Their floods to centre and their lakes retain;  
His gulphs o'ercharged their opening sides display,  
And southern vales prolong the seaward way.  
Columbus traced, with swift exploring eye,  
The immense of waves that here exalted lie,  
The realms that mound the unmeasured magazine,  
The far blue main, the climes that stretch between.  
He saw Xaraya's diamond banks unfold,  
And Paraguay's deep channel paved with gold,  
Saw proud Potosi lift his glittering head,  
And pour down Plata thro his tinctured bed.  
Rich with the spoils of many a distant mine,  
In his broad silver sea their floods combine;  
Wide over earth his annual freshet strays,  
And highland drains with lowland drench repays;  
Her thirsty regions wait his glad return,  
And drink their future harvest from his urn.

Where the cold circles gird the southern sky.  
Brave Magellan's wild channel caught his eye;  
The long cleft ridges wall'd the spreading way.  
That gleams far westward to an unknown sea.  
Soon as the distant swell was seen to roll,  
His ancient wishes reabsorb'd his soul;  
Warm from his heaving heart a sudden sigh  
Burst thro his lips; he turn'd his moisten'd eye,  
And thus besought his Angel: speak, my guide,  
Where leads the pass? and what yon purple tide?  
How the dim waves in blending ether stray!  
No lands behind them rise, no pinions on them play.  
There spreads, belike, that other unsail'd main  
I sought so long, and sought, alas, in vain;  
To gird this watery globe, and bring to light  
Old India's coast; and regions wrapt in night.  
Restore, celestial friend, my youthful morn,  
Call back my years, and let my fame return;  
Grant me to trace, beyond that pathless sea,  
Some happier shore from lust of empire free;  
To find in that far world a peaceful bower,  
From envy safe and curst Ovando's power.  
Earth's happiest realms let not their distance hide,

Nor seas forever roll their useless tide.  
For nations yet unborn, that wait thy time,  
Demand their seats in that secluded clime;  
Ah, grant me still, their passage to prepare.  
One venturous bark, and be my life thy care.

So pray'd the Hero; Hesper mild replies,  
Divine compassion softening in his eyes,  
Tho still to virtuous deeds thy mind aspires,  
And these glad visions kindle new desires,  
Yet hear with reverence what attends thy state,  
Nor wish to pass the eternal bounds of fate.  
Led by this sacred light thou soon shalt see  
That half mankind shall owe their seats to thee,  
Freedom's first empire claim its promised birth  
In these rich rounds of sea-encircled earth;  
Let other years, by thine example prest,  
Call forth their heroes to explore the rest.

Thro different seas a twofold passage lies  
To where sweet India scents a waste of skies.  
The circling course, by Madagascar's shores,  
Round Afric's cape, bold Gama now explores;  
Thy well plann'd path these gleamy straits provide,  
Nor long shall rest the daring search untried.  
This idle frith must open soon to fame,  
Here a lost Lusitanian fix his name,  
From that new main in furious waves be tost,  
And fall neglected on the barbarous coast.

But lo the Chief! bright Albion bids him rise,  
Speed in his pinions, ardor in his eyes!  
Hither, O Drake, display thy hastening sails,  
Widen ye passes, and awake ye gales,  
March thou before him, heaven-revolving sun,  
Wind his long course, and teach him where to run;  
Earth's distant shores, in circling bands unite,  
Lands, learn your fame, and oceans, roll in light,  
Round all the watery globe his flag be hurl'd,  
A new Columbus to the astonish'd world.

He spoke; and silent tow'rd the northern sky  
Wide o'er the hills the Hero cast his eye,  
Saw the long floods thro devious channels pour,  
And wind their currents to the opening shore;  
Interior seas and lonely lakes display  
Their glittering glories to the beams of day.  
Thy capes, Virginia, towering from the tide,  
Raise their blue banks, and slope thy barriers wide,  
To future sails unfold an inland way,  
And guard secure thy multiluvian Bay;  
That drains uncounted realms, and here unites

The liquid mass from Alleganian heights.  
York leads his wave, imbank'd in flowery pride,  
And nobler James falls winding by his side;  
Back to the hills, thro many a silent vale,  
While Rappahanok seems to lure the sail,  
Patapsco's bosom courts the hand of toil,  
Dull Susquehanna laves a length of soil;  
But mightier far, in sealike azure spread,  
Potowmak sweeps his earth disparting bed.

Long dwelt his eye where these commingling pour'd,  
Their waves unkeel'd, their havens unexplored;  
Where frowning forests stretch the dusky wing,  
And deadly damps forbid the flowers to spring;  
No seasons clothe the field with cultured grain,  
No buoyant ship attempts the chartless main;  
Then with impatient voice: My Seer, he cried,  
When shall my children cross the lonely tide?  
Here, here my sons, the hand of culture bring,  
Here teach the lawn to smile, the grove to sing:  
Ye laboring floods, no longer vainly glide,  
Ye harvests load them, and ye forests ride;  
Bear the deep burden from the joyous swain,  
And tell the world where peace and plenty reign.

Hesper to this return'd him no reply,  
But raised new visions to his roving eye.  
He saw broad Delaware the shores divide,  
He saw majestic Hudson pour his tide;  
Thy stream, my Hartford, thro its misty robe,  
Play'd in the sunbeams, belting far the globe;  
No watery glades thro richer vallies shine,  
Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine.

Mystick and Charles refresh their seaward isles,  
And gay Piscataway pays his passing smiles;  
Swift Kenebec, high bursting from his lakes,  
Shoots down the hillsides thro the clouds he makes;  
And hoarse resounding, gulping wide the shore,  
Dread Laurence labors with tremendous roar;  
Laurence, great son of Ocean! lorn he lies,  
And braves the blasts of hyperborean skies.  
Where hoary winter holds his howling reign,  
And April flings her timid showers in vain,  
Groans the choked Flood, in frozen fetters bound,  
And isles of ice his angry front surround.

As old Enceladus, in durance vile,  
Spreads his huge length beneath Sicilia's isle,  
Feels mountains, crush'd by mountains, on him prest,  
Close not his veins, nor still his laboring breast;  
His limbs convulse, his heart rebellious rolls,

Earth shakes responsive to her utmost poles,  
While rumbling, bursting, boils his ceaseless ire,  
Flames to mid heaven, and sets the skies on fire.  
So the contristed Laurence lays him low,  
And hills of sleet and continents of snow  
Rise on his crystal breast; his heaving sides  
Crash with the weight, and pour their gushing tides,  
Asouth, whence all his hundred branches bend,  
Relenting airs with boreal blasts contend;  
Far in his vast extremes he swells and thaws,  
And seas foam wide between his ice-bound jaws.  
Indignant Frost, to hold his captive, plies  
His hosted fiends that vex the polar skies,  
Unlocks his magazines of nitric stores,  
Azotic charms and muriatic powers;  
Hail, with its glassy globes, and brume congeal'd,  
Rime's fleecy flakes, and storm that heaps the field  
Strike thro the sullen Stream with numbing force,  
Obstruct his sluices and impede his course.  
In vain he strives; his might interior fails;  
Nor spring's approach, nor earth's whole heat avails;  
He calls his hoary Sire; old Ocean roars  
Responsive echoes thro the Shetland shores.  
He comes, the Father! from his bleak domains,  
To break with liquid arms the sounding chains;  
Clothed in white majesty, he leads from far  
His tides high foaming to the wintry war.  
Billows on billows lift the maddening brine,  
And seas and clouds in battling conflict join,  
O'erturn the vast gulph glade with rending sweep,  
And crash the crust that bridged the boiling deep;  
Till forced aloft, bright bounding thro the air,  
Moves the blear ice, and sheds a dazzling glare;  
The torn foundations on the surface ride,  
And wrecks of winter load the downward tide.

The loosen'd ice-isles o'er the main advance,  
Toss on the surge, and thro the concave dance;  
Whirl'd high, conjoin'd, in crystal mountains driven,  
Alp over Alp, they build a midway heaven;  
Whose million mirrors mock the solar ray,  
And give condensed the tenfold glare of day.  
As tow'rd the south the mass enormous glides.  
And brineless rivers furrow down its sides;  
The thirsty sailor steals a glad supply,  
And sultry trade winds quaff the boreal sky.

But oft insidious death, with mist o'erstrorn,  
Rides the dark ocean on this icy throne;  
When ships thro vernal seas with light airs steer  
Their midnight march, and deem no danger near.  
The steerman gaily helms his course along,

And laughs and listens to the watchman's song,  
Who walks the deck, enjoys the murky fog,  
Sure of his chart, his magnet and his log;  
Their shipmates dreaming, while their slumbers last,  
Of joys to come, of toils and dangers past.  
Sudden a chilling blast comes roaring thro  
The trembling shrouds, and startles all the crew;  
They spring to quarters, and perceive too late  
The mount of death, the giant strides of fate.  
The fullsail'd ship, with instantaneous shock,  
Dash'd into fragments by the floating rock,  
Plunges beneath its basement thro the wave,  
And crew and cargo glut the watery grave.

Say, Palfrey, brave good man, was this thy doom?  
Dwells here the secret of thy midsea tomb?  
But, Susan, why that tear? my lovely friend,  
Regret may last, but grief should have an end.  
An infant then, thy memory scarce can trace  
The lines, tho sacred, of thy father's face;  
A generous spouse has well replaced the sire;  
New duties hence new sentiments require.

Now where the lakes, those midland oceans, lie,  
Columbus turn'd his heaven-illumined eye.  
Ontario's banks, unable to retain  
The five great Caspians from the distant main,  
Burst with the ponderous mass, and forceful whirl'd  
His Laurence forth, to balance thus the world.  
Above, bold Erie's wave sublimely stood,  
Look'd o'er the cliff, and heaved his headlong flood;  
Where dread Niagara bluffs high his brow,  
And frowns defiance to the world below.  
White clouds of mist expanding o'er him play,  
That tinge their skirts in all the beams of day;  
Pleased Iris wantons in perpetual pride,  
And bends her rainbows o'er the dashing tide.  
Far glimmering in the north, bleak Huron runs,  
Clear Michigan reflects a thousand suns,  
And bason'd high, on earth's broad bosom gay,  
The bright Superior silvers down the day.

Blue mounds beyond them far in ether fade,  
Deep groves between them cast a solemn shade,  
Slow moves their settling mist in lurid streams,  
And dusky radiance streaks the solar beams.  
Fixt on the view the great discoverer stood,  
And thus address the messenger of good:  
But why these seats, that seem reserved to grace  
The social toils of some illustrious race,  
Why spread so wide and form'd so fair in vain?  
And why so distant rolls the bounteous main?

These happy regions must forever rest,  
Of man unseen, by native beasts possest;  
And the best heritage my sons could boast  
Illude their search in far dim deserts lost,  
For see, no ship can point her pendants here,  
No stream conducts nor ocean wanders near;  
Frost, crags and cataracts their north invest,  
And the tired sun scarce finds their bounds awest.

To whom the Seraph: Here indeed retires  
The happiest land that feels my fostering fires;  
Here too shall numerous nations found their seat,  
And peace and freedom bless the kind retreat.  
Led by this arm thy sons shall hither come,  
And streams obedient yield the heroes room,  
Spread a broad passage to their well known main,  
Nor sluice their lakes, nor form their soils in vain.

Here my bold Mississippi bends his way,  
Scorns the dim bounds of yon bleak boreal day,  
And calls from western heavens, to feed his stream,  
The rains and floods that Asian seas might claim.  
Strong in his march, and charged with all the fates  
Of regions pregnant with a hundred states.  
He holds in balance, ranged on either hand,  
Two distant oceans and their sundering land;  
Commands and drains the interior tracts that lie  
Outmeasuring Europe's total breadth of sky.

High in the north his parent fountains wed,  
And oozing urns adorn his infant head;  
In vain proud Frost his nursing lakes would close,  
And choke his channel with perennial snows;  
From all their slopes he curves his countless rills,  
Sweeps their long marshes, saps their settling hills;  
Then stretching, straighteningsouth, he gaily gleams,  
Swells thro the climes, and swallows all their streams;  
From zone to zone, o'er earth's broad surface curl'd,  
He cleaves his course, he furrows half the world,  
Now roaring wild thro bursting mountains driven,  
Now calm reflecting all the host of heaven;  
Where Cynthia pausing, her own face admires,  
And suns and stars repeat their dancing fires.  
Wide o'er his meadowy lawns he spreads and feeds  
His realms of canes, his waving world of reeds;  
Where mammoth grazed the renovating groves,  
Slaked his huge thirst, and chill'd his fruitless loves;  
Where elks, rejoicing o'er the extinguished race,  
By myriads rise to fill the vacant space.  
Earth's widest gulph expands to meet his wave,  
Vast isles of ocean in his current lave;  
Glad Thetis greets him from his finish'd course,

And bathes her Nereids in his freshening source.

To his broad bed their tributary stores  
Wisconsin here, there lonely Peter pours;  
Croix, from the northeast wilds his channel fills,  
Ohio, gather'd from his myriad hills,  
Yazoo and Black, surcharged by Georgian springs,  
Rich Illinois his copious treasure brings;  
Arkansa, measuring back the sun's long course,  
Moine, Francis, Rouge augment the father's force.  
But chief of all his family of floods  
Missouri marches thro his world of woods;  
He scorns to mingle with the filial train,  
Takes every course to reach alone the main;  
Orient awhile his bending sweep he tries,  
Now drains the southern, now the northern skies,  
Searches and sunders far the globe's vast frame,  
Reluctant joins the sire, and takes at last his name.

There lies the path thy future sons shall trace,  
Plant here their arts, and rear their vigorous race:  
A race predestined, in these choice abodes,  
To teach mankind to tame their fluvial floods,  
Retain from ocean, as their work requires,  
These great auxiliars, raised by solar fires,  
Force them to form ten thousand roads, and girth  
With liquid belts each verdant mound of earth,  
To aid the colon's as the carrier's toil,  
To drive the coulter, and to fat the soil,  
Learn all mechanic arts, and oft regain  
Their native hills in vapor and in rain.

So taught the Saint. The regions nearer drew,  
And raised resplendent to their Hero's view  
Rich nature's triple reign; for here elate  
She stored the noblest treasures of her state,  
Adorn'd exuberant this her last domain,  
As yet unalter'd by her mimic man,  
Sow'd liveliest gems, and plants of proudest grace,  
And strung with strongest nerves her animated race.

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

Where Spring's coy steps in cold Canadia stray,  
And joyless seasons hold unequal sway,  
He saw the pine its daring mantle rear,  
Break the rude blast, and mock the brumal year,

Shag the green zone that bounds the boreal skies,  
And bid all southern vegetation rise.  
Wild o'er the vast impenetrable round  
The untrod bowers of shadowy nature frown'd;  
Millennial cedars wave their honors wide,  
The fir's tall boughs, the oak's umbrageous pride,  
The branching beech, the aspen's trembling shade  
Veil the dim heaven, and brown the dusky glade.  
For in dense crowds these sturdy sons of earth,  
In frosty regions, claim a stronger birth;  
Where heavy beams the sheltering dome requires,  
And copious trunks to feed its wintry fires.

But warmer suns, that southern zones emblaze,  
A cool thin umbrage o'er their woodland raise;  
Florida's shores their blooms around him spread.  
And Georgian hills erect their shady head;  
Whose flowery shrubs regale the passing air  
With all the untasted fragrance of the year.  
Beneath tall trees, dispersed in loose array,  
The rice-grown lawns their humble garb display;  
The infant maize, unconscious of its worth,  
Points the green spire and bends the foliage forth;  
In various forms unbidden harvests rise,  
And blooming life repays the genial skies.

Where Mexic hills the breezy gulph defend,  
Spontaneous groves with richer burdens bend.  
Anana's stalk its shaggy honors yields,  
Acassia's flowers perfume a thousand fields,  
Their cluster'd dates the mast-like palms unfold,  
The spreading orange waves a load of gold,  
Connubial vines o'ertop the larch they climb,  
The long-lived olive mocks the moth of time,  
Pomona's pride, that old Grenada claims,  
Here smiles and reddens in diviner flames;  
Pimento, citron scent the sky serene,  
White woolly clusters fringe the cotton's green,  
The sturdy fig, the frail deciduous cane  
And foodful cocoa fan the sultry plain.

Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring  
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring;  
No wintry blasts the unchanging year deform,  
Nor beasts unshelter'd fear the pinching storm;  
But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,  
And breathe the ripen'd juices thro the grove.

Beneath the crystal wave's inconstant light  
Pearls burst their shells to greet the Hero's sight;  
From opening earth in living lustre shine  
The various treasures of the blazing mine;

Hills cleft before him all their stores unfold,  
The pale platina and the burning gold;  
Silver whole mounds, and gems of dazzling ray  
Illumine the rocks and shed the beams of day.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book II

### The Argument

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

High o'er his world as thus Columbus gazed,  
And Hesper still the changing scene emblaz'd,  
Round all the realms increasing lustre flew,  
And raised new wonders to the Patriarch's view.

He saw at once, as far as eye could rove,  
Like scattering herds, the swarthy people move  
In tribes innumerable; all the waste,  
Wide as their walks, a varying shadow cast.  
As airy shapes, beneath the moon's pale eye,  
People the clouds that sail the midnight sky,  
Dance thro' the grove and flit along the glade,  
And cast their grisly phantoms on the shade;  
So move the hordes, in thickets half conceal'd,  
Or vagrant stalking thro' the fenceless field,  
Here tribes untamed, who scorn to fix their home,  
O'er shadowy streams and trackless deserts roam;  
While others there in settled hamlets rest,  
And corn-clad vales a happier state attest.

The painted chiefs, in guise terrific drest,  
Rise fierce to war, and beat their savage breast;  
Dark round their steps collecting warriors pour,  
Some fell revenge begins the hideous roar;  
From hill to hill the startling war-song flies,  
And tribes on tribes in dread disorder rise,  
Track the mute foe and scour the howling wood,  
Loud as a storm, ungovern'd as a flood;  
Or deep in groves the silent ambush lay,  
Lead the false flight, decoy and seize their prey,  
Their captives torture, butcher and devour,  
Drink the warm blood and paint their cheeks with gore.

Awhile he paused, with dubious thoughts opprest,

And thus to Hesper's ear his doubts address:  
Say, to what class of nature's sons belong  
The countless tribes of this untutor'd throng?  
Where human frames and brutal souls combine,  
No force can tame them, and no arts refine.  
Can these be fashion'd on the social plan,  
Or boast a lineage with the race of man?  
When first we found them in yon hapless isle,  
They seem'd to know and seem'd to fear no guile;  
A timorous herd, like harmless roes, they ran,  
And call'd us Gods, from whom their tribes began.  
But when, their fears allay'd, in us they trace  
The well-known image of a mortal race,  
When Spanish blood their wondering eyes beheld,  
A frantic rage their changing bosoms swell'd;  
They roused their bands from numerous hills afar,  
To feast their souls on ruin, waste and war.  
Nor plighted vows nor sure defeat control  
The same indignant savageness of soul.

Tell then, my Seer, from what dire sons of earth  
The brutal people drew their ancient birth;  
If these forgotten shores and useless tides  
Have form'd them different from the world besides,  
Born to subjection, when in happier time  
A nobler race should reach their fruitful clime;  
Or, if a common source all nations claim,  
Their lineage, form and faculties the same,  
What sovereign secret cause, yet undisplay'd,  
This wondrous change in nature's work has made;  
Why various powers of soul and tints of face  
In different lands diversify the race;  
To whom the Guide: Unnumbered causes lie,  
In earth and sea, in climate, soil and sky,  
That fire the soul, or damp the genial flame,  
And work their wonders on the human frame.  
See beauty, form and color change with place;  
Here charms of health the lively visage grace;  
There pale diseases float in every wind,  
Deform the figure, and degrade the mind.

From earth's own elements thy race at first  
Rose into life, the children of the dust;  
These kindred elements, by various use,  
Nourish the growth and every change produce;  
In each ascending stage the man sustain,  
His breath, his food, his physic and his bane.  
In due proportions where these atoms lie,  
A certain form their equal aids supply;  
And while unchanged the efficient causes reign,  
Age following age the certain form maintain.  
But where crude atoms disproportion'd rise,

And cast their sickening vapors round the skies,  
Unlike that harmony of human frame,  
That moulded first and reproduce the same,  
The tribes ill form'd, attempering to the clime,  
Still vary downward with the years of time;  
More perfect some, and some less perfect yield  
Their reproductions in this wondrous field;  
Till fixt at last their characters abide,  
And local likeness feeds their local pride.  
The soul too, varying with the change of clime,  
Feeble or fierce, or groveling or sublime,  
Forms with the body to a kindred plan,  
And lives the same, a nation or a man.

Yet think not clime alone the tint controls,  
On every shore, by altitude of poles;  
A different cast the glowing zone demands,  
In Paria's groves, from Tombut's burning sands,  
Unheeded agents, for the sense too fine,  
With every pulse, with every thought combine,  
Thro air and ocean, with their changes run,  
Breathe from the ground, or circle with the sun.  
Where these long continents their shores outspread,  
See the same form all different tribes pervade;  
Thro all alike the fertile forests bloom,  
And all, uncultured, shed a solemn gloom;  
Thro all great nature's boldest features rise,  
Sink into vales or tower amid the skies;  
Streams darkly winding stretch a broader sway,  
The groves and mountains bolder walks display;  
A dread sublimity informs the whole,  
And rears a dread sublimity of soul.

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

Thy followers too, old Europe's noblest pride,  
When future gales shall wing them o'er the tide,  
A ruddier hue and deeper shade shall gain,  
And stalk, in statelier figures, on the plain.  
While nature's grandeur lifts the eye abroad  
O'er these last labors of the forming God,

Wing'd on a wider glance the venturous soul  
Bids greater powers and bolder thoughts unrol;  
The sage, the chief, the patriot unconfined,  
Shield the weak world and meliorate mankind.  
But think not thou, in all the range of man,  
That different pairs each different cast began;  
Or tribes distinct, by signal marks confest,  
Were born to serve or subjugate the rest.

The Hero heard, and thus resumed the strain:  
Who led these wanderers o'er the dreary main?  
Could their weak sires, unskill'd in human lore,  
Build the bold bark, to seek an unknown shore?  
A shore so distant from the world beside,  
So dark the tempests, and so wild the tide,  
That Greece and Tyre, and all who tempt the sea,  
Have shunn'd the task, and left the fame to me.

When first thy roving race, the Power replied,  
Learn'd by the stars the devious sail to guide,  
From stormy Hellespont explored the way,  
And sought the limits of the Midland sea;  
Before Alcides form'd his impious plan  
To check the sail, and bound the steps of man,  
This hand had led them to this rich abode,  
And braved the wrath of that strong demigod.

Driven from the Calpian strait, a hapless train  
Roll'd on the waves that sweep the western main;  
Storms from the orient bhcken'd heaven with shade,  
Nor sun nor stars could yield their wonted aid.  
For many a darksome day o'erwhelm'd and tost,  
Their sails, their oars in swallowing surges lost,  
At length, the clouds withdrawn, they sad descry  
Their course directing from their native sky.  
No hope remains; far onward o'er the zone  
The trade wind bears them with the circling sun;  
Till wreck'd and stranded here, the sylvan coast  
Receives to lonely seats the suffering host.  
The fruitful vales invite their steps to roam,  
Renounce their sorrows and forget their home;  
Revolving years their ceaseless wanderings led,  
And from their sons descending nations spread.

These in the torrid tracts began their sway,  
Whose cultured fields their growing arts display;  
The northern tribes a later stock may boast,  
A race descended from the Asian coast.  
High in the Arctic, where Anadir glides,  
A narrow strait the impinging worlds divides;  
There Tartar fugitives from famine sail,  
And migrant tribes these fruitful shorelands hail.

He spoke; when Behren's pass before them lay,  
And moving nations on the margin stray,  
Thick swarming, venturous; sail and oar they ply,  
Climb on the surge and o'er the billows fly.  
As when autumnal storms awake their force.  
The storks foreboding tempt their southern course;  
From all the fields collecting throngs arise,  
Mount on the wing and crowd along the skies:  
Thus, to his eye, from bleak Tartaria's shore,  
Thro isles and seas, the gathering people pour,  
Change their cold regions for a happier strand,  
Leap from the wave and tread the welcome land;  
In growing tribes extend their southern sway,  
And wander wide beneath a warmer day.

But why, the Chief replied, if ages past  
Led the bold vagrants to so mild a waste;  
If human souls, for social compact given,  
Inform their nature with the stamp of heaven.  
Why the wild woods for ever must they rove,  
Nor arts nor social joys their passions move?  
Long is the lapse of ages, since thy hand  
Conducted here thy first adventurous band.  
On other shores, in every eastern clime,  
Since that unletter'd, distant tract of time,  
What arts have sprung, imperial powers to grace!  
What sceptres sway'd the many-master'd race!  
Guilt, grandeur, glory from their seats been hurl'd,  
And dire divulsions shook the changing world!

Ere Rome's first Eagle clave the frighted air,  
Ere Sparta form'd her deathlike sons of war,  
Ere Tyre and Ilion saw their towers arise,  
Or Memphian pyramids usurp'd the skies,  
These tribes have forester'd the fruitful zone,  
Their seats unsettled, and their name unknown.

Hesper to this replied: A scanty train,  
In that far age, approach'd the wide domain;  
The wide domain, with game and fruitage crown'd,  
Supplied their food uncultured from the ground.  
By nature form'd to rove, the humankind,  
Of freedom fond, will ramble unconfined,  
Till all the region fills, and rival right  
Restrains their steps, and bids their force unite;  
When common safety builds a common cause,  
Conforms their interest and inspires their laws;  
By mutual checks their different manners blend,  
Their fields bloom joyous, and their walls ascend.  
Here to the vagrant tribes no bounds arose,  
They form'd no union, as they fear'd no foes;

Wandering and wild, from sire to son they stray,  
A thousand ages, scorning every sway.  
And what a world their seatless nations led!  
A total hemisphere around them spread;  
See the lands lengthen, see the rivers roll,  
To each far main, to each extended pole!

But lo, at last the destined course is run,  
The realms are peopled and their arts begun.  
Where yon mid region elevated lies,  
A few famed cities glitter to the skies;  
There move, in eastern pomp, the toils of state,  
And temples heave, magnificently great.

The Hero turn'd to greet the novel sight;  
When three far splendors, yet confusedly bright,  
Rose like a constellation; till more near,  
Distinctly mark'd their different sites appear;  
Diverging still, beneath their roofs of gold,  
Three cities gay their mural towers unfold.  
So, led by visions of his guiding God,  
The seer of Patmos o'er the welkin trod,  
Saw the new heaven its flamy cope unbend,  
And walls and gates and spiry domes descend;  
His well known sacred city grows, and gains  
Her new built towers, her renovated fanes;  
With golden skies and suns and rainbows crown'd,  
Jerusalem looks forth and lights the world around.

Bright on the north imperial Mexic rose;  
A mimic morn her sparkling vanes disclose,  
Her opening streets concentred hues display,  
Give back the sun, and shed internal day;  
The circling wall with guardian turrets frown'd,  
And look'd defiance to the realms around;  
A glimmering lake without the wall retires,  
Inverts the towers, and seems a grove of spires.

Proud o'er the midst, on columns lifted high,  
A giant structure claims a loftier sky;  
O'er the tall gates sublimer arches bend,  
Courts larger lengthen, bolder walks ascend,  
Starr'd with superior gems the porches shine,  
And speak the royal residence writhin.  
There, deck'd in state robes, on his golden throne,  
Mid suppliant kings, dread Montezuma shone;  
Mild in his eye a temper'd grandeur sate,  
High seem'd his soul, with conscious power elate;  
In aspect open, social and serene,  
Enclosed by favorites, and of friends unseen.

Round the rich throne, in various lustre dight,

Gems undistinguished cast a changing light;  
Sapphire and emerald soften down the scene,  
Cold azure mingling with the vernal green,  
Pearl, amber, ruby warmer flames unfold,  
And diamonds brighten from the burning gold;  
Thro all the dome the living blazes blend,  
And shoot their rainbows where the arches bend.  
On every ceiling, painted light and gay,  
Symbolic forms their graphic art display;  
Recording, confident of endless fame,  
Each feat of arms, each patriarchal name;  
Like Memphian hieroglyphs, to stretch the span  
Of memory frail in momentary man.

Pour'd thro the gates a hundred nations greet,  
Throng the rich mart and line each ample street,  
Ply different labors, walls and structures rear,  
Or till the fields, or train the ranks of war.  
Thro spreading states the skirts of empire bend,  
New temples rise and other plains extend;  
Thrice ten wide provinces, in culture gay,  
Bless the same king, and daily firm the sway.

A smile benignant kindling in his eyes,  
O happy realm! the glad Columbus cries,  
Far in the midland, safe from every foe,  
Thy arts shall flourish as thy virtues grow,  
To endless years thy rising fame extend,  
And sires of nations from thy sons descend.  
May no gold-thirsty race thy temples tread,  
Insult thy rites, nor heap thy plains with dead;  
No Bovadilla seize the tempting spoil,  
No dark Ovando, no religious Boyle,  
In mimic priesthood grave, or robed in state,  
Overwhelm thy glories in oblivious fate!

Vain are thy hopes, the sainted Power replied,  
These rich abodes from Spanish hordes to hide,  
Or teach hard guilt and cruelty to spare  
The guardless prize of sacrilegious war.  
Think not the vulture, mid the field of slain,  
Where base and brave promiscuous strow the plain,  
Where the young hero in the pride of charms  
Pours brighter crimson o'er his spotless arms,  
Will pass the tempting prey, and glut his rage  
On harder flesh, and carnage black with age;  
O'er all alike he darts his eager eye,  
Whets the blunt beak and hovers down the sky,  
From countless corpses picks the dainty food,  
And screams and fattens in the purest blood.  
So the vile hosts, that hither trace thy way,  
On happiest tribes with fiercest fury prey.

Thine the dread task, O Cortez, here to show  
What unknown crimes can heighten human woe,  
On these fair fields the blood of realms to pour,  
Tread sceptres down, and print thy steps in gore,  
With gold and carnage swell thy sateless mind,  
And live and die the blackest of mankind.

He gains the shore. Behold his fortress rise,  
His fleet high flaming suffocates the skies.  
The march begins; the nations in affright  
Quake as he moves, and wage the fruitless fight;  
Thro the rich provinces he bends his way,  
Kings in his chain, and kingdoms for his prey;  
Full on the imperial town infuriate falls,  
And pours destruction o'er its batter'd walls.

In quest of peace great Montezuma stands,  
A sovereign supplicant with lifted hands,  
Brings all his treasure, yields the regal sway,  
Bids vassal millions their new lord obey;  
And plies the victor with incessant prayer,  
Thro ravaged realms the harmless race to spare.  
But treasures, tears and sceptres plead in vain,  
Nor threats can move him, nor a world restrain;  
While blind religion's prostituted name  
And monkish fury guide the sacred flame.  
O'er crowded fanes their fires unhallow'd bend,  
Climb the wide roofs, the lofty towers ascend,  
Pour thro the lowering skies the smoky flood,  
And stain the fields, and quench the blaze in blood.

Columbus heard; and, with a heaving sigh,  
Dropt the full tear that started in his eye:  
O hapless day! his trembling voice replied,  
That saw my wandering pennon mount the tide.  
Had but the lamp of heaven to that bold sail  
Ne'er mark'd the passage nor awoke the gale,  
Taught foreign prows these peopled shores to find,  
Nor led those tigers forth to fang mankind;  
Then had the tribes beneath these bounteous skies  
Seen their walls widen and their harvests rise;  
Down the long tracts of time their glory shone,  
Broad as the day and lasting as the sun.  
The growing realms, behind thy shield that rest,  
Paternal monarch, still thy power had blest,  
Enjoy'd the pleasures that surround thy throne,  
Survey'd thy virtues and improved their own.

Forgive me, prince; this luckless arm hath led  
The storm unseen that hovers o'er thy head;  
Taught the dark sons of slaughter where to roam,  
To seize thy crown and seal the nation's doom.

Arm, sleeping empire, meet the murderous band,  
Drive back the invaders, save the sinking land.-  
But vain the call! behold the streaming blood!  
Forgive me, Nature! and forgive me, God!

While sorrows thus his patriarch pride control,  
Hesper reproving sooths his tender soul:  
Father of this new world, thy tears give o'er,  
Let virtue grieve and heaven be blamed no more.  
Enough for man, with persevering mind,  
To act his part and strive to bless his kind;  
Enough for thee, o'er thy dark age to soar,  
And raise to light that long-secluded shore.  
For this my guardian care thy youth inspired,  
To virtue rear'd thee, and with glory fired,  
Bade in thy plan each distant world unite,  
And wing'd thy vessel for the venturous flight.

Nor think the labors vain; to good they tend;  
Tyrants like these shall ne'er defeat their end;  
Their end that opens far beyond the scope  
Of man's past efforts and his present hope.  
Long has thy race, to narrow shores confined,  
Trod the same round that fetter'd fast the mind;  
Now, borne on bolder plumes, with happier flight,  
The world's broad bounds unfolding to the sight,  
The mind shall soar; the coming age expand  
Their arts and lore to every barbarous land;  
And buried gold, drawn copious from the mine,  
Give wings to commerce and the world refine.

Now to yon southern cities turn thy view,  
And mark the rival seats of rich Peru.  
See Quito's airy plains, exalted high,  
With loftier temples rise along the sky;  
And elder Cusco's shining roofs unfold,  
Flame on the day, and shed their suns of gold.  
Another range, in these pacific climes,  
Spreads a broad theatre for unborn crimes;  
Another Cortez shall their treasures view,  
His rage rekindle and his guilt renew;  
His treason, fraud, and every fell design,  
O curst Pizarro, shall revive in thine.

Here reigns a prince, whose heritage proclaims  
A long bright lineage of imperial names;  
Where the brave roll of Incas love to trace  
The distant father of their realm and race,  
Immortal Capac. He, in youthful pride,  
With young Oella his illustrious bride,  
Announced their birth divine; a race begun  
From heaven, the children of their God the Sun;

By him sent forth a polish'd state to frame,  
Crush the fiend Gods that human victims claim,  
With cheerful rites their pure devotions pay  
To the bright orb that gives the changing day.

On this great plan, as children of the skies,  
They plied their arts and saw their hamlets rise.  
First of their works, and sacred to their fame.  
Yon proud metropolis received its name,  
Cusco the seat of states, in peace design'd  
To reach o'er earth, and civilize mankind.  
Succeeding sovereigns spread their limits far,  
Tamed every tribe, and sooth'd the rage of war;  
Till Quito bow'd; and all the heliac zone  
Felt the same sceptre, and confirm'd the throne.

Near Cusco's walls, where still their hallow'd isle  
Bathes in its lake and wears its verdant smile,  
Where these prime parents of the sceptred line  
Their advent made, and spoke their birth divine,  
Behold their temple stand; its glittering spires  
Light the glad waves and aid their father's fires.  
Arch'd in the walls of gold, its portal gleams  
With various gems of intermingling beams;  
And flaming from the front, with borrow'd ray,  
A diamond circlet gives the rival day;  
In whose bright face forever looks abroad  
The labor'd image of the radiant God.  
There dwells the royal priest, whose inner shrine  
Conceals his lore; tis there his voice divine  
Proclaims the laws; and there a cloister'd quire  
Of holy virgins keep the sacred fire.

Columbus heard; and curious to be taught  
What pious fraud such wondrous changes wrought,  
Ask'd by what mystic charm, in that dark age,  
They quell'd in savage souls the barbarous rage,  
By leagues of peace combined a wide domain,  
And taught the virtues in their laws to reign.

Long is the tale; but tho their labors rest  
By years obscured, in flowery fiction drest,  
My voice, said Hesper, shall revive their name,  
And give their merits to immortal fame.  
Led by his father's wars, in early prime  
Young Capac left his native northern clime;  
The clime where Quito since hath rear'd her fanes,  
And now no more her barbarous rites maintains.  
He saw these vales in richer blooms array'd,  
And tribes more numerous haunt the woodland shade,  
Saw rival clans their local Gods adore,  
Their altars staining with their children's gore,

Yet mark'd their reverence for the Sun, whose beam  
Proclaims his bounties and his power supreme;  
Who sails in happier skies, diffusing good,  
Demands no victim and receives no blood.

In peace return'd with his victorious sire,  
New charms of glory all his soul inspire;  
To conquer nations on a different plan,  
And build his greatness on the good of man.

By nature form'd for hardiest deeds of fame,  
Tall, bold and full-proportion'd rose his frame;  
Strong moved his limbs, a mild majestic grace  
Beam'd from his eyes and open'd in his face;  
O'er the dark world his mind superior shone,  
And seem'd the semblance of his parent Sun.  
But tho' fame's airy visions lift his eyes,  
And future empires from his labors rise;  
Yet softer fires his daring views control,  
And mixt emotions fill his changing soul.  
Shall genius rare, that might the world improve,  
Bend to the milder voice of careless love,  
That bounds his glories, and forbids to part  
From bowers that woo'd his fluctuating heart?  
Or shall the toils imperial heroes claim  
Fire his brave bosom with a patriot flame,  
Bid sceptres wait him on Peruvia's shore,  
And loved Oella meet his eyes no more?

Still unresolved he sought the lonely maid,  
Who plied her labors in the silvan shade;  
Her locks loose rolling mantle deep her breast,  
And wave luxuriant round her slender waist,  
Gay wreaths of flowers her pensive brows adorn,  
And her white raiment mocks the light of morn.  
Her busy hand sustains a bending bough,  
Where cotton clusters spread their robes of snow,  
From opening pods unbinds the fleecy store,  
And culls her labors for the evening bower.

For she, the first in all Hesperia, fed  
The turning spindle with the twisting thread;  
The woof, the shuttle follow'd her command,  
Till various garments grew beneath her hand.  
And now, while all her thoughts with Capac rove  
Thro' former scenes of innocence and love,  
In distant fight his fancied dangers share,  
Or wait him glorious from the finish'd war;  
Blest with the ardent hope, her sprightly mind  
A vesture white had for the prince design'd;  
And here she seeks the wool to web the fleece,  
The sacred emblem of returning peace.

Sudden his near approach the maid alarms;  
He flew enraptured to her yielding arms,  
And lost, dissolving in a softer flame,  
His distant empire and the fire of fame.  
At length, retiring thro the homeward field,  
Their glowing souls to cooler converse yield;  
O'er various scenes of blissful life they ran,  
When thus the warrior to the maid began:

Long have we mark'd the inauspicious reign  
That waits our sceptre in this rough domain;  
A soil ungrateful and a wayward race,  
Their game but scanty, and confined their space.  
Where late my steps the southern war pursued,  
The fertile plains grew boundless as I view'd;  
More numerous nations trod the grassy wild,  
And joyous nature more delightful smiled.  
No changing seasons there the flowers deform,  
No dread volcano and no mountain storm;  
Rains ne'er invade, nor livid lightnings play,  
Nor clouds obscure the radiant King of day.  
But while his orb, in ceaseless glory bright,  
Rolls the rich day and fires his stars by night,  
Unbounded fulness flows beneath his reign,  
Seas yield their treasures, fruits adorn the plain;  
His melting mountains spread their annual flood,  
Night sheds her dews, the day-breeze fans the God.  
Tis he inspires me with the vast design  
To form those nations to a sway divine;  
Destroy the rites of every demon Power,  
Whose altars smoke with sacrilegious gore;  
To laws and labor teach the tribes to yield,  
And richer fruits to grace the cultured field.

But great, my charmer, is the task of fame,  
Their faith to fashion and their lives to tame;  
Full many a spacious wild these eyes must see  
Spread dreary bounds between my love and me;  
And yon bright Godhead circle thrice the year,  
Each lonely evening number'd with a tear.  
Long robes of white my shoulders must embrace,  
To speak my lineage of ethereal race;  
That simple men may reverence and obey  
The radiant offspring of the Power of day.

When these my deeds the faith of nations gain,  
And happy millions bless thy Capac's reign,  
Then shall he feign a journey to the Sun,  
To bring the partner of his well-earn'd throne;  
So shall descending kings the line sustain,  
Till earth's whole regions join the vast domain.

Will then my fair, at my returning hour,  
Forsake these wilds and hail a happier bower?  
Will she consenting now resume her smiles,  
Send forth her warrior to his glorious toils;  
And, sweetly patient, wait the flight of days,  
That crown our labors with immortal praise?

Silent the damsel heard; her moistening eye  
Spoke the full soul, nor could her voice reply;  
Till softer accents sooth'd her wounded ear,  
Composed her tumult and allay'd her fear:  
Think not, heroic maid, my steps would part  
While silent sorrows heave that tender heart.  
Oella's peace more dear shall prove to me  
Than all the realms that bound the raging sea;  
Nor thou, bright Sun, shalt bribe my soul to rest,  
And leave one struggle in her lovely breast.

Yet think in tribes so vast, my gentle fair,  
What millions merit our instructive care;  
How age to age leads on their joyless gloom,  
Habitual slaughter their poor piteous doom;  
No social ties their wayward passions prove,  
Nor peace nor pleasure treads the howling grove;  
Mid thousand heroes and a thousand fair  
No fond Oella meets her Capac there.  
Yet, taught by thee domestic joys to prize,  
With softer charms the virgin race shall rise,  
Awake new virtues, every grace improve,  
And form their minds for happiness and love.

Ah think, as future years thro time descend,  
What wide creations on thy voice depend;  
And, like the Sun, whose all-delighting ray  
To those mild regions gives his purest day,  
Diffuse thy bounties, let me instant fly;  
In three short moons the generous task I'll try;  
Then swift returning, I'll conduct my fair  
Where realms submissive wait her fostering care.

And will my prince, my Capac, borne away,  
Thro those dark wilds in quest of empire stray,  
Where tigers fierce command the shuddering wood,  
And men like tigers thirst for human blood?  
Think'st thou no dangerous deed the course attends,  
Alone, unaided by thy sire and friends?  
Even chains and death may meet my hero there,  
Nor his last groan could reach Oella's ear.

But no! nor death nor chains shall Capac prove  
Unknown to her, while she has power to rove.

Close by thy side, where'er thy wanderings stray,  
My equal steps shall measure all the way;  
With borrow'd soul each chance of fate I'll dare,  
Thy toils to lessen and thy dangers share.  
Quick shall my ready hand two garments weave,  
Whose sunny whiteness shall the tribes deceive;  
Thus clad, their homage shall secure our sway.  
And hail us children of the God of day.

The lovely counsel pleased. The smiling chief  
Approved her courage and dispell'd her grief;  
Then to their homely bower in haste they move.  
Begin their labors and prepare to rove.  
Soon grow the robes beneath her forming care,  
And the fond parents wed the wondrous pair;  
But whelm'd in grief beheld the following dawn,  
Their joys all vanish'd and their children gone.  
Nine days they march'd; the tenth effulgent morn  
Saw their white forms that sacred isle adorn.  
The work begins; they preach to every band  
The well-form'd fiction, and their faith demand;  
With various miracles their powers display,  
To prove their lineage and confirm their sway.  
They form to different arts the hand of toil,  
To whirl the spindle and to spade the soil,  
The Sun's bright march with pious finger trace,  
And his pale sister with her changing face;  
Show how their bounties clothe the labor'd plain,  
The green maize shooting from its golden grain,  
How the white cotton tree's expanding lobes  
File into threads, and swell to fleecy robes;  
While the tamed Llama aids the wondrous plan,  
And lends his garment to the loins of man.

The astonish'd tribes believe, with glad surprise,  
The Gods descended from the favoring skies,  
Adore their persons robed in shining white.  
Receive their laws and leave each horrid rite,  
Build with assisting hands the golden throne,  
And hail and bless the sceptre of the Sun.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book III

### The Argument

Actions of the Inca Capac. A general invasion of his dominions threatened by the mountain savages. Rocha, the Inca's son, sent with a few companions to offer terms of peace. His embassy. His adventure with the worshippers of the volcano. With those of the storm, on the Andes. Falls in with the savage armies. Character and speech of Zamor, their chief. Capture of Rocha and his companions. Sacrifice of the latter. Death song of Azonto. War dance. March of the savage armies down the mountains to Peru. Incan army meets them. Battle joins. Peruvians terrified by an eclipse of the sun, and routed. They fly to Cusco. Grief of Oella, supposing the darkness to be occasioned by the death of Rocha. Sun appears. Peruvians from the city wall discover Rocha an altar in the savage camp. They march in haste out of the city and engage the savages. Exploits of Capac. Death of Zamor. Recovery of Rocha, and submission of the enemy.

Now twenty years these children of the skies  
Beheld their gradual growing empire rise.  
They ruled with rigid but with generous care,  
Diffused their arts and sooth'd the rage of war,  
Bade yon tall temple grace their favorite isle,  
The mines unfold, the cultured valleys smile,  
Those broad foundations bend their arches high,  
And rear imperial Cusco to the sky;  
Wealth, wisdom, force consolidate the reign  
From the rude Andes to the western main.

But frequent inroads from the savage bands  
Lead fire and slaughter o'er the labor'd lands;  
They sack the temples, the gay fields deface,  
And vow destruction to the Incan race.  
The king, undaunted in defensive war,  
Repels their hordes, and speeds their flight afar;  
Stung with defeat, they range a wider wood,  
And rouse fresh tribes for future fields of blood.

Where yon blue ridges hang their cliffs on high,  
And suns infulminate the stormful sky,  
The nations, temper'd to the turbid air,  
Breathe deadly strife, and sigh for battle's blare;  
Tis here they meditate, with one vast blow,  
To crush the race that rules the plains below.  
Capac with caution views the dark design,  
Learns from all points what hostile myriads join.  
And seeks in time by proffer'd leagues to gain  
A bloodless victory, and enlarge his reign.

His eldest hope, young Rocha, at his call,  
Resigns his charge within the temple wall;  
In whom began, with reverend forms of awe,  
The functions grave of priesthood and of law,

In early youth, ere yet the ripening sun  
Had three short lustres o'er his childhood run,  
The prince had learnt, beneath his father's hand,  
The well-framed code that sway'd the sacred land;  
With rites mysterious served the Power divine,  
Prepared the altar and adorn'd the shrine,  
Responsive hail'd, with still returning praise,  
Each circling season that the God displays,  
Sooth'd with funereal hymns the parting dead,  
At nuptial feasts the joyful chorus led;  
While evening incense and the morning song  
Rose from his hand or trembled on his tongue.

Thus form'd for empire ere he gain'd the sway,  
To rule with reverence and with power obey,  
Reflect the glories of the parent Sun,  
And shine the Capac of his future throne,  
Employed his docile years; till now from far  
The rumor'd leagues proclaim approaching war;  
Matured for active scenes he quits the shrine,  
To aid in council or in arms to shine.

Amid the chieftains that the court compose,  
In modest mien the stripling pontiff rose,  
With reverence bow'd, conspicuous o'er the rest,  
Approach'd the throne, and thus the sire address:  
Great king of nations, heaven-descended sage,  
Thy second heir has reach'd the destined age  
To take these priestly robes; to his pure hand  
I yield them pure, and wait thy kind command.  
Should foes invade, permit this arm to share  
The toils, the triumphs, every chance of war;  
For this dread conflict all our force demands,  
In one wide field to whelm the brutal bands,  
Pour to the mountain gods their wonted food,  
And save thy realms from future leagues of blood.  
Yet oh, may sovereign mercy first ordain  
Propounded compact to the savage train!  
I'll go with terms of peace to spread thy sway,  
And teach the blessings of the God of day.

The sire return'd: My great desire you know,  
To shield from slaughter and preserve the foe,  
In bands of concord all their tribes to bind,  
And live the friend and guardian of mankind.  
Should strife begin, thy youthful arm shall share  
The toils of glory thro the walks of war;  
But o'er their hills to seek alone the foes,  
To gain their confidence or brave their blows,  
Bend their proud souls to reason's voice divine,  
Claims hardier limbs and riper years than thine.  
Yet one of heavenly race the task requires,

Whose mystic rites control the solar fires;  
So the sooth'd Godhead proves to faithless eyes  
His love to man, his empire of the skies.

Some veteran chief, in those rough labors tried,  
Shall aid thee on, and go thy faithful guide;  
O'er dreary heights thy sinking limbs sustain.  
Teach the dark wiles of each insidious train,  
Thro all extremes of life thy voice attend,  
In counsel lead thee, or in arms defend.  
And three firm youths, thy chosen friends, shall go  
To learn the climes and meditate the foe;  
That wars of future years their skill may find,  
To serve the realm and save the savage kind.

Rise then, my son, first partner of my fame,  
With early toils to build thy sacred name;  
In high behest, for his own legate known,  
Proclaim the bounties of our sire the Sun.  
Tell how his fruits beneath our culture rise,  
His stars, how glorious, gem our cloudless skies;  
And how to us his hand hath kindly given  
His peaceful laws, the purest grace of heaven,  
With power to widen his terrestrial sway,  
And give our blessings where he gives the day.  
Yet, should the stubborn nations still prepare  
The shaft of slaughter for the barbarous war,  
Tell them we know to tread the crimson plain,  
And God's own children never yield to man.

But ah, my child, with steps of caution go,  
The ways are hideous, and enraged the foe;  
Blood stains their altars, all their feasts are blood,  
Death their delight, and darkness reigns their God;  
Tigers and vultures, storms and earthquakes share  
Their rites of worship and their spoils of war.  
Shouldst thou, my Rocha, tempt too far their ire,  
Should those dear relics feed a murderous fire,  
Deep sighs would rend thy wretched mother's breast,  
The pale Sun sink in clouds of darkness drest,  
Thy sire and mournful nations rue the day  
That drew thy steps from these sad walls away.

Yet go; tis virtue calls; and realms unknown,  
Won by these works, may bless thy future throne;  
Millions of unborn souls in time may see  
Their doom reversed, and owe their peace to thee,  
Deluded sires, with murdering hands, no more  
Feed fancied demons with their children's gore,  
But, sway'd by happier sceptres, here behold  
The rites of freedom and the shrines of gold.  
Be wise, be mindful of thy realm and throne;

God speed thy labors and preserve my son!

Soon the glad prince, in robes of white array'd,  
Call'd his attendants and the sire obey'd.  
A diamond broad, in burning gold imprest,  
Display'd the sun's bright image on his breast;  
A pearl-dropt girdle bound his waist below,  
And the white lautu graced his lofty brow.  
They journey'd forth, o'ermarching far the mound  
That flank'd the kingdom on its Andean bound;  
Ridge after ridge thro' vagrant hordes they past,  
Where each new tribe seem'd wilder than the last;  
To all they preach and prove the solar sway,  
And climb fresh mountains on their tedious way.

At length, as thro' disparting clouds they rise,  
And hills above them still obstruct the skies,  
While a dead calm o'er all the region stood?  
And not a leaf could fan its parent wood,  
Sudden a strange portentous noise began;  
The birds fled wild, the beasts for shelter ran;  
Slow, sullen, loud, with deep astounding blare,  
Swell the strong tones of subterranean war;  
Behind, before, beneath them groans the ground,  
Earth heaves and labors with the shuddering sound;  
Columns of smoke, that cap the rumbling height,  
Roll reddening far thro' heaven, and choke the light;  
From tottering steep descend their cliffs of snow,  
The mountains reel, the valleys rend below;  
The headlong streams forget their usual round,  
And shrink and vanish in the gaping ground.  
The sun descends; but night recalls in vain  
Her silent shades, to recommence her reign;  
The bursting mount gapes high, a sudden glare  
Coruscates wide, till all the purpling air  
Breaks into flame, and wheels and roars and raves  
And wraps the welkin in its folding waves;  
Light sailing cinders, thro' its vortex driven,  
Stream high and brighten to the midst of heaven;  
And, following slow, full floods of boiling ore  
Swell, swoop aloft and thro' the concave roar.  
Torrents of molten rocks, on every side,  
Lead o'er the shelves of ice their fiery tide;  
Hills slide before them, skies around them burn,  
Towns sink beneath and heaving plains upturn;  
O'er many a league the flaming deluge hurl'd,  
Sweeps total nations from the staggering world.

Meanwhile, at distance thro' the livid light,  
A busy concourse met their wondering sight;  
The prince drew near; where lo! an altar stood,  
Rude in its form, and fill'd with burning wood;

Wrapt in the flames a youth expiring lay,  
And the fond father thus was heard to pray:  
Receive, O dreadful Power, from feeble age,  
This last pure offering to thy sateless rage;  
Thrice has thy vengeance on this hated land  
Claim'd a dear infant from my yielding hand;  
Thrice have those lovely lips the victim prest,  
And all the mother torn that tender breast;  
When the dread duty stifled every sigh,  
And not a tear escaped her beauteous eye.  
Our fourth and last now meets the fatal doom;  
Groan not, my child, thy God remands thee home;  
Attend once more, thou dark infernal Name,  
From yon far streaming pyramid of flame;  
Snatch from his heaving flesh the blasted breath.  
Sacred to thee and all the fiends of death;  
Then in thy hall, with spoils of nations crown'd,  
Confine thy walks beneath the rending ground;  
No more on earth the embowel'd flames to pour,  
And scourge my people and my race no more.

Thus Rocha heard; and to the trembling crowd  
Turn'd the bright image of his beaming God.  
The afflicted chief, with fear and grief opprest,  
Beheld the sign, and thus the prince address:  
From what far land, O royal stranger, say,  
Ascend thy wandering steps this nightly way?  
From plains like ours, by holy demons fired?  
Have thy brave people in the flames expired?  
And hast thou now, to stay the whelming flood,  
No son to offer to the furious God?

From happier lands I came, the prince returns,  
Where no red flaming flood the concave burns,  
No furious God bestorms our soil and skies,  
Nor yield our hands the bloody sacrifice;  
But life and joy the Power delights to give,  
And bids his children but rejoice and live.  
Thou seest thro heaven the day-dispensing Sun  
In living radiance wheel his golden throne,  
O'er earth's gay surface send his genial beams,  
Force from yon cliffs of ice the vernal streams;  
While fruits and flowers adorn the cultured field,  
And seas and lakes their copious treasures yield;  
He reigns our only God. In him we trace  
The friend, the father of our happy race.  
Late the lone tribes, on those unlabor'd shores,  
Ran wild and served imaginary Powers;  
Till he, in pity, taught their feuds to cease,  
Devised their laws, and fashion'd all for peace.  
My sacred parents first the reign began,  
Sent from his courts to guide the paths of man,

To plant his fruits, to manifest his sway,  
And give their blessings where he gives the day.

The sachem proud replied: Thy garb and face  
Proclaim thy lineage of superior race;  
And our progenitors, no less than thine,  
Sprang from a God, and own a birth divine.  
From that sky-scorching mount, on floods of flame,  
In elder times my great forefathers came;  
There dwells the Sire, and from his dark abode  
Oft claims, as now, the tribute of a God.  
This victim due when willing mortals pay,  
His terrors lessen and his fires decay;  
While purer sleet regales the mountain air,  
And our glad hosts are fired for fiercer war.

Yet know, dread chief, the pious youth rejoin'd,  
Some one prime Power produced all human kind:  
Some Sire supreme, whose ever-ruling soul  
Creates, preserves, and regulates the whole.  
That Sire supreme must roll his radiant eye  
Round the wide earth and thro the boundless sky;  
That all their habitants, their gods and men,  
May rise unveil'd beneath his careful ken.  
Could thy dark fiend, that hides his blind abode,  
And cauldrons in his cave that fiery flood,  
Yield the rich fruits that distant nations find?  
Or praise or punish or behold mankind?  
But when my God, resurg'ing from the night,  
Shall gild his chambers with the morning light,  
By mystic rites he'll vindicate his throne,  
And own thy servant for his duteous son.

Meantime, the chief replied, thy cares releast,  
Rest here the night and share our scanty feast;  
Which, driven in hasty rout, our train supplied,  
When trembling earth foretold the boiling tide.  
They fared, they rested; till with lucid horn  
All-cheering Phosphor led the lively morn;  
The prince arose, an altar rear'd in haste,  
And watch'd the splendors of the reddening east.

As o'er the mountain flamed the sun's broad eye,  
He call'd the host, his holy rites to try;  
Then took the loaves of maize, the bounties brake,  
Gave to the chief, and bade them all partake;  
The hallow'd relics on the pile he placed,  
With tufts of flowers the simple offering graced,  
Held to the sun the image from his breast,  
Whose glowing concave all the God exprest;  
O'er the dried leaves the rays concentred fly,  
And thus his voice ascends the listening sky:

O thou, whose splendors kindle heaven with fire.  
Great Soul of nature, man's immortal Sire,  
If e'er my father found thy sovereign grace,  
Or thy blest will ordain'd the Incan race,  
Give these lorn tribes to learn thy awful name,  
Receive this offering, and the pile inflame;  
So shall thy laws o'er wider bounds be known,  
And earth's whole race be happy as thy own.

Thus pray'd the prince; the focal flames aspire,  
The mute beholders tremble and retire,  
Gaze on the miracle, full credence own,  
And vow obedience to the sacred Sun.

The legates now their farther course descried,  
A young cazique attending as a guide,  
O'er craggy cliffs pursued their eastern way,  
Trode loftier champagnes, meeting high the day,  
Saw timorous tribes, in these sublime abodes,  
Adore the blasts and turn the storms to gods;  
While every cloud that thunders thro the skies  
Claims from their hands a human sacrifice.  
Awhile the youth, their better faith to gain,  
Strives with his usual art, but strives in vain;  
In vain he pleads the mildness of the sun;  
A gale refutes him ere his speech be done;  
Continual tempests from their orient blow,  
And load the mountains with eternal snow.  
The sun's own beam, the timid clans declare,  
Drives all their evils on the tortured air;  
He draws the vapors up their eastern sky,  
That sail and centre round his dazzling eye;  
Leads the loud storms along his midday course,  
And bids the Andes meet their sweeping force;  
Builds their bleak summits with an icy throne,  
To shine thro heaven, a semblance of his own;  
Hence the sharp sleet, these lifted lawns that wait,  
And all the scourges that attend their state.

Two toilsome days the virtuous Inca strove  
To social life their savage minds to move;  
When the third morning glow'd serenely bright,  
He led their elders to an eastern height;  
The world unlimited beneath them lay,  
And not a cloud obscured the rising day.  
Vast Amazonia, starr'd with twinkling streams,  
In azure drest, a heaven inverted seems;  
Dim Paraguay extends the aching sight,  
Xaraya glimmers like the moon of night,  
Land, water, sky in blending borders play,  
And smile and brighten to the lamp of day.  
When thus the prince: What majesty divine!

What robes of gold! what flames about him shine!  
There walks the God! his starry sons on high  
Draw their dim veil and shrink behind the sky;  
Earth with surrounding nature's born anew,  
And men by millions greet the glorious view!  
Who can behold his all-delighting soul  
Give life and joy, and heaven and earth control,  
Bid death and darkness from his presence move,  
Who can behold, and not adore and love?  
Those plains, immensely circling, feel his beams,  
He greens the groves, he silvers gay the streams,  
Swells the wild fruitage, gives the beast his food,  
And mute creation hails the genial God.  
But richer boons his righteous laws impart,  
To aid the life and mould the social heart,  
His arts of peace thro happy realms to spread,  
And altars grace with sacrificial bread;  
Such our distinguish'd lot, who own his sway,  
Mild as his morning stars and liberal as the day.

His unknown laws, the mountain chief replied,  
May serve perchance your boasted race to guide;  
And yon low plains, that drink his partial ray,  
At his glad shrine their just devotions pay.  
But we nor fear his frown nor trust his smile;  
Vain as our prayers is every anxious toil;  
Our beasts are buried in his whirls of snow,  
Our cabins drifted to his slaves below.  
Even now his placid looks thy hopes beguile,  
He lures thy raptures with a morning smile;  
But soon (for so those saffron robes proclaim)  
His own black tempest shall obstruct his flame,  
Storm, thunder, fire, against the mountains driven,  
Rake deep their sulphur'd sides, disgorging here his  
heaven.

He spoke; they waited, till the fervid ray  
High from the noontide shot the faithless day;  
When lo, far gathering under eastern skies,  
Solemn and slow, the dark red vapors rise;  
Full clouds, convolving on the turbid air,  
Move like an ocean to the watery war.  
The host, securely raised, no dangers harm,  
They sit unclouded and o'erlook the storm;  
While far beneath, the sky-borne waters ride,  
Veil the dark deep and sheet the mountain's side;  
The lightning's glancing fires, in fury curl'd,  
Bend their long forked foldings o'er the world;  
Torrents and broken crags and floods of rain  
From steep to steep roll down their force amain,  
In dreadful cataracts; the bolts confound  
The tumbling clouds, and rock the solid ground.

The blasts unburden'd take their upward course,  
And o'er the mountain top resume their force.  
Swift thro' the long white ridges from the north  
The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;  
High walks the storm, the circling surges rise,  
And wild gyrations wheel the hovering skies;  
Vast hills of snow, in sweeping columns driven,  
Deluge the air and choke the void of heaven;  
Floods burst their bounds, the rocks forget their place,  
And the firm Andes tremble to their base.

Long gazed the host; when thus the stubborn chief,  
With eyes on fire, and fill'd with sullen grief:  
Behold thy careless god, secure on high,  
Laughs at our woes and peaceful walks the sky,  
Drives all his evils on these seats sublime,  
And wafts his favors to a happier clime;  
Sire of the dastard race thy words disclose,  
There glads his children, here afflicts his foes.  
Hence! speed thy flight! pursue him where he leads;  
Lest vengeance seize thee for thy father's deeds,  
Thy immolated limbs assuage the fire  
Of those curst Powers, who now a gift require.

The youth in haste collects his scanty train,  
And, with the sun, flies o'er the western plain;  
The fading orb with plaintive voice he plies,  
To guide his steps and light him down the skies.  
So when the moon and all the host of even  
Hang pale and trembling on the verge of heaven,  
While storms ascending threat their nightly reign,  
They seek their absent sire, and sink below the main.

Now to the south he turns; where one vast plain  
Calls from a hundred hordes the warrior train;  
Of various dress and various form they show'd;  
Each wore the ensign of his local god.

From eastern hills a grisly troop descends,  
Whose war song wild the shuddering concave rends;  
Cloak'd in a tiger's hide their grim chief towers,  
And apes the brinded god his tribe adores.  
The tusky jaws grin o'er the sachem's brow,  
The bald eyes glare, the paws depend below,  
From his bored ears contorted serpents hung,  
And drops of gore seem'd rolling on his tongue.  
The northern glens pour forth the Vulture-race;  
Brown tufts of quills their shaded foreheads grace;  
The claws branch wide, the beak expands for blood,  
And all the armor imitates the god.  
The Condor, frowning from a southern plain,

Borne on a standard, leads a numerous train:  
Clench'd in his talons hangs an infant dead,  
His long bill pointing where the sachems tread,  
His wings, tho lifeless, frighten still the wind,  
And his broad tail o'ershades the file behind.  
From other plains and other hills afar,  
The tribes throng dreadful to the promised war;  
Some twine their forelock with a crested snake,  
Some wear the emblems of a stream or lake;  
All from the Power they serve assume their mode,  
And foam and yell to taste the Incan blood.

The prince incautious with his men drew near,  
Known for an Inca by his dress and air;  
Till coop'd and caught amid the warrior trains,  
They bow in silence to the victor's chains.  
When now the gather'd thousands throng the plain,  
And echoing skies the rending shouts retain;  
Zamor, the chieftain of the Tiger-band,  
By choice appointed to the first command,  
Shrugg'd up his brinded spoils above the rest,  
And grimly frowning thus the crowd address:

Warriors, attend! tomorrow leads abroad  
Our sacred vengeance for our brothers' blood.  
On those scorch'd plains for ever must they lie,  
Their bones still naked to the burning sky?  
Left in the field for foreign hawks to tear,  
Nor our own vultures can the banquet share.  
But soon, ye mountain gods, yon dreary west  
Shall sate your hunger with an ampler feast;  
When the proud Sun, that terror of the plain,  
Shall grieve in heaven for all his children slain,  
As o'er his realm our slaughtering armies roam,  
And give to your sad Powers a happier home.  
Meanwhile, ye tribes, these men of solar race,  
Food for the flames, your bloody rites shall grace;  
Each to a different god his panting breath  
Resigns in fire; this night demands their death:  
All but the Inca; him reserved in state  
These conquering hands ere long shall immolate  
To all the Powers at once that storm the skies,  
A grateful gift, before his mother's eyes.

The sachem ceased; the chiefs of every race  
Lead the bold captives to their destined place;  
The sun descends, the parting day expires,  
And earth and heaven display their sparkling fires.  
Soon the raised altars kindle round the gloom,  
And call the victims to their vengeful doom;  
Led to their pyres, in sullen pomp they tread,  
And sing by turns the triumphs of the dead.

Amid the crowd beside his altar stood  
The youth devoted to the Tiger-god;  
A beauteous form he rose, of noble grace,  
The only hope of his illustrious race.  
His aged sire, for numerous years, had shone  
The first supporter of the Incan throne;  
Wise Capac loved the youth, and graced his hand  
With a fair virgin from a neighboring band;  
And him the legate prince, in equal prime,  
Had chose to share his mission round the clime.  
He mounts the pyre, the flames approach his breath.  
And thus he wakes the dauntless song of death:

Dark vault of heaven, that greet his daily throne.  
Where flee the glories of your absent Sun?  
Ye starry hosts, who kindle from his eye,  
Can you behold him in the western sky?  
Or if unseen beneath his watery bed,  
The wearied God reclines his radiant head,  
When next his morning steps your courts inflame,  
And seek on earth for young Azonto's name,  
Then point these ashes, mark the smoky pile,  
And say the hero suffer'd with a smile.  
So shall the Power in vengeance view the place,  
In crimson clothe his terror-beaming face,  
Pour swift destruction on these curst abodes,  
Whelm the grim tribes and all their savage gods.

But ah, forbear to tell my stooping sire  
His darling hopes have fed a coward fire;  
Why should he know the tortures of the brave?  
Why fruitless sorrows bend him to the grave?  
Nor shalt thou e'er be told, my bridal fair,  
What silent pangs these panting vitals tear;  
But blooming still the patient hours employ  
On the blind hope of future scenes of joy.  
Now haste, ye fiends of death; the Sire of day  
In absent slumber gives your malice way;  
While fainter light these livid flames supply,  
And short-lived thousands learn of me to die,

He ceased not speaking; when the yell of war  
Drowns all their death songs in a hideous jar;  
The cries rebounding from the hillsides pour,  
And wolves and tigers catch the distant roar.  
Now more concordant all their voices join,  
And round the plain they form the festive line;  
When, to the music of the dismal din,  
Indignant Zamor bids the dance begin.  
Dim thro the shadowy fires each changing form  
Moves like a cloud before an evening storm,  
When o'er the moon's pale face and starry plain

The shifting shades lead on their broken train;  
The mingling tribes their mazy gambols tread,  
Till the last groan proclaims the victims dead,  
Then part the smoky flesh, enjoy the feast,  
And lose their labors in oblivious rest.

Soon as the western hills announced the morn,  
And falling fires were scarcely seen to burn,  
Grimm'd by the horrors of the dreadful night,  
The hosts woke fiercer for the promised fight;  
And dark and silent thro the frowning grove  
The different tribes beneath their standards move.

Meantime the solar king collects from far  
His martial bands, to meet the expected war,  
Camps on the confines of an eastern plain  
That skirts the steep rough limit of his reign;  
He trains their ranks, their pliant force combines,  
To close in columns or extend in lines,  
To wheel, change front, in broken files dispart,  
And draw new strength from all the warrior's art.

But now the rising sun relumes the plain,  
And calls to arms the well-accustom'd train.  
High in the front imperial Capac strode,  
In fair effulgence like the beaming God;  
A golden girdle bound his snowy vest,  
A mimic sun hung sparkling on his breast;  
The lautu's horned wreath his temples twined,  
The bow, the quiver shade his waist behind;  
Raised high in air his golden sceptre burn'd,  
And hosts surrounding trembled as he turn'd.

O'er eastern hills he cast his watchful eye,  
Thro the broad breaks that lengthen down the sky;  
In whose blue clefts the sloping pathways bend,  
Where annual floods from melting snows descend.  
Now dry and deep, they lead from every height  
The savage files that headlong rush to fight;  
They throng and thicken thro the smoky air,  
And every breach pours down the dusky war.  
So when a hundred streams explore their way,  
Down the same slopes, convolving to the sea,  
They boil, they bend, they force their floods amain,  
Swell o'er obstructing crags, and sweep the plain.

Capac beholds and waits the coming shock,  
As for the billows waits the storm-beat rock;  
And while for fight his ardent troops prepare,  
Thus thro the ranks he breathes the soul of war:  
Ye tribes that flourish in the Sun's mild reign,  
Long have your flocks adorn'd the peaceful plain,

As o'er the realm his smiles persuasive flow'd,  
And conquer'd all without the stain of blood;  
But lo, at last that wild infuriate band  
With savage war demands your happy land.  
Beneath the dark immeasurable host,  
Descending, swarming, how the crags are lost!  
Already now their ravening eyes behold  
Your star-bright temples and your gates of gold;  
And to their gods in fancied goblets pour  
The warm libation of your children's gore.  
Move then to vengeance, meet the sons of blood,  
Led by this arm and lighted by that God;  
The strife is fierce, your fanes and fields the prize,  
The warrior conquers or the infant dies.

Fill'd with his fire, the troops in squared array  
Wait the wild hordes loose huddling to the fray;  
Their pointed arrows, rising on the bow,  
Look up the sky and chide the lagging foe.

Dread Zamor leads the homicidious train,  
Moves from the clefts and stretches o'er the plain.  
He gives the shriek; the deep convulsing sound  
The hosts reecho, and the hills around  
Retain the rending tumult; all the air  
Clangs in the conflict of the clashing war;  
But firm undaunted as a shelvy strand  
That meets the surge, the bold Peruvians stand,  
With steady aim the sounding bowstring ply,  
And showers of arrows thicken thro the sky;  
When each grim host, in closer conflict join'd,  
Clench the dire ax and cast the bow behind;  
Thro broken ranks sweep wide their slaughtering course.  
Now struggle back, now sidelong swray the force.  
Here from grim chiefs is lopt the grisly head;  
All gride the dying, all deface the dead;  
There scattering o'er the field in thin array,  
Man tugs with man, and clubs with axes play;  
With broken shafts they follow and they fly,  
And yells and groans and shouts invade the sky;  
Round all the shatter'd groves the ground is strow'd  
With sever'd limbs and corpses bathed in blood.  
Long raged the strife; and where, on either side,  
A friend, a father or a brother died,  
No trace remain'd of what he was before,  
Mangled with horrid wounds and black with gore.

Now the Peruvians, in collected might,  
With one wide stroke had wing'd the savage flighty  
But their bright Godhead, in his midday race,  
With glooms unusual veil'd his radiant face,  
Quench'd all his beams, tho cloudless, in affright,

As loth to view from heaven the finish'd fight.  
A trembling twilight o'er the welkin moves,  
Browns the dim void, and darkens deep the groves;  
The waking stars, embolden'd at the sight,  
Peep out and gem the anticipated night;  
Day-birds, and beasts of light to covert fly,  
And owls and wolves begin their evening cry.  
The astonish'd Inca marks, with wild surprise,  
Dead chills on earth, no cloud in all the skies,  
His host o'ershaded in the field of blood,  
Gored by his foes, deserted by his God.  
Mute with amaze, they cease the war to wage,  
Gaze on their leaders and forget their rage;  
When pious Capac to the listening crowd  
Raised high his wand and pour'd his voice aloud:  
Ye chiefs and warriors of Peruvian race,  
Some sore offence obscures my father's face;  
What moves the Numen to desert the plain,  
Nor save his children, nor behold them slain?  
Fly! speed your course, regain the guardian town,  
Ere darkness shroud you in a deeper frown;  
The faithful walls your squadrons shall defend,  
While my sad steps the sacred dome ascend,  
To learn the cause, and ward the woes we fear:  
Haste, haste, my sons! I guard the flying rear.

The hero spoke; the trembling tribes obey,  
While deeper glooms obscure the source of day.  
Sudden the savage bands collect amain,  
Hang on the rear and sweep them o'er the plain;  
Their shouts, redoubling with the flying war.  
Drown the loud groans and torture all the air.  
The hawks of heaven, that o'er the field had stood,  
Scared by the tumult from the scent of blood,  
Cleave the far gloom; the beasts forget their prey,  
And scour the waste, and give the war its way.

Zamor elate with horrid joy beheld  
The Sun depart, his children fly the field,  
And raised his rending voice: Thou darkening sky,  
Deepen thy damps, the fiend of death is nigh;  
Behold him rising from his shadowy throne,  
To veil this heaven and drive the conquer'd Sun;  
The glaring Godhead yields to sacred night,  
And his foil'd armies imitate his flight.  
Confirm, infernal Power, thy rightful reign,  
Give deadlier shades and heap the piles of slain;  
Soon the young captive prince shall roll in fire,  
And all his race accumulate the pyre.  
Ye mountain vultures, here your food explore,  
Tigers and condors, all ye gods of gore,  
In these rich fields, beneath your frowning sky,

A plenteous feast shall every god supply.  
Rush forward, warriors, hide the plains with dead;  
Twas here our friends in former combat bled;  
Strow'd thro the waste their naked bones demand  
This tardy vengeance from our conquering hand.

He said; and high before the Tiger-train  
With longer strides hangs forward o'er the slain,  
Bends like a falling tree to reach the foe,  
And o'er tall Capac aims a forceful blow.  
The king beheld the ax, and with his wand  
Struck the raised weapon from the sachem's hand;  
Then clench'd the falling helve, and whirling round,  
Fell'd a close file of heroes to the ground;  
Nor stay'd, but follow'd where his people run,  
Fearing to fight, forsaken by the Sun;  
Till Cusco's walls salute their longing sight,  
And the wide gates receive their rapid flight.  
The folds are barr'd, the foes in shade conceal'd,  
Like howling wolves, rave round the frightened field.

The monarch now ascends the sacred dome;  
The Sun's fixt image there partakes the gloom;  
Thro all the shrines, where erst on new-moon day  
Swell'd the full quires of consecrated praise,  
A tomb-like silence reigns; till female cries  
Burst forth at last, and these sad accents rise:  
Was it for this, my son to distant lands  
Must trace the wilds, and tempt those lawless bands?  
And does the God obscure his golden throne  
In mournful darkness for my slaughter'd son?  
Oh, had his beam; ere that disastrous day  
That call'd the youth from these fond arms away,  
Received my spirit to its native sky,  
That sad Oella might have seen him die!

Where slept thy shaft of vengeance, O my God,  
When those fell tigers drank his sacred blood?  
Did not the pious prince, with rites divine,  
Feed the pure flame in this thy hallow'd shrine;  
And early learn, beneath his father's hand,  
To shed thy blessings round the favor'd land?  
Form'd by thy laws the royal seat to grace,  
Son of thy son, and glory of his race.  
Where, my lost Rocha, rests thy lovely head?  
Where the rent robes thy hapless mother made?  
I see thee, mid those hideous hills of snow,  
Pursued and slaughter'd by the wildman foe;  
Or, doom'd a feast for some pretended god,  
Drench his black altar with celestial blood.  
Snatch me, O Sun, to happier worlds of light-  
No: shroud me, shroud me with thyself in night.

Thou hear'st me not, thou dread departed Power,  
Thy face is dark, and Rocha lives no more.

Thus heard the silent king; his equal heart  
Caught all her grief, and bore a father's part.  
The cause, suggested by her tender moan,  
The cause perchance that veil'd the midday sun,  
And shouts that spoke the still approaching foe,  
Fixt him suspense, in all the strength of woe.  
A doubtful moment held his changing choice;  
Now would he sooth her, half assumes his voice;  
But greater cares the rising wish control,  
And call forth all his energy of soul.  
Why should he cease to ward the coming fate?  
Or she be told the foes besiege the gate?  
He turn'd in haste; and now their image-god  
High on the spire with newborn lustre glow'd;  
Swift thro the portal flew the hero's eye,  
And hail'd the growing splendor in the sky.

The troops courageous at return of light  
Throng round the dome, impatient for the fight;  
The king descending in the portal stood,  
And thus address the all-delighting God:  
O sovereign Soul of heaven, thy changing face  
Makes or destroys the glory of thy race.  
If from this mortal life my child he fled,  
First of thy line that ever graced the dead;  
If thy bright splendor ceased on high to burn  
For that loved youth who never must return.  
Forgive thine armies, when in fields of blood  
They lose their strength and fear the frowning God.  
As now thy glory, with superior day,  
Glow's thro the field and leads the warrior's way,  
May our exalted souls, to vengeance driven,  
Burn with new brightness in the cause of heaven!  
For thy slain son the murderous horde shall bleed;  
We mourn the hero, but avenge the deed.

He said; and from the battlement on high  
A watchful warrior raised a sudden cry:  
'An Inca white on yonder altar tied-  
Tis Rocha's self-the flame ascends his side.'

In sweeping haste the bursting gates unbar,  
And flood the champaign with a tide of war;  
A cloud of arrows leads the rapid train,  
They shout, they swarm, they hide the dusty plain;  
Bows, quivers, girdles strow the field behind,  
And the raised axes cleave the passing wind.  
The prince, confest to every warrior's sight,  
Inspires each soul and centres all the fight;

Each hopes to snatch him from the kindling pyre,  
Each fears his breath already flits in fire.  
Here Zamor ranged his ax-men deep and wide,  
Wedged like a wall, and thus the king defied:  
Haste, son of Light, pour fast the winged war,  
The prince, the dying prince demands your care;  
Hear how his death song chides your dull delay,  
Lift longer strides, bend forward to the fray,  
Ere flames infolding suffocate his groan,  
Child of your beaming God, a victim to our own.

This said, he raised his shaggy shoulders high,  
And bade the shafts glide thicker thro the sky.  
Like the broad billows of the lifted main,  
Rolls into sight the long Peruvian train;  
A white sail bounding, on the billows tost,  
Is Capac towering o'er the furious host.

Now meet the dreadful chiefs, with eyes on fire;  
Beneath their blows the parting ranks retire;  
In whirlwind-sweep their meeting axes bound,  
Wheel, crash in air, and plow the trembling ground;  
Their sinewy limbs in fierce contortions bend,  
And mutual strokes with equal force descend,  
Parried with equal art, now gyring prest  
High at the head, now plunging for the breast.  
The king starts backward from the struggling foe,  
Collects new strength, and with a circling blow  
Rush'd furious on; his flinty edge, whirl'd wide,  
Met Zamor's helve, and glancing grazed his side  
And settled in his groin; so plunged it lay,  
That scarce the king could tear his ax away.  
The savage fell; when thro the Tiger-train  
The driving Inca turns his force amain;  
Where still compact they hem the murderous pyre,  
And Rocha's voice seems faltering to expire.  
The phrensied father rages, thunders wild,  
Hews armies down, to save the sinking child;  
The ranks fall staggering where he lifts his arm,  
Or roll before him like a billowy storm;  
Behind his steps collecting warriors close;  
Deep centred in a circling ridge of foes  
He cleaves his wasting way; the prince unties,  
And thus his voice: Dread Sovereign of the skies.  
Accept my living son, again bestow'd  
To grace with rites the temple of his God.  
Move, heroes, move; complete the work begun.  
Crush the grim race, avenge your injured Sun.

The savage host, that view'd the daring deed,  
And saw their nations with their leader bleed,  
Raised high the shriek of horror; all the plain

Is trod with flight and cover'd with the slain.  
The bold Peruvians compass round the field,  
Confine their flight, and force the rest to yield;  
When Capac raised his placid voice again;  
Ye conquering troops, collect the vanquish'd train;  
The Sun commands to stay the rage of war,  
He knows to conquer, but he loves to spare.

He ceased; and where the savage leader lay  
Weltering in gore, directs his eager way,  
Unwraps the tiger's hide, and strives in vain  
To close the wound, and mitigate the pain;  
And while compassion for a foe distress  
Mixt with reproach, he thus the chief address:  
Too long, proud prince, thy fearless heart withstood  
Our sacred arms, and braved the living God;  
His sovereign will commands all feuds to cease,  
His realm is concord and his pleasure peace;  
This copious carnage, spreading far the plain,  
Insults his bounties, but confirms his reign.  
Enough! tis past; thy parting breath demands  
The last sad office from my yielding hands.  
To share thy pains and feel thy hopeless woe,  
Are rites ungrateful to a fallen foe:  
Yet rest in peace; and know, a chief so brave,  
When life departs, shall find an honor'd grave;  
Myself in princely pomp thy tomb shall rear,  
And tribes unborn thy hapless fate declare.

Insult me not with tombs! the monster cried,  
Let closing clods thy coward carcass hide;  
But these brave bones, unburied on the plain,  
Touch not with dust, nor dare with rites profane;  
Let no curst earth conceal this gory head,  
Nor songs proclaim the dreadful Zamor dead,  
Me, whom the hungry gods from plain to plain  
Have follow'd, feasting on thy slaughter'd train,  
Me wouldst thou cover? No! from yonder sky,  
The wide-beak'd hawk, that now beholds me die,  
Soon with his cowering train my flesh shall tear,  
And wolves and tigers vindicate their share.  
Receive, dread Powers (since I can slay no more),  
My last glad victim, this devoted gore.

Thus pour'd the vengeful chief his fainting breath,  
And lost his utterance in the gasp of death.  
The sad remaining tribes confess the Power,  
That sheds his bounties round Peruvia's shore;  
All bow obedient to the Incan throne,  
And blest Oella hails her living son.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book IV

### The Argument

Destruction of Peru foretold. Grief of Columbus. He is comforted by the promise of a vision of future ages. All Europe appears in vision. Effect of the discovery of America upon the affairs of Europe. Improvement in commerce; government. Revival of letters. Order of the Jesuits. Religious persecution. Inquisition. Rise and progress of more liberal principles. Character of Raleigh; who plans the settlement of North America. Formation of the coast by the gulph stream. Nature of the colonial establishments, the first great asylum and infant empire of Liberty. Liberty the necessary foundation of morals. Delaware arrives with a reinforcement of new settlers, to consolidate the colony of Virginia. Night scene, as contemplated by these patriarchs, while they are sailing up the Chesapeake, and are saluted by the river gods. Prophetic speech of Potowmack. Fleets of settlers from several parts of Europe steering for America.

In one dark age, beneath a single hand,  
Thus rose an empire in the savage land.  
Its wealth and power with following years increase,  
Its growing nations spread the walks of peace;  
Religion here, that universal name,  
Man's proudest passion, most ungovern'd flame,  
Erects her altars on the same bright base,  
That dazzled erst, and still deludes the race;  
Sun, moon, all powers that forceful strike his eyes,  
Earth-shaking storms and constellated skies.

Yet all the pomp his labors here unfold,  
The vales of verdure and the towers of gold,  
Those infant arts and sovereign seats of state,  
In short-lived glory hasten to their fate.  
Thy followers, rushing like an angry flood,  
Too soon shall drench them in the nation's blood;  
Nor thou, Las Casas, best of men, shalt stay  
The ravening legions from their guardless prey.  
O hapless prelate! hero, saint and sage,  
Foredoom'd with crimes a fruitless war to wage,  
To see at last (thy life of virtue run)  
A realm unpeopled and a world undone!  
While pious Valverde mock of priesthood stands,  
Guilt in his heart, the gospel in his hands,  
Bids, in one field, their unarm'd thousands bleed,  
Smiles o'er the scene and sanctifies the deed.  
And thou, brave Gasca, with persuasive strain,  
Shalt lift thy voice and urge thy power in vain;  
Vain are thy hopes the sinking land to save,  
Or call her slaughter'd millions from the grave.

Here Hesper paused. Columbus with a sigh  
Cast o'er the continent his moisten'd eye,  
And thus replied: Ah, hide me in the tomb;  
Why should I live to see the impending doom?

If such foul deeds the scheme of heaven compose,  
And virtue's toils induce redoubled woes,  
Unfold no more; but grant a kind release;  
Give me, tis all I ask, to rest in peace.

And thou shalt rest in peace, the Saint rejoin'd,  
Ere these conflicting shades involve mankind.  
But broader views shall first thy mind engage,  
Years far advanced beyond this darksome age  
Shall feast thee here; the fruits of thy long care  
A grateful world beneath thy ken shall share.  
Europe's contending kings shall soon behold  
These fertile plains and hills of treasured gold;  
And in the path of thy adventurous sail  
Their countless navies float on every gale,  
For wealth and commerce search the western shore.  
And load each ocean with the shining ore.

As up the orient heaven the dawning ray  
Smiles o'er the hills and gives the promised day,  
Drives fraud and rapine from their nightly spoil,  
And social nature wakes to various toil;  
So from the blazing mine the golden store  
Mid rival states shall spread from shore to shore,  
Unite their force, its opulence to share,  
Extend the pomp but sooth the rage of war;  
Wide thro' the world while genius unconfined  
Tempt's loftier flights, and opens all the mind,  
Dissolves the slavish bands of monkish lore,  
Wakes the bold arts and bids the Muses soar.  
Then shall thy northern climes their seats display  
United nations there commence their sway;  
O'er earth and ocean spread their peerless fame,  
And send thro' time thy patriarchal name.

Now turn thy view to Europe; see the rage  
Of feudal faction every court engage;  
All honest labor, all commercial ties  
Their kings discountenance, their lords despise.  
The naked harbors, looking to the main,  
Rear their kind cliffs and break the storms in vain,  
The willing wave no foreign treasures lade,  
Nor sails nor cities cast a watery shade;  
Save, where yon opening gulph the strand divides,  
Proud Venice bathes her in the broken tides,  
Weds her tamed sea, shakes every distant throne,  
And deems by right the naval world her own.

Yet must we mark, the bondage of the mind  
Spreads deeper glooms, and subj ugates mankind;  
The zealots fierce, whom local creeds enrage,  
In holy feuds perpetual combat wage,

Support all crimes by full indulgence given,  
Usurp the power and wield the sword of heaven,

But lo, where future years their scenes unrol,  
The rising arts inspire the venturous soul.  
From all the ports that cleave the coast of Spain,  
New fleets ascending streak the western main;  
From Tago's bank, from Albion's rocky round,  
Commercing squadrons o'er the billows bound;  
Thro Afric's isles observe the sweeping sails,  
Full pinions tossing in Arabian gales,  
Indus and Ganges deep in canvass lost,  
And navies crowding round Cambodia's coast;  
New nations rise, all climes and oceans brave,  
And shade with sheets the immeasurable wave.

See lofty Ximenes with solemn gait  
Move from the cloister to the walks of state,  
And thro the factious monarchies of Spain,  
Curb the fierce lords and fix one royal reign.  
Behold dread Charles the imperial seat ascends,  
O'er Europe's thrones his conquering arm extends;  
While wealthier shores, beneath the western day,  
Unfold their treasures to confirm his sway.

Roused at false glory's fascinating call,  
See Francis train the gallant youths of Gaul,  
O'erstrain the strength of her extended states,  
Scale the proud Alps, or burst their granite gates,  
On Pavia's plain for Cesar's crown contend,  
Of arms the votary, but of arts the friend.

And see proud Wolsey rise, securely great,  
Kings at his call and mitres round him wait;  
From monkish walls the hoarded wealth he draws  
To aid the tyrant and restrain the laws,  
Wakes Albion's genius, neighboring princes braves,  
And shares with them the commonwealth of waves,

Behold dark Solyman, from eastern skies,  
With his grim host magnificently rise,  
Wave his broad crescent o'er the Midland sea,  
Thro vast Hungaria drive his conquering way,  
Crowd close the Christian powers, and carry far  
The rules of homicide, the lore of war.

The Tuscan dukes excite a nobler strife;  
Lorenzo calls the Fine Arts forth to life,  
Fair nature's mimic maids; whose powers divine  
Her charms develop and her laws define;  
From sire to son the splendid labors spread,  
And Leo follows where good Cosmo led.

Waked from the ground that Gothic rovers trod,  
Starts the bronze hero and the marble god;  
Monks, prelates, pontiffs pay the reverence due  
To that bold taste their Grecian masters knew;  
Resurgent temples throng the Latian shore,  
The Pencil triumphs and the Muses soar.

O'er the dark world Erasmus rears his eye,  
In schoolman lore sees kings and nations lie,  
With strength of judgment and with fancy warm,  
Derides their follies and dissolves the charm,  
Tears the deep veil that bigot zeal has thrown  
On pagan books and science long unknown,  
From faith in senseless rites relieves mankind,  
And seats bold virtue in the conscious mind.  
But still the frightful task, to face alone  
The jealous vengeance of the papal throne,  
Restrains his hand: he gives the contest o'er,  
And leaves his hardier sons to curb that power.

Luther walks forth in yon majestic frame,  
Bright beam of heaven, and heir of endless fame,  
Born, like thyself, thro' toils and griefs to wind,  
From slavery's chains to free the captive mind,  
Brave adverse crowns, control the pontiff sway,  
And bring benighted nations into day.

Remark what crowds his name around him brings,  
Schools, synods, prelates, potentates and kings,  
All gaining knowledge from his boundless store,  
And join'd to shield him from the papal power.  
First of his friends, see Frederic's princely form  
Ward from the sage divine the gathering storm,  
In learned Wittemburgh secure his seat,  
High throne of thought, religion's safe retreat.  
There sits Melancthon, mild as morning light,  
And feuds, tho' sacred, soften in his sight;  
In terms so gentle flows his tuneful tongue,  
Even cloister'd bigots join the pupil throng;  
By all sectarian chiefs he lives approved,  
By monarchs courted and by men beloved.

And lo, where Europe's utmost limits bend,  
From this new source what various lights ascend!  
See haughty Henry from the papal tie  
His realms dissever, and the priest defy;  
While Albion's sons disdain a foreign throne,  
And learn to bound the oppressions of their own.

Then rises Loyola, a strange new name,  
By paths unseen to reach the goal of fame;  
Thro' courts and camps he teaches how to wind,

To mine whole states and overreach mankind.  
Train'd in his school, a bold and artful race  
Range o'er the world, and every sect embrace,  
All creeds and powers and policies explore,  
New seats of science raise on every shore;  
Till their wide empire gains a wondrous birth,  
Built in all empires o'er this ancient earth.  
Our wildmen too, the tribes of Paraguay,  
Receive their rites and bow beneath their sway.

The world of men thus moving in thy view  
Improve their state, more useful works pursue;  
Unwonted deeds in rival greatness shine,  
Call'd into life, and first inspired by thine.  
So while imperial Homer tunes the lyre,  
His living lays unnumber'd bards inspire;  
From age to age the kindling spirit flies,  
Sounds thro the earth and echoes to the skies.

Now roll the years, when Europe's ample space  
By peace and culture rears a wiser race,  
Men bred to labor, school'd in freedom's lore,  
And formed to colonize our favorite shore.  
To speed their course, the sons of bigot rage  
In persecution whelm the inquiring age;  
Myriads of martyr'd heroes mount the pyre,  
And blind devotion lights the sacred fire.

Led by the dark Dominicans of Spain,  
A newborn Fury walks the wide domain,  
Gaunt INQUISITION; mark her giant stride,  
Her blood-nursed vulture screaming at her side.  
Her priestly train the tools of torment brings.  
Racks, wheels and crosses, faggots, stakes and strings;  
Scaffolds and cages round her altar stand,  
And, tipt with sulphur, waves her flaming brand.  
Her imps of inquest round the Fiend advance,  
Suspectors grave, and spies with eye askance,  
Pretended heretics who worm the soul,  
And sly confessors with their secret scroll,  
Accusers hired, for each conviction paid,  
Judges retain'd and witnesses by trade.

Dragged from a thousand jails her victim trains,  
Jews, Moors and Christians, clank alike their chains,  
Read their known sentence in her fiery eyes,  
And breathe to heaven their unavailing cries;  
Lash'd on the pile their writhing bodies turn,  
And, veil'd in doubling smoke, begin to burn.  
Where the flames open, lo! their limbs in vain  
Reach out for help, distorted by the pain;  
Till folded in the fires they disappear,

And not a sound invades the startled ear.

See Philip, throned in insolence and pride,  
Enjoy their wailings and their pangs deride;  
While o'er the same dread scenes, on Albion's isles,  
His well-taught spouse, the cruel Mary, smiles.  
What clouds of smoke hang heavy round the shore!  
What altars hecatomb'd with Christian gore!  
Her sire's best friends, the wise, the brave, the good,  
Roll in the flames or fly the land of blood.

To Gallia's plains the maddening phrensy turns.  
Religion raves and civil discord burns;  
Leaguers and Huguenots their vengeance pour,  
They swell Bartholemy's wide feast of gore,  
Alternate victors bid their gibbets rise,  
And the foul stench of victims chokes the skies.

Now cease the factions with the Valois line,  
And Bourbon's virtues every voice combine.  
Quell'd by his fame, the furious sects accord,  
Europe respire beneath his guardian sword;  
Batavia's states to independence soar,  
And curb the cohorts of Iberian power.  
From Albion's ports her infant navies heave,  
Stretch forth and thunder on the Flandrian wave;  
Her Howard there first foils the force of Spain,  
And there begins her mastery of the main.

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

Storms of wild Hatteras, suspend your roar,  
Ye tumbling billows, cease to shake the shore;  
Look thro the doubling clouds, thou lamp of day,  
Teach the bold Argonauts their chartless way;

Your viewless capes, broad Chesapeak, unfold,  
And show your promised Colchis fleeced with gold.  
No plundering squadron your new Jason brings;  
No pirate demigods nor hordes of kings  
From shore to shore a faithless miscreant steers,  
To steal a maid and leave a sire in tears.  
But yon wise chief conducts with careful ken  
The queen of colonies, the best of men,  
To wake to fruitful life your slumbering soil,  
And rear an empire with the hand of toil.  
Your fond Medea too, whose dauntless breast  
All danger braves to screen her hunted guest.  
Shall quit her native tribe, but never share  
The crimes and sufferings of the Colchian fair.  
Blest Pocahontas! fear no lurking guile;  
Thy hero's love shall well reward thy smile.  
Ah sooth the wanderer in his desperate plight,  
Hide him by day and calm his cares by night;  
Tho savage nations with thy vengeful sire  
Pursue their victim with unceasing ire,  
And tho their threats thy startled ear assail,  
Let virtue's voice o'er filial fears prevail.  
Fly with the faithful youth, his steps to guide,  
Pierce the known thicket, breast the fordless tide,  
Illude the scout, avoid the ambush'd line,  
And lead him safely to his friends and thine;  
For thine shall be his friends, his heart, his name;  
His camp shall shout, his nation boast thy fame.

But now the Bay unfolds a passage wide,  
And leads the squadron up the freshening tide;  
Where Pohatan spreads deep her sylvan soil,  
And grassy lawns allure the steps of toil.  
Here, lodged in peace, they tread the welcome land.  
An instant harvest waves beneath their hand,  
Spontaneous fruits their easy cares beguile,  
And opening fields in living culture smile.

With joy Columbus view'd; when thus his voice:  
Ye grove-clad shores, ye generous hosts, rejoice!  
Exchange your benefits, your gifts combine;  
What nature fashions, let her sons refine.

Be thou, my Seer, the people's guardian friend,  
Protect their virtues and their lives defend;  
May wealth and wisdom with their arts unfold,  
Yet save, oh, save them from the thirst of gold!  
Let the poor guardless natives never feel  
The flamen's fraud, the soldier's fateful steel;  
But learn the blessings that alone attend  
On civil rights where social virtues blend,  
In these brave leaders find a welcome guide,

And rear their fanes and empires by their side.  
Smile, great Hesperia, smile; the star of morn  
Illumes thy heavens and bids thy day be born;  
Thy opening forests show the work begun,  
Thy plains unshaded drink a purer sun;  
Yield now thy bounties, load the laboring main,  
Give birth to nations, and begin thy reign.

The Hero spoke; when thus the Saint rejoin'd,  
Approved his joy, and feasted still his mind:  
Well may thy voice, with patriarch pride elate,  
Burst forth triumphant at a scene so great;  
Here springs indeed the day, since time began,  
The brightest, broadest, happiest morn of man.  
In these prime settlements thy raptures trace  
The germ, the genius of a sapient race,  
Predestined here to methodise and mould  
New codes of empire to reform the old.

A work so vast a second world required,  
By oceans bourn'd, from elder states retired;  
Where, uncontaminated, unconfined,  
Free contemplation might expand the mind,  
To form, fix, prove the well-adjusted plan,  
And base and build the commonwealth of man.

This arm, that leads the stellar host of even,  
That stretch'd o'er yon rude ridge the western heaven,  
That heal'd the wounded earth, when from her side  
The moon burst forth, and left the South Sea tide,  
That calm'd these elements, and taught them where  
To mould their mass and rib the crusted sphere,  
Line the closed continent with wrecks of life,  
And recommence their generating strife,  
That rear'd the mountain, spread the subject plain,  
Led the long stream and roll'd the billowy main,  
Stole from retiring tides the growing strand,  
Heaved the green banks, the shadowy inlets plann'd,  
Strow'd the wild fruitage, gave the beast his place,  
And form'd the region for thy filial race,-  
This arm prepared their future seats of state,  
Design'd their limits and prescribed their date.

When first the staggering globe its breach repair'd,  
And this bold hemisphere its shoulders rear'd,  
Back to those heights, whose hovering vapor shrouds  
My rock-raised world in Alleganian clouds,  
The Atlantic waste its coral kingdom spread,  
And scaly nations here their gambols led;  
Till by degrees, thro following tracts of time,  
From laboring ocean rose the sedgy clime,  
As from unloaded waves the rising sand

Swell'd into light and gently drew to land.  
For, moved by trade winds o'er the flaming zone,  
The waves roll westward with the constant sun,  
Meet my firm isthmus, scoop that gulphy bed,  
Wheel to the north, and here their current spread.  
Those ravaged banks, that move beneath their force,  
Borne on the tide and lost along their course,  
Create the shore, consolidate the soil.  
And hither lead the enlighten'd steps of toil.

Think not the lust of gold shall here annoy,  
Enslave the nation and its nerve destroy.  
No useless mine these northern hills enclose,  
No ruby ripens and no diamond glows;  
But richer stores and rocks of useful mould  
Repay in wealth the penury of gold.  
Freedom's unconquer'd race, with healthy toil,  
Shall lop the grove and warm the furrow'd soil,  
From iron ridges break the rugged ore,  
And plant with men the man-ennobling shore;  
Sails, villas, towers and temples round them heave,  
Shine o'er the realms and light the distant wave.  
Nor think the native tribes shall rue the day  
That leads our heroes o'er the watery way.  
A cause like theirs no mean device can mar,  
Nor bigot rage nor sacerdotal war.  
From eastern tyrants driven, resolved and brave,  
To build new states or seek a distant grave,  
Our sons shall try a new colonial plan,  
To tame the soil, but spare their kindred man.

Thro Europe's wilds when feudal nations spread.  
The pride of conquest every legion led.  
Each fur-clad chief, by servile crowds adored,  
O'er conquer'd realms assumed the name of lord,  
Built the proud castle, ranged the savage wood,  
Fired his grim host to frequent fields of blood,  
With new-made honors lured his subject bands,  
Price of their lives, and purchase of their lands;  
For names and titles bade the world resign  
Their faith, their freedom and their rights divine.

Contending baronies their terrors spread,  
And slavery follow'd where the standard led;  
Till, little tyrants by the great o'erthrown,  
The spoils of nobles build the regal crown;  
Wealth, wisdom, virtue, every claim of man  
Unguarded fall to consummate the plan.  
Ambitious cares, that nature never gave,  
Torment alike the monarch and the slave,  
Thro all degrees in gradual pomp ascend,  
Honor the name, but tyranny the end.

Far different honors here the heart shall claim,  
Sublimier objects, deeds of happier fame;  
A new creation waits the western shore,  
And moral triumphs o'er monarchic power.  
Thy freeborn sons, with genius unconfined,  
Nor sloth can slacken nor a tyrant bind;  
With self-wrought fame and worth internal blest,  
No venal star shall brighten on their breast,  
Nor king-created name nor courtly art  
Damp the bold thought or desiccate the heart.  
Above all fraud, beyond all titles great,  
Truth in their voice and sceptres at their feet,  
Like sires of unborn states they move sublime,  
Look empires thro and span the breadth of time,  
Hold o'er the world, that men may choose from far,  
The palm of peace, or scourge of barbarous war;  
Till their example every nation charms,  
Commands its friendship and its rage disarms.

Here social man a second birth shall find,  
And a new range of reason lift his mind,  
Feed his strong intellect with purer light,  
A nobler sense of duty and of right,  
The sense of liberty; whose holy fire  
His life shall temper and his laws inspire,  
Purge from all shades the world-embracing scope  
That prompts his genius and expands his hope.

When first his form arose erect on earth,  
Parturient nature hail'd the wondrous birth,  
With fairest limbs and finest fibres wrought,  
And framed for vast and various toils of thought.  
To aid his promised powers with loftier flight,  
And stretch his views beyond corporeal sight,  
Prometheus came, and from the floods of day  
Sunn'd his clear soul with heaven's internal ray,  
The expanding spark divine; that round him springs,  
And leads and lights him thro the immense of things,  
Probes the dense earth, explores the soundless main,  
Remoulds their mass thro all its threefold reign,  
O'er great, o'er small extends his physic laws,  
Empalms the empyrean or dissects a gaz,  
Weighs the vast orbs of heaven, bestrides the sky,  
Walks on the windows of an insect's eye;  
Turns then to self, more curious still to trace  
The whirls of passion that involve the race,  
That cloud with mist the visual lamp of God,  
And plunge the poniard in fraternal blood.  
Here fails his light. The proud Titanian ray  
O'er physic nature sheds indeed its day;  
Yet leaves the moral in chaotic jars,

The spoil of violence, the sport of wars,  
Presents contrasted parts of one great plan,  
Earth, heaven subdued, but man at swords with man;  
His wars, his errors into science grown,  
And the great cause of all his ills unknown.

But when he steps on these regenerate shores,  
His mind unfolding for superior powers,  
FREEDOM, his new Prometheus, here shall rise,  
Light her new torch in my refulgent skies,  
Touch with a stronger life his opening soul,  
Of moral systems fix the central goal,  
Her own resplendent essence. Thence expand  
The rays of reason that illumine the land;  
Thence equal rights proceed, and equal laws,  
Thence holy Justice all her reverence draws;  
Truth with untarnish'd beam descending thence,  
Strikes every eye, and quickens every sense,  
Bids bright Instruction spread her ample page,  
To drive dark dogmas from the inquiring age,  
Ope the true treasures of the earth and skies,  
And teach the student where his object lies.

Sun of the moral world! effulgent source  
Of man's best wisdom and his steadiest force,  
Soul-searching Freedom! here assume thy stand,  
And radiate hence to every distant land;  
Point out and prove how all the scenes of strife,  
The shock of states, the impassion'd broils of life,  
Spring from unequal sway; and how they fly  
Before the splendor of thy peaceful eye;  
Unfold at last the genuine social plan,  
The mind's full scope, the dignity of man,  
Bold nature bursting thro her long disguise,  
And nations daring to be just and wise.

Yes! righteous Freedom, heaven and earth and sea  
Yield or withhold their various gifts for thee;  
Protected Industry beneath thy reign  
Leads all the virtues in her filial train;  
Courageous Probity with brow serene,  
And Temperance calm presents her placid mien  
Contentment, Moderation, Labor, Art,  
Mould the new man and humanize his heart;  
To public plenty private ease dilates,  
Domestic peace to harmony of states.  
Protected Industry, careering far,  
Detects the cause and cures the rage of war,  
And sweeps, with forceful arm, to their last graves,  
Kings from the earth and pirates from the waves.

But slow proceeds the work. Long toils, my son,

Must base the fabric of so vast a throne;  
Where Freedom founds her everlasting reign,  
And earth's whole empires form the fair domain.  
That great coloniarch, whose exalted soul  
Pervades all scenes that future years unrol,  
Must yield the palm, and at a courtier's shrine  
His plans relinquish and his life resign;  
His life that brightens, as his death shall stain,  
The fair, foul annals of his master's reign.

That feeble band, the lonely wilds who tread,  
Their sire, their genius in their Raleigh dead,  
Shall pine and perish in the savage gloom,  
Or mount the wave and seek their ancient home.  
Others in vain the generous task pursue,  
The dangers tempt and all the strife renew;  
While kings and ministers obstruct the plan,  
Unfaithful guardians of the weal of man.

At last brave Delaware, with his blithe host,  
Sails in full triumph to the well-known coast,  
Aids with a liberal hand the patriot cause,  
Reforms their policy, designs their laws;  
Till o'er Virginia's plains they spread their sway,  
And push their hamlets tow'rd the setting day.  
He comes, my Delaware! how mild and bland  
My zephyrs greet him from the long-sought land!  
From fluvial glades that thro my cantons run,  
From those rich mounds that mask the falling sun.

Borne up my Chesapeak, as first he hails  
The flowery banks that scent his slackening sails,  
Descending twilight mellows down the gleam  
That spreads far forward on the broad blue stream;  
The moonbeam dancing, as the pendants glide,  
Silvers with trembling tints the ripply tide;  
The sand-sown beach, the rocky bluff repays  
The faint effulgence with their amber'd rays;  
O'er greenwood glens a browner lustre flies,  
And bright-hair'd hills walk shadowy round the skies.

Profound solicitude and strong delight  
Absorb the chief, as thro the waste of night  
He walks the lonely deck, and skirts the lands  
That wait their nations from his guiding hands.  
Tall thro the tide the river Sires by turns  
Rise round the bark and blend their social urns;  
Majestic brotherhood! each feels the power  
To feed an empire from his future store.  
They stand stupendous, flooding full the bay,  
And pointing each thro different climes the way.

Resplendent o'er the rest, the regent god  
Potowmak towers, and sways the swelling flood;  
Vines clothe his arms, wild fruits o'erfill his horn,  
Wreaths of green maize his reverend brows adorn,  
His silver beard reflects the lunar day,  
And round his loins the scaly nations play.  
The breeze falls calm, the sails in silence rest,  
While thus his greetings cheer the stranger guest:

Blest be the bark that seized the promised hour  
To waft thee welcome to this friendly shore!  
Long have we learnt the fame that here awaits  
The future sires of our unplanted states;  
We all salute thee with our mingling tides,  
Our high-fenced havens and our fruitful sides.  
The hundred realms our myriad fountains drain  
Shall lose their limits in the vast domain;  
But my bold banks with proud impatience wait  
The palm of glory in a work so great;  
On me thy sons their central seat shall raise,  
And crown my labors with distinguish'd praise.  
For this, from rock-ribb'd lakes I forced my birth,  
And climb'd and sunder'd many a mound of earth,  
Rent the huge hills that yonder heave on high  
And with their tenfold ridges rake the sky,  
Removed whole mountains in my headlong way,  
Strow'd a strong soil around this branching Bay,  
Scoop'd wide his basins to the distant main,  
And hung with headlands every marsh they drain.

Haste then, my heroes, tempt the fearless toil,  
Enrich your nations with the nurturing spoil;  
O'er my vast vales let yellow harvests wave,  
Quay the calm ports and dike the lawns I lave.  
Win from the waters every stagnant fen,  
Where truant rills escape my conscious ken;  
And break those remnant rocks that still impede  
My current crowding thro the gaps I made.

So shall your barks pursue my branching bed,  
Slope after slope, to every fountain's head,  
Seat your contiguous towns on all my shores,  
And charge my channel with their seaward stores.  
Freedom and Peace shall well reward your care,  
My guardian mounds protect the friendly pair;  
Or if delirious War shall dare draw nigh,  
And eastern storms o'er cast the western sky,  
My soil shall rear the chief to guide your host,  
And drive the demon cringing from the coast;  
Yon verdant hill his sylvan seat shall claim,  
And grow immortal from his deathless fame.

Then shall your federal towers my bank adorn,  
And hail with me the great millennial morn  
That gilds your capitol. Thence earth shall draw  
Her first clear codes of liberty and law;  
There public right a settled form shall find,  
Truth trim her lamp to lighten humankind,  
Old Afric's sons their shameful fetters cast,  
Our wild Hesperians humanize at last,  
All men participate, all time expand  
The source of good my liberal sages plann'd.

This said, he plunges in the sacred flood;  
That closes calm and lulls the cradled god.  
Exulting at his words, the gallant crew  
Brace the broad canvass and their course pursue:  
For now the breathing airs, from ocean born,  
Breeze up the bay, and lead the lively morn  
That lights them to their port. Tis here they join  
Their bold precursors in the work divine;  
And here their followers, yet a numerous train,  
Wind o'er the wave and swell the new domain.  
For impious Laud, on England's wasted shore,  
Renews the flames that Mary fed before;  
Contristed sects his sullen fury fly,  
To seek new seats beneath a safer sky;  
Where faith and freedom yield a forceful charm,  
And toils and dangers every bosom warm.

Amid the tried unconquerable train,  
Whom tyrants press and seas oppose in vain,  
See Plymouth colons stretch their standards o'er,  
Face the dark wildmen and the wintry shore;  
See virtuous Baltimore ascend the wave,  
See peaceful Penn its unknown terrors brave;  
Swedes, Belgians, Gauls their various flags display,  
Full pinions crowding on the watery way;  
All from their different ports, their sails unfurl'd,  
Point their glad streamers to the western world.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book IX

### The Argument

Vision suspended. Night scene, as contemplated from the mount of vision. Columbus inquires the reason of the slow progress of science, and its frequent interruptions. Hesper answers, that all things in the physical as well as the moral and intellectual world are progressive in like manner. He traces their progress from the birth of the universe to the present state of the earth and its inhabitants; asserts the future advancement of society, till perpetual peace shall be established. Columbus proposes his doubts; alleges in support of them the successive rise and downfall of ancient nations; and infers future and periodical convulsions. Hesper, in answer, exhibits the great distinction between the ancient and modern state of the arts and of society. Crusades. Commerce. Hanseatic League. Copernicus. Kepler. Newton, Galileo. Herschel. Descartes. Bacon. Printing Press. Magnetic Needle. Geographical discoveries. Federal system in America. A similar system to be extended over the whole earth. Columbus desires a view of this.

But now had Hesper from the Hero's sight  
Veil'd the vast world with sudden shades of night.  
Earth, sea and heaven, where'er he turns his eye,  
Arch out immense, like one surrounding sky  
Lamp'd with reverberant fires. The starry train  
Paint their fresh forms beneath the placid main;  
Fair Cynthia here her face reflected laves,  
Bright Venus gilds again her natal waves,  
The Bear redoubling foams with fiery joles,  
And two dire dragons twine two arctic poles.  
Lights o'er the land, from cities lost in shade,  
New constellations, new galaxies spread,  
And each high pharos double flames provides,  
One from its fires, one fainter from the tides.

Centred sublime in this bivaulted sphere,  
On all sides void, unbounded, calm and clear,  
Soft o'er the Pair a lambent lustre plays,  
Their seat still cheering with concentred rays;  
To converse grave the soothing shades invite.  
And on his Guide Columbus fixt his sight:  
Kind messenger of heaven, he thus began,  
Why this progressive laboring search of man?  
If men by slow degrees have power to reach  
These opening truths that long dim ages teach,  
If, school'd in woes and tortured on to thought,  
Passion absorbing what experience taught,  
Still thro' the devious painful paths they wind,  
And to sound wisdom lead at last the mind,  
Why did not bounteous nature, at their birth,  
Give all their science to these sons of earth,  
Pour on their reasoning powers pellucid day,  
Their arts, their interests clear as light display?  
That error, madness and sectarian strife

Might find no place to havock human life.

To whom the guardian Power: To thee is given  
To hold high converse and inquire of heaven,  
To mark untraversed ages, and to trace  
Whate'er improves and what impedes thy race.  
Know then, progressive are the paths we go  
In worlds above thee, as in thine below  
Nature herself (whose grasp of time and place  
Deals out duration and impalms all space)  
Moves in progressive march; but where to tend,  
What course to compass, how the march must end,  
Her sons decide not; yet her works we greet  
Imperfect in their parts, but in their whole complete.

When erst her hand the crust of Chaos thirl'd,  
And forced from his black breast the bursting world,  
High swell'd the huge existence crude and crass,  
A formless dark impermeated mass;  
No light nor heat nor cold nor moist nor dry,  
But all concocting in their causes lie.  
Millions of periods, such as these her spheres  
Learn since to measure and to call their years,  
She broods the mass; then into motion brings  
And seeks and sorts the principles of things,  
Pours in the attractive and repulsive force,  
Whirls forth her globes in cosmogyrical course,  
By myriads and by millions, scaled sublime,  
To scoop their skies, and curve the rounds of time.

She groups their systems, lots to each his place,  
Strow'd thro immensity, and drown'd in space,  
All yet unseen; till light at last begun,  
And every system found a centred sun,  
Call'd to his neighbor and exchanged from far  
His infant gleams with every social star;  
Rays thwarting rays and skies o'erarching skies  
Robed their dim planets with commingling dyes,  
Hung o'er each heaven their living lamps serene,  
And tinged with blue the frore expanse between:  
Then joyous Nature hail'd the golden morn,  
Drank the young beam, beheld her empire born.

Lo the majestic movement! there they trace  
Their blank infinitudes of time and space,  
Vault with careering curves her central goal,  
Pour forth her day and stud her evening stole,  
Heedless of count; their numbers still unknown,  
Unmeasured still their progress round her throne;  
For none of all her firstborn sons, endow'd  
With heavenly sapience and pretensions proud,  
No seraph bright, whose keen considering eye

And sunbeam speed ascend from sky to sky,  
Has yet explored or counted all their spheres,  
Or fixt or found their past record of years.  
Nor can a ray from her remotest sun,  
Shot forth when first their splendid morn begun,  
Borne straight, continuous thro the void of space,  
Doubling each thousand years its rapid pace  
And hither posting, yet have reach'd this earth,  
To bring the tidings of its master's birth.

And mark thy native orb! tho later born,  
Tho still unstored with light her silver horn,  
As seen from sister planets, who repay  
Far more than she their borrow'd streams of day,  
Yet what an age her shell-rock ribs attest!  
Her sparry spines, her coal-encumber'd breast!  
Millions of generations toil'd and died  
To crust with coral and to salt her tide,  
And millions more, ere yet her soil began,  
Ere yet she form'd or could have nursed her man.

Then rose the proud phenomenon, the birth  
Most richly wrought, the favorite child of earth;  
But frail at first his frame, with nerves ill strung,  
Unform'd his footsteps, long untuned his tongue,  
Unhappy, unassociate, unrefined,  
Unfledged the pinions of his lofty mind,  
He wander'd wild, to every beast a prey,  
More prest with wrants, and feebler far than they;  
For countless ages forced from place to place,  
Just reproduced but scarce preserved his race.  
At last, a soil more fixt and streams more sweet  
Inform the wretched migrant where to seat;  
Euphrates' flowery banks begin to smile,  
Fruits fringe the Ganges, gardens grace the Nile;  
Nile, ribb'd with dikes, a length of coast creates,  
And giant Thebes begins her hundred gates,  
Mammoth of human works! her grandeur known  
These thousand lustres by its wrecks alone;  
Wrecks that humiliate still all modern states,  
Press the poized earth with their enormous weights,  
Refuse to quit their place, dissolve their frame  
And trust, like Ilion, to the bards their fame.  
Memphis amass'd her piles, that still o'erclimb  
The clouds of heaven, and task the tooth of time;  
Belus and Brama tame their vagrant throngs,  
And Homer, with his monumental songs,  
Builds far more durable his splendid throne  
Than all the Pharaohs with their hills of stone.

High roll'd the round of years that hung sublime  
These wondrous beacons in the night of time;

Studs of renown! that to thine eyes attest  
The waste of ages that beyond them rest;  
Ages how fill'd with toils! how gloom'd with woes!  
Trode with all steps that man's long march compose,  
Dim drear disastrous; ere his foot could gain  
A height so brilliant o'er the bestial train.

In those blank periods, where no man can trace  
The gleams of thought that first illumed his race,  
His errors, twined with science, took their birth,  
And forged their fetters for this child of earth.  
And when, as oft, he dared expand his view,  
And work with nature on the line she drew,  
Some monster, gender'd in his fears, unmann'd  
His opening soul, and marr'd the works he plann'd.  
Fear, the first passion of his helpless state,  
Redoubles all the woes that round him wait,  
Blocks nature's path and sends him wandering wide,  
Without a guardian and without a guide.

Beat by the storm, refresht by gentle rain,  
By sunbeams cheer'd or founder'd in the main,  
He bows to every force he can't control,  
Indows them all with intellect and soul,  
With passions various, turbulent and strong,  
Rewarding virtue and avenging wrong,  
Gives heaven and earth to their supernal doom,  
And swells their sway beyond the closing tomb.  
Hence rose his gods, that mystic monstrous lore  
Of blood-stain'd altars and of priestly power,  
Hence blind credulity on all dark things,  
False morals hence, and hence the yoke of kings.

Yon starry vault that round him rolls the spheres,  
And gives to earth her seasons, days and years,  
The source designates and the clue imparts  
Of all his errors and of all his arts.  
There spreads the system that his ardent thought  
First into emblems, then to spirits wrought;  
Spirits that ruled all matter and all mind,  
Nourish'd or famish'd, kill'd or cured mankind,  
Bade him neglect the soil whereon he fed,  
Work with hard hand for that which was not bread,  
Erect the temple, darken deep the shrine,  
Yield the full hecatomb with awe divine,  
Despise this earth, and claim with lifted eyes  
His health and harvest from the meteor'd skies.

Accustom'd thus to bow the suppliant head,  
And reverence powers that shake his heart with dread,  
His pliant faith extends with easy ken  
From heavenly hosts to heaven-anointed men;

The sword, the tripod join their mutual aids,  
To film his eyes with more impervious shades,  
Create a sceptred idol, and enshrine  
The Robber Chief in attributes divine,  
Arm the new phantom with the nation's rod,  
And hail the dreadful delegate of God.  
Two settled slaveries thus the race control,  
Engross their labors and debase their soul;  
Till creeds and crimes and feuds and fears compose  
The seeds of war and all its kindred woes.

Unfold, thou Memphian dungeon! there began  
The lore of Mystery, the mask of man;  
There Fraud with Science leagued, in early times,  
Plann'd a resplendent course of holy crimes,  
Stalk'd o'er the nations with gigantic pace,  
With sacred symbols charm'd the cheated race,  
Taught them new grades of ignorance to gain,  
And punish truth with more than mortal pain,-  
Unfold at last thy cope! that man may see  
The mines of mischief he has drawn from thee.  
-Wide gapes the porch with hieroglyphics hung,  
And mimic zodiacs o'er its arches flung;  
Close labyrinth'd here the feign'd Omniscient dwells,  
Dupes from all nations seek the sacred cells;  
Inquiring strangers, with astonish'd eyes,  
Dive deep to read these subterranean skies,  
To taste that holiness which faith bestows,  
And fear promulgates thro its world of woes.  
The bold Initiate takes his awful stand,  
A thin pale taper trembling in his hand;  
Thro hells of howling monsters lies the road,  
To season souls and teach the ways of God.

Down the cramped corridor, far sunk from day,  
On hands and bended knees he gropes his way,  
Swims roaring streams, thro dens of serpents crawls,  
Descends deep wells and clambers flaming walls;  
Now thwart his lane a lake of sulphur gleams,  
With fiery waves and suffocating steams;  
He dares not shun the ford; for full in view  
Fierce lions rush behind and force him thro.  
Long ladders heaved on end, with banded eyes  
He mounts, and mounts, and seems to gain the skies;  
Then backward falling, tranced with deadly fright,  
Finds his own feet and stands restored to light.  
Here all dread sights of torture round him rise;  
Lash'd on a wheel, a whirling felon flies;  
A wretch, with members chain'd and liver bare,  
Writhes and disturbs the vulture feasting there:  
One strains to roll his rock, recoiling still;  
One, stretch'd recumbent o'er a limpid rill,

Burns with devouring thirst; his starting eyes,  
Swell'd veins and frothy lips and piercing cries  
Accuse the faithless eddies, as they shrink  
And keep him panting still, still bending o'er the brink.

At last Elysium to his ravisht eyes  
Spreads flowery fields and opens golden skies;  
Breathes Orphean music thro the dancing groves,  
Trains the gay troops of Beauties, Graces, Loves,  
Lures his delirious sense with sweet decoys,  
Fine fancied foretaste of eternal joys,  
Fastidious pomp or proud imperial state,-  
Illusions all, that pass the Ivory Gate!

Various and vast the fraudulent drama grows,  
Feign'd are the pleasures, as unfelt the woes;  
Where sainted hierophants, with well taught mimes,  
Play'd first the role for all succeeding times;  
Which, vamp'd and varied as the clime required,  
More trist or splendid, open or retired,  
Forms local creeds, with multifarious lore,  
Creates the God and bids the world adore.

Lo at the Lama's feet, as lord of all,  
Age following age in dumb devotion fall;  
The youthful god, mid suppliant kings enshrined,  
Dispensing fate and ruling half mankind,  
Sits with contorted limbs, a silent slave,  
An early victim of a secret grave;  
His priests by myriads famish every clime  
And sell salvation in the tones they chime.

See India's Triad frame their blood-penn'd codes,  
Old Ganges change his gardens for his gods,  
Ask his own waves from their celestial hands,  
And choke his channel with their sainted sands.  
Mad with the mandates of their scripted word,  
And prompt to snatch from hell her dear dead lord,  
The wife, still blooming, decks her sacred urns,  
Mounts the gay pyre, and with his body burns.

Shrined in his golden fane the Delphian stands,  
Shakes distant thrones and taxes unknown lands.  
Kings, consuls, khans from earth's whole regions come,  
Pour in their wealth, and then inquire their doom;  
Furious and wild the priestess rends her veil,  
Sucks, thro the sacred stool, the maddening gale,  
Starts reddens foams and screams and mutters loud,  
Like a fell fiend, her oracles of God.  
The dark enigma, by the pontiff scroll'd  
In broken phrase, and close in parchment roll'd,  
From his proud pulpit to the suppliant hurl'd,

Shall rive an empire and distract the world.

And where the mosque's dim arches bend on high,  
Mecca's dead prophet mounts the mimic sky;  
Pilgrims, imbanding strong for mutual aid,  
Thro dangerous deserts that their faith has made,  
Train their long caravans, and famish'd come  
To kiss the shrine and trembling touch the tomb,  
By fire and sword the same fell faith extend,  
And howl their homilies to earth's far end.

Phenician altars reek with human gore,  
Gods hiss from caverns or in cages roar,  
Nile pours from heaven a tutelary flood,  
And gardens grow the vegetable god.  
Two rival powers the magian faith inspire,  
Primeval Darkness and immortal Fire;  
Evil and good in these contending rise,  
And each by turns the sovereign of the skies.  
Sun, stars and planets round the earth behold  
Their fanes of marble and their shrines of gold;  
The sea, the grove, the harvest and the vine  
Spring from their gods and claim a birth divine;  
While heroes, kings and sages of their times,  
Those gods on earth, are gods in happier climes;  
Minos in judgment sits, and Jove in power,  
And Odin's friends are feasted there with gore.

Man is an infant still; and slow and late  
Must form and fix his adolescent state,  
Mature his manhood, and at last behold  
His reason ripen and his force unfold.  
From that bright eminence he then shall cast  
A look of wonder on his wanderings past,  
Congratulate himself, and o'er the earth  
Firm the full reign of peace predestined at his birth.

So Hesper taught; and farther had pursued  
A theme so grateful as a world renew'd;  
But dubious thoughts disturb'd the Hero's breast,  
Who thus with modest mien the Seer address:  
Say, friend of man, in this unbounded range,  
Where error vagrates and illusions change,  
What hopes to see his baleful blunders cease,  
And earth commence that promised age of peace?  
Like a loose pendulum his mind is hung,  
From wrong to wrong by ponderous passion swung,  
It vibrates wide, and with unceasing flight  
Sweeps all extremes and scorns the mean of right.  
Tho in the times you trace he seems to gain  
A steadier movement and a path more plain,  
And tho experience will have taught him then

To mark some dangers, some delusions ken,  
Yet who can tell what future shocks may spread  
New shades of darkness round his lofty head,  
Plunge him again in some broad gulph of woes,  
Where long and oft he struggled, wreck'd and rose?

What strides he took in those gigantic times  
That sow'd with cities all his orient climes!  
When earth's proud floods he tamed, made many a shore,  
And talk'd with heaven from Babel's glittering tower!  
Did not his Babylon exulting say,  
I sit a queen, for ever stands my sway?  
Thebes, Memphis, Nineveh, a countless throng,  
Caught the same splendor and return'd the song;  
Each boasted, promised o'er the world to rise,  
Spouse of the sun, eternal as the skies.  
Where shall we find them now? the very shore  
Where Ninus rear'd his empire is no more:  
The dikes decay'd, a putrid marsh regains  
The sunken walls, the tomb-encumber'd plains,  
Pursues the dwindling nations where they shrink,  
And skirts with slime its deleterious brink.  
The fox himself has fled his gilded den,  
Nor holds the heritage he won from men;  
Lapwing and reptile shun the curst abode,  
And the foul dragon, now no more a god,  
Trails off his train; the sickly raven flies;  
A wide strong-stencht Avernus chokes the skies.  
So pride and ignorance fall a certain prey  
To the stanch bloodhound of despotic sway.

Then past a long drear night, with here and there  
A doubtful glimmering from a single star;  
Tyre, Carthage, Syracuse the gleam increase,  
Till dawns at last the effulgent morn of Greece,  
Here all his Muses meet, all arts combine  
To nerve his genius and his works refine;  
Morals and laws and arms, and every grace  
That e'er adorn'd or could exalt the race,  
Wrought into science and arranged in rules,  
Swell the proud splendor of her cluster'd schools,  
Build and sustain the state with loud acclaim,  
And work those deathless miracles of fame  
That stand unrivall'd still; for who shall dare  
Another field with Marathon compare?  
Who speaks of eloquence or sacred song,  
But calls on Greece to modulate his tongue?  
And where has man's fine form so perfect shone  
In tint or mould, in canvass or in stone?

Yet from that splendid height o'erturn'd once more,  
He dasht in dust the living lamp he bore.

Dazzled with her own glare, decoy'd and sold  
For homebred faction and barbaric gold,  
Greece treads on Greece, subduing and subdued,  
New crimes inventing, all the old renew'd,  
Canton o'er canton climbs; till, crush'd and broke,  
All yield the sceptre and resume the yoke.

Where shall we trace him next, the migrant man,  
To try once more his meliorating plan?  
Shall not the Macedonian, where he strides  
O'er Asian worlds and Nile's neglected tides,  
Prepare new seats of glory, to repay  
The transient shadows with perpetual day?  
His heirs erect their empires, and expand  
The beams of Greece thro each benighted land;  
Seleucia spreads o'er ten broad realms her sway,  
And turns on eastern climes the western ray;  
Palmyra brightens earth's commercial zone,  
And sits an emblem of her god the sun;  
While fond returning to that favorite shore  
Where Ammon ruled and Hermes taught of yore,  
All arts concentrate, force and grace combine  
To rear and blend the useful with the fine,  
Restore the Egyptian glories, and retain,  
Where science dawn'd, her great resurgent reign.

From Egypt chased again, he seeks his home,  
More firmly fixt in sage considerate Rome.  
Here all the virtues long resplendent shone  
All that was Greek, barbarian and her own;  
She school'd him sound, and boasted to extend  
Thro time's long course and earth's remotest end  
His glorious reign of reason; soon to cease  
The clang of arms, and rule the world in peace.  
Great was the sense he gain'd, and well defined  
The various functions of his tutor'd mind;  
Could but his sober sense have proved his guide,  
And kind experience pruned the shoots of pride.

A field magnificent before him lay;  
Land after land received the spreading ray;  
Franchise and friendship travell'd in his train,  
Bandits of earth and pirates of the main  
Rose into citizens, their rage resign'd.  
And hail'd the great republic of mankind.  
If ever then state slaughter was to pause,  
And man from nature learn to frame his laws.  
This was the moment; here the sunbeam rose  
To hush the human storm and let the world repose.

But drunk with pomp and sickening at the light,  
He stagger'd wild on this delirious height;

Forgot the plainest truths he learnt before,  
And barter'd moral for material power.  
From Calpe's rock to India's ardent skies,  
O'er shuddering earth his talon'd Eagle flies,  
To justice blind, and heedless where she drove,  
As when she bore the brandisht bolt of Jove.

Rome loads herself with chains, seals fast her eyes,  
And tells the insulted nations when to rise;  
And rise they do, like sweeping tempests driven,  
Swarm following swarm, o'ershading earth and heaven,  
Roll back her outrage, and indignant shed  
The world's wide vengeance on her sevenfold head.  
Then dwindling back to littleness and shade  
Man soon forgets the gorgeous glare he made,  
Sinks to a savage serf or monkish drone,  
Roves in rude hordes or counts his beads alone,  
Wars with his arts, obliterates his lore,  
And burns the books that rear'd his race before.

Shrouded in deeper darkness now he veers  
The vast gyration of a thousand years,  
Strikes out each lamp that would illumine his way,  
Disputes his food with every beast of prey;  
Imbands his force to fence his trist abodes,  
A wretched robber with his feudal codes.

At length, it seems, some parsimonious rays  
Collect from each far heaven a feeble blaze,  
Dance o'er his Europe, and again excite  
His numerous nations to receive the light.  
But faint and slow the niggard dawn expands,  
Diffused o'er various far dissunder'd lands,  
Dreading, as well it may, to prove once more  
The same sad chance so often proved before.

And why not lapse again? Celestial Seer,  
Forgive my doubts, and ah remove my fear!  
Man is my brother; strong I feel the ties,  
From strong solicitude my doubts arise;  
My heart, while opening with the boundless scope  
That swells before him and expands his hope,  
Forebodes another fall; and tho at last  
Thy world is planted and with light o'ercast,  
Tho two broad continents their beams combine  
Round his whole globe to stream his day divine,  
Perchance some folly, yet uncured, may spread  
A storm proportion'd to the lights they shed,  
Veil both his continents, and leave again  
Between them stretch'd the impermeable main;  
All science buried, sails and cities lost,  
Their lands uncultured, as their seas uncrossed.

Till on thy coast, some thousand ages hence,  
New pilots rise, bold enterprise commence,  
Some new Columbus (happier let him be,  
More wise and great and virtuous far than me)  
Launch on the wave, and tow'rd the rising day  
Like a strong eaglet steer his untaught way,  
Gird half the globe, and to his age unfold  
A strange new world, the world we call the old.  
From Finland's glade to Calpe's storm-beat head  
He'll find some tribes of scattering wildmen spread;  
But one vast wilderness will shade the soil,  
No wreck of art, no sign of ancient toil  
Tell where a city stood; nor leave one trace  
Of all that honors now, and all that shames the race.

If such the round we run, what hope, my friend,  
To see our madness and our miseries end?-  
Here paused the Patriarch: mild the Saint return'd,  
And as he spoke, fresh glories round him burn'd:  
My son, I blame not but applaud thy grief;  
Inquiries deep should lead to slow belief.  
So small the portion of the range of man  
His written stories reach or views can span,  
That wild confusion seems to clog his march,  
And the dull progress made illudes thy search.  
But broad beyond compare, with steadier hand  
Traced o'er his earth, his present paths expand.  
In sober majesty and matron grace  
Sage Science now conducts her filial race;  
And if, while all their arts around them shine,  
They culture more the solid than the fine,  
Tis to correct their fatal faults of old,  
When, caught by tinsel, they forgot the gold;  
When their strong brilliant imitative lines  
Traced nature only in her gay designs,  
Rear'd the proud column, toned her chanting lyre,  
Warm'd the full senate with her words of fire,  
Pour'd on the canvass every pulse of life,  
And bade the marble rage with human strife.

These were the arts that nursed unequal sway,  
That priests would pamper and that kings would pay,  
That spoke to vulgar sense, and often stole  
The sense of right and freedom from the soul.  
While, circumscribed in some concentred clime,  
They reach'd but one small nation at a time,  
Dazzled that nation, pufft her local pride,  
Proclaim'd her hatred to the world beside,  
Drew back returning hatred from afar,  
And sunk themselves beneath the storms of war.

As, when the sun moves o'er the flaming zone,

Collecting clouds attend his fervid throne,  
Superior splendors, in his morn display'd,  
Prepare for noontide but a heavier shade;  
Thus where the brilliant arts alone prevail'd,  
Their shining course succeeding storms assail'd;  
Pride, wrong and insult hemm'd their scanty reign,  
A Nile their stream, a Hellespont their main,  
Content with Tiber's narrow shores to wind,  
They fledged their Eagle but to fang mankind;  
Ere great inventions found a tardy birth,  
And with their new creations blest the earth.

Now sober'd man a steadier gait assumes,  
Broad is the beam that breaks the Gothic glooms.  
At once consenting nations lift their eyes,  
And hail the holy dawn that streaks the skies;  
Arabian caliphs rear the spires of Spain,  
The Lombards keel their Adriatic main,  
Great Charles, invading and reviving all,  
Plants o'er with schools his numerous states of Gaul;  
And Alfred opes the mines whence Albion draws  
The ore of all her wealth,-her liberty and laws.

Ausonian cities interchange and spread  
The lights of learning on the wings of trade;  
Bologna's student walls arise to fame,  
Germania, thine their rival honors claim;  
Halle, Gottinge, Upsal, Kiel and Leyden smile,  
Oxonia, Cambridge cheer Britannia's isle;  
Where, like her lark, gay Chaucer leads the lay,  
The matin carol of his country's day.

Blind War himself, that erst opposed all good,  
And whelm'd meek Science in her votaries' blood,  
Now smooths, by means unseen, her modest way,  
Extends her limits and secures her sway.  
From Europe's world his mad crusaders pour  
Their banded myriads on the Asian shore;  
The mystic Cross, thro famine toil and blood,  
Leads their long marches to the tomb of God.  
Thro realms of industry their passage lies,  
And labor'd affluence feasts their curious eyes;  
Till fields of slaughter whelm the broken host,  
Their pride appall'd, their warmest zealots lost,  
The wise remains to their own shores return,  
Transplant all arts that Hagar's race adorn,  
Learn from long intercourse their mutual ties,  
And find in commerce where their interest lies.

From Drave's long course to Biscay's bending shores,  
Where Adria sleeps, to where the Bothnian roars,  
In one great Hanse, for earth's whole trafic known,

Free cities rise, and in their golden zone  
Bind all the interior states; nor princes dare  
Infringe their franchise with voracious war.  
All shield them safe, and joy to share the gain  
That spreads o'er land from each surrounding main,  
Makes Indian stuffs, Arabian gums their own,  
Plants Persian gems on every Celtic crown,  
Pours thro their opening woodlands milder day,  
And gives to genius his expansive play.

This blessed moment, from the towers of Thorn  
New splendor rises; there the sage is born!  
The sage who starts these planetary spheres,  
Deals out their task to wind their own bright years,  
Restores his station to the parent Sun,  
And leads his duteous daughters round his throne.  
Each mounts obedient on her wheels of fire,  
Whirls round her sisters, and salutes the sire,  
Guides her new car, her youthful coursers tries,  
Curves careful paths along her alter'd skies,  
Learns all her mazes thro the host of even,  
And hails and joins the harmony of heaven.  
-Fear not, Copernicus! let loose the rein,  
Launch from their goals, and mark the moving train;  
Fix at their sun thy calculating eye,  
Compare and count their courses round their sky.  
Fear no disaster from the slanting force  
That warps them staggering in elliptic course;  
Thy sons with steadier ken shall aid the search,  
And firm and fashion their majestic march,  
Kepler prescribe the laws no stars can shun,  
And Newton tie them to the eternal sun.

By thee inspired, his tube the Tuscan plies,  
And sends new colonies to stock the skies,  
Gives Jove his satellites, and first adorns  
Effulgent Phosphor with his silver horns.  
Herschel ascends himself with venturous wain,  
And joins and flanks thy planetary train,  
Perceives his distance from their elder spheres,  
And guards with numerous moons the lonely round he steers.

Yes, bright Copernicus, thy beams, far hurl'd,  
Shall startle well this intellectual world,  
Break the delusive dreams of ancient lore,  
New floods of light on every subject pour,  
Thro Phisic Nature many a winding trace,  
And seat the Moral on her sister's base.  
Descartes with force gigantic toils alone,  
Unshrines old errors and propounds his own;  
Like a blind Samson, gropes their strong abodes,  
Whelms deep in dust their temples and their gods,

Buries himself with those false codes they drew,  
And makes his followers frame and fix the true.

Bacon, with every power of genius fraught,  
Spreads over worlds his mantling wings of thought,  
Draws in firm lines, and tells in nervous tone  
All that is yet and all that shall be known,  
Withes Proteus Matter in his arms of might,  
And drags her tortuous secrets forth to light,  
Bids men their unproved systems all forgo,  
Informs them what to learn, and how to know,  
Waves the first flambeau thro the night that veils  
Egyptian fables and Phenician tales,  
Strips from all-plundering Greece the cloak she wore,  
And shows the blunders of her borrow'd lore.

One vast creation, lately borne abroad,  
Cheers the young nations like a nurturing God,  
Breathes thro them all the same wide-searching soul.  
Forms, feeds, refines and animates the whole,  
Guards every ground they gain, and forward brings  
Glad Science soaring on cerulean wings,  
Trims her gay plumes, directs her upward course,  
Props her light pinions and sustains her force,  
Instructs all men her golden gifts to prize,  
And catch new glories from her beamful eyes,-  
Tis the prolific Press; whose tablet, fraught  
By graphic Genius with his painted thought,  
Flings forth by millions the prodigious birth,  
And in a moment stocks the astonish'd earth.

Genius, enamor'd of his fruitful bride,  
Assumes new force and elevates his pride.  
No more, recumbent o'er his finger'd style,  
He plods whole years each copy to compile,  
Leaves to ludicrous winds the priceless page,  
Or to chance fires the treasure of an age;  
But bold and buoyant, with his sister Fame,  
He strides o'er earth, holds high his ardent flame,  
Calls up Discovery with her tube and scroll,  
And points the trembling magnet to the pole.  
Hence the brave Lusitanians stretch the sail,  
Scorn guiding stars, and tame the midsea gale;  
And hence thy prow deprest the boreal wain,  
Rear'd adverse heavens, a second earth to gain,  
Ran down old Night, her western curtain thirl'd,  
And snatch'd from swaddling shades an infant world.

Rome, Athens, Memphis, Tyre! had you butknown  
This glorious triad, now familiar grown,  
The Press, the Magnet faithful to its pole,  
And earth's own Movement round her steadfast goal,

Ne'er had your science, from that splendid height,  
Sunk in her strength, nor seen succeeding night.  
Her own utility had forced her sway,  
All nations caught the fast-extending ray,  
Nature thro' all her kingdoms oped the road,  
Resign'd her secrets and her wealth bestow'd;  
Her moral codes a like dominion rear'd,  
Freedom been born and folly disappear'd,  
War and his monsters sunk beneath her ban,  
And left the world to reason and to man.

But now behold him bend his broader way,  
Lift keener eyes and drink diviner day,  
All systems scrutinize, their truths unfold,  
Prove well the recent, well revise the old,  
Reject all mystery, and define with force  
The point he aims at in his laboring course,-  
To know these elements, learn how they wind  
Their wondrous webs of matter and of mind,  
What springs, what guides organic life requires,  
To move, rule, rein its ever-changing gyres,  
Improve and utilise each opening birth,  
And aid the labors of this nurturing earth.

But chief their moral soul he learns to trace,  
That stronger chain which links and leads the race;  
Which forms and sanctions every social tie,  
And blinds or clears their intellectual eye.  
He strips that soul from every filmy shade  
That schools had caught, that oracles had made,  
Relumes her visual nerve, develops strong  
The rules of right, the subtle shifts of wrong;  
Of civil power draws clear the sacred line,  
Gives to just government its right divine,  
Forms, varies, fashions, as his lights increase,  
Till earth is fill'd with happiness and peace.

Already taught, thou know'st the fame that waits  
His rising seat in thy confederate states.  
There stands the model, thence he long shall draw  
His forms of policy, his traits of law;  
Each land shall imitate, each nation join  
The well-based brotherhood, the league divine,  
Extend its empire with the circling sun,  
And band the peopled globe beneath its federal zone.

As thus he spoke, returning tears of joy  
Suffused the Hero's cheek and pearl'd his eye:  
Unveil, said he, my friend, and stretch once more  
Beneath my view that heaven-illumined shore;  
Let me behold her silver beams expand,  
To lead all nations, lighten every land,

Instruct the total race, and teach at last  
Their toils to lessen and their chains to cast,  
Trace and attain the purpose of their birth,  
And hold in peace this heritage of earth.  
The Seraph smiled consent, the Hero's eye  
Watch'd for the daybeam round the changing sky.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book VI

### The Argument

British cruelty to American prisoners. Prison Ship. Retreat of Washington with the relics of his army, pursued by Howe. Washington recrossing the Delaware in the night, to surprise the British van, is opposed by uncommon obstacles. His success in this audacious enterprise lays the foundation of the American empire. A monument to be ere on the bank of the Delaware. Approach of Burgoyne, sailing up the St. Laurence with an army of Britons and various other nations. Indignant energy of the colonies, compared to that of Greece in opposing the invasion of Xerxes. Formation of an army of citizens, under the command of Gates. Review of the American and British armies, and of the savage tribes who join the British standard. Battle of Saratoga. Story of Lucinda. Second battle, and capture of Burgoyne and his army.

But of all tales that war's black annals hold,  
The darkest, foulest still remains untold;  
New modes of torture wait the shameful strife,  
And Britain wantons in the waste of life.

Cold-blooded Cruelty, first fiend of hell,  
Ah think no more with savage hordes to dwell;  
Quit the Caribian tribes who eat their slain,  
Fly that grim gang, the Inquisitors of Spain,  
Boast not thy deeds in Moloch's shrines of old,  
Leave Barbary's pirates to their blood-bought gold,  
Let Holland steal her victims, force them o'er  
To toils and death on Java's morbid shore;  
Some cloak, some color all these crimes may plead;  
Tis avarice, passion, blind religion's deed;  
But Britons here, in this fraternal broil,  
Grave, cool, deliberate in thy service toil.  
Far from the nation's eye, whose nobler soul  
Their wars would humanize, their pride control,  
They lose the lessons that her laws impart,  
And change the British for the brutal heart.  
Fired by no passion, madden'd by no zeal,  
No priest, no Plutus bids them not to feel;  
Unpaid, gratuitous, on torture bent,  
Their sport is death, their pastime to torment;  
All other gods they scorn, but bow the knee,  
And curb, well pleased, O Cruelty, to thee.

Come then, curst goddess, where thy votaries reign,  
Inhale their incense from the land and main;  
Come to Newyork, their conquering arms to greet,  
Brood o'er their camp and breathe along their fleet;  
The brother chiefs of Howe's illustrious name  
Demand thy labors to complete their fame.  
What shrieks of agony thy praises sound!  
What grateless dungeons groan beneath the ground!  
See the black Prison Ship's expanding womb

Impested thousands, quick and dead, entomb.  
Barks after barks the captured seamen bear,  
Transboard and lodge thy silent victims there;  
A hundred scows, from all the neighboring shore,  
Spread the dull sail and ply the constant oar,  
Waft wrecks of armies from the well fought field,  
And famisht garrisons who bravely yield;  
They mount the hulk, and, cramm'd within the cave,  
Hail their last house, their living, floating grave.

She comes, the Fiend! her grinning jaws expand,  
Her brazen eyes cast lightning o'er the strand,  
Her wings like thunder-clouds the welkin sweep,  
Brush the tall spires and shade the shuddering deep;  
She gains the deck, displays her wonted store,  
Her cords and scourges wet with prisoners' gore;  
Gripes, pincers, thumb-screws spread beneath her feet,  
Slow poisonous drugs and loads of putrid meat;  
Disease hangs drizzling from her slimy locks,  
And hot contagion issues from her box.

O'er the closed hatches ere she takes her place,  
She moves the massy planks a little space,  
Opes a small passage to the cries below,  
That feast her soul on messages of woe;  
There sits with gaping ear and changeless eye,  
Drinks every groan and treasures every sigh,  
Sustains the faint, their miseries to prolong,  
Revives the dying and unnerves the strong.

But as the infected mass resign their breath.  
She keeps with joy the register of death.  
As tost thro portholes from the encumber'd cave,  
Corpse after corpse fall dashing in the wave;  
Corpse after corpse, for days and months and years,  
The tide bears off, and still its current clears;  
At last, o'erloaded with the putrid gore,  
The slime-clad waters thicken round the shore.  
Green Ocean's self, that oft his wave renews,  
That drinks whole fleets with all their battling crews,  
That laves, that purifies the earth and sky,  
Yet ne'er before resign'd his natural dye,  
Here purples, blushes for the race he bore  
To rob and ravage this unconquer'd shore;  
The scaly nations, as they travel by,  
Catch the contagion, sicken, gasp and die.

Now Hesper turns the Hero's tearful eye  
To other fields where other standards fly;  
For here constrain'd new warfare to disclose,  
And show the feats of more than mortal foes,  
Where interposing with celestial might,

His own dread labors must decide the fight,  
He bids the scene with pomp unusual rise,  
To teach Columbus how to read the skies.

He marks the trace of Howe's triumphant course,  
And wheels o'er Jersey plains his gathering force;  
Where dauntless Washington, begirt with foes,  
Still greater rises as the danger grows,  
And wearied troops, o'er kindred warriors slain,  
Attend his march thro many a sanguine plain.

From Hudson's bank to Trenton's wintry strand,  
He guards in firm retreat his feeble band;  
Britons by thousands on his flanks advance,  
Bend o'er his rear and point the lifted lance.  
Past Delaware's frozen stream, with scanty force,  
He checks retreat; then turning back his course,  
Remounts the wave, and thro the mingled roar  
Of ice and storm reseeks the hostile shore,  
Wrapt in the gloom of night. The offended Flood  
Starts from his cave, assumes the indignant god,  
Rears thro the parting tide his foamy form,  
And with his fiery eyeballs lights the storm.  
He stares around him on the host he heard,  
Clears his choked urn and smooths his icy beard,  
And thus: Audacious chief, this troubled wave  
Tempt not; or tempting, here shall gape thy grave.  
Is nothing sacred to thy venturous might?  
The howling storm, the holy truce of night,  
High tossing ice-isles crashing round thy side,  
Insidious rocks that pierce the tumbling tide?  
Fear then this forceful arm, and hear once more,  
Death stands between thee and that shelvy shore.

The chief beholds the god, and notes his cry,  
But onward drives, nor pauses to reply;  
Calls to each bark, and spirits every host  
To toil, gain, tempt the interdicted coast.  
The crews, regardless of the doubling roar,  
Breast the strong helm, and wrestle with the oar,  
Stem with resurgent prow the struggling spray,  
And with phosphoric lanterns shape their way.

The god perceived his warning words were vain,  
And rose more furious to assert his reign,  
Lash'd up a loftier surge, and heaved on high  
A ridge of billows that obstruct the sky;  
And, as the accumulated mass he rolls,  
Bares the sharp rocks and lifts the gaping shoals.  
Forward the fearless barges plunge and bound,  
Top the curl'd wave, or grind the flinty ground,  
Careen, whirl, right, and sidelong dasht and tost,

Now seem to reach and now to lose the coast.

Still unsubdued the sea-drench'd army toils,  
Each buoyant skiff the flouncing godhead foils;  
He raves and roars, and in delirious woe  
Calls to his aid his ancient hoary foe,  
Almighty Frost; when thus the vanquish'd Flood  
Bespeaks in haste the great earth-rending god:  
Father of storms! behold this mortal race  
Confound my force and brave me to my face.  
Not all my waves by all my tempests driven,  
Nor black night brooding o'er the starless heaven,  
Can check their course; they toss and plunge amain,  
And lo, my guardian rocks project their points in vain.

Come to my help, and with thy stiffening breath  
Clog their strain'd helms, distend their limbs indeath.  
Tho ancient enmity our realms divide,  
And oft thy chains arrest my laboring tide,  
Let strong necessity our cause combine,  
Thy own disgrace anticipate in mine;  
Even now their oars thy sleet in vain congeals,  
Thy crumbling ice-cakes crash beneath their keels;  
Their impious arms already cope with ours,  
And mortal man defies immortal Powers.

Roused at the call, the Monarch mounts the storm;  
In muriat flakes he robes his nitrous form,  
Glares thro the compound, all its blast inhales,  
And seas turn crystal where he breathes his gales.  
He comes careering o'er his bleak domain,  
But comes untended by his usual train;  
Hail, sleet and snow-rack far behind him fly,  
Too weak to wade thro this petrific sky,  
Whose air consolidates and cuts and stings,  
And shakes hoar tinsel from its flickering wings.  
Earth heaves and cracks beneath the alighting god;  
He gains the pass, bestrides the roaring flood,  
Shoots from his nostrils one wide withering sheet  
Of treasured meteors on the struggling fleet;  
The waves conglaciate instant, fix in air,  
Stand like a ridge of rocks, and shiver there.  
The barks, confounded in their headlong surge,  
Or wedged in crystal, cease their oars to urge;  
Some with prone prow, as plunging down the deep,  
And some remounting o'er the slippery steep  
Seem laboring still, but moveless, lifeless all;  
And the chill'd army here awaits its fall.

But Hesper, guardian of Hesperia's right,  
From his far heaven looks thro the rayless night;  
And, stung to vengeance at the unequal strife,

To save her host, in jeopardy of life,  
Starts from his throne, ascends his flamy car.  
And turns tremendous to the field of war.  
His wheels, resurging from the depth of even,  
Roll back the night, streak wide the startled heaven,  
Regain their easting with reverted gyres,  
And stud their path with scintillating fires.  
He cleaves the clouds; and, swift as beams of day,  
O'er California sweeps his splendid way;  
Missouri's mountains at his passage nod,  
And now sad Delaware feels the present god,  
And trembles at his tread. For here to fight  
Rush two dread Powers of such unmeasured might,  
As threats to annihilate his doubtful reign,  
Convulse the heaven and mingle earth and main.

Frost views his brilliant foe with scornful eye,  
And whirls a tenfold tempest thro the sky;  
Where each fine atom of the immense of air,  
Steel'd, pointed, barb'd for unexampled war,  
Sings o'er the shuddering ground; when thus he broke  
Contemptuous silence, and to Hesper spoke:  
Thou comest in time to share their last disgrace,  
To change to crystal with thy rebel race,  
Stretch thy huge corse o'er Delaware's bank afar,  
And learn the force of elemental war.  
Or if undying life thy lamp inspire,  
Take that one blast and to thy sky retire;  
There, roll'd eternal round the heavens, proclaim  
Thy own disaster and my deathless fame.

I come, said Hesper, not to insult the brave,  
But break thy sceptre and let loose my wave,  
Teach the proud Stream more peaceful tides to roll,  
And send thee howling to thy stormy pole;  
That drear dominion shall thy rage confine;  
This land, these waters and those troops are mine.

He added not; and now the sable storm,  
Pierced by strong splendor, burst before his form;  
His visage stern an awful lustre shed,  
His pearly planet play'd around his head.  
He seized a lofty pine, whose roots of yore  
Struck deep in earth, to guard the sandy shore  
From hostile ravage of the mining tide,  
That rakes with spoils of earth its crumbling side.  
He wrencht it from the soil, and o'er the foe  
Whirl'd the strong trunk, and aim'd a sweeping blow,  
That sung thro air, but miss'd the moving god,  
And fell wide crashing on the frozen flood.  
For many a rood the shivering ice it tore,  
Loosed every bark and shook the sounding shore;

Stroke after stroke with doubling force he plied,  
Foil'd the hoar Fiend and pulverized the tide.  
The baffled tyrant quits the desperate cause;  
From Hesper's heat the river swells and thaws,  
The fleet rolls gently to the Jersey coast,  
And morning splendors greet the landing host.

Tis here dread Washington, when first the day  
O'er Trenton beam'd to light his rapid way,  
Pour'd the rude shock on Britain's vanguard train,  
And led whole squadrons in his captive chain;  
Where veteran troops to half their numbers yield,  
Tread back their steps, or press the sanguine field,  
To Princeton plains precipitate their flight,  
Thro new disasters and unfinish'd fight,  
Resign their conquests by one sad surprise,  
Sink in their pride and see their rivals rise.

Here dawn'd the daystar of Hesperia's fame,  
Here herald glory first emblaz'd her name;  
On Delaware's bank her base of empire stands,  
The work of Washington's immortal hands;  
Prompt at his side while gallant Mercer trod,  
And seal'd the firm foundation with his blood.

In future years, if right the Muse divine,  
Some great memorial on this bank shall shine;  
A column bold its granite shaft shall rear,  
Swell o'er the strand and check the passing air,  
Cast its broad image on the watery glade,  
And Bristol greet the monumental shade;  
Eternal emblem of that gloomy hour,  
When the great general left her storm-beat shore,  
To tempest, night and his own sword consign'd  
His country's fates, the fortunes of mankind.

Where sealike Laurence, rolling in his pride,  
With Ocean's self disputes the tossing tide,  
From shore to shore, thro dim distending skies,  
Beneath full sails imbanded nations rise.  
Britain and Brunswick here their flags unfold,  
Here Hestia's hordes, for toils of slaughter sold,  
Anspach and Darmstadt swell the hireling train,  
Proud Caledonia crowds the masted main,  
Hibernian kerns and Hanoverian slaves  
Move o'er the decks and darken wide the waves.

Tall on the boldest bark superior shone  
A warrior ensign'd with a various crown;  
Myrtles and laurels equal honors join'd,  
Which arms had purchased and the Muses twined;  
His sword waved forward, and his ardent eye

Seem'd sharing empires in the southern sky.  
Beside him rose a herald to proclaim  
His various honors, titles, feats and fame;  
Who raised an opening scroll, where proudly shone  
Burgoyne and vengeance from the British throne.

Champlain receives the congregated host,  
And his husht waves beneath the sails are lost;  
Ticonderoga rears his rocks in vain,  
Nor Edward's walls the weighty shock sustain;  
Deep George's loaded lake reluctant guides  
Their bounding barges o'er his sacred tides.  
State after state the splendid pomp appalls,  
Each town surrenders, every fortress falls;  
Sinclair retires; and with his feeble train,  
In slow retreat o'er many a fatal plain,  
Allures their march; wide moves their furious force,  
And flaming hamlets mark their wasting course;  
Thro fortless realms their spreading ranks are wheel'd,  
On Mohawk's wrestern wave, on Bennington's dread field.

At last where Hudson, with majestic pace,  
Swells at the sight, and checks his rapid race,  
Thro dark Stillwater slow and silent moves,  
And flying troops with sullen pause reproves,  
A few firm bands their starry standard rear,  
Wheel, front and face the desolating war.  
Sudden the patriot flame each province warms,  
Deep danger calls, the freemen quit their farms,  
Seize their tried muskets, name their chiefs to lead,  
Endorse their knapsacks and to vengeance speed.  
O'er all the land the kindling ardor flies,  
Troop follows troop, and flags on flags arise,  
Concentred, train'd, their forming files unite,  
Swell into squadrons and demand the fight.

When Xerxes, raving at his sire's disgrace,  
Pour'd his dark millions on the coast of Thrace,  
O'er groaning Hellespont his broad bridge hurl'd,  
Hew'd ponderous Athos from the trembling world,  
Still'd with his weight of ships the struggling main,  
And bound the billows in his boasted chain,  
Wide o'er proud Macedon he wheel'd his course,  
Thrace, Thebes, Thessalia join'd his furious force.  
Thro six torn states his hovering swarms increase,  
And hang tremendous on the skirts of Greece;  
Deep groan the shrines of all her guardian gods,  
Sad Pelion shakes, divine Olympus nods,  
Shock'd Ossa sheds his hundred hills of snow,  
And Tempe swells her murmuring brook below;  
Wild in her starts of rage the Pythian shrieks,  
Dodona's Oak the pangs of nature speaks,

Eleusis quakes thro all her mystic caves,  
And black Trophonius gapes a thousand graves.  
But soon the freeborn Greeks to vengeance rise,  
Brave Sparta springs where first the danger lies,  
Her self-devoted Band, in one steel'd mass,  
Plunge in the gorge of death, and choke the Pass,  
Athenian youths, the unwieldy war to meet,  
Couch the stiff lance, or mount the well arm'd fleet;  
They sweep the incumber'd seas of their vast load,  
And fat their fields with lakes of Asian blood.

So leapt our youths to meet the invading hordes,  
Fame fired their courage, freedom edged their swords.  
Gates in their van on high-hill'd Bemus rose,  
Waved his blue steel and dared the headlong foes;  
Undaunted Lincoln, laboring on his right,  
Urged every arm, and gave them hearts to fight;  
Starke, at the dexter flank, the onset claims,  
Indignant Herkimer the left inflames;  
He bounds exulting to commence the strife.  
And buy the victory with his barter'd life.

And why, sweet Minstrel, from the harp of fame  
Withhold so long that once resounding name?  
The chief who, steering by the boreal star,  
O'er wild Canadia led our infant war,  
In desperate straits superior powers display'd,  
Burgoyne's dread scourge, Montgomery's ablest aid;  
Ridgefield and Compo saw his valorous might  
With ill-arm'd swains put veteran troops to flight.  
Tho treason foul hath since absorb'd his soul,  
Bade waves of dark oblivion round him roll,  
Sunk his proud heart abhorrent and abhorr'd,  
Effaced his memory and defiled his sword;  
Yet then untarnisht roll'd his conquering car;  
Then famed and foremost in the ranks of war  
Brave Arnold trod; high valor warm'd his breast,  
And beams of glory play'd around his crest.  
Here toils the chief; whole armies from his eye  
Resume their souls, and swift to combat fly.

Camp'd on a hundred hills, and trench'd in form,  
Burgoyne's long legions view the gathering storm;  
Uncounted nations round their general stand,  
And wait the signal from his guiding hand.  
Canadia crowds her Gallic colons there,  
Ontario's yelling tribes torment the air,  
Wild Huron sends his lurking hordes from far,  
Insidious Mohawk swells the woodland war;  
Scalpers and ax-men rush from Erie's shore,  
And Iroquois augments the war whoop roar;  
While all his ancient troops his train supply,

Half Europe's banners waving thro the sky;  
Deep squadron'd horse support his endless flanks,  
And park'd artillery frowns behind the ranks.  
Flush'd with the conquest of a thousand fields,  
And rich with spoils that all the region yields,  
They burn with zeal to close the long campaign,  
And crush Columbia on this final plain.

His fellow chiefs inhale the hero's flame,  
Nerves of his arm and partners in his fame:  
Phillips, with treasured thunders poised and wheel'd  
In brazen tubes, prepares to rake the field;  
The trench-tops darken with the sable rows,  
And, tipt with fire, the waving match-rope glows.  
There gallant Reidesel in German guise,  
And Specht and Breyman, prompt for action, rise;  
His savage hordes the murderous Johnson leads,  
Files thro the woods and treads the tangled weeds,  
Shuns open combat, teaches where to run,  
Skulk, couch the ambush, aim the hunter's gun,  
Whirl the sly tomahawk, the war whoop sing,  
Divide the spoils and pack the scalps they bring.

Frazer in quest of glory seeks the field;-  
False glare of glory, what hast thou to yield?  
How long, deluding phantom, wilt thou blind,  
Mislead, debase, unhumanize mankind?  
Bid the bold youth, his headlong sword who draws,  
Heed not the object, nor inquire the cause;  
But seek adventuring, like an errant knight,  
Wars not his own, gratuitous in fight,  
Greet the gored field, then plunging thro the fire,  
Mow down his men, with stupid pride expire,  
Shed from his closing eyes the finish'd flame,  
And ask, for all his crimes, a deathless name?  
And when shall solid glory, pure and bright,  
Alone inspire us, and our deeds requite?  
When shall the applause of men their chiefs pursue  
In just proportion to the good they do,  
On virtue's base erect the shrine of fame,  
Define her empire, and her code proclaim?

Unhappy Frazer! little hast thou weigh'd  
The crineful cause thy valor comes to aid.  
Far from thy native land, thy sire, thy wife,  
Love's lisp'ing race that cling about thy life,  
Thy soul beats high, thy thoughts expanding roam  
On battles past, and laurels yet to come:  
Alas, what laurels? where the lasting gain?  
A pompous funeral on a desert plain!  
The cannon's roar, the muffled drums proclaim,  
In one short blast, thy momentary fame,

And some war minister per-hazard reads  
In what far field the tool of placemen bleeds.

Brave Heartly strode in youth's o'erweening pride;  
Housed in the camp he left his blooming bride,  
The sweet Lucinda; whom her sire from far,  
On steeds high bounding o'er the waste of war,  
Had guided thro the lines, and hither led,  
That fateful morn, the plighted chief to wed.  
He deem'd, deluded sire! the contest o'er,  
That routed rebels dared the fight no more;  
And came to mingle, as the tumult ceased,  
The victor's triumph with the nuptial feast.  
They reach'd his tent; when now with loud alarms  
The morn burst forth and roused the camp to arms;  
Conflicting passions seized the lover's breast,  
Bright honor call'd, and bright Lucinda prest:-  
And wilt thou leave me for that clangorous call?  
Traced I these deserts but to see thee fall?  
I know thy valorous heart, thy zeal that speeds  
Where dangers press and boldest battle bleeds.  
My father said blest Hymen here should join  
With sacred Love to make Lucinda thine;  
But other union these dire drums foredoom,  
The dark dead union of the eternal tomb.  
On yonder plain, soon sheeted o'er with blood,  
Our nuptial couch shall prove a crimson clod;  
For there this night thy livid corpse must lie,  
I'll seek it there, and on that bosom die.  
Yet go; tis duty calls; but o'er thy head  
Let this white plume its floating foliage spread;  
That from the rampart, thro the troubled air,  
These eyes may trace thee toiling in the war.  
She fixt the feather on his crest above,  
Bound with the mystic knot, the knot of love;  
He parted silent, but in silent prayer  
Bade Love and Hymen guard the timorous fair.

Where Saratoga show'd her champaign side,  
That Hudson bathed with still untainted tide,  
The opposing pickets push'd their scouting files,  
Wheel'd skirmisht, halted, practised all their wiles;  
Each to mislead, insnare, exhaust their foes,  
And court the conquest ere the armies close.

Now roll like winged storms the solid lines,  
The clarion thunders and the battle joins,  
Thick flames in vollied flashes load the air,  
And echoing mountains give the noise of war;  
Sulphureous clouds rise reddening round the height,  
And veil the skies, and wrap the sounding fight.  
Soon from the skirts of smoke, where thousands toil,

Ranks roll away and into light recoil;  
Starke pours upon them in a storm of lead;  
His hosted swains bestrew the field with dead,  
Pierce with strong bayonets the German reins,  
Whelm two battalions in their captive chains,  
Bid Baum, with wounds enfeebled, quit the field,  
And Breyman next his gushing lifeblood yield.

This Frazer sees, and thither turns his course,  
Bears down before them with Britannia's force,  
Wheels a broad column on the victor flank,  
And springs to vengeance thro the foremost rank.  
Lincoln, to meet the hero, sweeps the plain;  
His ready bands the laboring Starke sustain;  
Host matching host, the doubtful battle burns,  
And now the Britons, now their foes by turns  
Regain the ground; till Frazer feels the force  
Of a rude grapeshot in his flouncing horse;  
Nor knew the chief, till struggling from the fall,  
That his gored thigh had first received the ball.  
He sinks expiring on the slippery soil;  
Shock'd at the sight, his baffled troops recoil;  
Where Lincoln, pressing with redoubled might,  
Broke thro their squadrons and confirmed the flight;  
When this brave leader met a stunning blow,  
That stopt his progress and avenged the foe.  
He left the field; but prodigal of life,  
Unwearied Francis still prolong'd the strife;  
Till a chance carabine attained his head,  
And stretch'd the hero mid the vulgar dead.  
His near companions rush with ardent gait,  
Swift to revenge, but soon to share his fate;  
Brown, Adams, Coburn, falling side by side,  
Drench the chill sod with all their vital tide.

Firm on the west bold Herkimer sustains  
The gather'd shock of all Canadia's trains;  
Colons and wildmen post their skulkers there,  
Outflank his pickets and assail his rear,  
Drive in his distant scouts with hideous blare,  
And press, on three sides close, the hovering war.  
Johnson's own shrieks commence the deafening din,  
Rouse every ambush and the storm begin.  
A thousand thickets, thro each opening glen,  
Pour forth their hunters to the chase of men;  
Trunks of huge trees, and rocks and ravines lend  
Unnumber'd batteries and their files defend;  
They fire, they squat, they rise, advance and fly,  
And yells and groans alternate rend the sky.  
The well aim'd hatchet cleaves the helmless head,  
Mute showers of arrows and loud storms of lead  
Rain thick from hands unseen, and sudden fling

A deep confusion thro the laboring wing.

But Herkimer undaunted quits the stand,  
Breaks in loose files his disencumbered band,  
Wheels on the howling glens each light-arm'd troop,  
And leads himself where Johnson tones his whoop,  
Pours thro his copse a well directed fire;  
The semisavage sees his tribes retire,  
Then follows thro the brush in full horse speed,  
And gains the hilltop where the Hurons lead;  
Here turns his courser; when a grateful sight  
Recals his stragglers, and restrains his flight.  
For Herkimer no longer now sustains  
The loss of blood that his faint vitals drains:  
A ball had pierced him ere he changed his field;  
The slow sure death his prudence had conceal'd,  
Till dark derouted foes should yield to flight,  
And his firm friends could finish well the fight.

Lopt from his horse the hero sinks at last;  
The Hurons ken him, and with hallooing blast  
Shake the vast wilderness; the tribes around  
Drink with broad ears and swell the rending sound,  
Rush back to vengeance with tempestuous might,  
Sweep the long slopes from every neighboring height,  
Full on their check'd pursuers; who regain,  
From all their woods, the first contested plain.  
Here open fight begins; and sure defeat  
Had forced that column to a swift retreat,  
But Arnold, toiling thro the distant smoke,  
Beheld their plight, a small detachment took,  
Bore down behind them with his field-park loud,  
And hail'd his grapeshot thro the savage crowd;  
Strow'd every copse with dead, and chased afar  
The affrighted relics from the skirts of war.

But on the centre swells the heaviest charge,  
The squares develop and the lines enlarge.  
Here Kosciusko's mantling works conceal'd  
His batteries mute, but soon to scour the field;  
Morgan with all his marksmen flanks the foe,  
Hull, Brooks and Courtlandt in the vanguard glow;  
Here gallant Dearborn leads his light-arm'd train,  
Here Scammel towers, here Silly shakes the plain.

Gates guides the onset with his waving brand,  
Assigns their task to each unfolding band,  
Sustains, inspirits, prompts the warrior's rage,  
Now bids the flank and now the front engage,  
Points the stern riflers where their slugs to pour,  
And tells the unmasking batteries when to roar.  
For here impetuous Powell wheels and veers

His royal guards, his British grenadiers;  
His Highland broadswords cut their wasting course,  
His horse-artillery whirls its furious force.  
Here Specht and Reidesel to battle bring  
Their scattering yagers from each folding wing;  
And here, concentrated in tremendous might,  
Britain's whole park, descending to the fight,  
Roars thro the ranks; tis Phillips leads the train,  
And toils and thunders o'er the shuddering plain.

Burgoyne, secure of victory, from his height,  
Eyes the whole field and orders all the fight,  
Marks where his veterans plunge their fiercest fire,  
And where his foes seem halting to retire,  
Already sees the starry staff give way.  
And British ensigns gaining on the day;  
When from the western wing, in steely glare,  
All-conquering Arnold surged the tide of war.  
Columbia kindles as her hero comes;  
Her trump's shrill clangor and her deafening drums  
Redoubling sound the charge; they rage, they burn,  
And hosted Europe trembles in her turn.  
So when Pelides' absence check'd her fate,  
All Ilion issued from her guardian gate;  
Her huddling squadrons like a tempest pour'd,  
Each man a hero and each dart a sword,  
Full on retiring Greece tumultuous fall,  
And Greece reluctant seeks her sheltering wall;  
But Pelius' son rebounding o'er the plain,  
Troy backward starts and seeks her towers again.

Arnold's dread falchion, with terrific sway,  
Rolls on the ranks and rules the doubtful day,  
Confounds with one wide sweep the astonish'd foes,  
And bids at last the scene of slaughter close.  
Pale rout begins, Britannia's broken train  
Tread back their steps and scatter from the plain,  
To their strong camp precipitate retire,  
And wide behind them streams the roaring fire.

Meantime, the skirts of war as Johnson gored,  
His kindred cannibals desert their lord;  
They scour the waste for undistinguish'd prey,  
Howl thro the night the horrors of the day,  
Scalp every straggler from all parties stray'd,  
Each wounded wanderer thro the moonlight glade;  
And while the absent armies give them place,  
Each camp they plunder and each world disgrace.

One deed shall tell what fame great Albion draws  
From these auxiliars in her barbarous cause,  
Lucinda's fate; the tale, ye nations, hear;

Eternal ages, trace it with a tear.  
Long from the rampart, thro the imbattled field,  
She spied her Heartly where his column wheel'd,  
Traced him with steadfast eye and tortured breast,  
That heaved in concert with his dancing crest;  
And oft, with head advanced and hand outspread,  
Seem'd from her Love to ward the flying lead;  
Till, dimm'd by distance and the gathering cloud;  
At last he vanish'd in the warrior crowd.  
She thought he fell; and wild with fearless air,  
She left the camp to brave the woodland war,  
Made a long circuit, all her friends to shun,  
And wander'd wide beneath the falling sun;  
Then veering to the field, the pickets past,  
To gain the hillock where she miss'd him last.  
Fond maid, he rests not there; from finish'd fight  
He sought the camp, and closed the rear of flight.

He hurries to his tent;-oh rage! despair!  
No glimpse, no tidings of the frantic fair;  
Save that some carmen, as acamp they drove,  
Had seen her coursing for the western grove.  
Faint with fatigue and choked with burning thirst,  
Forth from his friends with bounding leap he burst,  
Vaults o'er the palisade with eyes on flame,  
And fills the welkin with Lucinda's name,  
Swift thro the wild wood paths phrenetic springs,-  
Lucind! Lucinda! thro the wild wood rings.  
All night he wanders; barking wolves alone  
And screaming night-birds answer to his moan;  
For war had roused them from their savage den;  
They scent the field, they snuff the walks of men.

The fair one too, of every aid forlorn,  
Had raved and wander'd, till officipus morn  
Awaked the Mohawks from their short repose,  
To glean the plunder, ere their comrades rose.  
Two Mohawks met the maid,-historian, hold!-  
Poor Human Nature! must thy shame be told?  
Where then that proud preeminence of birth,  
Thy Moral Sense? the brightest boast of earth.  
Had but the tiger changed his heart for thine,  
Could rocks their bowels with that heart combine,  
Thy tear had gusht, thy hand relieved her pain,  
And led Lucinda to her lord again.

She starts, with eyes upturn'd and fleeting breath,  
In their raised axes views her instant death,  
Spreads her white hands to heaven in frantic prayer,  
Then runs to grasp their knees, and crouches there.  
Her hair, half lost along the shrubs she past,  
Rolls in loose tangles round her lovely waist;

Her kerchief torn betrays the globes of snow  
That heave responsive to her weight of woe.  
Does all this eloquence suspend the knife?  
Does no superior bribe contest her life?  
There does: the scalps by British gold are paid;  
A long-hair'd scalp adorns that heavenly head;  
Arid comes the sacred spoil from friend or foe,  
No marks distinguish, and no man can know.

With calculating pause and demon grin,  
They seize her hands, and thro her face divine  
Drive the descending ax; the shriek she sent  
Attain'd her lover's ear; he thither bent  
With all the speed his wearied limbs could yield,  
Whirl'd his keen blade, and stretch'd upon the field  
The yelling fiends; who there disputing stood  
Her gory scalp, their horrid prize of blood.  
He sunk delirious on her lifeless clay,  
And past, in starts of sense, the dreadful day.

Are these thy trophies, Carleton! these the swords  
Thy hand unsheath'd and gave the savage hordes,  
Thy boasted friends, by treaties brought from far,  
To aid thy master in his murderous war?

But now Britannia's chief, with proud disdain  
Coop'd in his camp, demands the field again.  
Back to their fate his splendid host he drew,  
Swell'd high their rage, and led the charge anew;  
Again the batteries roar, the lightnings play,  
Again they fall, again they roll away;  
For now Columbia, with rebounding might,  
Foil'd quick their columns, but confined their flight.  
Her wings, like fierce tornados, gyring ran,  
Crusht their wide flanks and gain'd their flying van;  
Here Arnold charged; the hero storm'd and pour'd  
A thousand thunders where he turn'  
No pause, no parley; onward far he fray'd,  
Dispersed whole squadrons every bound he made,  
Broke thro their rampart, seized their camp and stores  
And pluck'd the standard from their broken towers.

Aghast, confounded in the midway field,  
They drop their arms; the banded nations yield.  
When sad Burgoyne, in one disastrous day,  
Sees future crowns and former wreaths decay,  
His banners furl'd, his long battalions wheel'd  
To pile their muskets on the battle field;  
While two pacific armies shade one plain,  
The mighty victors and the captive train.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book VII

### The Argument

Coast of France rises in vision. Louis, to humble the British power, forms an alliance with the American states. This brings France, Spain and Holland into the war, and rouses Hyder Ally to attack the English in India. The vision returns to America, where the military operations continue with various success. Battle of Monmouth. Storming of Stonypoint by Wayne. Actions of Lincoln, and surrender of Charleston. Movements of Cornwallis. Actions of Greene, and battle of Eutaw. French army arrives, and joins the American. They march to besiege the English army of Cornwallis in York and Gloster. Naval battle of Degrasse and Graves. Two of their ships grappled and blown up. Progress of the siege. A citadel mined and blown up. Capture of Cornwallis and his army. Their banners furled and muskets piled on the field of battle.

Thus view'd the Pair; when lo, in eastern skies,  
From glooms unfolding, Gallia's coasts arise.  
Bright o'er the scenes of state a golden throne,  
Instarr'd with gems and hung with purple, shone;  
Young Bourbon there in royal splendor sat,  
And fleets and moving armies round him wait.  
For now the contest, with increased alarms,  
Fill'd every court and roused the world to arms;  
As Hesper's hand, that light from darkness brings,  
And good to nations from the scourge of kings,  
In this dread hour bade broader beams unfold,  
And the new world illuminate the old.

In Europe's realms a school of sages trace  
The expanding dawn that waits the Reasoning Race;  
On the bright Occident they fix their eyes,  
Thro glorious toils where struggling nations rise;  
Where each firm deed, each new illustrious name  
Calls into light a field of nobler fame:  
A field that feeds their hope, confirms the plan  
Of well poised freedom and the weal of man.  
They scheme, they theorize, expand their scope,  
Glance o'er Hesperia to her utmost cope;  
Where streams unknown for other oceans stray,  
Where suns unseen their waste of beams display,  
Where sires of unborn nations claim their birth,  
And ask their empires in those wilds of earth.  
While round all eastern climes, with painful eye,  
In slavery sunk they see the kingdoms lie,  
Whole states exhausted to enrich a throne,  
Their fruits untasted and their rights unknown;  
Thro tears of grief that speak the well taught mind,  
They hail the æra that relieves mankind.

Of these the first, the Gallic sages stand,  
And urge their king to lift an aiding hand.  
The cause of humankind their souls inspired,

Columbia's wrongs their indignation fired;  
To share her fateful deeds their counsel moved,  
To base in practice what in theme they proved:  
That no proud privilege from birth can spring,  
No right divine, nor compact form a king;  
That in the people dwells the sovereign sway,  
Who rule by proxy, by themselves obey;  
That virtues, talents are the test of awe,  
And Equal Rights the only source of law.  
Surrounding heroes wait the monarch's word,  
In foreign fields to draw the patriot sword,  
Prepared with joy to join those infant powers,  
Who build republics on the western shores.

By honest guile the royal ear they bend,  
And lure him on, blest Freedom to defend;  
That, once recognised, once established there,  
The world might learn her proffer'd boon to share.  
But artful arguments their plan disguise,  
Garb'd in the gloss that suits a monarch's eyes.  
By arms to humble Britain's haughty power,  
From her to sever that extended shore,  
Contents his utmost wish. For this he lends  
His powerful aid, and calls the oppressed his friends.  
The league proposed, he lifts his arm to save,  
And speaks the borrow'd language of the brave:

Ye states of France, and ye of rising name  
Who work those distant miracles of fame,  
Hear and attend; let heaven the witness bear,  
We wed the cause, we join the righteous war.  
Let leagues eternal bind each friendly land,  
Given by our voice, and established by our hand;  
Let that brave people fix their infant sway,  
And spread their blessings with the bounds of day.  
Yet know, ye nations; hear, ye Powers above,  
Our purposed aid no views of conquest move;  
In that young world revives no ancient claim  
Of regions peopled by the Gallic name;  
Our envied bounds, already stretch'd afar,  
Nor ask the sword, nor fear encroaching war;  
But virtue, coping with the tyrant power  
That drenches earth in her best children's gore,  
With nature's foes bids former compact cease;  
We war reluctant, and our wish is peace;  
For man's whole race the sword of France we draw;  
Such is our will, and let our will be law.

He spoke; his moving armies veil'd the plain,  
His fleets rode bounding on the western main;  
O'er lands and seas the loud applauses rung,  
And war and union dwelt on every tongue.

The other Bourbon caught the splendid strain,  
To Gallia's arms he joins the powers of Spain;  
Their sails assemble; Crillon lifts the sword,  
Minorca bows and owns her ancient lord.  
But while dread Elliott shakes the Midland wave,  
They strive in vain the Calpian rock to brave.  
Batavia's states with equal speed prepare  
Thro western isles to meet the naval war;  
For Albion there rakes rude the tortured main,  
And foils the force of Holland, France and Spain.

Where old Indostan still perfumes the skies,  
To furious strife his ardent myriads rise;  
Fierce Hyder there, unconquerably bold,  
Bids a new flag its horned moons unfold,  
Spreads o'er Carnatic kings his splendid force,  
And checks the Britons in their waiting course.

Europe's pacific powers their counsels join,  
The laws of trade to settle and define.  
The imperial Moscovite around him draws  
Each Baltic state to join the righteous cause;  
Whose arm'd Neutrality the way prepares  
To check the ravages of future wars;  
Till by degrees the wasting sword shall cease,  
And commerce lead to universal peace.

Thus all the ancient world with anxious eyes  
Enjoy the lights that gild Atlantic skies,  
Wake to new life, assume a borrow'd flame,  
Enlarge the lustre and partake the fame.  
So mounts of ice, that polar heavens invade,  
Tho piled unseen thro night's long wintry shade.  
When morn at last illumines their glaring throne,  
Give back the day and imitate the sun.

But still Columbus, on his war-beat shore,  
Sees Albion's fleets her new battalions pour;  
The states unconquer'd still their terrors wield,  
And stain with mingled gore the embattled field.  
On Pennsylvania's various plains they move,  
And adverse armies equal slaughter prove;  
Columbia mourns her Nash in combat slain,  
Britons around him press the gory plain;  
Skirmish and cannonade and distant fire  
Each power diminish and each nation tire.  
Till Howe from fruitless toil demands repose,  
And leaves despairing in a land of foes  
His wearied host; who now, to reach their fleet,  
O'er Jersey hills commence their long retreat,  
Tread back the steps their chief had led before,

And ask in vain the late abandon'd shore,  
Where Hudson meets, the main; for on their rear  
Columbia moves; and checks their swift career.

But where green Monmouth lifts his grassy height,  
They halt, they face, they dare the coming fight.  
Howe's proud successor, Clinton, hosting there,  
To tempt once more the desperate chance of war,  
Towers at their head, in hopes to work relief,  
And mend the errors of his former chief.  
Here shines his day; and here with loud acclaim  
Begins and ends his little task of fame.  
He vaults before them with his balanced blade,  
Wheels the bright van, and forms the long parade;  
Where Britons, Hessians crowd the glittering field,  
And all their powers for ready combat wield.  
As the dim sun, beneath the skirts of even,  
Crimsons the clouds that sail the western heaven;  
So, in red wavy rows, where spread the train  
Of men and standards, shone the fateful plain.

They shone, till Washington obscured their light,  
And his long ranks roll'd forward to the fight.  
He points the charge; the mounted thunders roar,  
And rake the champaign to the distant shore.  
Above the folds of smoke that veil the war,  
His guiding sword illumines the fields of air;  
And vollied flames, bright bursting o'er the plain,  
Break the brown clouds, discovering far the slain:  
Till flight begins; the smoke is roll'd away,  
And the red standards open into day.  
Britons and Germans hurry from the field,  
Now wrapt in dust, and now to sight reveal'd;  
Behind, swift Washington his falchion drives,  
Thins the pale ranks, but saves submissive lives.  
Hosts captive bow and move behind his arm,  
And hosts before him wing the sounding storm;  
When the glad sea salutes their fainting sight,  
And Albion's fleet wide thundering aids their flight;  
They steer to sad Newyork their hasty way,  
And rue the toils of Monmouth's mournful day.

But Hudson still, with his interior tide,  
Laves a rude rock that bears Britannia's pride,  
Swells round the headland with indignant roar,  
And mocks her thunders from his murmuring shore;  
When a firm cohort starts from Peekskill plain,  
To crush the invaders and the post regain.  
Here, gallant Hull, again thy sword is tried,  
Meigs, Fleury, Butler, laboring side by side,  
Wayne takes the guidance, culls the vigorous band,  
Strikes out the flint, and bids the nervous hand

Trust the mute bayonet and midnight skies,  
To stretch o'er craggy walls the dark surprise.  
With axes, handspikes on the shoulder hung,  
And the sly watchword whisper'd from the tongue,  
Thro different paths the silent march they take,  
Plunge, climb the ditch, the palisado break,  
Secure each sentinel, each picket shun,  
Grove the dim postern where the byways run.  
Soon the roused garrison perceives its plight;  
Small time to rally and no means of flight,  
They spring confused to every post they know,  
Point their poised cannon where they hear the foe,  
Streak the dark welkin with the flames they pour,  
And rock the mountain with convulsive roar.

The swift assailants still no fire return,  
But, tow'rd the batteries that above them burn,  
Climb hard from crag to crag; and scaling higher  
They pierce the long dense canopy of fire  
That sheeted all the sky; then rush amain,  
Storm every outwork, each dread summit gain,  
Hew timber'd gates, the sullen drawbridge fall,  
File thro and form within the sounding wall.  
The Britons strike their flag, the fort forgo,  
Descend sad prisoners to the plain below.  
A thousand veterans, ere the morning rose,  
Received their handcuffs from five hundred foes;  
And Stonypoint beheld, with dawning day,  
His own starr'd standard on his rampart play.

From sack'd Savanna, whelm'd in hostile fires,  
A few raw troops brave Lincoln now retires; 21  
With rapid march to suffering Charleston goes,  
To meet the myriads of concentrating foes,  
Who shade the pointed strand. Each fluvial flood  
Their gathering fleets and floating batteries load,  
Close their black sails, debark the amphibious host,  
And with their moony anchors fang the coast.

The bold beleaguer'd post the hero gains,  
And the hard siege with various fate sustains.  
Cornwallis, towering at the British van,  
In these fierce toils his wild career began;  
He mounts the forky streams, and soon bestrides  
The narrow neck that parts converging tides,  
Sinks the deep trench, erects the mantling tower,  
Lines with strong forts the desolated shore,  
Hems on all sides the long unsuccour'd place,  
With mines and parallels contracts the space;  
Then bids the battering floats his labors crown,  
And pour their bombard on the shuddering town.

High from the decks the mortar's bursting fires  
Sweep the full streets, and splinter down the spires.  
Blaze-trailing fuses vault the night's dim round,  
And shells and langrage lacerate the ground;  
Till all the tented plain, where heroes tread,  
Is torn with crags and cover'd with the dead.  
Each shower of flames renews the townsmen's woe,  
They wail the fight, they dread the cruel foe.  
Matrons in crowds, while tears bedew their charms,  
Babes at their sides and infants in their arms,  
Press round their Lincoln and his hand implore,  
To save them trembling from the tyrant's power.  
He shares their anguish with a moistening eye,  
And bids the balls rain thicker thro the sky;  
Tries every aid that art and valor yield,  
The sap, the countermine, the battling field,  
The bold sortie, by famine urged afar,  
That dreadful daughter of earth-wasting War.  
But vain the conflict now; on all the shore  
The foes in fresh brigades around him pour;  
He yields at last the well contested prize,  
And freedom's banners quit the southern skies.

The victor Britons soon the champaign tread,  
And far anorth their fire and slaughter spread;  
Thro fortless realms, where unarm'd peasants fly,  
Cornwallis bears his bloody standard high;  
O'er Carolina rolls his growing force,  
And thousands fall and thousands aid his course;  
While in his march athwart the wide domain,  
Colonial dastards join his splendid train.  
So mountain streams thro slopes of melting snow  
Swell their foul waves and flood the world below.

Awhile the Patriarch saw, with heaving sighs,  
These crimson flags insult the saddening skies,  
Saw desolation whelm his favorite coast,  
His children scattered and their vigor lost,  
DeKalb in furious combat press the plain,  
Morgan and Smallwood every shock sustain,  
Gates, now no more triumphant, quit the field,  
Indignant Davidson his lifeblood yield,  
Blount, Gregory, Williamson, with souls of fire  
But slender force, from hill to hill retire;  
When Greene in lonely greatness takes the ground,  
And bids at last the trump of vengeance sound.

A few firm patriots to the chief repair,  
Raise the star standard and demand the war.  
But o'er the regions as he turns his eyes,  
What foes develop! and what forts arise!  
Rawdon with rapid marches leads their course,

From state to state Cornwallis whirls their force,  
Impetuous Tarleton like a torrent pours,  
And fresh battalions land along the shores;  
Where, now resurgent from his captive chain,  
Phillips wide storming shakes the field again;  
And traitor Arnold, lured by plunder o'er,  
Joins the proud powers his valor foil'd before.

Greene views the tempest with collected soul,  
Arid fates of empires in his bosom roll;  
So small his force, where shall he lift the steel?  
(Superior hosts o'er every canton wheel)  
Or how behold their wanton carnage spread,  
Himself stand idle and his country bleed?  
Fixt in a moment's pause the general stood,  
And held his warriors from the field of blood;  
Then points the British legions where to steer,  
Marks to their chief a rapid wild career,  
Wide o'er Virginia lets him foeless roam,  
To search for pillage and to find his doom,  
With short-lived glory feeds his sateless flame,  
But leaves the victory to a nobler name,  
Gives to great Washington to meet his way,  
Nor claims the honors of so bright a day.

Now to the conquer'd south he turns his force,  
Renerves the nation by his rapid course;  
Forts fall around him, hosts before him fly,  
And captive bands his growing train supply;  
A hundred leagues of coast, in one campaign,  
Return reconquer'd to their lords again.  
At last Britannia's vanguard, near the strand,  
Veers on her foe to make one vigorous stand.  
Her gallant Stuart here amass'd from far  
The veteran legions of the Georgian war,  
To aid her hard-pusht powers, and quick restore  
The British name to that extended shore.  
He checks their flight, and chooses well their field,  
Flank'd with a marsh, by lofty woods concealed;  
Where Eutaw's fountains, tinged of old with gore,  
Still murmuring swell'd amid the bones they bore,  
Destined again to foul their pebbly stream,  
The mournful monuments of human fame;  
There Albion's columns, ranged in order bright,  
Stand like a fiery wall and wait the shock of fight.

Swift on the neighboring hill as Greene arose,  
He view'd, with rapid glance, the glittering foes,  
Disposed for combat all his ardent train,  
To charge, change front, each echelon sustain;  
Roused well their rage, superior force to prove,  
Waved his bright blade and bade the onset move.

As hovering clouds, when morning beams arise,  
Hang their red curtains round our eastern skies,  
Unfold a space to hail the promised sun,  
And catch their splendors from his rising throne;  
Thus glow'd the opposing fronts, whose steely glare  
Glanced o'er the shuddering interval of war.

From Albion's left the cannonade began,  
And pour'd thick thunders on Hesperia's van,  
Forced in her dexter guards, that skirmisht wide  
To prove what powers the forest hills might hide;  
They break, fall back, with measured quickstep tread,  
Form close, and flank the solid squares they led.  
Now roll, with kindling haste, the long stark lines,  
From wing to wing the sounding battle joins;  
Batteries and field-parks and platoons of fire,  
In mingled shocks their roaring blasts expire.  
Each front approaching fast, with equal pace,  
Devours undaunted their dividing space;  
Till, dark beneath the smoke, the meeting ranks  
Slope their strong bayonets, with short firm shanks  
Protruded from their tubes; each bristling van,  
Steel fronting steel, and man encountering man,  
In dreadful silence tread. As, wrapt from sight,  
The nightly ambush moves to secret fight;  
So rush the raging files, and sightless close  
In plunging thrust with fierce conflicting foes.  
They reach, they strike, they stagger o'er the slain,  
Deal doubtful blows, or closing clench their man,  
Intwine their twisting limbs, the gun forgo,  
Wrench off the bayonet and dirk the foe;  
Then struggling back, reseize the musket bare,  
Club the broad breech, and headlong whirl to war  
Ranks crush on ranks with equal slaughter gored;  
Warm dripping streams from every lifted sword  
Stain the thin carnaged corps who still maintain,  
With mutual shocks, the vengeance of the plain.  
At last where Williams fought and Campbell fell,  
Unwonted strokes the British line repel.  
The rout begins; the shattered wings afar  
Roll back in haste and scatter from the war;  
They drop their arms, they scour the marshy field,  
Whole squadrons fall and faint battalions yield.

The great Observer, fixt in his midsky,  
View'd the whole combat, saw them fall and fly:  
He mark'd where Greene with every onset drove,  
Saw death and victory with his presence move,  
Beneath his arm saw Marion, Sumter, Gaine,  
Pickens and Sumner shake the astonish'd plain;  
He saw young Washington, the child of fame,  
Preserve in fight the honors of his name.

Lee, Jackson, Hampton, Pinckney, matcht in might,  
Roll'd on the storm and hurried fast the flight:  
While numerous chiefs, that equal trophies raise,  
Wrought, not unseen, the deeds of deathless praise.

As Europe now the newborn states beheld  
The shock sustain of many a hard-fought field;  
Swift o'er the main, with high-spread sails, advance  
Our brave auxiliars from the coast of France.  
On the tall decks their curious chiefs explore,  
With optic tube, our camp-encumber'd shore;  
And, as the lessening wave behind them flies,  
Wide scenes of conflict open on their eyes.  
Rochambeau foremost with his gleamy brand  
Points to each field and singles every band,  
Sees Washington the power of nations guide,  
And longs to toil and conquer by his side.  
Two brother chiefs, Viominil the name,  
Brothers in birth but twins in generous fame,  
Behold with steadfast eye the plains disclose,  
Uncase their arms and claim the promised foes.  
Biron, beneath his sail, in armor bright,  
Frown'd o'er the wave impatient for the fight;  
A fiery steed beside the hero stood,  
And his blue blade waved forward o'er the crowd.

With eager haste descending on the coast,  
Thro the glad states they march their veteran host,  
From sea-nursed Newport file o'er western roads,  
Pitch many a camp, and bridge a hundred floods,  
Pass the full towns, where joyful crowds admire  
Their foreign speech, gay mien and gilt attire,  
Applaud their generous deeds, the zeal that draws  
Their swords untried in freedom's doubtful cause.  
Thro Hartford plains, on Litchfield hills they gleam,  
Wave their white flags o'er Hudson's loaded stream,  
Band after band with Delaware's current pour,  
Shade Schuylkill's wave and Elk's indented shore,  
Join their new friends, where allied banners lead,  
Demand the foe and bid the war proceed.

Again Columbus turn'd his anxious eye  
Where Britain's banner waved along the sky;  
And, graced with spoils of many fields of blood,  
Cornwallis boastful on a bulwark stood.  
Where York and Gloster's rocky towers bestride  
Their parent stream, Virginia's midmost tide,  
He camp'd his hundred nations, to regain  
Their force, exhausted in the long campaign;  
Paused for a moment on a scene so vast,  
To plan the future and review the past.  
Thro vanquisht provinces and towns in flame

He mark'd his recent monuments of fame,  
His checker'd marches, long and various toils,  
And camp well stored with wide collected spoils.

High glittering to the sun his hands unfold  
A map new drafted on a sheet of gold;  
There in delusive haste his burin graved  
A country conquer'd and a race enslaved.  
Its middle realm, by fairer figures known  
And rich with fruits, lay bounded for his own;  
Deep thro the centre spreads a branching bay,  
Full sails ascend and golden rivers stray;  
Bright palaces arise relieved in gold,  
And gates and streets the crossing lines unfold.  
James furrows o'er the plate with turgid tide,  
Young Richmond roughens on his masted side;  
Reviving Norfolk from her ashes springs,  
A golden phoenix on refulgent wings;  
Potowmak's yellow waves reluctant spread,  
And Vernon rears his rich and radiant head,  
Tis here the chief his pointed graver stays,  
The bank to burnish with a purer blaze,  
Gives all his art, on this bright hill to trace  
His future seat and glory of his race;  
Deems his long line of lords the realm shall own,  
The kings predestined to Columbia's throne.

But while his mind thus quafft its airy food,  
And gazing thousands round the rampart stood,  
Whom future ease and golden dreams employ,  
The songs of triumph and the feast of joy;  
Sudden great Washington arose in view,  
And allied flags his stately steps pursue;  
Gaul's veteran host and young Hesperia's pride  
Bend the long march concentrating at his side,  
Stream over Chesapeake, like sheets of flame,  
And drive tempestuous to the field of fame.

Far on the wild expanse, where ocean lies,  
And scorns all confines but incumbent skies,  
Scorns to retain the imprinted paths of men  
To guide their wanderings or direct their ken;  
Where warring vagrants, raging as they go,  
Ask of the stars their way to find the foe,  
Columbus saw two hovering fleets advance,  
And rival ensigns o'er their pinions dance.  
Graves, on the north, with Albion's flag unfurl'd,  
Waves proud defiance to the watery world;  
Degrasse, from southern isles, conducts his train,  
And shades with Gallic sheets the moving main.

Now Morn, unconscious of the coming fray

That soon shall storm the crystal cope of day,  
Glow's o'er the heavens, and with her orient breeze  
Fans her fair face and curls the summer seas.  
The swelling sails, as far as eye can sweep,  
Look thro the skies and awe the shadowy deep,  
Lead their long bending lines; and, ere they close,  
To count, recognise, circumvent their foes,  
Each hauls his wind, the weathergage to gain  
And master all the movements of the plain;  
Or bears before the breeze with loftier gait,  
And, beam to beam, begins the work of fate.

As when the warring winds, from each far pole,  
Their adverse storms across the concave roll,  
Thin fleecy vapors thro the expansion run,  
Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun,  
Till the dark folding wings together drive,  
And, ridged with fire and rock'd with thunder, strive;  
So, hazing thro the void, at first appear  
White clouds of canvass floating on the air,  
Then frown the broad black decks, the sails are stay'd,  
The gaping portholes cast a frightful shade,  
Flames, triple tier'd, and tides of smoke, arise.  
And fulminations rock the seas and skies.

From van to rear the roaring deluge runs,  
The storm disgorging from a thousand guns,  
Each like a vast volcano, spouting wide  
His hissing hell-dogs o'er the shuddering tide,  
Whirls high his chainshot, cleaves the mast and strews  
The shiver'd fragments on the staggering foes;  
Whose gunwale sides with iron globes are gored,  
And a wild storm of splinters sweeps the board.  
Husht are the winds of heaven; no more the gale  
Breaks the red rolls of smoke nor flaps the sail;  
A dark dead calm continuous cloaks the glare,  
And holds the clouds of sulphur on the war,  
Convolving o'er the space that yawns and shines,  
With frequent flash, between the laboring lines.  
Nor sun nor sea nor skyborn lightning gleams,  
But flaming Phlegethon's asphaltic steams  
Streak the long gaping gulph; where varying glow  
Carbonic curls above, blue flakes of fire below.

Hither two hostile ships to contact run,  
Both grappling, board to board and gun to gun;  
Each thro the adverse ports their contents pour,  
Rake the lower decks, the interior timbers bore,  
Drive into chinks the illumined wads unseen,  
Whose flames approach the unguarded magazine.  
Above, with shrouds afoul and gunwales mann'd,  
Thick halberds clash; and, closing hand to hand,

The huddling troops, infuriate from despair,  
Tug at the toils of death, and perish there;  
Grenados, carcasses their fragments spread,  
And pikes and pistols strow the decks with dead.  
Now on the Gallic board the Britons rush,  
The intrepid Gauls the rash adventurers crush;  
And now, to vengeance Stung, with frantic air,  
Back on the British maindeck roll the war.  
There swells the carnage; all the tar-beat floor  
Is clogg'd with spatter'd brains and glued with gore;  
And down the ship's black waist fresh brooks of blood  
Course o'er their clots, and tinge the sable flood.  
Till War, impatient of the lingering strife  
That tires and slackens with the waste of life,  
Opes with engulfing gape the astonish'd wave,  
And whelms the combat whole, in one vast grave.  
For now the imprison'd powder caught the flames,  
And into atoms whirl'd the monstrous frames  
Of both the entangled ships; the vortex wide  
Roars like an Ætna thro the belching tide,  
And blazing into heaven, and bursting high,  
Shells, carriages and guns obstruct the sky;  
Cords, timbers, trunks of men the welkin sweep,  
And fall on distant ships, or shower along the deep.

The matcht armadas still the fight maintain,  
But cautious, distant; lest the staggering main  
Drive their whole lines afoul, and one dark day  
Glut the proud ocean with too rich a prey.  
At last, where scattering fires the cloud disclose,  
Hulls heave in sight and blood the decks o'erflows;  
Here from the field tost navies rise to view,  
Drive hack to vengeance and the roar renew,  
There shatter'd ships commence their flight afar,  
Tow'd thro the smoke, hard struggling from the war;  
And some, half seen amid the gaping wave,  
Plunge in the whirl they make, and gorge their grave.

Soon the dark smoky volumes roll'd away,  
And a long line ascended into day;  
The pinions swell'd, Britannia's cross arose  
And flew the terrors of triumphing foes;  
When to Virginia's bay, new shocks to brave,  
The Gallic powers their conquering banners wave.  
Glad Chesapeak unfolds his bosom wide,  
And leads their prows to York's contracting tide;  
Where still dread Washington directs his way,  
And seas and continents his voice obey;  
While brave Cornwallis, mid the gathering host,  
Perceives his glories gone, his promised empire lost.

Columbus here with silent joy beheld

His favorite sons the fates of nations wield.  
Here joyous Lincoln rose in arms again,  
Nelson and Knox moved ardent o'er the plain;  
Scammel alert with force unusual trod,  
Prepared to seal their victory with his blood;  
Cobb, Dearborn, Laurens, Tilghman, green in years  
But ripe in glory, tower'd amid their peers;  
Death-daring Hamilton with splendor shone,  
And claim'd each post of danger for his own,  
Skill'd every arm in war's whole hell to wield,  
An Ithacus in camp, an Ajax in the field.

Their Gallic friends an equal ardor fires;  
Brisk emulation every troop inspires:  
Where Tarleton turns, with hopes of flight elate,  
Brave Biron moves and drives him back to fate,  
Hems in his host, to wait, on Gloster plains,  
Their finish'd labors and their destined chains.

Two British forts the growing siege outflank,  
Rake its wide works and awe the tide-beat bank;  
Swift from the lines two chosen bands advance,  
Our light-arm'd scouts, the grenadiers of France;  
These young Viominil conducts to fame,  
And those Fayette's unerring guidance claim.  
No cramm'd cartouch their belted back attires,  
No grains of sleeping thunder wait their fires;  
The flint, the ramrod spurn'd, away they cast;  
The strong bright bayonet, imbeaded fast,  
Stands beaming from the bore; with this they tread,  
Nor heed from high-wall'd foes their showers of lead.  
Each rival band, tho wide and distant far,  
Springs simultaneous to this task of war;  
For here a twofold force each hero draws,  
His own proud country and the general cause;  
And each with twofold energy contends,  
His foes to vanquish and outstrip his friends.  
They summon all their zeal, and wild and warm  
O'er flaming ramparts pour the maddening storm,  
The mounted cannons crush, and lead the foe  
Two trains of captives to the plain below;  
An equal prize each gallant troop amends,  
Alike their numbers and alike their deeds.

A strong high citadel still thundering stood,  
And stream'd her standard o'er the field of blood,  
Check'd long the siege with fulminating blare,  
Scorn'd all the steel and every globe of war,  
Defied fell famine, hept her growing store,  
And housed in bombproof all the host she bore.  
No rude assault can stretch the scale so high,  
In vain the battering siege-guns round her ply;

Mortars well poised their deafening deluge rain,  
Load the red skies and shake the shores in vain;  
Her huge rock battlements rebound the blow,  
And roll their loose crags on the men below.

But while the fusing fireballs scorch the sky,  
Their mining arts the staunch besiegers ply,  
Delve from the bank of York, and gallery far,  
Deep subterranean, to the mount of war;  
Beneath the ditch, thro rocks and fens they go,  
Scoop the dark chamber plumb beneath the foe;  
There lodge their tons of powder and retire,  
Mure the dread passage, wave the fatal fire,  
Send a swift messenger to warn the foe  
To seek his safety and the post forgo.  
A taunting answer comes; he dares defy  
To spring the mine and all its Ætnas try;  
When a black miner seized the sulphur'd brand,  
Shriek'd high for joy, and with untrembling hand  
Touch'd quick the insidious train; lest here the chief  
Should change his counsel and afford relief:  
For hard the general's task, to speak the doom  
That sends a thousand heroes to the tomb;  
Heroes who know no wrong; who thoughtless speed  
Where kings command or where their captains lead,  
-Burst with the blast, the reeling mountain roars,  
Heaves, labors, boils, and thro the concave pours  
His flaming contents high; he chokes the air  
With all his warriors and their works of war;  
Guns, bastions, magazines confounded fly,  
Vault wide their fresh explosions o'er the sky,  
Encumber each far camp, and plough profound  
With their rude fragments every neighboring ground.

Britain's brave leader, where he sought repose,  
And deem'd his hill-fort still repulsed the foes,  
Starts at the astounding earthquake, and descries  
His chosen veterans whirling down the skies.  
Their mangled members round his balcon fall,  
Scorch'd in the flames, and dasht on every wall:  
Sad field of contemplation! Here, ye great,  
Kings, priests of God, and ministers of state,  
Review your system here! behold and scan  
Your own fair deeds, your benefits to man!  
You will not leave him to his natural toil,  
To tame these elements and till the soil.  
To reap, share, tithe you what his hand has sown,  
Enjoy his treasures and increase your own,  
Build up his virtues on the base design'd,  
The well-toned harmonies of humankind.  
You choose to check his toil, and band his eyes  
To all that's honest and to all that's wise;

Lure with false fame, false morals and false lore,  
To barter fields of corn for fields of gore,  
To take by bands what single thieves would spare,  
And methodise his murders into war.

Now the prest garrison fresh danger warms;  
They rush impetuous to each post of arms,  
Man the long trench, each embrasure sustain,  
And pour their langrage on the allied train;  
Whose swift approaches, crowding on the line,  
Each wing envelop and each front confine.  
O'er all sage Washington his arm extends,  
Points every movement, every work defends,  
Bids closer quarters, bloodier strokes proceed,  
New batteries blaze and heavier squadrons bleed.  
Line within line fresh parallels enclose;  
Here runs a zigzag, there a mantlet grows,  
Round the pent foe approaching breastworks rise,  
And bombs, like meteors, vault the flaming skies.  
Night, with her hovering wings, asserts in vain  
The shades, the silence of her rightful reign;  
High roars her canopy with fiery flakes,  
And War stalks wilder thro the glare he makes.

With dire dismay the British chief beheld  
The foe advance, his veterans shun the field,  
Despair and slaughter where he turns his eye,  
No hope in combat and no power to fly;  
Degrasse victorious shakes the shadowy tide,  
Imbodied nations all the champaign hide,  
Fosses and batteries, growing on the sight,  
Still pour new thunders and increase the fight;  
Shells rain before him, rending every mound,  
Crag, gunstones, balls o'erturn the tented ground,  
From post to post his driven ranks retire,  
The earth in crimson and the skies on fire.

Death wantons proud in this decisive round,  
For here his hand its favorite victim found;  
Brave Scammel perisht here. Ah! short, my friend,  
Thy bright career, but glorious to its end.  
Go join thy Warren's ghost, your fates compare,  
His that commenced, with thine that closed the war;  
Freedom, with laurel'd brow but tearful eyes,  
Bewails her first and last, her twinlike sacrifice.

Now grateful truce suspends the burning war,  
And groans and shouts promiscuous load the air;  
When the tired Britons, where the smokes decay,  
Quit their strong station and resign the day.  
Slow files along the immeasurable train,  
Thousands on thousands redden all the plain,

Furl their torn bandrols, all their plunder yield.  
And pile their muskets on the battle field.  
Their wide auxiliar nations swell the crowd,  
And the coop'd navies, from the neighboring flood,  
Repeat surrendering signals, and obey  
The landmen's fate on this concluding day.

Cornwallis first, their late all-conquering lord,  
Bears to the victor chief his conquer'd sword,  
Presents the burnisht hilt, and yields with pain  
The gift of kings, here brandisht long in vain.  
Then bow their hundred banners, trailing far  
Their wearied wings from all the skirts of war.  
Battalion'd infantry and squadron'd horse  
Dash the silk tassel and the golden torse;  
Flags from the forts and ensigns from the fleet  
Roll in the dust, and at Columbia's feet  
Prostrate the pride of thrones; they firm the base  
Of Freedom's temple, while her arms they grace.  
Here Albion's crimson Cross the soil o'erspreads,  
Her Lion crouches and her Thistle fades;  
Indignant Erin rues her trampled Lyre,  
Brunswick's pale Steed forgets his foamy fire,  
Proud Hessia's Castle lies in dust o'erthrown,  
And venal Anspach quits her broken Crown.

Long trains of wheel'd artillery shade the shore,  
Quench their blue matches and forget to roar;  
Along the encumber'd plain, thick planted rise  
High stacks of muskets glittering to the skies,  
Numerous and vast. As when the toiling swains  
Heap their whole harvest on the stubbly plains,  
Gerb after gerb the bearded shock expands,  
Shocks, ranged in rows, hill high the burden'd lands;  
The joyous master numbers all the piles,  
And o'er his well-earn'd crop complacent smiles:  
Such growing heaps this iron harvest yield,  
So tread the victors this their final field.

Triumphant Washington, with brow serene,  
Regards unmoved the exhilarating scene,  
Weighs in his balanced thought the silent grief  
That sinks the bosom of the fallen chief.  
With all the joy that laurel crowns bestow,  
A world reconquer'd and a vanquished foe.  
Thus thro extremes of life, in every state,  
Shines the clear soul, beyond all fortune great;  
While smaller minds, the dupes of fickle chance,  
Slight woes o'erwhelm and sudden joys entrance.  
So the full sun, thro all the changing sky,  
Nor blasts nor overpowers the naked eye;  
Tho transient splendors, borrowed from his light,

Glance on the mirror and destroy the sight.

He bids brave Lincoln guide with modest air  
The last glad triumph of the finish'd war;  
Who sees, once more, two armies shade one plain,  
The mighty victors and the captive train.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book VIII

### The Argument

Hymn to Peace. Eulogy on the heroes slain in the war; in which the Author finds occasion to mention his Brother. Address to the patriots who have survived the conflict; exhorting them to preserve liberty they have established. The danger of losing it by inattention illustrated in the rape of the Golden Fleece. Freedom succeeding to Despotism in the moral world, like Order succeeding to Chaos in the physical world. Atlas, the guardian Genius of Africa, denounces to Hesper the crimes of his people in the slavery of the Afripans. The Author addresses his countrymen on that subject, and on the principles of their government.

Hesper, recurring to his object of showing Columbus the importance of his discoveries, reverses the order of time, and exhibits the continent again in its savage state. He then displays the progress of arts in America. Fur-trade. Fisheries. Productions. Commerce. Education. Philosophical discoveries. Painting. Poetry.

Hail, holy Peace, from thy sublime abode  
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God!  
Before his arm around our embryon earth  
Stretch'd the dim void, and gave to nature birth.  
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,  
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,  
Veil'd in the splendors of his beamful mind,  
In blest repose thy placid form reclined,  
Lived in his life, his inward sapience caught,  
And traced and toned his universe of thought.  
Borne thro the expanse with his creating voice  
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,  
Led forth the systems on their bright career,  
Shaped all their curves and fashion'd every sphere,  
Spaced out their suns, and round each radiant goal,  
Orb over orb, compell'd their train to roll,  
Bade heaven's own harmony their force combine.  
Taught all their host symphonious strains to join,  
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,  
Their joys to angels, and to men their praise.

From scenes of blood, these verdant shores that stain,  
From numerous friends in recent battle slain,  
From blazing towns that scorch the purple sky,  
From houseless hordes their smoking walls that fly,  
From the black prison ships, those groaning graves,  
From warring fleets that vex the gory waves,  
From a storm'd world, long taught thy flight to mourn,  
I rise, delightful Peace, and greet thy glad return.

For now the untuneful trump shall grate no more;  
Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore,  
Bear from your war-beat banks the guilty stain  
With yon retiring navies to the main.

While other views, unfolding on my eyes,  
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise;  
Bring, bounteous Peace, in thy celestial throng.  
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song;  
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,  
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway,  
To see thy blissful charms, that here descend,  
Thro distant realms and endless years extend.

Too long the groans of death and battle's bray  
Have rung discordant thro my turgid lay:  
The drum's rude clang, the war wolfs hideous howl  
Convulsed my nerves and agonized my soul,  
Untuned the harp for all but misery's pains,  
And chased the Muse from corse-encumber'd plains.  
Let memory's balm its pious fragrance shed  
On heroes' wounds and patriot warriors dead;  
Accept, departed Shades, these grateful sighs,  
Your fond attendants thro your homeward skies.

And thou, my earliest friend, my Brother dear,  
Thy fall untimely still renews my tear.  
In youthful sports, in toils, in taste allied,  
My kind companion and my faithful guide,  
When death's dread summons, from our infant eyes,  
Had call'd our last loved parent to the skies.  
Tho young in arms, and still obscure thy name,  
Thy bosom panted for the deeds of fame;  
Beneath Montgomery's eye, when by thy steel  
In northern wilds the frequent savage fell.  
Fired by his voice, and foremost at his call,  
To mount the breach or scale the flamy wall,  
Thy daring hand had many a laurel gain'd,  
If years had ripen'd what thy fancy feign'd.  
Lamented Youth! when thy great leader bled,  
Thro the same wound thy parting spirit fled,  
Join'd the long train, the self-devoted band,  
The gods, the saviors of their native land.

On fame's high pinnacle their names shall shine,  
Unending ages greet the group divine,  
Whose holy hands our banners first unfurl'd,  
And conquer'd freedom for the grateful world.

And you, their peers, whose steel avenged their blood,  
Whose breasts with theirs our sacred rampart stood,  
Illustrious relics of a thousand fields!  
To you at last the foe reluctant yields.  
But tho the Muse, too prodigal of praise,  
Dares with the dead your living worth to raise,  
Think not, my friends, the patriot's task is done,  
Or Freedom safe, because the battle's won.

Unnumber'd foes, far different arms that wield,  
Wait the weak moment when she quits her shield,  
To plunge in her bold breast the insidious dart,  
Or pour keen poison round her thoughtless heart.  
Perhaps they'll strive her votaries to divide,  
From their own veins to draw the vital tide;  
Perhaps, by cooler calculation shown,  
Create materials to construct a throne,  
Dazzle her guardians with the glare of state,  
Corrupt with power, with borrowed pomp inflate,  
Bid thro the land the soft infection creep,  
Whelm all her sons in one lethargic sleep,  
Crush her vast empire in its brilliant birth,  
And chase the goddess from the ravaged earth.

The Dragon thus, that watch'd the Colchian fleece,  
Foil'd the fierce warriors of wide-plundering Greece;  
Warriors of matchless might and wondrous birth,  
Jove's sceptred sons and demigods of earth.  
High on the sacred tree, the glittering prize  
Hangs o'er its guard, and tires the warriors' eyes;  
First their hurl'd spears his spiral folds assail,  
Their spears fall pointless from his flaky mail;  
Onward with dauntless swords they plunge amain;  
He shuns their blows, recoils his twisting train,  
Darts forth his forky tongue, heaves high in air  
His fiery crest, and sheds a hideous glare,  
Champs, churns his poisonous juice, and hissing loud  
Spouts thick the stifling tempest o'er the crowd;  
Then, with one sweep of convoluted train,  
Rolls back all Greece, and besoms wide the plain,  
O'erturns the sons of gods, dispersing far  
The pirate horde, and closes quick the war.  
From his red jaws tremendous triumph roars,  
Dark Euxine trembles to its distant shores,  
Proud Jason starts, confounded in his might,  
Leads back his peers, and dares no more the fight.  
But the sly Priestess brings her opiate spell,  
Soft charms that hush the triple hound of hell,  
Bids Orpheus tune his all-enchanting lyre,  
And join to calm the guardian's sleepless ire.  
Soon from the tepid ground blue vapors rise,  
And sounds melodious move along the skies;  
A settling tremor thro his folds extends,  
His crest contracts, his rainbow heck unbends,  
O'er all his hundred hoops the languor crawls,  
Each curve develops, every volute falls,  
His broad back flattens as he spreads the plain,  
And sleep consigns him to his lifeless reign.  
Flusht at the sight the pirates seize the spoil,  
And ravaged Colchis rues the insidious toil.

Yes! fellow freemen, sons of high renown,  
Chant your loud peans, weave your civic crown;  
But know, the goddess you've so long adored,  
Tho now she scabbards your avenging sword,  
Calls you to vigil ance, to manlier cares,  
To prove in peace the men she proved in wars:  
Superior task! severer test of soul!  
Tis here bold virtue plays her noblest role  
And merits most of praise. The warrior's name,  
Tho peal'd and chimed on all the tongues of fame,  
Sounds less harmonious to the grateful mind  
Than his who fashions and improves mankind.

And what high meed your new vocation waits!  
Freedom, parturient with a hundred states,  
Confides them to your hand; the nascent prize  
Claims all your care, your soundest wisdom tries.  
Ah nurture, temper, train your infant charge,  
Its force develop and its life enlarge,  
Unfold each day some adolescent grace,  
Some right recognise or some duty trace;  
Mould a fair model for the realms of earth,  
Call moral nature to a second birth,  
Reach, renovate the world's great social plan,  
And here commence the sober sense of man,

For lo, in other climes and elder states,  
What strange inversion all his works awaits!  
From age to age, on every peopled shore,  
Stalks the fell Demon of despotic power,  
Sweeps in his march the mounds of art away.  
Blots with his breath the trembling disk of day,  
Treads down whole nations every stride he takes,  
And wraps their labors in his fiery flakes.

As Anarch erst around his regions hurl'd  
The wrecks, long crush'd, of time's anterior world;  
While nature mourn'd, in wild confusion tost,  
Her suns extinguisht and her systems lost;  
Light, life and instinct shared the dreary trance,  
And gravitation fled the field of chance;  
No laws remain'd of matter, motion, space;  
Time lost his count, the universe his place;  
Till Order came, in her cerulean robes,  
And launch'd and rein'd the renovated globes,  
Stock'd with harmonious worlds the vast Inane,  
Archt her new heaven and fixt her boundless reign:  
So kings convulse the moral frame, the base  
Of all the codes that can accord the race;  
And so from their broad grasp, their deadly ban,  
Tis yours to snatch this earth, to raise regenerateman.

My friends, I love your fame, I joy to raise  
 The high-toned anthem of my country's praise;  
 To sing her victories, virtues, wisdom, weal,  
 Boast with loud voice the patriot pride I feel;  
 Warm wild I sing; and, to her failings blind,  
 Misdread myself, perhaps misdread mankind.  
 Land that I love! is this the whole we owe?  
 Thy pride to pamper, thy fair face to show;  
 Dwells there no blemish where such glories shine?  
 And lurks no spot in that bright sun of thine?  
 Hark! a dread voice, with heaven-astounding strain,  
 Swells Wee a thousand thunders o'er the main,  
 Rolls and reverberates around thy hills,  
 And Hesper's heart with pangs paternal fills.  
 Thou hearest him not; tis Atlas, throned sublime.  
 Great brother guardian of old Afric's clime;  
 High o'er his coast he rears his frowning form,  
 Overlooks and calms his sky-borne fields of storm,  
 Flings off the clouds that round his shoulders hung,  
 And breaks from clogs of ice his trembling tongue;  
 While far thro space with rage and grief he glares,  
 Heaves his hoar head and shakes the heaven he bears:  
 -Son of my sire! O latest brightest birth  
 That sprang from his fair spouse, prolific earth!  
 Great Hesper, say what sordid ceaseless hate  
 Impels thee thus to mar my elder state.  
 Our sire assign'd thee thy more glorious reign,  
 Secured and bounded by our laboring main;  
 That main (tho still my birthright name it bear)  
 Thy sails o'ershadow, thy brave children share;  
 I grant it thus; while air surrounds the ball,  
 Let breezes blow, let oceans roll for all.  
 But thy proud sons, a strange ungenerous race,  
 Enslave my tribes, and each fair world disgrace,  
 Provoke wide vengeance on their lawless land,  
 The bolt ill placed in thy forbearing hand.-  
 Enslave my tribes! then boast their cantons free,  
 Preach faith and justice, bend the sainted knee,  
 Invite all men their liberty to share,  
 Seek public peace, defy the assaults of war,  
 Plant, reap, consume, enjoy their fearless toil,  
 Tame their wild floods, to fatten still their soil,  
 Enrich all nations with their nurturing store,  
 And rake with venturous fluke each wondering shore.-

Enslave my tribes! what, half mankind imban,  
 Then read, expound, enforce the rights of man!  
 Prove plain and clear how nature's hand of old  
 Cast all men equal in her human mould!  
 Their fibres, feelings, reasoning powers the same,  
 Like wants await them, like desires inflame.  
 Thro former times with learned book they tread,

Revise past ages and rejudge the dead,  
Write, speak, avenge, for ancient sufferings feel,  
Impale each tyrant on their pens of steel,  
Declare how freemen can a world create,  
And slaves and masters ruin every state.-  
Enslave my tribes! and think, with dumb disdain,  
To scape this arm and prove my vengeance vain!  
But look! methinks beneath my foot I ken  
A few chain'd things that seem no longer men;  
Thy sons perchance! whom Barbary's coast can tell  
The sweets of that loved scourge they wield so well.  
Link'd in a line, beneath the driver's goad,  
See how they stagger with their lifted load;  
The shoulder'd rock, just wrencht from off my hill  
And wet with drops their straining orbs distil,  
Galls, grinds them sore, along the rarnpart led,  
And the chain clanking counts the steps they tread.

By night close bolted in the bagnio's gloom,  
Think how they ponder on their dreadful doom,  
Recal the tender sire, the weeping bride,  
The home, far sunder'd by a waste of tide,  
Brood all the ties that once endear'd them there,  
But now, strung stronger, edge their keen despair.  
Till here a fouler fiend arrests their pace:  
Plague, with his burning breath and bloated face,  
With saffron eyes that thro the dungeon shine,  
And the black tumors bursting from the groin,  
Stalks o'er the slave; who, cowering on the sod,  
Shrinks from the Demon and invokes his God,  
Sucks hot contagion with his quivering breath,  
And, rack'd with rending torture, sinks in death.

Nor shall these pangs atone the nation's crime;  
Far heavier vengeance, in the march of time,  
Attends them still; if still they dare debase  
And hold inthrall'd the millions of my race;  
A vengeance that shall shake the world's deep frame,  
That heaven abhors, and hell might shrink to name.  
Nature, long outraged, delves the crusted sphere,  
And moulds the mining mischief dark and drear;  
Europa too the penal shock shall find,  
The rude soul-selling monsters of mankind:

Where Alps and Andes at their bases meet,  
In earth's mid caves to lock their granite feet,  
Heave their broad spines, expand each breathing lobe,  
And with their massy members rib the globe,  
Her cauldron'd floods of fire their blast prepare;  
Her wallowing womb of subterranean war  
Waits but the fissure that my wave shall find,  
To force the foldings of the rocky rind,

Crash your curst continent, and whirl on high  
The vast avulsion vaulting thro the sky,  
Fling far the bursting fragments, scattering wide  
Rocks, mountains, nations o'er the swallowing tide.  
Plunging and surging with alternate sweep,  
They storm the day-vault and lay bare the deep,  
Toss, tumble, plough their place, then slow subside,  
And swell each ocean as their bulk they hide;  
Two oceans dasht in one! that climbs and roars,  
And seeks in vain the exterminated shores,  
The deep drencht hemisphere. Far sunk from day,  
It crumbles, rolls, it churns the settling sea,  
Turns up each prominence, heaves every side,  
To pierce once more the landless length of tide;  
Till some poised Pambamarca looms at last  
A dim lone island in the watery waste,  
Mourns all his minor mountains wreck'd and hurl'd,  
Stands the sad relic of a ruin'd world,  
Attests the wrath our mother kept in store,  
And rues her judgments on the race she bore.  
No saving Ark around him rides the main,  
Nor Dove weak-wing'd her footing finds again;  
His own bald Eagle skims alone the sky,  
Darts from all points of heaven her searching eye,  
Kens, thro the gloom, her ancient rock of rest,  
And finds her cavern'd crag, her solitary nest.

Thus toned the Titan his tremendous knell,  
And lash'd his ocean to a loftier swell;  
Earth groans responsive, and with laboring woes  
Leans o'er the surge and stills the storm he throws.

Fathers and friends, I know the boding fears  
Of angry genii and of rending spheres  
Assail not souls like yours; whom Science bright  
Thro shadowy nature leads with surer light;  
For whom she strips the heavens of love and hate,  
Strikes from Jove's hand the brandisht bolt of fate,  
Gives each effect its own indubious cause,  
Divides her moral from her physic laws,  
Shows where the virtues find their nurturing food,  
And men their motives to be just and good.

You scorn the Titan's threat; nor shall I strain  
The powers of pathos in a task so vain  
As Afric's wrongs to sing; for what avails  
To harp for you these known familiar tales?  
To tongue mute misery, and re-rack the soul  
With crimes oft copied from that bloody scroll  
Where Slavery pens her woes; tho tis but there  
We learn the weight that mortal life can be.  
The tale might startle still the accustom'd ear,

Still shake the nerve that pumps the pearly tear,  
Melt every heart, and thro the nation gain  
Full many a voice to break the barbarous chain.  
But why to sympathy for guidance fly,  
(Her aids uncertain and of scant supply)  
When your own self-excited sense affords  
A guide more sure, and every sense accords?  
Where strong self-interest, join'd with duty, lies,  
Where doing right demands no sacrifice,  
Where profit, pleasure, life-expanding fame  
League their allurements to support the claim,  
Tis safest there the impleaded cause to trust;  
Men well instructed will be always just.

From slavery then your rising realms to save,  
Regard the master, notice not the slave;  
Consult alone for freemen, and bestow  
Your best, your only cares, to keep them so.  
Tyrants are never free; and, small and great,  
All masters must be tyrants soon or late;  
So nature works; and oft the lordling knave  
Turns out at once a tyrant and a slave,  
Struts, cringes, bullies, begs, as courtiers must,  
Makes one a god, another treads in dust,  
Fears all alike, and filches whom he can,  
But knows no equal, finds no friend in man.

Ah! would you not be slaves, with lords and kings,  
Then be not masters; there the danger springs.  
The whole crude system that torments this earth,  
Of rank, privation, privilege of birth,  
False honor, fraud, corruption, civil jars,  
The rage of conquest and the curse of wars,  
Pandora's total shower, all ills combined  
That erst o'erwhelm'd and still distress mankind,  
Box'd up secure in your deliberate hand,  
Wait your behest, to fix or fly this land.

Equality of Right is nature's plan;  
And following nature is the march of man.  
Whene'er he deviates in the least degree,  
When, free himself, he would be more than free,  
The baseless column, rear'd to bear his bust,  
Falls as he mounts, and whelms him in the dust.

See Rome's rude sires, with autocratic gait,  
Tread down their tyrant and erect their state;  
Their state secured, they deem it wise and brave  
That every freeman should command a slave,  
And, flusht with franchise of his camp and town,  
Rove thro the world and hunt the nations down;  
Master and man the same vile spirit gains,

Rome chains the world, and wears herself the chains.

Mark modern Europe with her feudal codes,  
Serfs, villains, vassals, nobles, kings and gods,  
All slaves of different grades, corrupt and curst  
With high and low, for senseless rank athirst,  
Wage endless wars; not fighting to be free,  
But *cujum pecus*, whose base herd they'll be.

Too much of Europe, here transplanted o'er,  
Nursed feudal feelings on your tented shore,  
Brought sable serfs from Afric, call'd it gain,  
And urged your sires to forge the fatal chain.  
But now, the tents o'erturn'd, the war dogs fled,  
Now fearless Freedom rears at last her head  
Matcht with celestial Peace,-my friends, beware  
To shade the splendors of so bright a pair;  
Complete their triumph, fix their firm abode,  
Purge all privations from your liberal code,  
Restore their souls to men, give earth repose,  
And save your sons from slavery, wars and woes.

Based on its rock of Right your empire lies,  
On walls of wisdom let the fabric rise;  
Preserve your principles, their force unfold,  
Let nations prove them and let kings behold.  
EQUALITY, your first firm-grounded stand;  
Then FREE ELECTION; then your FEDERAL BAND;  
This holy Triad should forever shine  
The great compendium of all rights divine,  
Creed of all schools, whence youths by millions draw  
Their themes of right, their decalogues of law;  
Till men shall wonder (in these codes inured)  
How wars were made, how tyrants were endured.

Then shall your works of art superior rise,  
Your fruits perfume a larger length of skies,  
Canals careering climb your sunbright hills,  
Vein the green slopes and strow their nurturing rills,  
Thro tunnel'd heights and sundering ridges glide,  
Rob the rich west of half Kenhawa's tide,  
Mix your wide climates, all their stores confound,  
And plant new ports in every midland mound.  
Your lawless Mississippi, now who slimes  
And drowns and desolates his waste of climes,  
Ribb'd with your dikes, his torrent shall restrain,  
And ask your leave to travel to the main;  
Won from his wave while rising cantons smile,  
Rear their glad nations and reward their toil.

Thus Nile's proud flood to human hands of yore  
Raised and resign'd his tide-created shore,

Call'd from his Ethiop hills their hardy swains,  
And waved their harvests o'er his newborn plains;  
Earth's richest realm from his tamed current sprung;  
There nascent science toned her infant tongue,  
Taught the young arts their tender force to try,  
To state the seasons and unfold the sky;  
Till o'er the world extended and refined,  
They rule the destinies of humankind.

Now had Columbus well enjoy'd the sight  
Of armies vanquish'd and of fleets in flight,  
From all Hesperia's heaven the darkness flown,  
And colon crowds to sovereign sages grown.  
To cast new glories o'er the changing clime,  
The guardian Power reversed the flight of time,  
Roll'd back the years that led their course before,  
Stretch'd out immense the wild uncultured shore;  
Then shifts the total scene, and rears to view  
Arts and the men that useful arts pursue.  
As o'er the canvass when the painter's mind  
Glow's with a future landscape well design'd,  
While Panorama's wondrous aid he calls,  
To crowd whole realms within his circling walls,  
Lakes, fields and forests, ports and navies rise,  
A new creation to his kindling eyes;  
He smiles o'er all; and in delightful strife  
The pencil moves and calls the whole to life.  
So while Columbia's patriarch stood sublime,  
And saw rude nature clothe the trackless clime;  
The green banks heave, the winding currents pour,  
The bays and harbors cleave the yielding shore,  
The champaigns spread, the solemn groves arise,  
And the rough mountains lengthen round the skies;  
Thro' all their bounds he traced, with skilful ken,  
The unform'd seats and future walks of men;  
Mark'd where the field should bloom, the pennon play,  
Great cities grow and empires claim their sway;  
When, sudden waked by Hesper's waving hand,  
They rose obedient round the cultured land.

In western tracts, where still the wildmen tread,  
From sea to sea an inland commerce spread;  
On the dim streams and thro' the gloomy grove  
The trading bauds their cumbrous burdens move;  
Furs, peltry, drugs, and all the native store  
Of midland realms descended to the shore.

Where summer suns, along the northern coast,  
With feeble force dissolve the chains of frost,  
Prolific waves the scaly nations trace,  
And tempt the toils of man's laborious race.  
Tho' rich Brazilian strands, beneath the tide,

Their shells of pearl and sparkling pebbles hide,  
While for the gaudy prize a venturous train  
Plunge the dark deep and brave the surging main,  
Drag forth the shining gewgaws into air,  
To stud a sceptre or emblaze a star;  
Far wealthier stores these genial tides display,  
And works less dangerous with their spoils repay.  
The Hero saw the hardy crews advance,  
Cast the long line and aim the barbed lance;  
Load the deep floating barks, and bear abroad  
To every land the life-sustaining food;  
Renascent swarms by nature's care supplied,  
Repeople still the shoals and fin the fruitful tide.

Where southern streams thro broad savannas bend,  
The rice-clad vales their verdant rounds extend;  
Tobago's plant its leaf expanding yields,  
The maize luxuriant clothes a thousand fields;  
Steeds, herds and flocks o'er northern regions rove,  
Embrown the hill and wanton thro the grove.  
The woodlands wide their sturdy honors bend,  
The pines, the liveoaks to the shores descend,  
There couch the keels, the crooked ribs arise,  
Hulls heave aloft and mastheads mount the skies;  
Launcht on the deep o'er every wave they  
Feed tropic isles and Europe's looms supply.

To nurse the arts and fashion freedom's lore  
Young schools of science rise along the shore;  
Great without pomp their modest walls expand,  
Harvard and Yale and Princeton grace the land,  
Penn's student halls his youths with gladness greet,  
On James's bank Virginian Muses meet,  
Manhattan's mart collegiate domes command,  
Bosom'd in groves, see growing Dartmouth stand;  
Bright o'er its realm reflecting solar fires,  
On yon tall hill Rhode Island's seat aspires.

Thousands of humbler name around them rise,  
Where homebred freemen seize the solid prize;  
Fixt in small spheres, with safer beams to shine,  
They reach the useful and refuse the fine,  
Found, on its proper base, the social plan,  
The broad plain truths, the common sense of man,  
His obvious wants, his mutual aids discern,  
His rights familiarize, his duties learn,  
Feel moral fitness all its force dilate,  
Embrace the village and comprise the state.  
Each rustic here who turns the furrow'd soil,  
The maid, the youth that ply mechanic toil,  
In equal rights, in useful arts inured,  
Know their just claims, and see their claims secured;

They watch their delegates, each law revise,  
Its faults designate and its merits prize,  
Obey, but scrutinize; and let the test  
Of sage experience prove and fix the best.

Here, fired by virtue's animating flame,  
The preacher's task persuasive sages claim,  
To mould religion to the moral mind,  
In bands of peace to harmonize mankind,  
To life, to light, to promised joys above  
The soften'd soul with ardent hope to move.  
No dark intolerance blinds the zealous throng,  
No arm of power attendant on their tongue;  
Vext Inquisition, with her flaming brand,  
Shuns their mild march, nor dares approach the land.  
Tho different creeds their priestly robes denote,  
Their orders various and their rites remote,  
Yet one their voice, their labors all combined,  
Lights of the world and friends of humankind.  
So the bright galaxy o'er heaven displays  
Of various stars the same unbounded blaze;  
Where great and small their mingling rays unite,  
And earth and skies exchange the friendly light.

And lo, my son that other sapient band,  
The torch of science flamiflg in their hand!  
Thro nature's range their searching souls aspire,  
Or wake to life the canvass and the lyre.  
Fixt in sublimest thought, behold them rise  
World after world unfolding to their eyes,  
Lead, light, allure them thro the total plan,  
And give new guidance to the paths of man.

Yon meteor-mantled hill see Franklin tread,  
Heaven's awful thunders tolling o'er his head,  
Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,  
And forked flames emblaze the blackening storm,  
See the descending streams around him burn,  
Glance on his rod and with his finger turn;  
He bids conflicting fulminants expire  
The guided blast, and holds the imprison'd fire.  
No more, when doubling storms the vault o'erspread,  
The livid glare shall strike thy race with dread,  
Nor towers nor temples, shuddering with the sound,  
Sink in the flames and shake the sheeted ground.  
His well tried wires, that every tempest wait,  
Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate,  
With pointed steel o'ertop the trembling spire,  
And lead from untouch'd walls the harmless flre;  
Fill'd with his fame while distant climes rejoice,  
Wherever lightning shines or thunder rears its voice.

And see sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,  
Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;  
Clear in his view the circling planets roll,  
And suns and satellites their course control.  
He marks what laws the widest wanderers bind,  
Copies creation in his forming mind,  
Sees in his hall the total semblance rise,  
And mimics there the labors of the skies.  
There student youths without their tubes behold  
The spangled heavens their mystic maze unfold,  
And crowded schools their cheerful chambers grace  
With all the spheres that cleave the vast of space.

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

West with his own great soul the canvass warms,  
Creates, inspires, impassions human forms,  
Spurns critic rules, and seizing safe the heart,  
Breaks down the former frightful bounds of Art;  
Where ancient manners, with exclusive reign,  
From half mankind withheld her fair domain.  
He calls to life each patriot, chief or sage,  
Garb'd in the dress and drapery of his age.  
Again bold Regulus to death returns,  
Again her falling Wolfe Britannia mourns;  
Lahogue, Boyne, Cressy, Nevilcross demand  
And gain fresh lustre from his copious hand;  
His Lear stalks wild with woes, the gods defies,  
Insults the tempest and outstorms the skies;  
Edward in arms to frowning combat moves,  
Or, won to pity by the queen he loves,  
Spare the devoted Six, whose deathless deed  
Preserves the town his vengeance doom'd to bleed.

With rival force, see Copley's pencil trace  
The air of action and the charms of face.  
Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of state,  
The senate listens and the peers debate;  
Pale consternation every heart appals,  
In act to speak, when death-struck Chatham fails.  
He bids dread Calpe cease to shake the waves,  
While Elliott's arm the host of Bourbon saves;  
O'er sail-wing'd batteries sinking in the flood,  
Mid flames and darkness, drench'd in hostile blood,  
Britannia's sons extend their generous hand  
To rescue foes from death, and bear them to the land.

Fired with the martial deeds that bathed in gore  
His brave companions on his native shore,  
Trumbull with daring hand their fame recalls;  
He shades with night Quebec's beleagured walls,  
Thro flashing flames, that midnight war supplies,  
The assailants yield, their great Montgomery dies.  
On Bunker height, thro floods of hostile fire,  
His Putnam toils till all the troops retire,  
His Warren, pierced with balls, at last lies low,  
And leaves a victory to the wasted foe.  
Britannia too his glowing tint shall claim,  
To pour new splendor on her Calpean fame;  
He leads her bold sortie, and from their towers  
O'erturns the Gallic and Iberian powers.

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

Stuart and Brown the moving portrait raise,  
Each rival stroke the force of life conveys;  
Heroes and beauties round their tablets stand,  
And rise unfading from their plastic hand;  
Each breathing form preserves its wonted grace,  
And all the Soul stands speaking in the face.

Two kindred arts the swelling statue heave,  
Wake the dead wax, and teach the stone to live.  
While the bold chissel claims the rugged strife,  
To rouse the sceptred marble into life,

See Wright's fair hands the livelier fire control,  
In waxen forms she breathes impassion'd soul;  
The pencil'd tint o'er moulded substance glows,  
And different powers the peerless art compose.  
Grief, rage and fear beneath her fingers start,  
Roll the wild eye and pour the bursting heart;  
The world's dead fathers wait her wakening call;  
And distant ages fill the storied hall.

To equal fame ascends thy tuneful throng,  
The boast of genius and the pride of song;  
Caught from the cast of every age and clime,  
Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.

With lynx-eyed glance thro nature far to pierce,  
With all the powers and every charm of verse,  
Each science opening in his ample mind,  
His fancy glowing and his taste refined,

See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand  
Hurls the keen darts of satire round the land.  
Pride, knavery, dullness feel his mortal stings,  
And listening virtue triumphs while he sings;  
Britain's foil'd sons, victorious now no more,  
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,  
Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain;  
The world resounds them in his deathless strain.

On wings of faith to elevate the soul  
Beyond the bourn of earth's benighted pole,  
For Dwight's high harp the epic Muse sublime  
Hails her new empire in the western clime.  
Tuned from the tones by seers seraphic sung,  
Heaven in his eye and rapture on his tongue,  
His voice revives old Canaan's promised land,  
The long-fought fields of Jacob's chosen band.  
In Hanniel's fate, proud faction finds its doom,  
Ai's midnight flames light nations to their tomb,  
In visions bright supernal joys are given,  
And all the dark futurities of heaven.

While freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,  
In counsel sage, nor inexpert in arms,  
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,  
Sheathe the glad sword and string the soothing lyre;  
That lyre which erst, in hours of dark despair,  
Roused the sad realms to finish well the war.  
O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,  
Fraternal sighs in his strong numbers flow;  
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,  
Fire his full soul and animate his lays:  
Wisdom and War with equal joy shall own  
So fond a votary and so brave a son.

Joel Barlow

## The Columbiad: Book X

The vision resumed, and extended over the whole earth. Present character of different nations. Future progress of society with respect to commerce; discoveries; inland navigation; philosophical, med and political knowledge. Science of government. Assimilation and final union of all languages. Its effect on education, and on the advancement of physical and moral science. The physical precedes the moral, as Phosphor precedes the Sun. View of a general Congress from all nations, assembled to establish the political harmony of mankind. Conclusion.

Hesper again his heavenly power display'd,  
And shook the yielding canopy of shade.  
Sudden the stars their trembling fires withdrew.  
Returning splendors burst upon the view,  
Floods of unfolding light the skies adorn,  
And more than midday glories grace the morn.  
So shone the earth, as if the sidereal train,  
Broad as full suns, had sail'd the ethereal plain;  
When no distinguish'd orb could strike the sight,  
But one clear blaze of all-surrounding light  
O'erflow'd the vault of heaven. For now in view  
Remoter climes and future ages drew;  
Whose deeds of happier fame, in long array,  
Call'd into vision, fill the newborn day.

Far as seraphic power could lift the eye,  
Or earth or ocean bend the yielding sky,  
Or circling sutis awake the breathing gale,  
Drake lead the way, or Cook extend the sail;  
Where Behren sever'd, with adventurous prow,  
Hesperia's headland from Tartaria's brow;  
Where sage Vancouvre's patient leads were hurl'd,  
Where Deimen stretch'd his solitary world;  
All lands, all seas that boast a present name,  
And all that unborn time shall give to fame,  
Around the Pair in bright expansion rise,  
And earth, in one vast level, bounds the skies.

They saw the nations tread their different shores,  
Ply their own toils and wield their local powers,  
Their present state in all its views disclose,  
Their gleams of happiness, their shades of woes,  
Plodding in various stages thro the range  
Of man's unheeded but unceasing change.  
Columbus traced them with experienced eye,  
And class'd and counted all the flags that fly;  
He mark'd what tribes still rove the savage waste,  
What cultured realms the sweets of plenty taste;  
Where arts and virtues fix their golden reign,  
Or peace adorns, or slaughter dyes the plain.

He saw the restless Tartar, proud to roam,  
Move with his herds and pitch a transient home;

Tibet's long tracts and China's fixt domain,  
Dull as their despots, yield their cultured grain;  
Cambodia, Siam, Asia's myriad isles  
And old Indostan, with their wealthy spoils  
Attract adventures masters, and o'ershade  
Their sunbright ocean with the wings of trade.  
Arabian robbers, Syrian Kurds combined,  
Create their deserts and infest mankind;  
The Turk's dim Crescent, like a day-struck star,  
As Russia's Eagle shades their haunts of war,  
Shrinks from insulted Europe, who divide  
The shatter'd empire to the Pontic tide.  
He mark'd impervious Afric, where alone  
She lies encircled with the verdant zone  
That lines her endless coast, and still sustains  
Her northern pirates and her eastern swains,  
Mourns her interior tribes purloined away,  
And chain'd and sold beyond Atlantic day.  
Brazilla's wilds, Mackensie's savage lands  
With bickering strife inflame their furious bands;  
Atlantic isles and Europe's cultured shores  
Heap their vast wealth, exchange their growing stores,  
All arts inculcate, new discoveries plan,  
Tease and torment but school the race of man.  
While his own federal states, extending far,  
Calm their brave sons now breathing from the war,  
Unfold their harbors, spread their genial soil,  
And welcome freemen to the cheerful toil.

A sight so solemn, as it varied sound,  
Fill'd his fond heart with reveries profound;  
He felt the infinitude of thoughts that pass  
And guide and govern that enormous mass.  
The cares that agitate, the creeds that blind,  
The woes that waste the many-master'd kind,  
The distance great that still remains to trace,  
Ere sober sense can harmonize the race,  
Held him suspense, imprest with reverence meek,  
And choked his utterance as he wish'd to speak:  
When Hesper thus: The paths they here pursue,  
Wide as they seem unfolding to thy view,  
Show but a point in that long circling course  
Which cures their weakness and confirms their force,  
Lends that experience which alone can close  
The scenes of strife, and give the world repose.  
Yet here thou seest the same progressive plan  
That draws for mutual succour man to man,  
From twain to tribe, from tribe to realm dilates,  
In federal union groups a hundred states,  
Thro all their turns with gradual scale ascends,  
Their powers; their passions and their interest blends;  
While growing arts their social virtues spread,

Enlarge their compacts and unlock their trade;  
Till each remotest clan, by commerce join'd,  
Links in the chain that binds all humankind,  
Their bloody banners sink in darkness furl'd,  
And one white flag of peace triumphant walks the world.

As infant streams, from oozing earth at first  
With feeble force and lonely murmurs burst,  
From myriad unseen fountains draw the rills  
And curl contentious round their hundred hills,  
Meet, froth and foam, their dashing currents swell,  
O'er crags and rocks their furious course impel,  
Impetuous plunging plough the mounds of earth,  
And tear the fostering flanks that gave them birth;  
Mad with the strength they gain, they thicken deep  
Their muddy waves and slow and sullen creep,  
O'erspread whole regions in their lawless pride,  
Then stagnate long, then shrink and curb their tide;  
Anon more tranquil grown, with steadier sway,  
Thro broader banks they shape their seaward way,  
From different climes converging, join and spread  
Their mingled waters in one widening bed,  
Profound, transparent; till the liquid zone  
Bands half the globe and drinks the golden sun,  
Sweeps onward still the still expanding plain,  
And moves majestic to the boundless main.  
Tis thus Society's small sources rise;  
Thro passions wild her infant progress lies;  
Fear, with its host of follies, errors, woes,  
Creates her obstacles and forms her foes;  
Misguided interest, local pride withstand,  
Till long-tried ills her growing views expand,  
Till tribes and states and empires find their place,  
Whose mutual wants her widest walks embrace;  
Enlightened interest, moral sense at length  
Combine their aids to elevate her strength,  
Lead o'er the world her peace-commanding sway.  
And light her steps with everlasting day.

From that mark'd stage of man we now behold,  
More rapid strides his coming paths unfold;  
His continents are traced, his islands found,  
His well-taught sails on all his billows bound,  
His varying wants their new discoveries ply,  
And seek in earth's whole range their sure supply.

First of his future stages, thou shalt see  
His trade unfetter'd and his ocean free.  
From thy young states the code consoling springs,  
To strip from vulture War his naval wings;  
In views so just all Europe's powers combine,  
And earth's full voice approves the vast design.

Tho still her inland realms the combat wage  
And hold in lingering broils the unsettled age,  
Yet no rude shocks that shake the crimson plain  
Shall more disturb the labors of the main;  
The main that spread so wide his travell'd way,  
Liberal as air, impartial as the day,  
That all thy race the common wealth might share,  
Exchange their fruits and fill their treasures there,  
Their speech assimilate, their counsels blend,  
Till mutual interest fix the mutual friend.  
Now see, my son, the destined hour advance;  
Safe in their leagues commercial navies dance,  
Leave their curst cannon on the quay-built strand,  
And like the stars of heaven a fearless course command.

The Hero look'd; beneath his wondering eyes  
Gay streamers lengthen round the seas and skies;  
The countless nations open all their stores,  
Load every wave and crowd the lively shores;  
Bright sails in mingling mazes streak the air,  
And commerce triumphs o'er the rage of war.

From Baltic streams, from Elba's opening side,  
From Rhine's long course and Texel's laboring tide,  
From Gaul, from Albion, tired of fruitless fight,  
From green Hibernia, clothed in recent light,  
Hispania's strand that two broad oceans lave,  
From Senegal and Gambia's golden wave,  
Tago the rich, and Douro's viny shores,  
The sweet Canaries and the soft Azores,  
Commingling barks their mutual banners hail,  
And drink by turns the same distending gale.  
Thro Calpe's strait that leads the Midland main,  
From Adria, Pontus, Nile's resurgent reign,  
The sails look forth and wave their bandrols high  
And ask their breezes from a broader sky.  
Where Asia's isles and utmost shorelands bend,  
Like rising suns the sheeted masts ascend;  
Coast after coast their flowing flags unrol,  
From Deimen's rocks to Zembla's ice-propt pole,  
Where Behren's pass collapsing worlds divides,  
Where California breaks the billowy tides,  
Peruvian streams their golden margins boast,  
Or Chili bluffs or Plata flats the coast.  
Where, clothed in splendor, his Atlantic way  
Spreads the blue borders of Hesperian day,  
From all his havens, with majestic sweep,  
The swiftest boldest daughters of the deep  
Swarm forth before him; till the cloudlike train  
From pole to pole o'ersheet the whitening main.

So some primeval seraph, placed on high,

From heaven's sublimest point o'erlook'd the sky,  
When space unfolding heard the voice of God,  
And suns and stars and systems roll'd abroad,  
Caught their first splendors from his beamful eye,  
Began their years and vaulted round their sky;  
Their social spheres in bright confusion play,  
Exchange their beams and fill the newborn day.

Nor seas alone the countless barks behold;  
Earth's inland realms their naval paths unfold.  
Her plains, long portless, now no more complain  
Of useless rills and fountains nursed in vain;  
Canals curve thro' them many a liquid line,  
Prune their wild streams, their lakes and oceans join.  
Where Darien hills o'erlook the gulphy tide,  
Cleft in his view the enormous banks divide;  
Ascending sails their opening pass pursue,  
And waft the sparkling treasures of Peru.  
Moxoe resigns his stagnant world of fen,  
Allures, rewards the cheerful toils of men,  
Leads their long new-made rivers round his reign,  
Drives off the stench and waves his golden grain,  
Feeds a whole nation from his cultured shore,  
Where not a bird could skim the skies before.

From Mohawk's mouth, far westing with the sun,  
Thro' all the midlands recent channels run,  
Tap the redundant lakes, the broad hills brave,  
And Hudson marry with Missouri's wave.  
From dim Superior, whose uncounted sails  
Shade his full seas and bosom all his gales,  
New paths unfolding seek Mackensie's tide,  
And towns and empires rise along their side;  
Slave's crystal highways all his north adorn,  
Like coruscations from the boreal morn.  
Proud Mississippi, tamed and taught his road,  
Flings forth irriguous from his generous flood  
Ten thousand watery glades; that, round him curl'd,  
Vein the broad bosom of the western world.

From the red banks of Arab's odorous tide  
Their Isthmus opens, and strange waters glide;  
Europe from all her shores, with crowded sails,  
Looks thro' the pass and calls the Asian gales.  
Volga and Obi distant oceans join.  
Delighted Danube weds the wasting Rhine;  
Elbe, Oder, Neister channel many a plain,  
Exchange their barks and try each other's main.  
All infant streams and every mountain rill  
Choose their new paths, some useful task to fill,  
Each acre irrigate, re-road the earth,  
And serve at last the purpose of their birth.

Earth, garden'd all, a tenfold burden brings;  
Her fruits, her odors, her salubrious springs  
Swell, breathe and bubble from the soil they grace,  
String with strong nerves the renovating race,  
Their numbers multiply in every land,  
Their toils diminish and their powers expand;  
And while she rears them with a statelier frame  
Their soul she kindles with diviner flame,  
Leads their bright intellect with fervid glow  
Thro all the mass of things that still remains to know.

He saw the aspiring genius of the age  
Soar in the Bard and strengthen in the Sage:  
The Bard with bolder hand assumes the lyre,  
Warms the glad nations with unwonted fire,  
Attunes to virtue all the tones that roll  
Their tides of transport thro the expanding soul.  
For him no more, beneath their furious gods,  
Old ocean crimsons and Olympus nods,  
Uprooted mountains sweep the dark profound,  
Or Titans groan beneath the rending ground,  
No more his clangor maddens up the mind  
To crush, to conquer and enslave mankind,  
To build on ruin'd realms the shrines of fame,  
And load his numbers with a tyrant's name.  
Far nobler objects animate his tongue,  
And give new energies to epic song;  
To moral charms he bids the world attend,  
Fraternal states their mutual ties extend,  
O'er cultured earth the rage of conquest cease,  
War sink in night and nature smile in peace.  
Soaring with science then he learns to string  
Her highest harp, and brace her broadest wing,  
With her own force to fray the paths untrod,  
With her own glance to ken the total God,  
Thro heavens o'er-canopied by heavens behold  
New suns ascend and other skies unfold,  
Social and system'd worlds around him shine,  
And lift his living strains to harmony divine.

The Sage with steadier lights directs his ken,  
Thro twofold nature leads the walks of men,  
Remoulds her moral and material frames,  
Their mutual aids, their sister laws proclaims,  
Disease before him with its causes flies,  
And boasts no more of sickly soils and skies;  
His well-proved codes the healing science aid,  
Its base establish and its blessing spread,  
With long-wrought life to teach the race to glow,  
And vigorous nerves to grace the locks of snow.

From every shape that varying matter gives,  
That rests or ripens, vegetates or lives,  
His chymic powers new combinations plan,  
Yield new creations, finer forms to man,  
High springs of health for mind and body trace,  
Add force and beauty to the joyous race,  
Arm with new engines his adventurous hand,  
Stretch o'er these elements his wide command,  
Lay the proud storm submissive at his feet,  
Change, temper, tame all subterranean heat,  
Probe laboring earth and drag from her dark side  
The mute volcano, ere its force be tried;  
Walk under ocean, ride the buoyant air,  
Brew the soft shower, the labor'd land repair,  
A fruitful soil o'er sandy deserts spread,  
And clothe with culture every mountain's head.

Where system'd realms their mutual glories lend,  
And well-taught sires the cares of state attend,  
Thro every maze of man they learn to wind,  
Note each device that prompts the Proteus mind,  
What soft restraints the tempered breast requires,  
To taste new joys and cherish new desires,  
Expand the selfish to the social flame,  
And rear the soul to deeds of nobler fame.

They mark, in all the past records of praise,  
What partial views heroic zeal could raise;  
What mighty states on others' ruins stood,  
And built unsafe their haughty seats in blood;  
How public virtue's ever borrow'd name  
With proud applauses graced the deeds of shame,  
Bade each imperial standard wave sublime,  
And wild ambition havoc every clime;  
From chief to chief the kindling spirit ran,  
Heirs of false fame and enemies of man.

Where Grecian states in even balance hung,  
And warm'd with jealous fires the patriot's tongue,  
The exclusive ardor cherish'd in the breast  
Love to one land and hatred to the rest.  
And where the flames of civil discord rage,  
And Roman arms with Roman arms engage,  
The mime of virtue rises still the same,  
To build a Cesar's as a Pompey's name.

But now no more the patriotic mind,  
To narrow views and local laws confined,  
Gainst neighboring lands directs the public rage.  
Plods for a clan or counsels for an age;  
But soars to loftier thoughts, and reaches far  
Beyond the power, beyond the wish of war;

For realms and ages forms the general aim,  
Makes patriot views and moral views the same,  
Works with enlighten'd zeal, to see combined  
The strength and happiness of humankind.

Long had Columbus with delighted eyes  
Mark'd all the changes that around him rise,  
Lived thro descending ages as they roll,  
And feasted still the still expanding soul;  
When now the peopled regions swell more near,  
And a mixt noise tumultuous stuns his ear.  
At first, like heavy thunders roll'd in air,  
Or the rude shock of cannonading war,  
Or waves resounding on the craggy shore,  
Hoarse roll'd the loud-toned undulating roar.  
But soon the sounds like human voices rise,  
All nations pouring undistinguish'd cries;  
Till more distinct the wide concussion grown  
Rolls forth at times an accent like his own.  
By turns the tongues assimilating blend,  
And smoother idioms over earth ascend;  
Mingling and softening still in every gale,  
O'er discord's din harmonious tones prevail.  
At last a simple universal sound  
Winds thro the welkin, sooths the world around,  
From echoing shores in swelling strain replies,  
And moves melodious o'er the warbling skies.

Such wild commotions as he heard and view'd,  
In fixt astonishment the Hero stood,  
And thus besought the Guide: Celestial friend,  
What good to man can these dread scenes intend?  
Some sore distress attends that boding sound  
That breathed hoarse thunder and convulsed the ground.  
War sure hath ceased; or have my erring eyes  
Misread the glorious visions of the skies?  
Tell then, my Seer, if future earthquakes sleep,  
Closed in the conscious caverns of the deep,  
Waiting the day of vengeance, when to roll  
And rock the rending pillars of the pole.  
Or tell if aught more dreadful to my race  
In these dark signs thy heavenly wisdom trace;  
And why the loud discordance melts again  
In the smooth glidings of a tuneful strain.

The guardian god replied: Thy fears give o'er;  
War's hosted hounds shall havoc earth no more;  
No sore distress these signal sounds foredoom,  
But give the pledge of peaceful years to come;  
The tongues of nations here their accents blend.  
Till one pure language thro the world extend.

Thou know'st the tale of Babel; how the skies  
Fear'd for their safety as they felt him rise,  
Sent unknown jargons mid the laboring bands,  
Confused their converse and unnerved their hands,  
Dispersed the bickering tribes and drove them far,  
From peaceful toil to violence and war;  
Bade kings arise with bloody flags unfurl'd,  
Bade pride and conquest wander o'er the world,  
Taught adverse creeds, commutual hatreds bred,  
Till holy homicide the climes o'erspread.  
-For that fine apologue, writh mystic strain,  
Gave like the rest a golden age to man,  
Ascribed perfection to his infant state,  
Science unsought and all his arts innate;  
Supposed the experience of the growing race  
Must lead him retrograde and cramp his pace,  
Obscure his vision as his lights increast,  
And sink him from an angel to a beast.

Tis thus the teachers of despotic sway  
Strive in all times to blot the beams of day,  
To keep him curb'd, nor let him lift his eyes  
To see where happiness, where misery lies.  
They lead him blind, and thro the world's broad waste  
Perpetual feuds, unceasing shadows cast,  
Crush every art that might the mind expand,  
And plant with demons every desert land;  
That, fixt in straiten'd bounds, the lust of power  
May ravage still and still the race devour,  
An easy prey the hoodwink'd hordes remain,  
And oceans roll and shores extend in vain.

Long have they reign'd; till now the race at last  
Shake off their manacles, their blinders cast,  
Overrule the crimes their fraudulent foes produce,  
By ways unseen to serve the happiest use,  
Tempt the wide wave, probe every yielding soil,  
Fill with their fruits the hardy hand of toil,  
Unite their forces, wheel the conquering car,  
Deal mutual death, but civilize by war.

Dear-bought the experiment and hard the strife  
Of social man, that rear'd his arts to life.  
His Passions wild that agitate the mind,  
His Reason calm, their watchful guide designed,  
While yet unreconciled, his march restrain,  
Mislead the judgment and betray the man.  
Fear, his first passion, long maintain'd the sway,  
Long shrouded in its glooms the mental ray,  
Shook, curb'd, controll'd his intellectual force,  
And bore him wild thro many a devious course.  
Long had his Reason, with experienced eye,

Perused the book of earth and scaled the sky,  
Led fancy, memory, foresight in her train,  
And o'er creation stretch'd her vast domain;  
Yet would that rival Fear her strength appal;  
In that one conflict always sure to fall,  
Mild Reason shunn'd the foe she could not brave,  
Renounced her empire and remained a slave.

But deathless, tho debased, she still could find  
Some beams of truth to pour upon the mind;  
And tho she dared no moral code to scan,  
Thro physic forms she learnt to lead the man;  
To strengthen thus his opening orbs of sight,  
And nerve and clear them for a stronger light.  
That stronger light, from nature's double codes,  
Now springs expanding and his doubts explodes;  
All nations catch it, all their tongues combine  
To hail the human morn and speak the day divine.

At this blest period, when the total race  
Shall speak one language and all truths embrace,  
Instruction clear a speedier course shall find,  
And open earlier on the infant mind.  
No foreign terms shall crowd with barbarous rules  
The dull unmeaning pageantry of schools;  
Nor dark authorities nor names unknown  
Fill the learnt head with ignorance not its own;  
But wisdom's eye with beams unclouded shine,  
And simplest rules her native charms define;  
One living language, one unborrow'd dress  
Her boldest flights with fullest force express;  
Triumphant virtue, in the garb of truth,  
Win a pure passage to the heart of youth,  
Pervade all climes where suns or oceans roll,  
And warm the world with one great moral soul,  
To see, facilitate, attain the scope  
Of all their labor and of all their hope.

As early Phosphor, on his silver throne,  
Fair type of truth and promise of the sun,  
Smiles up the orient in his dew-dipt ray,  
Illumes the front of heaven and leads the day;  
Thus Physic Science, with exploring eyes,  
First o'er the nations bids her beauties rise,  
Prepares the glorious way to pour abroad  
Her Sister's brighter beams, the purest light of God.  
Then Moral Science leads the lively mind  
Thro broader fields and pleasures more refined;  
Teaches the temper'd soul, at one vast view,  
To glance o'er time and look existence thro,  
See worlds and worlds, to being's formless end,  
With all their hosts on her prime power depend,

Seraphs and suns and systems, as they rise,  
Live in her life and kindle from her eyes,  
Her cloudless ken, her all-pervading soul  
Illume, sublime and harmonize the whole;  
Teaches the pride of man its breadth to bound  
In one small point of this amazing round,  
To shrink and rest where nature fixt its fate,  
A line its space, a moment for its date;  
Instructs the heart an ampler joy to taste,  
And share its feelings with each human breast,  
Expand its wish to grasp the total kind  
Of sentient soul, of cogitative mind;  
Till mutual love commands all strife to cease,  
And earth join joyous in the songs of peace.

Thus heard Columbus, eager to behold  
The famed Apocalypse its years unfold;  
The soul stood speaking thro his gazing eyes,  
And thus his voice: Oh let the visions rise!  
Command, celestial Guide, from each far pole,  
John's vision'd morn to open on my soul,  
And raise the scenes, by his reflected light,  
Living and glorious to my longing sight.  
Let heaven unfolding show the eternal throne,  
And all the concave flame in one clear sun;  
On clouds of fire, with angels at his side,  
The Prince of Peace, the King of Salem ride,  
With smiles of love to greet the bridal earth,  
Call slumbering ages to a second birth,  
With all his white-robed millions fill the train,  
And here commence the interminable reign!  
Such views, the Saint replies, for sense too bright,  
Would seal thy vision in eternal night;  
Man cannot face nor seraph power display  
The mystic beams of such an awful day.  
Enough for thee, that thy delighted mind  
Should trace the temporal actions of thy kind;  
That time's descending veil should ope so far  
Beyond the reach of wretchedness and war,  
Till all the paths in nature's sapient plan  
Fair in thy presence lead the steps of man,  
And form at last, on earth's extended ball,  
Union of parts and happiness of all.  
To thy glad ken these rolling years have shown  
The boundless blessings thy vast labors crown,  
That, with the joys of unborn ages blest,  
Thy soul exulting may retire to rest,  
But see once more! beneath a change of skies,  
The last glad visions wait thy raptured eyes.

Eager he look'd. Another train of years  
Had roll'd unseen, and brighten'd still their spheres;

Earth more resplendent in the floods of day  
Assumed new smiles, and flush'd around him lay.  
Green swell the mountains, calm the oceans roll,  
Fresh beams of beauty kindle round the pole;  
Thro all the range where shores and seas extend,  
In tenfold pomp the works of peace ascend.  
Robed in the bloom of spring's eternal year,  
And ripe with fruits the same glad fields appear;  
O'er hills and vales perennial gardens run,  
Cities unwall'd stand sparkling to the sun;  
The streams all freighted from the bounteous plain  
Swell with the load and labor to the main,  
Whose stormless waves command a steadier gale  
And prop the pinions of a bolder sail:  
Sway'd with the floating weight each ocean toils,  
And joyous nature's full perfection smiles.

Fill'd with unfolding fate, the vision'd age  
Now leads its actors on a broader stage;  
When clothed majestic in the robes of state,  
Moved by one voice, in general congress meet  
The legates of all empires. Twas the place  
Where wretched men first firm'd their wandering pace;  
Ere yet beguiled, the dark delirious hordes  
Began to fight for altars and for lords;  
Nile washes still the soil, and feels once more  
The works of wisdom press his peopled shore.

In this mid site, this monumental clime,  
Rear'd by all realms to brave the wrecks of time  
A spacious dome swells up, commodious great,  
The last resort, the unchanging scene of state.  
On rocks of adamant the walls ascend,  
Tall columns heave and sky-like arches bend;  
Bright o'er the golden roofs the glittering spires  
Far in the concave meet the solar fires;  
Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding high,  
Look with immortal splendor round the sky:  
Hither the delegated sires ascend,  
And all the cares of every clime attend.

As that blest band, the guardian guides of heaven,  
To whom the care of stars and suns is given,  
(When one great circuit shall have proved their spheres,  
And time well taught them how to wind their years)  
Shall meet in general council; call'd to state  
The laws and labors that their charge await;  
To learn, to teach, to settle how to hold  
Their course more glorious, as their lights unfold:  
From all the bounds of space (the mandate known)  
They wing their passage to the eternal throne;  
Each thro his far dim sky illumines the road,

And sails and centres tow'rd the mount of God;  
There, in mid universe, their seats to rear,  
Exchange their counsels and their works compare:  
So, from all tracts of earth, this gathering throng  
In ships and chariots shape their course along,  
Reach with unwonted speed the place assign'd  
To hear and give the counsels of mankind.

South of the sacred mansion, first resort  
The assembled sires, and pass the spacious court.  
Here in his porch earth's figured Genius stands,  
Truth's mighty mirror poizing in his hands;  
Graved on the pedestal and chased in gold,  
Man's noblest arts their symbol forms unfold,  
His tillage and his trade; with all the store  
Of wondrous fabrics and of useful lore:  
Labors that fashion to his sovereign sway  
Earth's total powers, her soil and air and sea;  
Force them to yield their fruits at his known call,  
And bear his mandates round the rolling ball.  
Beneath the footstool all destructive things,  
The mask of priesthood and the mace of kings,  
Lie trampled in the dust; for here at last  
Fraud, folly, error all their emblems cast.  
Each envoy here unloads his wearied hand  
Of some old idol from his native land;  
One flings a pagod on the mingled heap,  
One lays a crescent, one a cross to sleep;  
Swords, sceptres, mitres, crowns and globes and stars,  
Codes of false fame and stimulants to wars  
Sink in the settling mass; since guile began,  
These are the agents of the woes of man.

Now the full concourse, where the arches bend,  
Pour thro by thousands and their seats ascend.  
Far as the centred eye can range around,  
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,  
Long rows of reverend sires sublime extend,  
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.  
High in the front, for soundest wisdom known,  
A sire elect in peerless grandeur shone;  
He open'd calm the universal cause,  
To give each realm its limit and its laws,  
Bid the last breath of tired contention cease,  
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace;  
Till one confederate, condependent sway  
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,  
One centred system, one all-ruling soul  
Live thro the parts and regulate the whole.

Here then, said Hesper, with a blissful smile,  
Behold the fruits of thy long years of toil.

To yon bright borders of Atlantic day  
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,  
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,  
To trace new seas and happy nations rear;  
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurl'd  
Have waved at last in union o'er the world.

Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain  
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,  
Of courts insidious, envy's poison'd stings,  
The loss of empire and the frown of kings;  
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose  
To spurn the malice of insulting foes;  
And all the joys descending ages gain,  
Repay thy labors and remove thy pain.

Joel Barlow

## The First American Congress

Columbus looked; and still around them spread,  
From south to north, th' immeasurable shade;  
At last, the central shadows burst away,  
And rising regions open'd on the day.  
He saw, once more, bright Del'ware's silver stream,  
And Penn's throng'd city cast a cheerful gleam;  
The dome of state, that met his eager eye,  
Now heav'd its arches in a loftier sky.  
The bursting gates unfold: and lo, within,  
A solemn train in conscious glory shine.  
The well-known forms his eye had trac'd before,  
In diff'rent realms along th' extended shore;  
Here, grac'd with nobler fame, and rob'd in state,  
They look'd and mov'd magnificently great.  
High on the foremost seat, in living light,  
Majestic Randolph caught the hero's sight:  
Fair on his head, the civic crown was plac'd,  
And the first dignity his sceptre grac'd.  
He opes the cause, and points in prospect far,  
Thro' all the toils that wait th' impending war --  
But, hapless sage, thy reign must soon be o'er,  
To lend thy lustre, and to shine no more.  
So the bright morning star, from shades of ev'n,  
Leads up the dawn, and lights the front of heav'n,  
Points to the waking world the sun's broad way,  
Then veils his own, and shines above the day.  
And see great Washington behind thee rise,  
Thy following sun, to gild our morning skies;  
O'er shadowy climes to pour the enliv'ning flame,  
The charms of freedom and the fire of fame.  
Th' ascending chief adorn'd his splendid seat,  
Like Randolph, ensign'd with a crown of state;  
Where the green patriot bay beheld, with pride,  
The hero's laurel springing by its side;  
His sword, hung useless, on his graceful thigh,  
On Britain still he cast a filial eye;  
But sov'reign fortitude his visage bore,  
To meet their legions on th' invaded shore.  
Sage Franklin next arose, in awful mien,  
And smil'd, unruffled, o'er th' approaching scene;  
High, on his locks of age, a wreath was brac'd,  
Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal grac'd;  
Beneath him lies the sceptre kings have borne,  
And crowns and laurels from their temples torn.  
Nash, Rutledge, Jefferson, in council great,  
And Jay and Laurens op'd the rolls of fate.  
The Livingstons, fair Freedom's gen'rous band,  
The Lees, the Houstons, fathers of the land,  
O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,  
Bade all th' oppressed to speedy vengeance rise;  
All pow'rs of state, in their extended plan,  
Rise from consent to shield the rights of man.

Bold Wolcott urg'd the all-important cause;  
With steady hand the solemn scene he draws;  
Undaunted firmness with his wisdom join'd,  
Nor kings nor worlds could warp his stedfast mind.  
Now, graceful rising from his purple throne,  
In radiant robes, immortal Hosmer shone;  
Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound,  
The statesman's wreath, the poet's garland crown'd:  
Morals and laws expand his liberal soul,  
Beam from his eyes, and in his accents roll.  
But lo! an unseen hand the curtain drew,  
And snatch'd the patriot from the hero's view;  
Wrapp'd in the shroud of death, he sees descend  
The guide of nations and the muses' friend.  
Columbus dropp'd a tear. The angel's eye  
Trac'd the freed spirit mounting thro' the sky.  
Adams, enrag'd, a broken charter bore,  
And lawless acts of ministerial pow'r;  
Some injur'd right in each loose leaf appears,  
A king in terrors and a land in tears;  
From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,  
With eye retortive look'd creation through;  
Op'd the wide range of nature's boundless plan,  
Trac'd all the steps of liberty and man;  
Crowds rose to vengeance while his accents rung,  
And Independence thunder'd from his tongue.

Joel Barlow

## The Hasty Pudding

### A POEM IN THREE CANTOS

#### Canto I

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,  
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies;  
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurled,  
Bear death to kings, and freedom to the world,  
I sing not to you. A softer theme I choose,  
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse,  
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire  
The purest frenzy of poetic fire.  
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steeled,  
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;  
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing  
Joys that the vineyard and the stillhouse bring;  
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,  
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.  
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,  
My morning incense, and my evening meal,  
The sweets of Hasty Pudding. Come, dear bowl,  
Glide o'er my palate, and inspire my soul.  
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,  
It's substance mingled, married in with thine,  
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,  
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.  
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song  
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,  
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,  
And, as they roll in substance, roll in rime,  
No more thy awkward unpoetic name  
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;  
But rising grateful to the accustomed ear,  
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!  
Assist me first with pious toil to trace  
Through wrecks of time thy lineage and they race;  
Declare what lovely squaw, in days of yore,  
(Ere great Columbus sought thy native shore)  
First gave thee to the world; her works of fame  
Have lived indeed, but lived without a name.  
Some tawny Ceres, goddess of her days,  
First learned with stones to crack the well-dried maize,  
Through the rough sieve to shake the golden shower,  
In boiling water stir the yellow flour:  
The yellow flour, bestrewed and stirred with haste,  
Swell in the flood and thickens to a paste,  
Then puffs and wallops, rises to the brim,  
Drinks the dry knobs that on the surface swim;  
The knobs at last the busy ladle breaks,  
And the whole mass its true consistence takes.

Could but her sacred name, unknown so long,  
Rise, like her labors, to the son of song,  
To her, to them, I'd consecrate my lays,  
And blow her pudding with the breath of praise.  
If 'twas Oella, whom I sang before,  
I here ascribe her one great virtue more.  
Not through the rich Peruvian realms alone  
The fame of Sol's sweet daughter should be known,  
But o'er the world's wide climes should live secure,  
Far as his rays extend, as long as they endure.  
Dear Hasty Pudding, what unpromised joy  
Expands my heart, to meet thee in Savoy!  
Doomed o'er the world through devious paths to roam,  
Each clime my country, and each house my home,  
My soul is soothed, my cares have found an end,  
I greet my long-lost, unforgotten friend.  
For thee through Paris, that corrupted town,  
How long in vain I wandered up and down,  
Where shameless Bacchus, with his drenching hoard,  
Cold from his cave usurps the morning board.  
London is lost in smoke and steeped in tea;  
No Yankee there can lisp the name of thee;  
The uncouth word, a libel on the town,  
Would call a proclamation from the crown.  
For climes oblique, that fear the sun's full rays,  
Chilled in their fogs, exclude the generous maize;  
A grain whose rich luxuriant growth requires  
Short gentle showers, and bright ethereal fires.  
But here, though distant from our native shore,  
With mutual glee we meet and laugh once more.  
The same! I know thee by that yellow face,  
That strong complexion of true Indian race,  
Which time can never change, nor soil impair,  
Nor Alpine snows, nor Turkey's morbid air;  
For endless years, though every mild domain,  
Where grows the maize, there thou art sure to reign.  
But man, more fickle, the bold incense claims,  
In different realms to give thee different names.  
Thee the soft nations round the warm Levant

polanta  
call, the French of course  
polenta;

Ev'n in thy native regions, how I blush  
To hear the Pennsylvanians call thee  
mush!

On Hudson's banks, while men of Belgic spawn  
Insult and eat thee by the name suppawn.

All spurious appellations, void of truth;

I've better known thee from my earliest youth,  
 Thy name is Hasty Pudding! thus our sires  
 Were wont to greet thee fuming from their fires;  
 And while they argued in thy just defence  
 With logic clear, they thus explained the sense:  
 'In  
 haste  
 the boiling cauldron, o'er the blaze,  
 Receives and cooks the ready-powdered maize;  
 In  
 haste  
 'tis served, and then in equal  
 haste,  
 With cooling milk, we make the sweet repast.  
 No carving to be done, no knife to grate  
 The tender ear, and wound the stony plate;  
 But the smooth spoon, just fitted to the lip,  
 And taught with art the yielding mass to dip,  
 By frequent journeys to the bowl well stored,  
 Performs the hasty honors of the board.'  
 Such is the name, significant and clear,  
 A name, a sound to every Yankee dear,  
 But most to me, whose heart and palate chaste  
 Preserve my pure hereditary taste.  
 There are who strive to stamp with disrepute  
 The luscious food, because it feeds the brute;  
 In tropes of high-strained wit, while gaudy prigs  
 Compare thy nursling, man, to pampered pigs;  
 With sovereign scorn I treat the vulgar jest,  
 Nor fear to share thy bounties with the beast.  
 What though the generous cow gives me to quaff  
 The milk nutritious; am I then a calf?  
 Or can the genius of the noisy swine,  
 Though nursed on pudding, thence lay claim to mine?  
 Sure the sweet song, I fashion to thy praise,  
 Runs more melodious than the notes they raise.  
 My song resounding in its grateful glee,  
 No merit claims; I praise myself in thee.  
 My father loved thee through his length of days;  
 For thee his fields were shaded o'er with maize;  
 From thee what health, what vigor he possessed,  
 Ten sturdy freemen from his loins attest;  
 Thy constellation ruled my natal morn,  
 And all my bones were made of Indian corn.  
 Delicious grain! whatever form ti take,  
 To roast or boil, to smother or to bake,  
 In every dish 'tis welcome still to me,  
 But most, my Hasty Pudding, most in thee.  
 Let the green succotash with thee contend,  
 let beans and corn their sweetest juices blend,  
 Let butter drench them in its yellow tide,  
 And a long slice of bacon grace their side;

Not all the plate, how famed soe'er it be,  
Can please my palate like a bowl of thee.  
Some talk of hoe-cake, fair Virginia's pride,  
Rich johnny-cake this mouth has often tried;  
Both please me well, their virtues much the same;  
Alike their fabric, as allied their fame,  
Except in dear New England, where the last  
Receives a dash of pumpkin in the paste,  
To give it sweetness and improve the taste.  
But place them all before me, smoking hot,  
The big round dumpling rolling from the pot;  
The pudding of the bag, whose quivering breast,  
With suet lined, leads on the Yankee feast;  
The charlotte brown, within whose crusty sides  
A belly soft the pulpy apple hides;  
The yellow bread, whose face like amber glows,  
And all of Indian that the bakepan knows-  
You tempt me not-my favorite greets my eyes,  
To that loved bowl my spoon by instinct flies.

## Canto II

To mix the food by vicious rules of art,  
To kill the stomach and to sink the heart,  
To make mankind to social virtue sour,  
Cram o'er each dish, and be what they devour;  
For this the kitchen muse first framed her book,  
Commanding sweat to stream from every cook;  
Children no more their antic gambols tried,  
And friend to physic wandered why they died.  
Not so the Yankee-his abundant feast,  
With simples furnished, and with plainness dressed,  
A numerous offspring gathers round the board,  
And cheers alike the servant and the lord;  
Whose well-bought hunger prompts the joyous taste,  
And health attends them from the short repast.  
While the full pail rewards the milkmaid's toil,  
The mother sees the morning cauldron boil;  
To stir the pudding next demands their care,  
To spread the table and the bowls prepare;  
To feed the children, as their portions cool,  
And comb their heads, and send them off to school.  
Yet may the simplest dish some rules impart,  
For nature scorns not all the aids of art.  
Ev'n Hasty Pudding, purest of all food,  
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,  
As sage experience the short process guides,  
Or want of skill, or want of care presides:  
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,  
To rear the child and long sustain the man;  
To shield the morals while it mends the size,

And all the powers of every food supplies,  
Attend the lessons that the muse shall bring.  
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.  
But since, O man! thy life and health demand  
Not food alone, but labor from thy hand,  
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,  
Ask of thy mother earth the needful maize;  
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,  
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.  
When now the ox, obedient to thy call,  
Repay the loan that filled the winter stall,  
Pursue his traces o'er the furrowed plain,  
And plant in measured hills the golden grain.  
But when the tender germ begins to shoot,  
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,  
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe,  
The insidious worm, the all-devouring crow.  
A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,  
Son steeped in rain, will bid the worm retire;  
The feathered robber with his hungry maw  
Swift flies the field before your man of straw,  
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring  
When met to burn the Pope or hang the King.  
Thrice in the season, through each verdant row  
Wield the strong plowshare and the faithful hoe;  
The faithful hoe, a double task that takes,  
To till the summer corn, and roast the winter cakes.  
Slow springs the blade, while checked by chilling rains,  
Ere yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;  
But when his fiercest fires emblaze the land,  
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;  
Then, like a column of Corinthian mold,  
The stalk struts upward, and the leaves unfold;  
The busy branches all the ridges fill,  
Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.  
Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done;  
Leave the last labors to the parent sun;  
Beneath his genial smiles the well-dressed field,  
When autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.  
Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,  
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;  
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,  
And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;  
The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,  
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows;  
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,  
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,  
When the pledged roasting-ears invite the maid,  
To meet her swain beneath the new-formed shade;  
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,  
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;  
Small compensation for the two-fold bliss,

The promised wedding and the present kiss.  
Slight depredations these; but now the moon  
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;  
And while by night he bears his prize away,  
The bolder squirrel labors through the day.  
Both thieves alike, but provident of time,  
A virtue rare, that almost hides their crime.  
Then let them steal the little stores they can,  
And fill their granaries from the toils of man;  
We've one advantage where they take no part,  
With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art  
To boil the Hasty Pudding; here we shine  
Superior far to tenants of the pine;  
This envied boon to man shall still belong,  
Unshared by them in substance or in song.  
At last the closing season browns the plain,  
And ripe October gathers in the grain;  
Deep loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,  
The sack distended marches to the mill;  
The laboring mill beneath the burden grounds,  
And showers the future pudding from the stones;  
Till the glad housewife greets the powdered gold,  
And the new crop exterminates the old.

### Canto III

The days grow short; but though the falling sun  
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,  
Night's pleasing shades his various talk prolong,  
And yield new subjects to my various song.  
For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,  
The invited neighbors to the  
husking  
come;  
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play,  
Unite their charms, to chase the hours away.  
Where the huge heap lies centered in the hall,  
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,  
Brown corn-fed nymphs, and strong hard-handed beaux,  
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,  
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;  
The dry husks rustle, and the corncobs crack;  
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,  
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.  
The laws of husking every wight can tell;  
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:  
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,  
With each smut ear he smuts the luckless swains;  
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,  
Red as her lips, and taper as her waist,

She walks the round, and culls one favored beau,  
Who leaps, the luscious tribute to bestow.  
Various the sport, as are the wits and brains  
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains;  
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,  
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.  
Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care,  
The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare.  
The sifted meal already waits her hand,  
The milk is strained, the bowls in order stand,  
The fire flames high; and, as a pool (that takes  
The headlong stream that o'er the milldam breaks)  
Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,  
So the vexed cauldron rages, roars, and boils.  
First with clean salt she seasons well the food,  
Then strews the flour, and thickens all the flood.  
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand;  
To stir it well demands a stronger hand;  
The husband takes his turn; and round and round  
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crowned;  
When to the board the thronging huskers our,  
And take their seats as at the corn before.  
I leave them to their feat. There still belong  
More copious matters to my faithful song.  
For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,  
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be ate.  
Some with molasses line the luscious treat,  
And mix, like bards, the useful with the sweet.  
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,  
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,  
When the chilled earth lies buried deep in snow,  
And raging Boreas drives the shivering cow.  
Blessed cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ,  
Mother of Egypt's God-but sure, for me,  
Were I to leave my God, I'd worship thee.  
How oft thy teats these pious hands have pressed!  
How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!  
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain!  
And roared, like thee, to find thy children slain!  
Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,  
Ah! house her well from winter's angry skies.  
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,  
Corn from your crib, and mashes from your beer;  
When spring returns she'll well acquaint the loan,  
And nurse at once your infants and her own.  
Milk then with pudding I should always choose;  
To this in future I confine my muse,  
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,  
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.  
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,  
Then drop with are along the silver lake  
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide

Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;  
But when their growing mass no more can sink,  
When the soft island looms above the brink,  
Then check your hand; you've got the portion's due,  
So taught our sires, and what they taught is true.  
There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear  
The nice distinction, yet to me 'tis clear.  
The deep-bowled Gallie spoon, contrived to scoop  
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,  
Performs not well in those substantial things,  
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;  
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace,  
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space.  
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,  
A bowl less concave but still more dilate,  
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,  
A secret rests unknown to vulgar eyes.  
Experienced feeders can alone impart  
A rule so much above the lore of art.  
These tuneful lips that thousand spoons have tried,  
With just precision could the point decide,  
Though not in song; the muse but poorly shines  
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;  
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,  
Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,  
Which in two equal portions shall divide  
The distance from the center to the side.  
Fear not to slaver; 'tis no deadly sin.  
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin  
Suspend the ready napkin; or, like me,  
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;  
Just in the zenith your wise head project,  
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,  
Bold as a bucket, heeds no drops that fall,  
The wide-mouthed bowl will surely catch them all.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 1

Long had the Sage, the first who dared to brave  
The unknown dangers of the western wave,  
Who taught mankind where future empires lay  
In these fair confines of descending day,  
With cares o'erwhelm'd, in life's distressing gloom,  
Wish'd from a thankless world a peaceful tomb;  
While kings and nations, envious of his name,  
Enjoy'd his toils and triumph'd o'er his fame,  
And gave the chief, from promised empire hurl'd,  
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.  
Now night and silence held their lonely reign,  
The half-orb'd moon declining to the main;  
Descending clouds, o'er varying ether driven,  
Obscured the stars and shut the eye from heaven;  
Cold mists through opening grates the cell invade,  
And deathlike terrors haunt the midnight shade;  
When from a visionary, short repose,  
That raised new cares and temper'd keener woes,  
Columbus woke, and to the walls address'd  
The deep-felt sorrows of his manly breast.

Here lies the purchase, here the wretched spoil,  
Of painful years and persevering toil:  
For these dread walks, this hideous haunt of pain,  
I traced new regions o'er the pathless main,  
Dared all the dangers of the dreary wave,  
Hung o'er its clefts and topp'd the surging grave,  
Saw billowy seas, in swelling mountains roll,  
And bursting thunders rock the reddening pole,  
Death rear his front in every dreadful form,  
Gape from beneath and blacken in the storm;  
Till, tost far onward to the skirts of day,  
Where milder suns dispens'd a smiling ray,  
Through brighter skies my happier sails descry'd  
The golden banks that bound the western tide,  
And gave the admiring world that bounteous shore  
Their wealth to nations and to kings their power

Oh land of transport! dear, delusive coast,  
To these fond, aged eyes forever lost!  
No more thy gladdening vales I travel o'er,  
For me thy mountains rear the head no more,  
For me thy rocks no sparkling gems unfold,  
Or streams luxuriant wear their paths in gold;  
From realms of promised peace forever borne,  
I hail dread anguish, and in secret mourn

But dangers past, fair climes explored in vain,  
And foes triumphant shew but half my pain  
Dissembling friends, each earlier joy who gave,  
And fired my youth the storms of fate to brave,  
Swarm'd in the sunshine of my happier days,

Pursued the fortune and partook the praise,  
Bore in my doubtful cause a twofold part,  
The garb of friendship and the viper's heart,  
Pass my loath'd cell with smiles of sour disdain,  
Insult my woes and triumph in my pain.

One gentle guardian Heaven indulgent gave,  
And now that guardian slumbers in the grave  
Hear from above, thou dear departed shade,  
As once my joys, my present sorrows aid,  
Burst my full heart, afford that last relief,  
Breathe back my sighs and re-inspire my grief;  
Still in my sight thy royal form appears,  
Reproves my silence and demands my tears  
On that blest hour my soul delights to dwell,  
When thy protection bade the canvass swell,  
When kings and courtiers found their factions vain,  
Blind Superstition shrunk beneath her chain,  
The sun's glad beam led on the circling way,  
And isles rose beauteous in the western day  
But o'er those silvery shores, that fair domain,  
What crowds of tyrants fix their horrid reign!  
Again fair Freedom seeks her kindred skies,  
Truth leaves the world, and Isabella dies

Oh, lend thy friendly shroud to veil my sight,  
That these pain'd eyes may dread no more the light,  
These welcome shades conclude my instant doom,  
And this drear mansion moulder to a tomb

Thus mourn'd the hapless chief; a thundering sound  
Roll'd round the shuddering walls and shook the ground;  
O'er all the dome, where solemn arches bend,  
The roofs unfold and streams of light descend;  
The growing splendor fill'd the astonish'd room,  
And gales ethereal breathed a glad perfume;  
Mild in the midst a radiant seraph shone,  
Robed in the vestments of the rising sun;  
Tall rose his stature, youth's primeval grace  
Moved o'er his limbs and wanton'd in his face,  
His closing wings, in golden plumage drest,  
With gentle sweep came folding o'er his breast,  
His locks in rolling ringlets glittering hung,  
And sounds melodious moved his heavenly tongue

Rise, trembling Chief, to scenes of rapture, rise,  
This voice awaits thee from the approving skies;  
Thy just complaints, in heavenly audience known  
Call mild compassion from the indulgent throne;  
Let grief no more awake the piteous strain,  
Nor think thy piety or toils are vain  
Tho' faithless men thy injured worth despise,

Depress all virtue and insult the skies,  
Yet look thro' nature, Heaven's own conduct trace,  
What power divine sustains the unthankful race!  
From that great Source, that life-inspiring Soul,  
Suns drew their light and systems learn'd to roll,  
Time walk'd the silent round, and life began,  
And God's fair image stamp'd the mind of man  
Down the long vale, where rolling years descend,  
To thy own days, behold his care extend;  
From one eternal Spring, what love proceeds!  
Smiles in the seraph, in the Saviour bleeds,  
Shines through all worlds, that fill the bounds of space,  
And lives and brightens in thy favour'd race.  
Yet no return the almighty Power can know,  
From earth to heaven no just reward can flow,  
Men spread their wants, the all-bounteous hand supplies,  
And gives the joys that mortals dare despise  
In these dark vales where blinded faction sways,  
Wealth pride and conquest claim the palm of praise,  
Aw'd into slaves, while groping millions groan,  
And blood-stain'd steps lead upwards to a throne

Far other wreaths thy virtuous temples claim,  
Far nobler honours build thy sacred name,  
Thine be the joys the immortal mind that grace  
Pleas'd with the toils, that bless thy kindred race,  
Now raise thy ravish'd soul to scenes more bright,  
The glorious fruits ascending on thy sight;  
For, wing'd with speed, from brighter worlds I came,  
To sooth thy grief and show thy distant fame

As that great Seer, whose animating rod  
Taught Israel's sons the wonder-working God,  
Who led, thro' dreary wastes, the murmuring band  
To the fair confines of the promised land,  
Oppress'd with years, from Pisgah's beauteous height,  
O'er boundless regions cast the raptured sight;  
The joys of unborn nations warm'd his breast,  
Repaid his toils and sooth'd his soul to rest;  
Thus, o'er thy subject wave, shalt thou behold  
Far happier realms their future charms unfold,  
In nobler pomp another Pisgah rise,  
Beneath whose foot thine own Canaumlan lies;  
There, rapt in vision, hail the distant clime,  
And taste the blessings of remotest time  
The Seraph spoke; and now before them lay  
(The doors unbarr'd) a steep ascending way,  
That, through disparting shades, arose on high,  
Reach'd o'er the hills and lengthen'd up the sky,  
Oped a fair summit, graced with rising flowers,  
Sweet odours breathing through celestial bowers,  
O'er proud Hispanian spires, it looks sublime,

Subjects the Alps and levels all the clime  
 Led by the Power, the hero gain'd the height,  
 A touch from heaven sublimed his mortal sight,  
 And, calm beneath them, flow'd the western main,  
 Far stretch'd, immense, a sky-encircled plain;  
 No sail, no isle, no cloud invests the bound,  
 Nor billowy surge disturbs the unvaried round;  
 Till, deep in distant heavens, the sun's dim ray  
 Topp'd unknown cliffs and call'd them up to day;  
 Slow glimmering into sight wide regions drew,  
 And rose and brighten'd on the expanding view;  
 Fair sweep the waves, the lessening ocean smiles,  
 And breathes the fragrance of a thousand isles;  
 Near and more near the long-drawn coasts arise,  
 Bays stretch their arms and mountains lift the skies,  
 The lakes, unfolding, point the streams their way,  
 The plains the hills their lengthening skirts display,  
 The vales draw forth, high walk the approaching groves,  
 And all the majesty of nature moves.  
 O'er the wild climes his eyes delighted rove,  
 Where lands extend and glittering waters move;  
 He saw through central realms, the winding shore  
 Spread the deep gulph, his sail had traced before,  
 The rocky isthmus meet the raging tide,  
 Join distant lands and neighbouring seas divide,  
 On either side the shores unbounded bend,  
 Push wide their waves and to the poles ascend;  
 While two fair continents united rise,  
 Broad as the main and lengthen'd with the skies.  
 Such views around them spread, when thus the Guide,  
 Here bounteous earth displays her noblest pride,  
 Ages unborn shall bless the happy day,  
 When thy bold streamers steer'd the trackless way,  
 O'er these delightful realms thy sons shall tread.  
 And following millions trace the path you led  
 Behold yon isles, where first the flag, unfurl'd,  
 Waved peaceful triumph o'er the newfound world,  
 Where, aw'd to silence, savage bands gave place,  
 And hail'd with joy the sun-descended race.  
 See there the banks that purest waters lave,  
 Swift Oronoque rolls back the ocean's wave,  
 The well known current cleaves the lofty coast,  
 Where Paria's walks thy former footsteps boast  
 These scanty shores no more thy joys shall bound,  
 See nobler prospects lead their swelling round,  
 Nature's sublimest scenes before thee roll,  
 And years and empires open on thy soul  
 High to yon seats exalt thy roving view,  
 Where Quito's lofty plains o'erlook Peru,  
 On whose broad base, like clouds together driven,  
 A world exalted props the skirts of heaven  
 From south to north what long, blue fronts arise!

Ridge over ridge, and lost in ambient skies!  
 Approaching near, they heave expanding bounds,  
 The yielding concave bends sublimer rounds,  
 Earth's loftiest towers there lift the daring height,  
 And all the Andes fill the bounded sight  
 Round the low base what sloping breaches bend!  
 Hills form on hills and trees o'er trees extend,  
 Ascending, whitening, how the craggs are lost!  
 O'erwhelm'd with summits of eternal frost;  
 Broad fields of ice give back the morning ray,  
 Like walls of suns or heaven's perennial day  
 There folding storms on eastern pinions ride,  
 Veil the black heavens and wrap the mountain's side,  
 The thunders rake the craggs, the rains descend,  
 And the long lightnings o'er the vallies bend,  
 While blasts unburden'd sweep the cliffs of snow,  
 The whirlwinds wheel above, the floods convolve below.  
 There molten rocks, explosive rend their tomb,  
 And dread volcanoes ope the nations' doom,  
 Wild o'er the regions pour the floods of fire,  
 The shores heave backward and the seas retire  
 There slumbering vengeance waits the Almighty call,  
 Long ages hence to shake some guilty wall;  
 Thy pride, O Lima, swells the sulph'rous wave,  
 And fanes and priests and idols crowd thy grave  
 But cease, my son, these dread events to trace,  
 Nor learn the woes that wait thy kindred race.  
 Beyond those glimmering hills, in lands unknown,  
 O'er the wide gulph, beyond the flaming zone,  
 Thro' milder climes, see gentler mountains rise,  
 Where yon dim regions bound the northern skies  
 Back from the shore ascending champaigns run,  
 And lift their heights to hail the eastern sun,  
 Through all the midland realm, to yon blue pole,  
 The green hills lengthen and the rivers roll  
 So spoke the blest Immortal; when, more near,  
 The northern climes in various pomp appear;  
 Lands yet unknown, and streams without a name  
 Rise into vision and demand their fame  
 As when some saint, in heaven's sublime abode,  
 Extends his views o'er all the works of God;  
 While earth's fair circuit in his presence rolls,  
 Here glows the centre and there point the poles;  
 O'er land and sea his eyes sublimely rove,  
 And joys of mortals kindle heaven with love;  
 With equal glance the great Observer's sight  
 Ranged the low vale or climb'd the cloudly height,  
 As, led by heaven's own light, his raptur'd mind,  
 Explored the realms that here await mankind  
 Now the still morn had tinged the mountain's brow  
 And rising radiance warm'd the plains below;  
 Stretch'd o'er Virginian hills, in long array,

The beauteous Alleghanies met the day  
 From sultry Mobile's rich Floridian shore,  
 To where Ontario bids hoarse Laurence roar,  
 O'er the clear mountain-tops and winding streams,  
 Rose a pure azure, streak'd with orient beams;  
 Fair spread the scene, the hero gazed sublime,  
 And thus in prospect hail'd the happy clime  
 Blest shores of fame, conceal'd in earlier days  
 To lure my steps to trace the untempted seas!  
 And blest the race my guardian Saint shall lead,  
 Where these tall forests wave the beckoning head  
 Thro' each wide ridge what various treasures shine!  
 Sleep there ye diamonds, and ye ores refine  
 Exalt your heads ye oaks, ye pines ascend  
 Till future navies bid your branches bend,  
 Then spread the canvass o'er the subject sea,  
 Explore new worlds and teach the old your sway  
 He said, and northward cast his wondering eyes,  
 Where other cliffs, in other climes, arise,  
 Where bleak Acadia spreads the dangerous coast,  
 And isles and shoals their latent horrors boast,  
 High in the distant heaven, the hoary height  
 Heaves the glad sailor an eternal light  
 Nor could those hills, unnoticed, raise their head,  
 That look sublime o'er Hudson's winding bed;  
 Tho' no bold fiction rear them to the skies,  
 And neighbouring summits far superior rise,  
 Yet the blue Kaatskill, where the storms divide,  
 Would lift the heavens from Atlas' labouring pride  
 Awhile the ridgy heights his notice claim,  
 And hills unnumber'd rose without a name,  
 Which placed, in pomp, on any eastern shore,  
 Taurus would shrink, the Alps be sung no more;  
 For here great nature, more exalted show'd  
 The last ascending footsteps of her God.  
 He saw those mountains ope their watery store,  
 Floods leave their caves and seek the distant shore,  
 Down the long hills and through the subject plain,  
 Roll the delightful currents to the main;  
 Whose numerous channels cleave the lengthening strand,  
 And heave their banks where future towns must stand;  
 He stretch'd his eager glance from pole to pole  
 Traced all their sources and explored the whole  
 First, from the dreadful Andes' opening side,  
 He saw Maranon lead his sovereign tide.  
 A thousand hills for him dissolve their snow,  
 A thousand streams obedient bend below,  
 From distant lands their devious courses wind,  
 Sweep beds of ore and leave their gold behind,  
 In headlong cataracts indignant heave,  
 Rush to his opening banks and swell the sweeping wave  
 Ucayla, chief of all his mighty sons,

From Cusco's bounds a lengthening circuit runs;  
 Yutay moves gently in a shorter course,  
 And rapid Yatva pours a gathering force;  
 Far in a wild, by nameless tributes fed,  
 The silent Chavar wears a lonely bed;  
 Aloft, where northern Quito sits on high,  
 The roaring Napo quits his misty sky,  
 Down the long steep, in whitening torrents driven,  
 Like Nile descending from his fabled heaven  
 While other waves and lakes unknown to fame,  
 Discharge their urns and fill the swelling stream,  
 That, far, from clime to clime, majestic goes,  
 Enlarging widening deepening as it flows;  
 Approaching ocean hears the distant roar,  
 Moves up the bed, nor finds the expected shore;  
 His freshening waves, with high and hoary tide,  
 Whelm back the flood, and isles and champagnes hide,  
 Till mingling waters lead the downward sweep,  
 And waves and trees and banks roll whirling to the deep  
 Now, where the sun in milder glory beams,  
 Brazilia's hills pour down their spreading streams,  
 The smiling lakes their opening sides display,  
 And winding vales prolong the devious way;  
 He saw Xaraya's diamond banks unfold,  
 And Paraguay's deep channel paved with gold,  
 Saw proud Potosi lift his glittering head,  
 Whence the clear Plata wears his tinctur'd bed;  
 Rich with the spoils of many a distant mine,  
 In one broad silver sea their floods combine;  
 Wide o'er the realms its annual bounties spread,  
 By nameless streams from various mountains fed;  
 The thirsty regions wait its glad return,  
 And drink their future harvests from its urn.  
 Round the cold climes, beneath the southern sky,  
 Thy path, Magellan, caught the hero's eye;  
 The long cleft ridges oped the widening way  
 Fair gleaming westward to the Placid Sea  
 Soon as the distant wave was seen to roll,  
 His ancient wishes fill'd his rising soul,  
 Warm from his heaving heart an anxious sigh  
 Breathed o'er his lips; he turn'd his moisten'd eye,  
 And thus besought the Angel. Speak, my guide,  
 Where leads the pass? and whence yon purple tide?  
 Deep in the blue horizon, widely spread,  
 What liquid realms in blending ether fade!  
 How the dim waters skirt the bounds of day!  
 No lands behind them rise, no streamers in them play  
 In those low skies extends the boundless main,  
 I sought so long, and sought, alas, in vain  
 Restore, celestial Power, my youthful morn,  
 Call back my years and bid my fame return;  
 Grant me to trace, beyond that pathless sea,

Some happier shore from lust of empire free;  
 In that far world to fix a peaceful bower,  
 From envy safe, and curst Ovando's power  
 Since joys of mortals claim thy guardian care,  
 Oh bless the nations and regard my prayer:  
 There rest forever kingdoms unexplored,  
 A God creating, and no God adored  
 Earth's happiest realms shall endless darkness hide?  
 And seas forever roll their useless tide?  
 Grant, heavenly guide, the welcome task to dare,  
 One venturous bark, and be my life thy care.  
 The hero spoke; the Seraph mild replies,  
 While warm compassion soften'd in his eyes;  
 Though still to virtuous deeds thy mind aspires,  
 And heavenly visions kindle new desires;  
 Yet hear with reverence what attends thy state,  
 Nor pass the confines of eternal fate  
 Led by this sacred light thy soul shall see,  
 That half mankind shall owe their bliss to thee,  
 And joyous empires claim their future birth,  
 In these fair bounds of sea-encircled earth;  
 While unborn times, by thine example prest,  
 Shall call forth heroes to explore the rest  
 Beyond those seas, the well-known climes arise,  
 Where morning splendors gild the eastern skies  
 The circling course to India's happy shores,  
 Round Afric's coast, bold Gama now explores;  
 Another pass these opening straits provide,  
 Nor long shall rest the daring search untry'd;  
 This watery glade shall open soon to fame,  
 Here a lost hero fix his lasting name,  
 From that new main in furious waves be tost,  
 And fall neglected on the barbarous coast  
 But see the chief from Albion's strand arise,  
 Speed in his pinions, fame before his eyes;  
 Hither, O Drake, display the hastening sails,  
 Widen ye passes, and awake ye gales,  
 Move thou before him, heaven-revolving sun,  
 Wind his long course, and teach him where to run,  
 Earth's distant shores in circling bands unite,  
 Lands, learn your fame, and oceans, roll in light,  
 Round all the beauteous globe his flag be hurl'd,  
 A new Columbus to the astonish'd world  
 He spoke; and silent tow'rd the northern sky,  
 Wide o'er the realms the hero cast his eye;  
 Saw the long floods pour forth their watery stores,  
 And wind their currents to the opening shores;  
 While midland seas and lonely lakes display  
 Their glittering glories to the beams of day  
 Thy capes, Virginia, towering from the tide,  
 Raised up their arms and branch'd their borders wide;  
 Whose broad embrace in circling extent lay,

Round the calm bosom of thy beauteous bay  
 Where commerce since has wing'd her channel'd flight  
 Each spreading stream lay brightening to the light;  
 York led his wave, imbank'd in mazy pride,  
 And nobler James fell winding by his side;  
 Back tow'rd the distant hills, through many a vale,  
 Wild Rappahanock seem'd to lure the sail,  
 While, far o'er all, in sea-like azure spread,  
 The great Potowmac swept his lordly bed.  
 When thus he saw the mingling waters play,  
 And seas, in lost disorder, idly stray,  
 Where frowning forests stretch the dusky wing,  
 And deadly damps forbid the flowers to spring,  
 No seasons clothe the field with beauteous grain,  
 No buoyant ship attempt the useless main,  
 With fond impatience, Heavenly Seer, he cry'd,  
 When shall my children cross the lonely tide?  
 Here, here, my sons, the hand of culture bring,  
 Here teach the lawns to smile, the groves to sing;  
 Ye sacred floods, no longer vainly glide,  
 Ye harvests, load them, and ye forests, ride,  
 Bear the deep burden from the joyous swain,  
 And tell the world where peace and plenty reign  
 Now round the coast, where other floods invite,  
 He fondly turn'd; they fill'd his eager sight:  
 Here Del'ware's waves the yielding shores invade,  
 And here bold Hudson oped a glassy glade;  
 Thy parent stream, fair Hartford, met his eye,  
 Far lessening upward to the northern sky;  
 No watery gleams thro' happier valleys shine,  
 Nor drinks the sea a lovelier wave than thine  
 Bright Charles and Mystick laved their bloomy isles,  
 And gay Piscatuway caught his passing smiles;  
 Swift Kenebeck, descending from on high,  
 Swept the tall hills and lengthen'd down the sky;  
 When hoarse resounding through the gaping shore,  
 He heard cold Laurence' dreadful surges roar  
 Tho' softening May had waked the vernal blade,  
 And happier climes her fragrant garb display'd,  
 Yet howling winter, in this bleak domain,  
 Shook the wide waste and held his gloomy reign;  
 Still groans the flood, in frozen fetters bound,  
 And isles of ice his threatening front surround,  
 Clothed in white majesty, the foaming main  
 Leads up the tide and tempts the wintery chain,  
 Billows on billows lift the maddening brine,  
 And seas and clouds in battling conflict join,  
 The dash'd wave struggling heaves in swelling sweep,  
 Wide crash the portals of the frozen deep,  
 Till forced alost, high-bounding in the air,  
 Moves the blear ice and sheds a hideous glare,  
 The torn foundations on the surface ride,

And wrecks of winter load the downward tide  
 When now the stream had oped its northern course,  
 He traced the current to its milder source;  
 There, far retired, the Angellic Power displays  
 Earth's sweetest charms, her own imbosom'd seas  
 Ontario's banks, fair opening on the north,  
 With sweep majestic, pour'd his Laurence forth;  
 Above, bold Erie's wave sublimely stood,  
 Look'd o'er the cliff and heaved the headlong flood,  
 Far circling in the north, great Huron spread,  
 And Michigan o'erwhelm'd a western bed;  
 While, stretch'd in circling majesty away,  
 The deep Superior closed the setting day  
 Here all the midland seas their waves unite,  
 And gleam in grandeur to the hero's sight;  
 Wide opening round them lands delightful spread,  
 Deep groves innumerable cast a solemn shade;  
 Slow moved the settling mist in lurid streams,  
 And dusky radiance brown'd the glimmering beams;  
 O'er all the great Discoverer wondering stood,  
 And thus address'd the messenger of good  
 What lonely walks, what wonderous wilds are these?  
 What branching vales run smiling to their seas?  
 The peaceful seats, reserved by Heaven to grace,  
 The virtuous toils of some illustrious race  
 But why these regions form'd so fair in vain?  
 And why so distant rolls the unconscious main?  
 These desert fountains must forever rest,  
 Of man unseen, by native beasts possess'd;  
 For, see, no ship can point the streamer here,  
 No opening pass, no spreading ocean near;  
 Eternal winter clothes the shelvy shores,  
 Where yon far northern son of ocean roars;  
 Or should some bark the daring entrance brave,  
 And climes by culture warm his lessening wave,  
 Yon frightful cataract exalts the brow,  
 And frowns defiance to the world below.  
 To whom the Seraph. Here extended lies  
 The happiest realm that feels the fostering skies;  
 Led by this arm thy sons shall hither come,  
 And streams obedient yield the heroes room;  
 Nor think no pass can find the distant main,  
 Or heaven's last polish touch'd these climes in vain  
 Behold, from yon fair lake, the current led,  
 And silent waves adorn its infant head;  
 Far south thro' happy regions see it wind,  
 By gathering floods and nobler fountains join'd,  
 Yon opening gulph receive the beauteous wave,  
 And thy known isles its freshening current lave;  
 There lies the path some future ship shall trace,  
 And waft to these wide vales thy kindred race  
 The hero saw the blooming isles ascend

And round the gulph the circling shore extend,  
 He saw fair Mississippi wind his way,  
 Through all the western boundless tracts of day;  
 Where Alleganias stretch the morning shade,  
 From lone Oswago to the gulphy glade,  
 Where absent suns their midnight circles ride,  
 Pours the long current of his rushing tide  
 Unnumber'd branches from the channel stray,  
 Akansa here, and there Missouri lay,  
 Rouge roll'd his wave along the western wild,  
 And broad Ohio's northern beauties smiled  
 Retiring far round Hudson's frozen bay,  
 Where lessening circles shrink beyond the day,  
 The shivering shrubs scarce brave the dismal clime,  
 Snows ever-rising with the years of time;  
 The beasts all whitening roam the lifeless plain,  
 And caves unfrequent scoop the couch for man  
 Where Spring's coy steps, in cold Canadia, stray,  
 And joyless seasons hold unequal sway,  
 He saw the pine its daring mantle rear,  
 Break the rude blast and mock the inclement year,  
 Secure the limits of the angry skies,  
 And bid all southern vegetation rise  
 Wild o'er the vast, impenetrable round,  
 The untrod bowers of shadowy nature frown'd;  
 The neighbouring cedar waved its honours wide,  
 The fir's tall boughs, the oak's resistless pride,  
 The branching beech, the aspin's trembling shade,  
 Veil'd the dim heavens and brown'd the dusky glade  
 Here in huge crouds those sturdy sons of earth,  
 In frosty regions, claim a nobler birth;  
 Where heavy trunks the sheltering dome requires,  
 And copious fuel feeds the wintery fires  
 While warmer suns, that southern climes emblaze,  
 A cool deep umbrage o'er the woodland raise;  
 Florida's blooming shores around him spread,  
 And Georgian hills erect their shady head;  
 Beneath tall trees, in livelier verdure gay,  
 Long level walks a humble garb display;  
 The infant corn, unconscious of its worth,  
 Points the green spire and bends the foliage forth;  
 Sweeten'd on flowery banks, the passing air  
 Breathes all the untasted fragrance of the year;  
 Unbidden harvests o'er the regions rise,  
 And blooming life repays the genial skies.  
 Where circling shores around the gulph extend,  
 The bounteous groves with richer burdens bend;  
 Spontaneous fruits the uplifted palms unfold,  
 The beauteous orange waves a load of gold,  
 The untaught vine, the wildly-wanton cane  
 Bloom on the waste, and clothe the enarbour'd plain,  
 The rich pimento scents the neighbouring skies,

And woolly clusters o'er the cotton rise  
Here, in one view, the same glad branches bring  
The fruits of autumn and the flowers of spring;  
No wintery blasts the unchanging year deform,  
Nor beasts unshelter'd fear the pinching storm;  
But vernal breezes o'er the blossoms rove,  
And breathe the ripen'd juices thro' the grove  
Beneath the crystal wave's inconstant light,  
Pearls undistinguish'd sparkle on the sight;  
From opening earth, in living lustre, shine  
The various treasures of the blazing mine;  
Hills, cleft before him, all their stores unfold,  
The quick mercurius and the burning gold;  
Gems of unnumber'd hues, in bright array,  
Illume the changing rocks and shed the beams of day  
When now the Chief had travel'd with his eye,  
O'er each fair clime that meets the incumbent sky;  
The stream, the mountain, forest, vale and plain,  
And isle and coast, and wide untravers'd main;  
He cast, o'er all, the immeasurable glance,  
And all past views in one broad vision dance  
Skirting the western heavens and each far pole,  
With blending skies Pacific oceans roll,  
Atlantic surges lead their swelling round,  
And distant straits the polar confines bound  
The western coasts their long, high summits heave,  
And look majestic o'er the subject wave;  
While, on the lowly east, the winding strand  
Draws from the silent sea and gently steals to land

Joel Barlow

## Vision of Columbus – Book 2

High o'er the changing scene, as thus he gazed,  
The indulgent Power his arm sublimely raised;  
When round the realms superior lustre flew,  
And call'd new wonders to the hero's view.  
He saw, at once, as far as eye could rove,  
Like scattering herds, the swarthy people move,  
In tribes innumerable; all the waste,  
Beneath their steps, a varying shadow cast.  
As airy shapes, beneath the moon's pale eye,  
When broken clouds sail o'er the curtain'd sky,  
Spread thro' the grove and flit along the glade,  
And cast their grisly phantoms thro' the shade;  
So move the hordes, in thickers half conceal'd,  
Or vagrant stalking o'er the open field.  
Here ever-restless tribes, despising home,  
O'er shadowy streams and trackless deserts roam;  
While others there, thro' downs and hamlets stray,  
And rising domes a happier state display.  
The painted chiefs, in death's grim terrors drest,  
Rise fierce to war, and beat the savage breast;  
Dark round their steps collecting warriors pour,  
And dire revenge begins the hideous roar;  
While to the realms around the signal flies,  
And tribes on tribes, in dread disorder, rise,  
Track the mute foe and scour the distant wood,  
Wide as a storm, and dreadful as a flood;  
Now deep in groves the silent ambush lay,  
Or wing the flight or sweep the prize away,  
Unconscious babes and reverend sires devour,  
Drink the warm blood and paint their cheeks with gore.  
While all their mazy movements fill the view.  
Where'er they turn his eager eyes pursue;  
He saw the same dire visage thro' the whole,  
And mark'd the same fierce savageness of soul:  
In doubt he stood, with anxious thoughts oppress'd,  
And thus his wavering mind the Power address'd.  
Say, from what source, O Voice of wisdom, sprung  
The countless tribes of this amazing throng?  
Where human frames and brutal souls combine,  
No force can tame them and no arts refine.  
Can these be fashion'd on the social plan?  
Or boast a lineage with the race of man?  
In yon fair isle, when first my wandering view  
Ranged the glad coast and met the savage crew;  
A timorous herd, like harmless roes, they ran,  
Hail'd us as Gods from whom their race began,  
Supply'd our various wants, relieved our toil,  
And oped the unbounded treasures of their isle.  
But when, their fears allay'd, in us they trace  
The well-known image of a mortal race;  
When Spanish blood their wondering eyes beheld,  
Returning rage their changing bosoms swell'd;

Their jaws the crimson dainty long'd to taste,  
 And spread, with foreign flesh, the rich repast.  
 My homeward sail, far distant on the main,  
 Incautious left a small unguarded train,  
 When, in their horrid power, bereft of aid,  
 That train with thee, O lost Arada, bled.  
 No faith no treaty calms their maddening flame,  
 Rage all their joy, and slaughter all their aim;  
 How the dread savage bands with fury burn'd,  
 When o'er the wave our growing host return'd!  
 Now, mild with joy, a friendly smile they show'd,  
 And now their dark-red visage frown'd in blood;  
 Till, call'd afar, from all the circling shore,  
 Swift thro' the groves the yelling squadrons pour,  
 The wide wings stretching sweep the unbounded plain,  
 That groans beneath the innumerable train.  
 Our scanty files, ascending o'er the strand,  
 Tread the bold champaign and the fight demand;  
 With steeds and hounds the dreadful onset moves,  
 And thundering batteries rend the distant groves;  
 Swift fly the scattering foes, like shades of night,  
 When orient splendors urge their rapid flight.  
 Our proffer'd friendship bade the discord cease,  
 Spared the grim host and gave the terms of peace.  
 The arts of civil life we strove to lend,  
 Their lands to culture and their joys extend,  
 Sublime their views, fair virtue's charms display,  
 And point their passage to eternal day.  
 Still proud to rove, our offers they disdain,  
 Insult our friendship and our rites prophane.  
 In that blest island, still the myriads rest,  
 Bask in the sunshine, wander with the beast,  
 Feed on the foe, or from the victor fly,  
 Rise into life, exhaust their rage, and die.  
 Tell then, my Seer, from what dire sons of earth  
 The brutal people drew their ancient birth?  
 Whether in realms, the western heavens that close,  
 A tribe distinct from other nations rose,  
 Born to subjection; when, in happier time,  
 A nobler race should hail their fruitful clime.  
 Or, if a common source all nations claim,  
 Their lineage, form, and reasoning powers the same,  
 What sovereign cause, in secret wisdom laid,  
 This wonderous change in God's own work has made?  
 Why various powers of soul and tints of face  
 In different climes diversify the race?  
 To whom the Guide; Unnumber'd causes lie  
 In earth and sea and round the varying sky,  
 That fire the soul, or damp the genial flame,  
 And work their wonders on the human frame.  
 See beauty, form and colour change with place—  
 Here charms of health the blooming visage grace;

There pale diseases float in every wind,  
 Deform the figure, and degrade the mind.  
 From earth's own elements, thy race at first  
 Rose into life, the children of the dust;  
 These kindred elements, by various use,  
 Nourish the growth and every change produce;  
 Pervade the pores, awake the infant bloom,  
 Lead life along, and ope the certain tomb;  
 In each ascending stage the man sustain,  
 His breath, his food, his physic and his bane.  
 In due proportions, where these virtues lie,  
 A perfect form their equal aids supply;  
 And, while unchanged the efficient causes reign,  
 Age following age the unvaried race maintain.  
 But where crude elements distemper'd rise,  
 And cast their sickening vapours round the skies,  
 Unlike that harmony of human frame,  
 Where God's first works and nature's were the same,  
 The unconscious tribes, attempering to the clime,  
 Still vary downward with the years of time;  
 Till fix'd, at last, their characters abide,  
 And local likeness feeds their local pride.  
 The soul too varying with the changing clime,  
 Feeble or fierce, or groveling or sublime,  
 Forms with the body to a kindred plan,  
 And lives the same, a nation or a man.  
 Yet think not clime alone, or height of poles,  
 On every shore, the springs of life controuls;  
 A different cast the glowing zone demands,  
 In Paria's blooms, from Tombut's burning sands.  
 Internal causes, thro' the earth and skies,  
 Blow in the breeze or on the mountain rise,  
 Thro' air and ocean, with their changes run,  
 Breathe from the ground or circle with the fun.  
 Where these long shores their boundless regions spread  
 See the same form all different tribes pervade;  
 Thro' all, alike, the fertile forests bloom,  
 And all, uncultured, shed a solemn gloom;  
 Thro' all great nature's boldest features rise,  
 Sink into vales and tower amid the skies;  
 Streams, darkly-winding, stretch a broader sway,  
 The groves and mountains bolder walks display:  
 A dread sublimity informs the whole,  
 And wakes a dread sublimity of soul.  
 Yet time and art shall other changes find,  
 And open still and vary still the mind;  
 The countless swarms that tread these dank abodes,  
 Who glean spontaneous fruits and range the woods,  
 Fix'd here for ages, in their swarthy face,  
 Display the wild complexion of the place.  
 Yet when their tribes to happy nations rise,  
 And earth by culture warms the genial skies,

A fairer tint and more majestic grace  
 Shall flush their features and exalt the race;  
 While milder arts, with social joys refined,  
 Inspire new beauties in the growing mind.  
 Thy followers too, fair Europe's noblest pride,  
 When future gales shall wing them o'er the tide,  
 A ruddier hue and deeper shade shall gain,  
 And stalk, in statelier figures, o'er the plain.  
 While nature's grandeur lifts the eye abroad  
 O'er these dread footsteps of the forming God;  
 Wing'd on a wider glance the venturous soul  
 Bids greater powers and bolder thoughts unroll;  
 The sage, the chief, the patriot, unconfined,  
 Shield the weak world and counsel for mankind.  
 But think not thou, in all the race of man,  
 That different pairs, in different climes, began;  
 Or tribes distinct, by signal marks confest,  
 Were born to serve or subjugate the rest.  
 The hero heard; But say, celestial Guide,  
 Who led the wanderers o'er the billowy tide?  
 Could these dark bands, unskill'd the paths to gain,  
 To build the bark, or cross the extended main,  
 Descry the coast, or tread the blest abode,  
 Unled, unguided by the hand of God?  
 When first thy roving race, the Power reply'd,  
 Learn'd by the stars the devious sail to guide,  
 From stormy Hellespont explored the way,  
 And sought the bound'ries of the midland sea;  
 Ere great Alcides form'd the impious plan,  
 To bound the sail and fix the range of man,  
 Driven from those rocky straits, a hapless train  
 Roll'd on the waves that sweep the western main,  
 While eastern storms the billowing skies o'ershade,  
 Nor sun nor stars afford their wonted aid.  
 For many a darksome day, o'erwhelm'd and tost,  
 Their sails, their oars in swallowing surges lost;  
 At length, the clouds withdrawn, they sad descry  
 Their course directing from their native sky;  
 No hope remains; while, o'er the flaming zone,  
 The winds still bear them with the circling sun;  
 Till the wild walks of this delightful coast  
 Receive to lonely seats the suffering host.  
 The fruitful plains invite their steps to roam,  
 Renounce their sorrows and forget their home;  
 Revolving years their ceaseless wanderings led,  
 And from their sons descending nations spread.  
 These round the south and middle regions stray,  
 Where cultured fields their growing arts display;  
 While northern tribes a later source demand,  
 And snow their wanderers from the Asian strand.  
 Far tow'rd the distant pole thy view extend;  
 See isles and shores and seas Pacific blend;

And that blue coast, where Amur's currents glide,  
 From thy own world a narrow frith divide;  
 There Tartar hosts for countless years, have sail'd,  
 And changing tribes the alternate regions hail'd.  
 He look'd: the opening shores beneath him spread,  
 And moving nations on the margin tread.  
 As, when autumnal storms awake their force,  
 The storks foreboding tempt their southern course;  
 From all the fields collecting throngs arise,  
 Mount on the wing and croud along the skies;  
 Thus, to his eye, from far Siberia's shore,  
 O'er isles and seas, the gathering people pour;  
 From those cold regions hail a happier strand,  
 Leap from the wave and tread the welcome land;  
 The growing tribes extend their southern sway,  
 And widely wander to a milder day.  
 But why; the chief return'd, if ages past  
 Have led these vagrants o'er the wilder'd waste—  
 If human souls, for social compact given,  
 Inform their nature with the stamp of heaven,  
 Why the dread glooms forever must they rove?  
 And no mild joys their temper'd passions move?  
 Ages remote and dark thou bring'st to light,  
 When the first leaders dared the western flight;  
 On other shores, in every eastern clime,  
 Since that unletter'd, distant tract of time,  
 What arts have shone! what empires found their place,  
 What golden sceptres sway'd the human race!  
 What guilt and grandeur from their seats been hurl'd,  
 And dire divulsions shook the changing world.  
 Ere Rome's bold eagle clave the affrighted air,  
 Ere Sparta form'd her death-like sons of war,  
 Ere proud Chaldea saw her greatness rise,  
 Or Memphian columns heaved against the skies;  
 These tribes have stray'd beneath the fruitful zone,  
 Their souls unpolish'd and their name unknown.  
 The Voice of heaven reply'd; A scanty band,  
 In that far age, approach'd the untrodden land.  
 Prolific wilds, with game and fruitage crown'd,  
 Supply'd their wishes from the uncultured ground.  
 By nature form'd to rove, the restless mind,  
 Of freedom fond, will ramble unconfined,  
 Till all the realm is fill'd, and rival right  
 Restrains their steps, and bids their force unite;  
 When common safety builds a common cause,  
 Conforms their interests and inspires their laws;  
 By mutual checks their different manners blend,  
 Their fields bloom joyous and their walls ascend.  
 Here, to their growing hosts, no bounds arose,  
 They claim'd no safeguard, as they fear'd no foes;  
 Round all the land their scattering sons must stray,  
 Ere arts could rise, or power extend the sway.

And what a world their mazy wanderings led!  
 What streams and wilds in boundless order spread!  
 See the shores lengthen, see the waters roll,  
 To each far main and each extended pole!  
 Yet circling years the destined course have run,  
 The realms are peopled and their arts begun.  
 Behold, where that mid region strikes the eyes,  
 A few fair cities glitter to the skies;  
 There move, in eastern pomp, the scenes of state,  
 And temples heave, magnificently great.  
 The hero look'd; when from the varying height,  
 Three growing splendors, rising on the sight,  
 Flamed like a constellation: high in view,  
 Ascending near, their opening glories drew;  
 In equal pomp, beneath their roofs of gold,  
 Three spiry towns, in blazing pride, unfold.  
 So, led by visions of the guiding God,  
 The sacred Seer, in Patmos' waste who trod,  
 Saw the dim vault of heaven its folds unbend,  
 And gates and spires and streets and domes descend;  
 With golden skies, and suns and rainbows crown'd,  
 The new-form'd city lights the world around.  
 Fair on the north, bright Mexico, arose,  
 A mimic morn her sparkling towers disclose,  
 An ample range the opening streets display,  
 Give back the sun and shed internal day;  
 The circling wall with sky-built turrets frown'd,  
 And look'd defiance to the realms around;  
 A glimmering lake, without the walls, retires,  
 Inverts the trembling towers and seems a grove of spires.  
 Bright, o'er the midst, on columns lifted high,  
 A rising structure claims a loftier sky;  
 O'er the tall gates sublimer arches bend,  
 Courts larger lengthen, bolder walks ascend,  
 Starr'd with superior gems, the porches shine,  
 And speak the royal residence within.  
 There, robed in state, high on a golden throne,  
 Mid suppliant kings, dread Montezuma shone:  
 Mild in his eye a temper'd grandeur sate,  
 Great seem'd his soul, with conscious power elate;  
 In aspect open, haughty and sincere,  
 Untamed by crosses and unknown to fear,  
 Of fraud incautious, credulous and vain,  
 Enclosed with favourites and of friends unseen.  
 Round the rich throne, with various lustre bright,  
 Gems undistinguish'd, cast a changing light;  
 Sapphires and emeralds deck the splendid scene,  
 Sky-tinctures mingling with the vernal green;  
 The ruby's blush, the amber's flames unfold,  
 And diamonds brighten from the burning gold;  
 Through all the dome the living blazes blend,  
 And cast their rainbows where the arches bend.

Wide round the walls, with mimic action gay,  
 In order ranged, historic figures stray,  
 And show, in Memphian style, with rival grace,  
 Their boasted chiefs and all their regal race.  
 Thro' the full gates, and round each ample street,  
 Unnumber'd throngs, in various concourse, meet,  
 Ply different toils, new walls and structures rear,  
 Or till the fields, or train the ranks of war.  
 Thro' spreading realms the skirts of empire bend,  
 New temples rise and other plains extend;  
 Thrice ten fair provinces, in culture gay,  
 Bless the same monarch and enlarge his sway.  
 A smile benignant kindling in his eyes,  
 Oh happy clime! the exulting hero cries;  
 Far in the midland, safe from foreign foes,  
 Thy joys shall ripen as thy grandeur grows,  
 To future years thy rising fame extend,  
 And sires of nations from thy sons descend.  
 May no gold-thirsty race thy temples tread,  
 Nor stain thy streams nor heap thy plains with dead;  
 No Bovadilla sieze the tempting spoil,  
 Ovando dark, or sacrilegious Boyle,  
 In mimic priesthood grave, or robed in state,  
 O'erwhelm thy glories in oblivious fate.  
 Vain are thy fondest hopes, the Power reply'd,  
 These rich abodes from ravening hosts to hide;  
 Teach harden'd guilt and cruelty to spare  
 The guardless prize, and check the waste of war.  
 Think not the vulture, o'er the field of slain,  
 Where base and brave promiscuous strow the plain,  
 Where the young hero, in the pride of charms,  
 Pours deeper crimson o'er his spotless arms,  
 Will pass the tempting prey, and glut his rage  
 On harder flesh, and carnage black with age;  
 O'er all alike he darts his eager eye,  
 Whets the dire beak and hovers down the sky,  
 From countless corpses picks the dainty food,  
 And screams and fattens in the purest blood.  
 So the dire hosts, that trace thy daring way,  
 By gold allured to sail the unfathom'd sea,  
 Power all their aim and avarice all their joy,  
 Seize brightest realms and happiest tribes destroy.  
 Thine the dread task, O Cortez, here to show  
 What unknown crimes can heighten human woe,  
 On these fair fields the blood of realms to pour,  
 Tread sceptres down and print thy steps in gore,  
 With gold and carnage swell thy sateless mind,  
 And live and die the blackest of mankind.  
 Now see, from yon fair isle, his murdering band  
 Stream o'er the wave and mount the sated strand;  
 On the wild shore behold his fortress rise,  
 The fleet in flames ascends the darken'd skies.

The march begins; the nations, from afar,  
 Quake in his sight, and wage the fruitless war;  
 O'er the rich provinces he bends his way,  
 Kings in his chain, and kingdoms for his prey;  
 While, robed in peace, great Montezuma stands,  
 And crowns and treasures sparkle in his hands,  
 Proffers the empire, yields the sceptred sway,  
 Bids vassal'd millions tremble and obey;  
 And plies the victor, with incessant prayer,  
 Thro' ravaged realms the harmless race to spare.  
 But prayers and tears and sceptres plead in vain,  
 Nor threats can move him, nor a world restrain;  
 While blest religion's prostituted name,  
 And monkish fury guides the sacred flame:  
 O'er fanes and altars, fires unhallow'd bend,  
 Climb o'er the walls and up the towers ascend,  
 Pour, round the lowering skies, the smoky flood,  
 And whelm the fields, and quench their rage in blood.  
 The hero heard; and, with a heaving sigh,  
 Dropp'd the full tear that started in his eye,  
 Oh hapless day! his trembling voice reply'd,  
 That saw my wandering streamer mount the tide!  
 Oh! had the lamp of heaven, to that bold fail,  
 Ne'er mark'd the passage nor awaked the gale,  
 Taught eastern worlds these beauteous climes to find,  
 Nor led those tygers forth to curse mankind.  
 Then had the tribes, beneath these bounteous skies,  
 Seen their walls widen and their spires arise;  
 Down the long tracts of time their glory shone,  
 Broad as the day and lasting as the sun:  
 The growing realms, beneath thy shield that rest,  
 O hapless monarch, still thy power had blest,  
 Enjoy'd the pleasures that surround thy throne,  
 Survey'd thy virtues and sublimed their own.  
 Forgive me, prince; this impious arm hath led  
 The unseen storm that blackens o'er thy head;  
 Taught the dark sons of slaughter where to roam,  
 To seize thy crown and seal thy nation's doom.  
 Arm, sleeping empire, meet the daring band,  
 Drive back the terrors, save the sinking land—  
 Yet vain the strife! behold the sweeping flood!  
 Forgive me nature, and forgive me God.  
 Thus, from his heart, while speaking sorrows roll,  
 The Power, reproving, sooth'd his tender soul.  
 Father of this new world, thy tears give o'er,  
 Let virtue grieve and Heaven be blamed no more.  
 Enough for man, with persevering mind,  
 To act his part and strive to bless his kind;  
 Enough for thee, o'er thy dark age to rise,  
 With genius warm'd, and favour'd of the skies.  
 For this my guardian care thy youth inspired,  
 To virtue raised thee, and with glory fired,

Bade in thy plan each distant world unite,  
 And wing'd thy streamer for the adventurous flight.  
 Nor think no blessings shall thy toils attend,  
 Or these fell tyrants can defeat their end.  
 Such impious deeds, in Heaven's all-ruling plan,  
 Lead in disguise the noblest bliss of man.  
 Long have thy race, to narrow shores confined,  
 Trod the same round that cramp'd the roving mind;  
 Now, borne on bolder wings, with happier flight,  
 The world's broad bounds unfolding to the sight,  
 The mind shall soar; the nations catch the flame,  
 Enlarge their counsels and extend their fame;  
 While mutualities the social joys enhance,  
 And the last stage of civil rule advance.  
 Tho' impious ruffians spread their crimes abroad,  
 And o'er these empires pour the purple flood;  
 Tis thus religious rage, its own dire bane,  
 Shall fall at last, with all its millions slain,  
 And buried gold, drawn bounteous from the mine,  
 Give wings to commerce and the world refine.  
 Now to yon southern walls extend thy view,  
 And mark the rival seats of rich Peru.  
 There Quito's airy plains, exalted high,  
 With loftier temples rise along the sky;  
 And elder Cusco's richer roofs unfold,  
 Flame on the day and shed their suns of gold.  
 Another range, in these delightful climes,  
 Spreads a broad theatre for unborn crimes.  
 Another Cortez shall the treasures view,  
 The rage rekindle and the guilt renew;  
 His treason, fraud, and every dire decree,  
 O curst Pizarro, shall revive in thee.  
 There reigns a prince, whose hand the sceptre claims,  
 Thro' a long lineage of imperial names;  
 Where the brave roll of following Incas trace  
 The distant father of their realm and race,  
 Immortal Capac. He in youthful pride,  
 With fair Oella, his illustrious bride,  
 In virtuous guile, proclaim'd their birth begun,  
 From the pure splendors of their God, the sun;  
 With power and dignity a throne to found,  
 Fix the mild sway and spread their arts around;  
 Crush the dire Gods that human victims claim,  
 And point all worship to a nobler name;  
 With cheerful rites, the due devotions pay  
 To the bright beam, that gives the changing day.  
 On this fair plan, the children of the skies  
 Bade, in the wild, a growing empire rise;  
 Beneath their hand, and sacred to their fame,  
 Rose yon fair walls, that meet the solar flame.  
 Succeeding sovereigns spread their bounds afar,  
 By arts of peace and temper'd force of war;

Till these surrounding realms the sceptre own,  
 And grateful millions hail the genial sun.  
 Behold, in yon fair lake, a beauteous isle,  
 Where fruits and flowers, in rich profusion smile;  
 High in the midst a sacred temple rise,  
 Seat of the sun, and pillar of the skies.  
 The roofs of burnish'd gold, the blazing spires  
 Light the glad heavens and lose their upward fires;  
 Fix'd in the flaming front, with living ray,  
 A diamond circlet gives the rival day;  
 In whose bright face forever looks abroad  
 The radiant image of the beaming God.  
 Round the wide courts, and in the solemn dome,  
 A white-robed train of holy virgins bloom;  
 Their pious hands the sacred rites require,  
 To grace the offerings, and preserve the fire.  
 On this blest isle, with flowery garlands crown'd,  
 That ancient pair, in charms of youth, were found,  
 Whose union'd souls the mighty plan design'd,  
 To bless the nations and reform mankind.  
 The hero heard, and thus the Power besought;  
 What arts unknown the wonderous blessings wrought?  
 What human skill, in that benighted age,  
 In savage souls could quell the barbarous rage?  
 With leagues of peace combine the wide domain?  
 And teach the virtues in their laws to reign?  
 Long is their story, said the Power divine,  
 The labours great and glorious the design;  
 And tho' to earthly minds, their actions rest,  
 By years obscured, in flowery fiction drest,  
 Yet my glad voice shall wake their honour'd name,  
 And give their virtues to immortal fame.  
 Led by his father's wars, in early prime,  
 Young Capac wander'd from a northern clime;  
 Along these shores, with livelier verdure gay,  
 Thro' fertile vales, the adventurous armies stray.  
 He saw the tribes unnumber'd range the plain,  
 And rival chiefs, by rage and slaughter, reign;  
 He saw the sires their dreadful Gods adore,  
 Their altars staining with their children's gore;  
 Yet mark'd their reverence for the Sun, whose beam  
 Proclaims his bounties and his power supreme;  
 Who sails in happier skies, diffusing good,  
 Demands no victim and receives no blood.  
 In peace returning with his conquering sire,  
 Fair glory's charms his youthful soul inspire;  
 With virtue warm'd, he fix'd the generous plan,  
 To build his greatness on the bliss of man.  
 By nature formed to daring deeds of fame,  
 Tall, bold and beauteous rose his stately frame;  
 Strong moved his limbs, a mild majestic grace  
 Beam'd from his eyes and open'd in his face;

O'er the dark world his mind superior shone,  
 And, soaring, seem'd the semblance of the sun.  
 Now fame's prophetic visions lift his eyes,  
 And future empires from his labours rise;  
 Yet softer fires his daring views controul,  
 Sway the warm wish and fill the changing soul.  
 Shall the bright genius, kindled from above,  
 Bend to the milder, gentler voice of love;  
 That bounds his glories, and forbids to part  
 From that calm bower, that held his glowing heart?  
 Or shall the toils, imperial heroes claim,  
 Fire his bold bosom with a patriot flame?  
 Bid sceptres wait him on the distant shore?  
 And blest Oella meet his eyes no more?  
 Retiring pensive, near the wonted shade,  
 His unseen steps approach the beauteous maid.  
 Her raven-locks roll on her heaving breast,  
 And wave luxuriant round her slender waist,  
 Gay wreaths of flowers her lovely brows adorn,  
 And her white raiment mocks the pride of morn.  
 Her busy hand sustains a bending bough,  
 Where woolly clusters spread their robes of snow,  
 From opening pods, unbinds the fleecy store,  
 And culls her labours for the evening bower.  
 Her sprightly soul, by deep invention led,  
 Had found the skill to turn the twisting thread,  
 To spread the woof, the shuttle to command,  
 Till various garments graced her forming hand.  
 Here, while her thoughts with her own Capac rove,  
 O'er former scenes of innocence and love,  
 Through many a field his fancied dangers share,  
 And wait him glorious from the distant war;  
 Blest with the ardent wish, her glowing mind  
 A snowy vesture for the prince design'd;  
 She seeks the purest wool, to web the fleece,  
 The sacred emblem of returning peace.  
 Sudden his near approach her breast alarms;  
 He flew enraptured to her yielding arms,  
 And lost, dissolving in a softer name,  
 The distant empire and the fire of fame.  
 At length, retiring o'er the homeward field,  
 Their mutual minds to happy converse yield,  
 O'er various scenes of blissful life they ran,  
 When thus the warrior to the fair began.  
 Joy of my life, thou know'st my roving mind,  
 With these grim tribes, in dark abodes, confined,  
 With grief hath mark'd what vengeful passions sway  
 The bickering bands, and sweep the race away.  
 Where late my distant steps the war pursued,  
 The fertile plains grew boundless as I view'd;  
 Increasing nations trod the waving wild,  
 And joyous nature more delightful smiled.

No changing seasons there the flowers deform,  
 No dread volcano, and no mountain storm;  
 Rains ne'er invade, nor livid lightnings play,  
 Nor clouds obscure the radiant Power of day.  
 But, while the God, in ceaseless glory bright,  
 Rolls o'er the day and fires his stars by night,  
 Unbounded fulness flows beneath his reign,  
 Seas yield their treasures, fruits adorn the plain;  
 Warm'd by his beam, their mountains pour the flood,  
 And the cool breezes wake beneath the God.  
 My anxious thoughts indulge the great design,  
 To form those nations to a sway divine;  
 Destroy the rights of every dreadful Power,  
 Whose crimson altars glow with human gore;  
 To laws and mildness teach the realms to yield,  
 And nobler fruits to grace the cultured field.  
 But great, my charmer, is the task of fame,  
 The countless tribes to temper and to tame.  
 Full many a spacious wild my soul must see,  
 Spread dreary bounds between my joys and me;  
 And yon bright Godhead circle many a year;  
 Each lonely evening number'd with a tear.  
 Long robes of white my shoulders must embrace,  
 To speak my lineage of ethereal race;  
 That wondering tribes may tremble, and obey  
 The radiant offspring of the Power of day.  
 And when thro' cultured fields their bowers encrease,  
 And streams and plains survey the works of peace,  
 When these glad hands the rod of nations claim,  
 And happy millions bless thy Capac's name,  
 Then shall he feign a journey to the Sun,  
 To bring the partner of the peaceful throne;  
 So shall descending kings the line sustain,  
 And unborn ages bloom beneath their reign.  
 Will then my fair, in that delightful hour,  
 Forsake these wilds and hail a happier bower?  
 And now consenting, with approving smiles,  
 Bid the young warrior tempt the daring toils?  
 And, sweetly patient, wait the flight of days,  
 That crown our labours with immortal praise?  
 Silent the fair one heard; her moistening eye  
 Spoke the full soul, nor could her voice reply;  
 Till softer accents sooth'd her listening ear,  
 Composed her tumult and allay'd her fear.  
 Think not, enchanting maid, my steps would part,  
 While silent sorrows heave that tender heart:  
 More dear to me are blest Oella's joys,  
 Than all the lands that bound the bending skies;  
 Nor thou, bright Sun, should'st bribe my soul to rest,  
 And leave one struggle in her lovely breast.  
 Yet think in those vast climes, my gentle fair,  
 What hapless millions claim our guardian care;

How age to age leads on the dreadful gloom,  
 And rage and slaughter croud the untimely tomb;  
 No social joys their wayward passions prove,  
 Nor peace nor pleasure treads the savage grove;  
 Mid thousand heroes and a thousand fair,  
 No fond Oella meets her Capac there.  
 Yet, taught by thee each nobler joy to prize,  
 With softer charms the virgin race shall rise,  
 Awake new virtues, every grace improve,  
 And form their minds for happiness and love.  
 Behold, where future years, in pomp, descend,  
 How worlds and ages on thy voice depend!  
 And, like the Sun, whose all-delighting ray  
 O'er those mild borders sheds serenest day,  
 Diffuse thy bounties, give my steps to rove,  
 A few short months the noble task to prove,  
 And, swift return'd from glorious toils, declare  
 What realms submissive wait our fostering care.  
 And will my prince, my Capac, borne away,  
 Thro' those dark wilds, in quest of empire, stray?  
 Where tygers fierce command the howling wood,  
 And men like tygers thirst for human blood.  
 Think'st thou no dangerous deed the course attends?  
 Alone, unaided by thy sire and friends?  
 Even chains and death may meet my rover there,  
 Nor his last groan could reach Oella's ear.  
 But chains, nor death, nor groans shall Capac prove,  
 Unknown to her, while she has power to rove.  
 Close by thy side where'er thy wanderings stray,  
 My equal steps shall measure all the way;  
 With borrow'd soul each dire event I'll dare,  
 Thy toils to lessen and thy dangers share.  
 Command, blest chief, since virtue bids thee go  
 To rule the realms and banish human woe,  
 Command these hands two snowy robes to weave,  
 The Sun to mimic and the tribes deceive;  
 Then let us range, and spread the peaceful sway,  
 The radiant children of the Power of day.  
 The lovely counsel pleased. The smiling chief  
 Approved her courage and dispel'd her grief;  
 Then to the distant bower in haste they move,  
 Begin their labours and prepare to rove.  
 Soon grow the robes beneath her forming care,  
 And the fond parents wed the noble pair;  
 But, whelm'd in grief, beheld, the approaching dawn,  
 Their joys all vanish'd, and their children gone.  
 Nine changing days, thro' southern wilds, they stray'd,  
 Now wrapp'd in glooms, now gleaming thro' the glade,  
 Till the tenth morning, with an orient smile,  
 Beheld them blooming in the happy isle.  
 The toil begins; to every neighbouring band,  
 They speak the message and their faith demand;

With various art superior powers display,  
To prove their lineage and confirm their sway.  
The astonish'd tribes behold with glad surprize,  
The Gods descended from the favouring skies;  
Adore their persons, robed in shining white,  
Receive their laws and leave each horrid rite;  
Build with assisting toil, the golden throne,  
And hail and bless the sceptre of the Sun.

Joel Barlow

### Vision of Columbus – Book 3

Now, twice twelve years, the children of the skies  
Beheld in peace their growing empire rise;  
O'er happy realms, display'd their generous care,  
Diffused their arts and sooth'd the rage of war;  
Bade yon tall temple grace the favourite isle.  
The gardens bloom, the cultured valleys smile,  
The aspiring hills their spacious mines unfold.  
Fair structures blaze, and altars burn, in gold,  
Those broad foundations bend their arches high,  
And heave imperial Cusco to the sky;  
From that fair stream that mark'd their northern sway,  
Where Apurimac leads his lucid way,  
To yon far glimmering lake, the southern bound,  
The growing tribes their peaceful dwellings found;  
While wealth and grandeur bless'd the extended reign,  
From the bold Andes to the western main.  
When, fierce from eastern wilds, the savage bands  
Lead war and slaughter o'er the happy lands;  
Thro' fertile fields the paths of culture trace,  
And vow destruction to the Incan race.  
While various fortune strow'd the embattled plain,  
And baffled thousands still the strife maintain,  
The unconquer'd Inca wakes the lingering war,  
Drives back their host and speeds their flight afar;  
Till, fired with rage, they range the wonted wood,  
And feast their souls on future scenes of blood.  
Where yon blue summits hang their cliffs on high;  
Frown o'er the plains and lengthen round the sky;  
Where vales exalted thro' the breaches run;  
And drink the nearer splendors of the sun,  
From south to north, the tribes innumerable wind,  
By hills of ice and mountain streams confined;  
Rouse neighbouring hosts, and meditate the blow,  
To blend their force and whelm the world below.  
Capac, with caution, views the dark design,  
From countless wilds what hostile myriads join;  
And greatly strives to bid the discord cease,  
By proffer'd compacts of perpetual peace.  
His eldest hope, young Rocha, at his call,  
Leaves the deep confines of the temple wall;  
In whose fair form, in lucid garments drest,  
Began the sacred function of the priest.  
In early youth, ere yet the genial sun  
Had twice six changes o'er his childhood run,  
The blooming prince, beneath his parents' hand,  
Learn'd all the laws that sway'd the sacred land;  
With rites mysterious served the Power divine,  
Prepared the altar and adorn'd the shrine,  
Responsive hail'd, with still returning praise,  
Each circling season that the God displays,  
Sooth'd with funereal hymns the parting dead,  
At nuptial feasts the joyful chorus led;

While evening incense and the morning song  
 Rose from his hand or trembled on his tongue.  
 Thus, form'd for empire, ere he gain'd the sway;  
 To rule with reverence and with power obey,  
 Reflect the glories of the parent Sun,  
 And shine the Capac of his future throne,  
 Employ'd his ripening years; till now, from far,  
 The distant fields proclaim approaching war;  
 Inspired for active scenes he quits the shrine,  
 To aid the council or in arms to shine.  
 Where the mild monarch courtly throngs enclose,  
 Sublime in modest majesty he rose,  
 With reverence bow'd, conspicuous o'er the rest,  
 Approach'd the throne and thus the sire address'd:  
 Great king of nations, heaven-descended sage,  
 Guard of my youth and glory of my age,  
 These pontiff robes, to my blest brother's hand  
 Glad I resign, and wait thy kind command.  
 Should war invade, permit thy son to wield  
 The shaft of vengeance through the untempted field:  
 Led by thy powerful arm, my soul shall brave  
 The haughtiest foe, or find a glorious grave;  
 While our bold ranks a nobler toil demand,  
 In one dread field o'erwhelm the brutal band,  
 Pour to the mountain gods their wonted food,  
 And shield thy realms from future scenes of blood.  
 Yet oh, may sovereign mercy first ordain  
 Propounded compact to the savage train.  
 Fearless of foes, their own dark wilds I'll trace,  
 To quell the rage and give the terms of peace,  
 Teach the grim race to bow beneath thy sway,  
 And taste the blessings of the Power of day.  
 The sire return'd; My earliest wish you know,  
 To shield from slaughter and preserve the foe,  
 In bands of mutual peace all tribes to bind,  
 And live the friend and guardian of mankind.  
 Should strife begin, thy youthful arm shall share,  
 The toils of glory through the walks of war;  
 But o'er those hideous hills, thro' climes of snow,  
 With reason's voice to lure the savage foe,  
 To 'scape their snares, their jarring souls combine,  
 Claims hardier limbs and riper years than thine.  
 Yet one of heavenly race the task requires,  
 Whose mystic rites controul the ethereal fires;  
 So the sooth'd Godhead proves to faithless eyes,  
 His sway on earth and empire of the skies.  
 Some veteran chief, in those rough labours try'd,  
 Shall aid the toil, and go thy faithful guide;  
 O'er dreary heights thy sinking limbs sustain,  
 Teach the dark wiles of each insidious train,  
 Through all extremes of life thy voice attend,  
 In counsel lead thee or in arms defend.

While three firm youths, thy chosen friends, shall go  
 To learn the climes and meditate the foe;  
 That wars of future years their aid may find,  
 To serve the realm and save the savage kind.  
 Rise then, my son, bright partner of my fame,  
 With early toils to build thy sacred name;  
 In high behest, these heavenly tidings bear,  
 To bless mankind and ward the waste of war.  
 To those dark hosts, where shivering mountains run,  
 Proclaim the bounties of our sire the Sun.  
 On these fair plains, beneath his happier skies,  
 Tell how his fruits in boundless plenty rise;  
 How the bright Power, whose all delighting soul  
 Taught round the courts of heaven his stars to roll,  
 To all his earth-born sons hath kindly given  
 His noblest laws the favourite grace of heaven;  
 Bids every tribe the same glad laws attend,  
 His realms to widen and his fanes defend,  
 Confess and emulate his bounteous sway,  
 And give his blessings where he gives the day.  
 Yet, should the gathering legions still prepare  
 The shaft of slaughter for the barbarous war,  
 Tell them we know to tread the crimson plain,  
 And heaven's bright children never yield to man.  
 But oh, my child, with steps of caution go,  
 The ways are hideous and enraged the foe;  
 Blood stains their altars, all their feasts are blood,  
 Death their delight and Darkness reigns their God;  
 Tygers and vultures, storms and earthquakes share  
 Their rites of worship and their spoils of war.  
 Should'st thou, my Rocha, tempt their vengeful ire,  
 Should those dear relics feed a savage fire,  
 Deep sighs would heave thy wretched mother's breast,  
 The pale sun sink in clouds of darkness drest,  
 Thy sire and hapless nations rue the day,  
 That drew thy steps from these sad walls away.  
 Yet go; 'tis virtue calls; and realms unknown,  
 By these long toils, may bless thy future throne;  
 Millions of unborn souls in time may see  
 Their doom reversed, and owe their joys to thee;  
 While savage sires, with murdering hands, no more  
 Dread the grim Gods that claim their children's gore,  
 But, sway'd by happier sceptres, here behold  
 The rites of freedom and the shrines of gold.  
 Be wise, be mindful of thy realm and throne;  
 Heaven speed the labours, and preserve my son.  
 Soon the glad prince, in robes of white array'd,  
 Call'd his attendants, and the sire obey'd.  
 A diamond broad, in burning gold imprest,  
 Fix'd the Sun's image on his royal breast;  
 Fair in his hand appear'd the olive bough,  
 And the white lautu graced his beauteous brow.

Swift o'er the hills that lift the walks of day,  
 Thro' parting clouds he took his eastern way;  
 Height over height he gain'd, beyond the bound,  
 Where the wide empire claims its utmost round;  
 To numerous tribes proclaim'd the solar sway,  
 And held, through various toils, his wilder'd way.  
 At length, far distant, thro' the darkening skies,  
 Where hills o'er hills in rude disorder rise,  
 A dreadful groan, beneath the shuddering ground,  
 Rolls down the steeps and shakes the world around.  
 Columns of reddening smoke, above the height,  
 O'er cast the heavens and cloud their wonted light;  
 From tottering tops descend the cliffs of snow,  
 The mountains reel, the valleys rend below,  
 The headlong streams forget their usual round,  
 And shrink and vanish in the gaping ground;  
 The sun descends—Wide flames with livid glare  
 Break the red cloud and purple all the air;  
 Above the gaping top, wild cinders, driven,  
 Stream high and brighten to the midst of heaven;  
 Deep from beneath, full floods of boiling ore  
 Burst the dread mount, and thro' the opening roar;  
 Torrents of molten rocks, on every side,  
 Lead o'er the shelves of ice the fiery tide;  
 Hills slide before them, skies around them burn,  
 Towns sink beneath, and heaving plains o'erturn;  
 O'er distant realms, the flaming deluge, hurl'd,  
 Sweeps trembling nations from the astonish'd world.  
 Meanwhile, at distance, through the livid light,  
 A busy concourse met his wondering sight;  
 The prince drew near; an altar raised he view'd,  
 In form a furnace, fill'd with burning wood;  
 There a fair youth in pangs expiring lay,  
 And the fond father thus was heard to pray.  
 Receive, O dreadful Power, from feeble age,  
 This last pure offering to thy sateless rage,  
 Thrice has thy vengeance, on this hated land,  
 Claim'd a dear infant from my yielding hand;  
 Thrice have those lovely lips the victim press'd,  
 And all the mother torn that tender breast;  
 When the dread duty stifled every sigh,  
 And not a tear escaped her beauteous eye.  
 The fourth, and last now meets the fatal doom,  
 (Groan not, my child, thy God commands thee home)  
 Attend, once more, thou dark, infernal Name,  
 From yon far-streaming pyramid of flame;  
 Snatch, from the heaving flesh, the expiring breath,  
 Sacred to thee and all the Powers of death;  
 Then, in thy hall, with spoils of nations crown'd,  
 Confine thy walks beneath the rending ground;  
 No more on earth the imbowel'd flames to pour,  
 And scourge my people and my race no more.

Thus Rocha heard; and, tow'rd th'trembling croud,  
Turn'd the bright ensign of his beaming God.  
The afflicted chief, with fear and grief opprest,  
Beheld the sign and thus the prince address'd.  
From what far land, O royal stranger, say,  
Ascend thy wandering steps this nightly way?  
Com'st thou from plains like ours, with cinders fired?  
And have thy people in the flames expired?  
Or hast thou now, to stay the whelming flood,  
No son to offer to the furious God?  
From happier lands I came, the prince return'd,  
Where no red vengeance e'er the concave burn'd;  
No furious God disturbs the peaceful skies,  
Nor yield our hands the bloody sacrifice.  
But life and joy the Power delights to give,  
And bids his children but rejoice and live.  
Thou seest o'er heaven the all-delighting Sun.  
In living radiance, rear his golden throne;  
O'er plains and valleys shed his genial beams,  
Call from yon cliffs of ice the winding streams;  
While fruits and flowers adorn the indulgent field,  
And seas and lakes their copious treasures yield;  
He reigns our only God; in him we trace  
The friend, the father of our happy race.  
Late the lone tribes, on those delightful shores,  
With gloomy reverence served imagin'd Powers;  
Till he, in pity to the roving race,  
Dispensed their laws, and form'd their minds for peace.  
My heaven-born parents first the reign began,  
Sent from his courts to rule the race of man,  
Unfold his arts, extend his bounteous sway,  
And give his blessings where he gives the day.  
The wondering chief reply'd; thy form and dress  
Proclaim thy lineage of superior race;  
And our far-distant sires, no less than thine,  
Sprang from a God, and own a birth divine.  
From that ethereal mount, the source of flame,  
In elder times, the great avengers came;  
Where the dread Power conceals his dark abode,  
And claims, as now, the tribute of a God.  
This victim due when willing mortals pay,  
His terrors lessen and his fires decay;  
While purer sleet regales the untainted air,  
And our glad hosts are fired for fiercer war.  
Yet know, dread chief, the pious youth rejoin'd,  
One sovereign Power produced all human kind;  
Some Sire supreme, whose ever-ruling soul  
Creates, preserves, and regulates the whole.  
That Sire supreme must lift his radiant eye  
Round the wide concave of the boundless sky;  
That heaven's high courts, and all the walks of men  
May rise unveil'd beneath his careful ken.

Could thy dark Power, that holds his drear abode  
Deep in the bosom of that fiery flood,  
Yield the glad fruits that distant nations find?  
Or praise, or punish, or behold mankind?  
When the blest God, from glooms of changing night  
Shall gild his chambers with the morning light,  
By mystic rites he'll vindicate his throne,  
And own thy servant for his duteous son.  
Meantime, the chief reply'd, thy cares released,  
Share the poor relics of our scanty feast;  
Which, driven in hasty rout our train supply'd,  
When trembling earth proclaim'd the boiling tide.  
They fared, they rested; till approaching morn  
Beheld the day-star o'er the mountain burn;  
The rising prince an altar rear'd on high.  
And watch'd the splendors of the orient sky.  
When o'er the mountain flamed the sun's broad ray,  
He call'd the host his sacred rites t'essay;  
Then took the loaves of maize, the bounties brake,  
Gave to the chief and bade them all partake;  
The hallowed relics on the pile he placed,  
With tufts of flowers the simple offering graced,  
Held to the sun the image from his breast,  
Whose glowing concave all the God exprest;  
O'er the dry'd leaves, the trembling lustre flies,  
And thus his voice ascends the listening skies.  
O thou, whose splendors kindle heaven with fire,  
Great soul of nature, and the world's dread sire,  
If e'er my father found thy sovereign grace,  
Or thy blest will ordain'd the Incan race,  
Give these lone tribes to learn thine awful name,  
Receive this offering and the pile inflame:  
So shall thy laws o'er these wide bounds be known,  
And earth's unnumber'd sons be happy as thine own.  
Thus pray'd the prince, the kindling flames aspire,  
The tribes surrounding tremble and retire,  
Gaze on the wonder, full conviction own,  
And vow obedience to the genial Sun.  
The Inca now his farther course descry'd,  
A young cazique attending as a guide,  
O'er eastern cliffs pursued the wilder'd way,  
Where loftier champagnes meet the shivering day;  
Saw timorous tribes in these sublime abodes,  
Adore the blasts and turn the storms to Gods.  
Each blackening cloud, that thunders thro' the skies,  
Claims from their hands a human sacrifice.  
A while the youth, their better faith to gain,  
Strives, with his usual art, but strives in vain;  
In vain he pleads the mildness of the sun,  
In those cold bounds where chilling whirlwinds run;  
Where the dark tempests sweep the world below,  
And load the mountains with eternal snow.

The sun's bright beam, the fearful tribes declare,  
 Drives all their evils on the tortured air;  
 He draws the vapors up the eastern sky,  
 That sail and centre tow'rd his dazzling eye;  
 Leads the loud storms along his midday course,  
 And bids the Andes meet their sweeping force;  
 Builds their bleak summits, with an icy throne,  
 To shine through heaven a semblance of his own;  
 Hence the dire chills, the lifted lawns that wait,  
 And all the scourges that attend their state,  
 Seven toilsome days, the virtuous legate strove,  
 To social joys their savage minds to move;  
 Then, while the morning glow'd serenely bright,  
 He led their footsteps to an eastern height;  
 The world unbounded, stretch'd beneath them, lay,  
 And not a cloud obscured the rising day.  
 Broad Amazonia, with her star-like streams,  
 In azure drest, a heaven inverted seems:  
 Dim Paraguay extends the aching sight;  
 Xaraya glimmers, like the moon of night:  
 The earth and skies, in blending borders, stray,  
 And smile and brighten to the lamp of day.  
 When thus the prince; What majesty divine!  
 What robes of gold! what flames around him shine!  
 There walks the God! his starry sons on high  
 Draw their dim veil, and shrink behind the sky;  
 Earth with surrounding nature's born anew,  
 And tribes and empires greet the gladdening view  
 Who can behold his all-delighting soul  
 Give life and joy; and heaven and earth controul?  
 Bid death and darkness from his presence move—  
 Who can behold, and not adore and love?  
 Those plains, immensely circling feel his beams,  
 He greens the groves, he silvers o'er the streams,  
 Swells the wild fruitage, gives the beast his food,  
 And mute creation hails the genial God.  
 But nobler joys his righteous laws impart,  
 To aid the life and mould the social heart,  
 His peaceful arts o'er happy realms to spread,  
 And altars grace with pure celestial bread;  
 Such our distinguish'd lot, who own his sway,  
 Mild as his morning stars, and liberal as the day.  
 His unknown laws, the mountain chief reply'd,  
 In your far world, your boasted race may guide;  
 And yon low plains, that drink his genial ray,  
 At his glad shrine their just devotions pay,  
 But we, nor fear his frown, nor trust his smile;  
 He blasts our forests and o'erturns our toil;  
 Our bowers are bury'd in his whirls of snow,  
 Or swept and driven to shade his tribes below.  
 Even now his mounting steps thy hopes beguile;  
 He lures thy raptures with a morning smile

But soon (for so those saffron robes proclaim)  
 Black storms shall sail beneath his leading flame,  
 Thunders and blasts, against the mountain driven,  
 Shall shake the tottering tops and rend the vault of heaven.  
 He spoke; they waited, till the ascending ray,  
 High from the noon-tide, shot the faithless day;  
 When, lo! far-gathering, round the eastern skies  
 Solemn, and low, the dark-red vapors rise;  
 Full clouds convolving on the turbid air,  
 Move, like an ocean to the watery war.  
 The host, securely raised, no dangers harm,  
 They sit unclouded, and over-look the storm;  
 While, far beneath, the sky-borne waters ride,  
 O'er the dark deep and up the mountain's side;  
 The lightning's glancing wings, in fury curl'd,  
 Bend their long forky terrors o'er the world;  
 Torrents and broken craggs, and floods of rain,  
 From steep to steep, roll down their force amain,  
 In dreadful cataracts: the crashing sound  
 Fills the wide heavens and rocks the smouldering ground.  
 The blasts, unburden'd, take their upward course.  
 And, o'er the mountain-top, resume their force:  
 Swift, thro' the long, white ridges, from the north.  
 The rapid whirlwinds lead their terrors forth;  
 High rolls the storm, the circling surges rise,  
 And wild gyrations wheel the hovering skies;  
 Vast hills of snow, in sweeping columns driven,  
 Deluge the air and cloud the face of heaven;  
 Floods burst their chains, the rocks forget their place,  
 And the firm mountain trembles to its base.  
 Long gazed the host; when thus the stubborn chief,  
 With eyes on fire, and fill'd with sullen grief,  
 Behold thy careless God, securely high,  
 Laughs at our woes, and sails the heavens in joy;  
 Drives all his evils on these seats sublime,  
 And wafts his favours to a happier clime:  
 Sire of that peaceful race, thy words disclose,  
 There glads his children, here afflicts his foes.  
 Hence! speed thy course! pursue him where he leads;  
 Lest vengeance seize thee for thy father's deeds,  
 Thy immolated limbs assuage the fire  
 Of those curst Powers, which now a gift require.  
 The youth, in haste, collects his scanty train,  
 And, with the sun, flies o'er the western plain,  
 The fading orb with plaintive voice he plies,  
 To guide his steps and light him down the skies.  
 So, when the moon and all the host of even,  
 Hang, pale and trembling, on the verge of heaven,  
 While storms, ascending, threat their nightly reign,  
 They seek their absent sire, and settle down the main.  
 Now, to the south, he turns his tedious way,  
 Where tribes unnumber'd on the mountains stray;

And finds, collecting, in a central plain,  
 From all the hills, a wide-extended train.  
 Of various dress and various form they show'd;  
 Each wore the ensign of his local God.  
 From eastern steeps, a grisly host descends,  
 O'er whose grim chief a tyger's hide depends:  
 The tusky jaws grin o'er his shaggy brow,  
 The eye-balls glare, the paws depend below;  
 From his bored ears contorted serpents hung,  
 And drops of gore seem'd rolling on his tongue.  
 From northern wilds, dark move the vulture-race;  
 Black tufts of quills their shaded foreheads grace;  
 The claws extend, the beak is oped for blood,  
 And all the armour imitates the God.  
 The condor, frowning, from a southern plain,  
 Borne on a standard, leads a numerous train:  
 Clench'd in his talons, hangs a warrior dead,  
 His long beak pointing where the squadrons tread;  
 His wings, far-stretching, cleave the whistling wind.  
 And his broad tail o'er shades the host behind.  
 From other plains, and other hills, afar,  
 The assembling tribes throng dreadful to the war;  
 Some wear the crested furies of the snake,  
 Some show the emblems of a stream or lake;  
 All, from the Power they serve, assume their mode,  
 And foam and yell to taste the Incan blood.  
 The prince, incautious, with his train drew near,  
 Known for an Inca by his dress and air.  
 Sudden the savage bands to vengeance move,  
 Demand their arms and chace them round the grove;  
 His scattering host in vain the combat tries,  
 While circling thousands from their ambush rise;  
 Nor power to strive, nor hope of flight remains,  
 They bow in silence to the victor's chains.  
 When, now the gathering squadrons throng the plain,  
 And echoing skies the rending shouts retain;  
 Zamor, the leader of the tyger-band,  
 By choice appointed to the first command,  
 Shrugg'd up his spotted spoils above the rest,  
 And, grimly frowning, thus the croud address'd:  
 Warriors, attend; tomorrow leads abroad  
 Our sacred vengeance for our brothers' blood.  
 On those scorch'd plains forever must they lie,  
 Their bones still naked to the burning sky?  
 Left in the field for foreign hawks to tear,  
 Nor our own vultures can the banquet share.  
 But soon, ye mountain Gods, yon dreary west  
 Shall sate your vengeance with a nobler feast;  
 When the proud Sun, that terror of the plain,  
 Shall grieve in heaven for all his children slain;  
 O'er boundless fields our slaughtering myriads roam,  
 And your dark Powers command a happier home.

Mean while, ye tribes, these men of solar race,  
 Food for the flames, your bloody rites shall grace:  
 Each to a different God, his panting breath  
 Resigns in fire; this night demands their death:  
 All but the Inca; him, reserved in state,  
 These conquering hands ere long shall immolate,  
 To that dread Power that thunders in the skies,  
 A grateful gift, before his mother's eyes,  
 The savage ceased; the chiefs of every race  
 Lead the bold captives to their destined place;  
 The sun descends, the parting day expires,  
 And earth and heaven display their sparkling fires.  
 Soon the raised altars kindle round the gloom,  
 And call the victims to the vengeful doom;  
 Led to the scene, in sovereign pomp they tread,  
 And sing, by turns, the triumphs of the dead.  
 Amid the croud, beside his altar, stood  
 The youth devoted to the tyger-God.  
 A beauteous form he rose, of princely grace,  
 The only hope of his illustrious race;  
 His aged sire, through numerous years, had shone,  
 The first supporter of the Incan throne;  
 Wise Capac loved the youth, and graced his hand  
 With a fair virgin, from a neighbouring band;  
 And him the joyous prince, in equal prime;  
 Had chose t'attend him round the savage clime.  
 He mounts the pyre; the flames approach his breath,  
 And thus he wakes the canticle of death.  
 O thou dark vault of heaven! his daily throne.  
 Where flee the absent glories of the Sun?  
 Ye starry hosts, that kindle from his eye,  
 Can you behold him in the western sky?  
 Or if, unseen, he rests his radiant head,  
 Beneath the confines of his watery bed;  
 When next his morning steps your courts inflame,  
 And seek on earth for young Azonto's name,  
 Then point these ashes, mark the smoky pile,  
 And say the hero suffer'd with a smile.  
 So shall the avenging Power, in fury drest,  
 Bind the red circler o'er his changing vest,  
 Bid dire destruction, on these dark abodes,  
 Whelm the grim tribes and all their savage Gods.  
 But oh! forbear to tell my stooping sire,  
 His darling hopes have fed a coward fire;  
 Why should he know the tortures of the brave?  
 Or fruitless sorrows bend him to the grave?  
 And may'st thou ne'er be told, my anxious fair,  
 What rending pangs these panting vitals tear;  
 But, blooming still, the impatient wish employ  
 On the blind hope of future scenes of joy.  
 Now haste, ye strides of death, the Power of day,  
 In absent slumbers, gives your vengeance way;

While fainter light these livid flames supply,  
 And short-lived thousands learn of me to die.  
 He ceased not speaking; when the yell of war  
 Drowns all their death-songs in a hideous jar;  
 Round the far echoing hills the yellings pour,  
 And wolves and tygers catch the distant roar.  
 Now more concordant all their voices join,  
 And round the plain they form the lengthening line;  
 When, to the music of the dismal din,  
 Indignant Zamor bids the dance begin.  
 Dim, thro' the shadowy fires, each changing form  
 Moves like a cloud before an evening storm;  
 When, o'er the moon's pale face and starry plain,  
 The shades of heaven lead on their broken train;  
 The mingling tribes their mazy circles tread,  
 Till the last groan proclaims the victims dead;  
 Then part the smoky flesh, enjoy the feast,  
 And lose their labours in oblivious rest.  
 Now, when the western hills proclaim'd the morn,  
 And falling fires were scarcely seen to burn,  
 Grimm'd by the horrors of the dreadful night,  
 The hosts woke fiercer for the distant fight;  
 And, dark and silent, like a shadowy grove,  
 The different tribes beneath their standards move.  
 But round the blissful city of the sun,  
 Since the young prince his foreign toils begun,  
 The prudent king collected, from afar,  
 His numerous hosts to meet the expected war.  
 The various tribes, in one extended train,  
 Move to the confines of an eastern plain;  
 Where, from the exalted kingdom's utmost end,  
 Sublimar hills and savage walks ascend.  
 High in the front, imperial Capac strode,  
 In fair effulgence like the beaming God;  
 A golden girdle bound his snowy vest,  
 A mimic Sun hung trembling on his breast,  
 The lautu's circling band his temples twined,  
 The bow, the quiver shade his waist behind;  
 Raised high in air, his golden sceptre burn'd,  
 And hosts surrounding trembled as he turn'd.  
 O'er eastern hills he cast his kindling eye,  
 Where opening breaches lengthen down the sky;  
 In whose blue clefts, wide, sloping alleys bend,  
 Where annual floods from melting snows descend;  
 Now, dry and deep, far up the dreary height,  
 Show the dark squadrons moving into sight;  
 They throng and thicken on the smoky air,  
 And every breach pours down the dusky war.  
 So when an hundred streams explore their way,  
 Down the same slopes, convolving to the sea;  
 They boil, they bend, they urge their force amain,  
 Swell o'er th'obstructing craggs and sweep the distant plain.

Capac beholds, and waits the coming shock,  
Unmoved, and gleaming like an icy rock;  
And while for fight the arming hosts prepare,  
Thus thro' the files he breathes the soul of war.  
Ye hosts, of every tribe and every plain,  
That live and flourish in my father's reign,  
Long have your flocks and ripening harvests shown  
The genial smiles of his indulgent throne;  
As o'er surrounding realms his blessings flow'd,  
And conquer'd all without the stain of blood.  
But now, behold yon wide-collecting band,  
With threatening war, demands the happy land:  
Beneath the dark, immeasurable host,  
Descending, swarming, how the craggs are lost!  
Already now, their ravening eyes behold  
Your star-bright temples and your gates of gold;  
And to their Gods in fancied goblets pour,  
The warm libation of your children's gore.  
Move then to vengeance, meet the whelming flood,  
Led by this arm and lighted by that God;  
The strife is fierce, your fanes and fields the prize,  
The warrior conquers or the infant dies.  
Fill'd with his fire, the hosts, in squared array,  
Eye the dark legions and demand the affray;  
Their pointed arrows, rising on the bow,  
Look up the sky and chide the lagging foe.  
Fierce Zamor, frowning, leads the grisly train,  
Moves from the clefts, and stretches o'er the plain;  
He gives the shriek; the deep convulsing sound  
The hosts re-echo; and the hills around  
Retain the rending tumult; all the air  
Clangs in the conflict of the clashing war.  
But firm, undaunted, as a shelvy strand,  
That meets the billowy surge, the squadrons stand;  
Bend the broad bow, in lengthier circuit spread,  
And showers of arrows thicken heaven with shade.  
When each grim host, in closer conflict join'd,  
Clench the dire ax, and cast the bow behind;  
Thro' broken ranks sweep wide the rapid course,  
Now struggle back, now sidelong sway the force;  
Here, from grim chiefs is lopp'd the grisly head;  
All gride the dying, all deface the dead;  
There, scattering o'er the field, in thin array,  
Man strives with man, and stones with axes play;  
With broken shafts they follow and they fly,  
And yells and groans and shouts invade the sky;  
Round all the plains and groves, the ground is strow'd  
With sever'd limbs and corpses bathed in blood.  
Long raged the strife; and where, on either side,  
A friend, a father or a brother died,  
No trace remain'd of what he show'd before.  
Mangled with horrid wounds and smear'd with gore.

Now the Peruvians, in collected might,  
 With one wide sweep had wing'd the savage flight;  
 But heaven's bright Splendor in his midday race,  
 With glooms unusual, veil'd his radiant face.  
 By slow degrees a solemn twilight moves,  
 Browns the dim heavens and shades the conscious groves.  
 The observing Inca views, with wild surprise,  
 Deep glooms on earth, no cloud around the skies;  
 His host o'ershaded in the field of blood,  
 Gored by his foes, deserted by his God.  
 All mute with wonder, cease the strife to wage,  
 Gaze at each-other, and forget their rage;  
 When pious Capac, to the listening croud,  
 Raised high his wand and pour'd his voice aloud:  
 Ye chiefs and warriors of Peruvian race,  
 Some dire offence obscures my father's face;  
 What moves the Godhead to desert the plain,  
 Nor save his children, nor behold them slain?  
 Fly! speed your course, and seek the distant town,  
 Ere darkness shroud you in a deeper frown;  
 The lengthening walls your squadrons shall defend,  
 While my sad steps the sacred dome ascend;  
 There learn the cause, and ward the woes we fear—  
 Haste, haste, my sons, I guard the flying rear.  
 The hero spoke; the trembling tribes obey,  
 While deeper glooms obscure the source of day.  
 Sudden, the savage bands collect amain,  
 Hang on the rear and sweep them o'er the plain;  
 Their shouts, redoubling o'er the flying war,  
 Drown the loud groans and torture all the air;  
 The hawks of heaven, that o'er the field had stood  
 Scared by the tumult from the scent of blood,  
 Cleave the far gloom; the beasts forget their prey,  
 And scour the waste, and give the war its way.  
 Zamor, elate with horrid joy, beheld  
 The Sun depart, his children fly the field,  
 And raised his rending voice; Thou darkening sky,  
 Deepen thy glooms, the Power of death is nigh;  
 Behold him rising from his nightly throne,  
 To veil the heavens and drive the conquer'd Sun!  
 The glaring Godhead yields to sacred Night;  
 And all his armies imitate his flight.  
 O dark, infernal Power, confirm thy reign;  
 Give deadlier shades and heap the piles of slain:  
 Soon, the young captive prince shall roll in fire,  
 And all his race accumulate the pyre.  
 Ye mountain vultures, here your vengeance pour,  
 Tygers and condors, all ye Gods of gore,  
 In these dread fields, beneath your frowning sky,  
 A plenteous feast shall every God supply.  
 Rush forward, warriors, hide the plains with dead;  
 'Twas here our friends, in former combat, bled;

Strow'd thro' the waste, their bloody bones demand  
 This sweeping vengeance from our conquering hand.  
 He said; and, high before the tyger-train,  
 With longer strides, hangs forward o'er the slain,  
 Bends, like a falling tree, to reach the foe,  
 And o'er tall Capac aims a deadly blow.  
 The king beheld the ax, and with his wand,  
 Struck the raised weapon from his grasping hand  
 Then clench'd the falling helve, and whirling round,  
 Fell'd furious hosts of heroes to the ground:  
 Nor stay'd, but follow'd, where the squadrons run,  
 Fearing to fight, forsaken by the Sun:  
 Till Cusco's walls salute their longing sight,  
 And the wide gates receive their rapid flight.  
 The folds are barr'd, the foes, in shade conceal'd,  
 Like howling wolves, rave round the affrighted field.  
 The monarch now ascends the sacred dome,  
 Where the Sun's image wore a faded gloom.  
 Thro' all the courts a solemn shade prevail'd,  
 And dismal groans his listening ear assail'd;  
 Deep from an inner shrine, the stifled sighs  
 Breathe forth awhile, and these sad accents rise.  
 Was it for this, my son to distant lands  
 Must trace the wilds, amid those savage bands?  
 And does the God obscure his golden throne,  
 In mournful silence for my slaughter'd son?  
 Oh, had his beam, ere that disastrous day,  
 That snatch'd the youth from these fond arms away,  
 Received my mounting spirit to the sky,  
 That sad Oella might have seen him die.  
 Where slept thy shaft of vengeance, O my God,  
 When those fell tygers drank his sacred blood?  
 Did not the pious prince, with rites divine;  
 Feed the pure flame, within thy hallow'd shrine?  
 And early learn, beneath his father's hand,  
 To shed thy blessings round the favour'd land?  
 Form'd by thy laws the royal seat to grace,  
 Son of thy son, and glory of his race.  
 Where, dearest Rocha, rests thy beauteous head?  
 Where the rent robes thy hapless mother made?  
 I see thee, mid those hideous hills of snow,  
 Pursued and slaughter'd by the savage foe;  
 Or, doom'd a feast for some infernal God,  
 Whose horrid shrine demands thy harmless blood.  
 Snatch me, O Sun, to happier worlds of light—  
 No shroud me, shroud me, with thyself in night—  
 Thou hear'st me not; thou dread, departed Power,  
 Thy face is dark, and Rocha is no more.  
 Thus heard the silent king; his heaving heart  
 Caught all her grief, and bore a father's part.  
 The cause, suggested by her tender moan,  
 That veil'd the midday splendors of the sun,

And shouts insulting of the raging foe,  
 Fix'd him suspense, in all the strength of woe  
 A doubtful moment held his changing choice;  
 Now would he sooth her; half assumes his voice;  
 But greater cares the rising wish controul,  
 And call forth all his dignity of soul.  
 Why should he cease to ward the coming fate?  
 Or she be told the foes besiege the gate?  
 He turn'd in haste; and now the image-God,  
 High in the front, with kindling lustre glow'd:  
 Swift thro' the portal, flew the hero's eye,  
 And hail'd the growing Splendor in the sky.  
 The thronging host, now brightening at the sight,  
 Pour round the dome, impatient for the fight;  
 The chief, descending, in the portal stood,  
 And thus address'd the all-delighting God.  
 O sovereign Soul of heaven; thy changing face  
 Makes or destroys the glory of thy race.  
 If, from the bounds of earth, my son be fled,  
 First of thy line that ever graced the dead;  
 If thy bright Godhead ceased in heaven to burn,  
 For that loved youth, who never must return;  
 Forgive thine armies; when, in fields of blood,  
 They lose their strength, and fear the frowning God,  
 As now thy glory, with superior day,  
 Glows thro' the field and leads the warrior's way,  
 May our delighted souls, to vengeance driven,  
 Burn with new brightness in the cause of heaven;  
 For thy slain son see larger squadrons bleed,  
 We mourn the hero, but avenge the deed.  
 He said; and, from the battlements on high,  
 A watchful warrior raised an eager cry;  
 An Inca white on yonder altar tied—  
 Tis Rocha's self—the flame ascends his side.  
 In sweeping haste the bursting gates unbar,  
 And flood the champaign with a tide of war;  
 A cloud of arrows leads the rapid train,  
 They shout, they swarm, they hide the moving plain;  
 The bows and quivers strow the field behind,  
 And the raised axes cleave the parting wind;  
 The prince, confest to every warrior's sight,  
 Inspires each soul and centres all the fight;  
 Each hopes to snatch him from the kindling pyre,  
 Each fears his breath already flits in fire:  
 While Zamor spread his thronging squadrons wide,  
 Wedged like a wall—and thus the king defied:  
 Haste! son of Light, pour fast the winged war,  
 The prince, the dying prince demands your care:  
 Hear how his death-song chides your dull delay,  
 Lift larger strides, bend forward to the affray;  
 Ere folding flames prevent his stifled groan,  
 Child of your beaming God, a victim to our own.

He said; and raised his shaggy form on high,  
And bade the shafts glide thicker thro' the sky.  
Like the black billows of the lifted main,  
Rolls into sight the long Peruvian train;  
A white sail, bounding, on the billows tost,  
Is Capac, striding o'er the furious host.  
Now meet the dreadful chiefs, with eyes on fire;  
Beneath their blows the parting ranks retire:  
In whirlwind-sweep, their meeting axes bound,  
Wheel, crash in air, and plough the trembling ground;  
Their sinewy limbs, in fierce contortions, bend,  
And mutual strokes, with equal force, descend;  
The king sways backward from the struggling foe,  
Collects new strength, and with a circling blow  
Rush'd furious on; his flinty edge, on high,  
Met Zamor's helve, and glancing, cleft his thigh,  
The savage fell; when, thro' the tyger-train,  
The driving Inca swept a widening lane;  
Whole ranks fall staggering, where he lifts his arm,  
Or roll before him, like a billowy storm;  
Behind his steps collecting legions close,  
While, centred in a circling ridge of foes,  
He drives his furious way; the prince unties,  
And thus his voice—Dread Sovereign of the skies,  
Accept my living son, again bestow'd,  
To grace with rites the temple of his God.  
Move, warriors, move, complete the work begun,  
Crush the grim race, avenge the injured Sun.  
The savage host, that view'd the daring deed,  
And saw deep squadrons with their leader bleed,  
Raised high the shriek of horror; all the plain  
Is trod with flight and cover'd with the slain.  
The bold Peruvians circle round the field,  
Confine their flight and bid the relics yield:  
While Capac raised his placid voice again—  
Ye conquering hosts, collect the scatter'd train;  
The Sun commands to stay the rage of war,  
He knows to conquer, but he loves to spare.  
He ceased; and, where the savage leader lay  
Weltering in gore, directs his eager way;  
Unwraps the tyger's hide, and strives in vain  
To close the wound, and mitigate the pain;  
And, while soft pity moved his manly breast,  
Raised the huge head and thus the chief address.  
Too long, dread prince, thy raging arms withstood  
The hosts of heaven, and braved the avenging God;  
His sovereign will commands all strife to cease,  
His realm is concord, and his pleasure, peace;  
This copious carnage, spreading all the plain,  
Insults his bounties, but confirms his reign.  
Enough, 'tis past—thy parting breath demands  
The last, sad office from my yielding hands.

To share thy pains, and feel thy hopeless woe,  
Are rites ungrateful to a falling foe;  
Yet rest in peace; and know, a chief so brave,  
When life departs, shall find an honour'd grave;  
These hands, in mournful pomp, thy tomb shall rear,  
And tribes unborn thy hapless fate declare.  
Insult me not with tombs, the savage cried,  
Let closing clods thy coward carcass hide;  
But these brave bones, unbury'd on the plain,  
Touch not with dust, nor dare with rites profane;  
Let no curst earth conceal this gorey head,  
Nor songs proclaim the dreadful Zamor dead.  
Me, whom the hungry Gods, from plain to plain,  
Have follow'd, feasting on thy slaughter'd train,  
Me wouldst thou cover? no! from yonder sky,  
The wide-beak'd hawk, that now beholds me die,  
Soon, with his cowering train, my flesh shall tear,  
And wolves and tygers vindicate their share.  
Receive, dread Powers, (since I can slay no more)  
My last glad victim, this devoted gore.  
Thus pour'd the vengeful chief his fainting breath,  
And lost his utterance in the gasp of death.  
The sad remaining tribes confess the Power,  
That sheds his bounties round the favourite shore;  
All bow obedient to the Incan throne,  
And blest Oella hails her living son.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 4

In one dark age, beneath a single hand,  
Thus rose an empire in the savage land.  
Her golden seats, with following years, increase,  
Her growing nations spread the walks of peace,  
Her sacred rites display the purest plan,  
That e'er adorn'd the unguided mind of man.  
Yet all the pomp, the extended climes unfold,  
The fields of verdure and the towers of gold,  
Those works of peace, and sovereign scenes of state,  
In short-lived glory, hasten to their fate.  
Thy followers, rushing like an angry flood,  
Shall whelm the fields and stain the shrines in blood;  
Nor thou, Las Casas, best of men, shalt stay  
The ravening legions from their guardless prey.  
Oh! hapless prelate, hero, saint and sage,  
Doom'd with hard guilt a fruitless war to wage,  
To see, with grief (thy life of virtues run)  
A realm unpeopled and a world undone.  
While impious Valverde, mock of priesthood, stands,  
Guilt in his heart, the gospel in his hands,  
Bids, in one field, unnumber'd squadrons bleed,  
Smiles o'er the scene and sanctifies the deed.  
And thou, brave Gasca, with thy virtuous train,  
Shalt lift the sword and urge thy power in vain;  
Vain, the late task, the sinking land to save,  
Or call her slaughter'd millions from the grave.  
The Seraph spoke. Columbus, with a sigh,  
Cast o'er the hapless climes his moisten'd eye,  
And thus return'd: Oh, hide me in the tomb;  
Why should I live to view the impending doom?  
If such dread scenes the scheme of heaven compose,  
And virtuous toils induce redoubled woes,  
Unfold no more; but grant a kind release,  
Give me, 'tis all I ask, to rest in peace.  
Thy soul shall rest in peace, the Power rejoin'd,  
Ere these conflicting shades involve mankind:  
But nobler views shall first thy mind engage,  
Beyond the bounds of this destructive age;  
Where happier fruits of thy unwearied toil,  
Thro' future years, and other empires, smile.  
Europe's contending realms shall soon behold  
These fruitful plains and hills of opening gold,  
Fair in the path of thy adventurous fail,  
Their countless navies float in every gale,  
For wealth and commerce, sweep the extended shore,  
And load the ocean with the shining ore.  
As, up the orient heaven, the dawning ray  
Smiles o'er the world and gives the promised day;  
Drives fraud and rapine from their nightly spoil,  
And social nature wakes to peaceful toil;  
So, from the blazing mine, the golden store,  
Mid warring nations, spreads from shore to shore,

With new ambition fires their ravish'd eyes,  
O'er factious nobles bids the monarch rise;  
Unites the force of realms, the wealth to share,  
Leads larger hosts to milder walks of war;  
The golden scale, while rival states suspend,  
And princely powers their mutual aid extend;  
Wide o'er the world, while genius unconfined  
Tempt happier flights and opens all the mind;  
Unbinds the slavish bands of monkish lore,  
Awakes the arts and bids the Muses soar.  
Then shall thy northern climes their charms display;  
United nations there extend their sway;  
O'er the new world exalt their peerless throne,  
And twine thy wreaths immortal on their crown.  
Now lift thine eye. O'er Europe's circling rounds,  
Where kings contending claim their bordering bounds,  
Behold in light, the nations slowly rise,  
Like trembling vapours in the morning skies.  
Where those long shores their different courses run,  
Round the dim north, and tow'rd the eastern sun;  
The naked harbours, looking to the main,  
Unfold their bounds and break the winds in vain;  
The labouring ride no foreign treasure brings,  
No floating forest waves its canvass wings,  
No busy throngs the lonely margin tread,  
Nor sails nor cities cast a watery shade:  
Save, where, yon opening gulph the strand divides,  
Proud Venice bathes her in the broken tides,  
Beholds her scattering barks around her strown,  
And, sovereign, deems the watery world her own.  
The nations fierce, that local faiths enrage,  
In causeless strife perpetual combat wage.  
No martial system claims the monarch's care,  
Nor standing legions guard the realm from war;  
Give general laws to nations, and restrain  
The untemper'd rage of passion's lawless reign.  
But the firm bondage of the slavish mind,  
Spreads deeper glooms and subjugates mankind.  
As the dark northern tribes, in elder times,  
Drove every art from Europe's cultured climes,  
O'er ruin'd Latium fix'd their savage reign,  
Mid towers o'erturn'd and learned millions slain;  
Thus, o'er the same fair seats, with deadlier shade,  
Folly and zeal their sable ensigns spread,  
Send their cowl'd teachers every sect to blind,  
Stretch the deep mantle and secure the mind,  
Warn from the world, by Gallileo's fate,  
Each daring truth that boasts a modern date,  
Support all crimes, by full indulgence given,  
Usurp the power and wield the sword of Heaven.  
But see, where future years their scenes unroll,  
And rising arts inspire the venturous soul.

Behold, from all the extended coasts of Spain,  
Unnumber'd navies croud the whitening main;  
High o'er the western wave, in cloudy flight,  
They stream and lessen on the varying sight,  
Dim thro' the isles and middle regions pour,  
Furl the low sails, and skirt the masted shore.  
From the long strand the moving loads behold,  
The sparkling gems, and heaps of burning gold.  
The sails ascend; and, tow'rd their native day,  
With heavier burdens win their arduous way.  
Now, from all coasts, that Europe's realms surround,  
See the long squadrons o'er the billows bound;  
Thro' Afric's isles, observe the sweeping sails,  
Full pinions tossing in Arabian gales;  
Indus and Ganges, deep in canvass, lost,  
And navies crouding round each orient coast;  
New nations rise to light, extend the toil,  
Unfold their treasures, share the foreign spoil,  
Join distant worlds, all climes and oceans brave,  
And shade with sheets the immeasurable wave.  
While rival realms in greater works engage,  
And wake the genius of a happier age;  
Their bounds enlarge, and mutual safety share,  
By leagues of peace and standing strength of war.  
See lofty Ximines, with solemn gait,  
Move from the cloister to the walks of state,  
Thro' all the extended baronies of Spain,  
Curb the fierce lords, and fix the royal reign.  
Behold, dread Charles the sovereign seat ascends,  
O'er kings and climes his eager view extends;  
Europe's surrounding states, before his eyes,  
Lure the wide wish and bid his claims arise;  
While wealthier shores, beneath the western day,  
Unfold their treasures and enlarge his sway.  
See the brave Francis lift his banners round,  
To guard the realms and give his rival bound;  
With equal pomp, the imperial sceptre claim,  
And fire the nations with an equal name,  
Unite his kingdom and his power extend,  
Of arms the patron, and of arts the friend.  
And see proud Wolsey rise, securely great,  
Kings in his train, and sceptres at his feet,  
From monkish walls, the hoards of wealth he draws,  
To aid the tyrant and restrain the laws,  
Wakes Albion's genius, abler monarchs braves,  
And shares with them the empire of the waves.  
Behold dark Solyman, from eastern skies,  
With his grim host, magnificently rise:  
Extend his limits o'er the midland sea,  
And tow'rd Germania drive his conquering way,  
Frown o'er the Christian Powers, with haughty air,  
And teach the nations how to lead the war.

There powerful Leo rises into sight,  
 And, generous, calls the finer arts to light;  
 New walls and structures throng the Latian shore  
 The Pencil triumphs and the Muses soar.  
 Snatch'd from the ground, where Gothic rage had trod,  
 And monks and prelates held their drear abode,  
 The Roman statues rise; and wake to view  
 The same bold taste their ancient glory knew.  
 O'er the dark world Erasmus casts his eye;  
 In schoolmen's lore sees kings and nations lie;  
 With strength of judgement and with fancy warm,  
 Derides their follies, and dissolves the charm,  
 Draws the deep veil, that bigot zeal has thrown  
 O'er pagan Books, and science long unknown,  
 From faith of pageant rites relieves mankind,  
 And seats bold virtue in the conscious mind.  
 But still the daring task, to brave alone  
 The rising vengeance of the Papal throne,  
 Restrains his toil: he gives the contest o'er,  
 And leaves his hardier sons to dare the threatening Power.  
 Thus taught the Seer; Columbus turn'd his view,  
 Where round the regions other wonders drew;  
 Saw in the north a daring sage ascend,  
 And o'er his form a sable robe depend;  
 The Cowl conceal'd his eye; his fearless head,  
 Like morning mist, a hovering cloud o'erspread;  
 Above the gloom, descending lustre beams,  
 And streaks the concave with cerulean streams.  
 Sudden the bursting cloud expands in light,  
 And heaven unfolding fills his raptur'd sight.  
 His changing robes in golden Splendor blaze,  
 Around his head a starry rainbow plays;  
 High in his hand a beam of glory burns,  
 And realms surrounding brighten as it turns.  
 When thus the Power; These happier visions trace  
 The destined joys that wait the rising race.  
 Great Luther moves in that majestic frame,  
 Fair light of heaven, and child of deathless fame;  
 Born, like thyself, thro' toils and griefs to wind,  
 From sloth and slavery free the captive mind,  
 Brave adverse Powers, controul the Papal sway,  
 And bring benighted nations into day.  
 The beam of glory, lifted in his hand,  
 Is Heaven's own word that shines on every land;  
 By his bold pen, in modern style display'd,  
 From the glad world, it drives the mystic shade.  
 See the long crouds, his fame around him brings,  
 Schools, synods, prelates, potentates and kings;  
 All gaining knowledge from his boundless store,  
 And join'd to shield him from the rage of power.  
 First of the train, see Frederic's princely form  
 Ward from the sage divine the gathering storm;

In learned Wittemburgh secure his seat,  
Where arts and virtues find a blest retreat.  
Raised by his voice, glad pupils round him stand,  
Assist his toils and spread to every land.  
There moves Melanchton, mild as morning light,  
And rage and strife are soften'd in his sight;  
In terms so gentle flows his tuneful tongue,  
Ev'n cloister'd bigots join the listening throng;  
By foes and infidels he lives approved,  
By monarchs courted and by heaven beloved.  
With stern deport, o'er all the circling band,  
See Osiander lift his waving hand;  
On others' faults he casts a haughty frown,  
Nor their's will pardon nor perceive his own;  
A heart sincere his open looks unfold,  
In virtue faithful, and in action bold.  
And lo, where Europe's utmost limits bend,  
From this mild source what various joys descend!  
A larger policy pervades the whole,  
And civil rights inspire the free-born soul.  
See haughty Henry, from the Papal tie,  
His realms dismember, and the Power defy;  
While Albion's sons disdain a foreign throne,  
And bravely bound the oppression of his own.  
Another scene still marks the important age,  
And hardier toils adventurous throngs engage.  
There starts fierce Loyola, an unknown name,  
By paths unseen to reach the goal of fame;  
Thro' courts and camps, by secret skill, to wind;  
To mine whole states and over-reach mankind.  
The task begins; behold an artful race,  
Range thro' the world, and every sect embrace,  
Their creeds, their powers, their policies explore,  
And lead an intercourse from shore to shore.  
See the full throngs, in every distant land,  
Embrace the cause and swell the wide command:  
In towering pride, ascending to the skies,  
Their growing fanes and seats of science rise;  
A new-form'd empire gains a sudden birth,  
Built in all empires o'er the peopled earth.  
Led, by thy followers, to the western day,  
In happier climes, behold their sovereign sway,  
Where Paraguay's mild nations smile in peace,  
And generous arts and social joys increase.  
Thus all the tribes of men, beneath thy view,  
Enlarge their walks and nobler toils pursue,  
Unwonted deeds, in rival greatness, shine,  
Call'd into life and first inspired by thine.  
So, while imperial Homer tunes the lyre,  
The living lays unnumber'd bards inspire,  
From realm to realm, the kindling spirit flies,  
Sounds thro' the earth and echoes to the skies.

Now move, in rapid haste, the years of time,  
 When, borne afar from this enlighten'd clime,  
 Thy brighter sons shall croud the western main,  
 And northern empires bloom beneath their reign.  
 To speed their course, the leaders of the age,  
 By error darkened and religious rage,  
 Bid Persecution whelm in kindred blood,  
 The walls of peace, and temples of their God:  
 Millions of martyr'd heroes mount the pyre,  
 And blind devotion lights the sacred fire.  
 Led by the dark inquisitors of Spain,  
 See Desolation mark her dreary reign;  
 See Jews and Moors, that croud the fatal strand,  
 Roll in the flames, or flee the hated land.  
 See, arm'd with power, the same tribunal rise,  
 Where hapless Belgia's fruitful circuit lies;  
 What wreaths of smoke roll heavy round the shore!  
 What shrines and altars flow with christian gore!  
 What dismal shrieks! what agonizing cries!  
 What prayers are wafted to the listening skies!  
 Where the flames open, lo! their arms, in vain,  
 Reach out for help, distorted with the pain!  
 Till, folded in the sires, they disappear,  
 And not a sound invades the startled ear.  
 See Philip, throned in insolence and pride,  
 Enjoy their wailings and their pangs deride;  
 While, scattering death round Albion's crimson isles,  
 O'er the same scenes, his cruel consort smiles.  
 Amid the strife, a like destruction reigns,  
 With wider sweep, o'er Gallia's fatal plains;  
 See factious nobles pour the slaughtering tide,  
 Grim death unites whom sacred creeds divide;  
 Each dreadful victor bids the flames arise,  
 And waft a thousand murders to the skies.  
 Now cease the factions, with the Valoise line,  
 And the great Bourbon's liberal virtues shine;  
 Quell'd by his voice, the furious sects accord,  
 And distant empires tremble at his sword.  
 See, smiling Albion views, with glad surprise.  
 A rival reign, in blest Eliza, rise;  
 O'er Belgia's plains while daring leaders soar,  
 And brave the vengeance of the Iberian power.  
 Now from all coasts, where shaded plains extend,  
 See the bent forests to the main descend.  
 From Albion's strand, behold the navies heave,  
 Stretch in a line and thunder o'er the wave;  
 There toils brave Russel, master of the main,  
 And moves in triumph o'er the pride of Spain.  
 The Seraph spoke; when fair beneath their eye,  
 A new-form'd squadron rose along the sky;  
 High on the tallest deck, majestic shone  
 Great Raleigh, pointing tow'rd the western sun;

His eye, bent forward, ardent and sublime,  
 Seem'd piercing nature and evolving time;  
 Beside him stood a globe, whose figures traced  
 A future empire in each wilder'd waste;  
 All former works of men behind him shone,  
 Graved by his hand in ever-during stone;  
 On his mild brow, a various crown displays  
 The hero's laurel and the scholar's bays;  
 His graceful limbs in steely mail were drest,  
 The bright star burning on his manly breast;  
 His sword high-beaming, like a waving spire,  
 Illumed the shrouds and flash'd the solar fire;  
 The smiling crew rose resolute and brave,  
 And the glad sails hung bounding o'er the wave.  
 Far on the main, they held their rapid flight,  
 And western coasts salute their longing sight:  
 Glad Chesapeake unfolds a passage wide,  
 And leads their streamers up the freshening tide;  
 Where a mild region and delightful soil  
 And groves and streams allure the steps of toil.  
 Here, lodged in peace, they tread the welcome land,  
 An instant harvest waves beneath their hand,  
 Spontaneous fruits their easy cares beguile,  
 And opening fields in living culture smile.  
 With joy Columbus view'd; when thus his voice,  
 Ye beauteous shores, and generous hosts, rejoice.  
 Here stretch the water'd plains and midland tide,  
 And nature blooms in all her virgin pride;  
 The years advance, by Heaven's blest arm unroll'd,  
 When the deep wilds their promised change behold.  
 Be thou, my Seer, the people's guardian friend,  
 Protect their virtues and their lives defend;  
 May wealth and grandeur, with their arts, unfold,  
 Yet save, oh, save them from the thirst of gold.  
 May the poor natives, round the guardless climes,  
 Ne'er feel their rage nor groan beneath their crimes;  
 But learn the various blessings, that extend,  
 Where civil rights and social virtues blend;  
 In these brave leaders find a welcome guide,  
 And rear their fanes and empires by their side.  
 Smile, happy region, smile; the star of morn  
 Illumes thy heavens, and bids thy day be born;  
 Thy opening forests show the work begun,  
 Thy plains, unshaded, drink a purer-sun;  
 Unwonted navies on thy currents glide,  
 And happier treasures waft on every tide;  
 Yield now thy bounties, load the distant main;  
 Give birth to nations and begin thy reign.  
 The hero spoke; when thus the Power rejoin'd,  
 Approved his joy, and still enlarged his mind:  
 To thy warm wish, beneath these opening skies,  
 The pride of earth-born empires soon shall rise.

My powerful arm, to which the task was given,  
On this fair globe to work the will of Heaven;  
To rear the mountain, spread the subject plain,  
Lead the long stream and roll the billowy main,  
In every clime prepared the seats of state,  
Design'd their limits and prescribed their date.  
To meet these tides, I stretch'd the level strand,  
Heaved the green banks and taught the groves to stand,  
Strow'd the wild fruitage, gave the beasts their place,  
And form'd the region for thy kindred race.  
In elder years, when first the watery round,  
And meeting lands their blending borders found;  
Back to those distant hills, that range sublime,  
From yon deep gulph, thro' all the northern clime,  
The Atlantic wave it's coral kingdoms spread,  
And scaly nations here their gambols led.  
By slow degrees, thro' following years of time,  
I bared these realms and raised the extended clime;  
As, from retiring seas, the rising sand  
Stole into light and gently drew to land.  
Moved by the winds, that sweep the flaming zone,  
The waves roll westward with the constant sun,  
Meet the firm Isthmus, scoop that gulphy bed,  
Wheel tow'rd the north, and here their currents spread:  
Those ravaged banks, that move beneath their force,  
Borne on the tide and lost along the course,  
Have form'd this beauteous shore by Heaven design'd,  
The happiest empire that awaits mankind.  
Think not the lust of gold shall here annoy,  
Enslave the nations and the race destroy.  
No flaming mine these lengthening hills enclose,  
No ruby ripens and no diamond glows;  
But richer stores and rocks of useful mould,  
Repay, in wealth, the penury of gold.  
Freedom's unconquer'd sons, with healthy toil,  
Shall lop the grove and warm the furrow'd soil,  
From iron ridges break the rugged ore,  
Smooth the pale marble, spire the bending shore;  
While sails and towers and temples round them heave,  
Shine o'er the realms and shade the distant wave.  
Nor think the native tribes, these wilds that trace,  
A foe shall find in this exalted race;  
In souls like theirs, no mean, ungenerous aim  
Can shade their glories with the deeds of shame;  
Nor low deceit, weak mortals to ensnare,  
Nor bigot zeal to urge the barbarous war;  
Nor haughty pomp of power, nor Spanish pride,  
To ravage realms and nature's laws deride.  
From eastern tyrants driven, and nobly brave,  
To build new states, or seek a distant grave,  
Thy generous sons, with proffer'd leagues of peace,  
Approach these climes, and hail the savage race;

Pay the just purchase for the uncultured shore,  
 Diffuse their arts and share the friendly power;  
 While the dark tribes in social aid combine,  
 Exchange their treasures and their joys refine.  
 O'er Europe's wilds, when first the nations spread,  
 The pride of conquest every legion led.  
 Each powerful chief, by servile crouds adored,  
 O'er conquer'd realms assumed the name of lord,  
 Built the proud castle, ranged the savage wood,  
 Fired his grim host to frequent fields of blood,  
 With new-made honours lured his subject bands,  
 Price of their lives, and purchase of their lands;  
 For names and titles, bade the world resign  
 Their faith, their freedom and their rights divine.  
 Thus haughty baronies their terrors spread,  
 And slavery follow'd where the standard led;  
 Till, little tyrants by the great o'erthrown,  
 Contending nobles give the regal crown;  
 Wealth, wisdom, virtue, every claim of man  
 Unguarded fall to form the finish'd plan:  
 Ambitious cares, that nature never gave,  
 Warm the starved peasant, fire the sceptred slave;  
 Thro' all degrees, in gradual pomp, ascend,  
 Honour, the name, and tyranny, the end.  
 But nobler honours here the breast inflame;  
 Sublimier views and deeds of happier fame;  
 A new creation waits the western shore,  
 And reason triumphs o'er the pride of power.  
 As the glad coast, by Heaven's supreme command,  
 Won from the wave, presents a new-form'd land;  
 Yields richer fruits and spreads a kinder soil,  
 And pays with greater stores the hand of toil;  
 So, call'd from slavish climes, a bolder race,  
 With statelier step, these fair abodes shall trace;  
 Their freeborn souls, with genius unconfined,  
 Nor sloth can poison, nor a tyrant bind;  
 With self-wrought fame and worth internal blest,  
 No venal star shall brighten on the breast;  
 No king-created name or courtly art  
 Damp the bold thought, or sway the changing heart.  
 Above all fraud, beyond all titles great,  
 Heaven in their soul and sceptres at their feet,  
 The sires of unborn nations move sublime,  
 Look empires thro' and pierce the veil of time,  
 The fair foundations form, and lead afar  
 The palm of peace or scourge of barbarous war.  
 Their following sons the godlike toil behold,  
 In freedom's cause, unconquerably bold,  
 Complete the toils, display their glories round,  
 Domestic states and distant empires bound,  
 Brave the dread powers, that eastern monarchs boast,  
 Explore all climes, enlighten every coast;

Till arts and laws, in one great system bind,  
 By leagues of peace, the labours of mankind.  
 But slow proceeds the plan. Long toils remain,  
 Ere thy blest children can begin their reign.  
 That daring leader, whose exalted soul  
 Pervades all scenes that unborn realms unroll,  
 Must yield the palm; and, at a courtier's shrine,  
 His fame, his freedom and his life resign.  
 That feeble train, the lonely wilds who tread,  
 Their sire, their genius in their Raleigh dead,  
 Shall pine and perish in the frowning gloom,  
 Or mount the wave and seek their ancient home.  
 Succeeding hosts the daring task pursue,  
 The dangers brave and all the strife renew;  
 But vain the toil; while void of wealth and power,  
 Their fleets to furnish and their claims secure;  
 While kings and courtiers still neglect the plan,  
 The slaves of ease and enemies of man.  
 Till noble Del'ware, with his venturous train,  
 In strength and fortune, hails the fair domain,  
 Divides his bounties, aids the patriot cause,  
 Begins the culture and designs their laws.  
 Fired with the great success the aspiring age  
 Sees greater throngs the glorious toil engage.  
 Where the long strand unnumber'd streams divide,  
 Their rival heroes lead their naval pride,  
 Back from the ports extend a peaceful sway,  
 And spread their hamlets tow'rd the setting day.  
 From yon low shore, where Texel meets the main.  
 See the tost navies bear a venturous train;  
 See, scourged by bigot rage from Albion's coast,  
 The noble Baltimore collect his host,  
 In quest of freedom seek a happier land,  
 And shield and cherish his illustrious band;  
 While heaven-taught Penn sublimely towers along,  
 And ardent crowds beneath his standard throng;  
 See, by his side, a future city plann'd,  
 A code of statutes folded in his hand;  
 Progressive years and ages, as they rise,  
 Unroll their scenes and open to his eyes.  
 See, from grim Laud, a persecuted band  
 Mount the bold bark and flee the fatal strand;  
 Virtue's unconquer'd, venerable train,  
 Whom tyrants press and waves oppose in vain;  
 While faith and freedom spread a nobler charm,  
 And toils and dangers every bosom warm.  
 See other hosts and chiefs, in bright array,  
 Full pinions crouding on the watery way;  
 All from their different shores, their sails unfurl'd,  
 Point their glad streamers to the western world.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 5

Columbus hail'd them with a father's smile,  
Fruits of his cares and children of his toil;  
With tears of joy, while still his eyes descried  
Their course adventurous o'er the distant tide.  
Thus, when o'er deluged earth her Seraph stood,  
The tost ark bounding on the shoreless flood,  
The sacred treasure claim'd his guardian view,  
While climes unnoticed in the wave withdrew.  
He saw the squadrons reach the rising strand,  
Leap from the wave and share the joyous land;  
Receding forests yield the heroes room,  
And opening wilds with fields and gardens bloom.  
Fill'd with the glance extatic, all his soul  
Now seems unbounded with the scene to roll,  
And now, impatient, with retorted eye,  
Perceives his station in another sky.  
Waft me, O winged Angel, waft me o'er,  
With those blest heroes, to the happy shore;  
There let me live and die—but all appears  
A fleeting vision; these are future years.  
Yet grant in nearer view the climes may spread,  
And my glad steps may seem their walks to tread;  
While eastern coasts and kingdoms, wrapp'd in night,  
Arise no more to intercept the sight.  
The hero spoke; the Angel's powerful hand  
Moves brightening o'er the visionary land;  
The height, that bore them, still sublimer grew,  
And earth's whole circuit settled from their view:  
A dusky Deep, serene as breathless even,  
Seem'd vaulting downward, like another heaven;  
The sun, rejoicing on his western way,  
Stamp'd his fair image in the inverted day:  
Sudden, the northern shores again drew nigh,  
And life and action fill'd the hero's eye.  
Where the dread Laurence breaks his passage wide,  
Where Mississippi's milder currents glide,  
Where midland realms their swelling mountains heave,  
And slope their champaigns to the distant wave,  
On the green banks, and o'er the extended plain,  
Rise into sight the happiest walks of man.  
The placid ports, that break the billowing gales,  
Rear their tall masts and stretch their whitening sails;  
The harvests wave, the groves with fruitage bend,  
And bulwarks heave, and spiry domes ascend;  
Fair works of peace in growing splendor rise,  
And grateful earth repays the bounteous skies.  
Till war invades; when opening vales disclose,  
In moving crouds, the savage tribes of foes;  
High tufted quills their painted foreheads press,  
Dark spoils of beasts their shaggy shoulders dress,  
The bow bent forward, for the combat strung,  
The ax, the quiver on the girdle hung;

The deep, discordant yells convulse the air,  
 And the wild waste resounds approaching war.  
 The hero look'd; and every darken'd height  
 Pours down the dusky squadrons to the fight.  
 Where Kennebec's high source forsakes the sky,  
 Where deep Champlain's extended waters lie,  
 Where the bold Hudson leads his shadowy tide,  
 Where Kaatskill-heights the azure vault divide,  
 Where the dim Alleghanies range sublime,  
 And give their streams to every distant clime,  
 The swarms descended, like an evening shade,  
 And wolves and vultures follow'd where they spread.  
 Thus when a storm, on eastern pinions driven,  
 Meets the firm Andes in the midst of heaven,  
 The clouds convulse, the torrents pour amain,  
 And the black waters sweep the subject plain.  
 Thro' cultured fields, the bloody myriads spread,  
 Sack the lone village, strow the streets with dead;  
 The flames aspire, the smoky volumes rise,  
 And shrieks and shouts redouble round the skies;  
 Fair babes and matrons in their domes expire,  
 Or burst their passage thro' the folding fire;  
 O'er woods and plains, promiscuous rave along  
 The yelling victors and the driven throng;  
 The streams run purple; all the extended shore  
 Is wrapp'd in flames and trod with steps of gore.  
 Till numerous hosts, collecting from afar,  
 Exalt the standard and oppose the war,  
 Point their loud thunders on the shouting foe,  
 And brave the shafted terrors of the bow.  
 When, like a broken wave, the savage train  
 Lead back the flight and scatter o'er the plain,  
 Slay their weak captives, leave their shafts in haste,  
 Forget their spoils and scour the distant waste.  
 As, when the morning sun begins his way,  
 The shadows vanish where he gives the day;  
 So the dark tribes, from brighter regions hurl'd,  
 Sweep o'er the heights and lakes, far thro' the wilder'd world.  
 Now move in nobler pomp the toils of peace  
 New temples rise and splendid towers increase.  
 He saw, where Penn his peaceful thousands led,  
 A spreading town bright Del'ware's waves o'ershade;  
 The crossing streets in fair proportion run,  
 The walls and pavements sparkle to the sun.  
 Like that famed city, rose the beauteous plan,  
 Whose spacious bounds Semiramis began;  
 Long ages finish'd what her hand design'd,  
 The pride of kings and wonder of mankind.  
 Where labouring Hudson's glassy current strays,  
 York's growing walls their splendid turrets raise,  
 Albania rising in her midland pride,  
 Rolls her rich treasures on his lengthening tide;

Fair in her circling streams blest Newport laves,  
 And Boston opens o'er the subject waves;  
 On southern shores, where happier currents glide,  
 The banks bloom gay, and cities grace their side;  
 Like morning clouds, that tinge their skirts with gold,  
 Bright Charleston's roofs and sparkling spires unfold.  
 Thro' each extended realm, in wisdom great,  
 Rose the dread sires, that claim the cares of state;  
 Long robes of purest white their forms embrace,  
 Their better hands imperial sceptres grace,  
 Their left the laws, that shining leaves infold,  
 Where rights and charters flame in figured gold.  
 High on a seat, that opening crouds disclose,  
 Blest Baltimore, from toils and dangers, rose;  
 The sacred Cross, before his kindling eyes,  
 From foes defended, and of peace the prize,  
 Waves o'er the host; who catch the liberal flame,  
 Partake the freedom and extend the fame,  
 With port majestic, rising to his throne,  
 Immortal Penn, in rival lustre shone,  
 Dispensing justice to the train below,  
 Peace in his voice and firmness on his brow.  
 Another croud sees generous Belcher stand,  
 And gains new glory from his liberal hand;  
 He aids the toil, and still exalts the plan,  
 Patron of science, liberty and man,  
 With steady step, bold Winthrop towers along,  
 Waves the bright wand and cheers the noble throng;  
 Beneath his firm, unalterable sway,  
 Fair Virtue reigns, and grateful realms obey.  
 While other forms, the rising states around,  
 By wisdom graced, with equal honours crown'd,  
 Trail the long robe, extend the sceptred hand,  
 Drive guilt and slavery from the joyous land,  
 Bid arts and culture, wealth and wisdom rise,  
 Friends of mankind and favourites of the skies.  
 Up the wild streams, that bound the hero's view,  
 Great Gallia's sons their western course pursue;  
 On fertile banks fair towns and villas rose,  
 That dared the vengeance of surrounding foes.  
 Here cold Canadia round her Laurence spread,  
 And raised her cities o'er his watery glade;  
 There Louisiana's happier borders run,  
 Spread fairer lawns and feel a purer sun;  
 While the glad lakes and broad Ohio's stream  
 Seem smiling conscious of approaching same.  
 Now larger barks pursue their rapid course,  
 Unite their labours and extend their force;  
 Beneath their listed sails, arise in sight  
 White flags display'd and armies robed in white;  
 Through the deep midland waste, they stream afar,  
 And threat weak realms with desolating war.

Where proud Quebec exalts her rocky seat,  
 They range their camp and spread the frowning fleet,  
 Lead conquering legions, western wilds to brave,  
 Raise lone Oswago o'er the untraversed wave;  
 While other squadrons tempt another flood,  
 And dark Ohio swells beneath the load.  
 When, fierce, from Albion's coast, a warlike train  
 Moves o'er the sea, and treads the dusky plain;  
 Swift to their aid, from all the crowded strand,  
 Rise, bright in arms, the wide colonial band;  
 They join their force; and, tow'rd the falling day,  
 The same bold banners lead their dreadful way;  
 O'er Allagany-heights, like streams of fire,  
 The red flags wave and glittering arms aspire;  
 Beyond the hills, where, o'er the lonely flood,  
 A hostile fortress spreads its bounds abroad,  
 They bend the venturous march; the host within  
 Behold their danger, and the strife begin.  
 From the full bursting gates, the sweeping train  
 Pour forth the war and hide the sounding plain;  
 The opposing squadrons, ranged in order bright,  
 Wait the dire shock and kindle for the fight;  
 The batteries blaze, the moving volleys pour,  
 The shuddering vales and echoing mountains roar;  
 Clouds of convolving smoke the welkin spread,  
 Shroud the wide champaign, and the hills o'ershade.  
 Lost in the rocking thunder's loud career,  
 No shouts or groans invade the hero's ear,  
 Nor val'rous feats are seen, nor flight, nor fall,  
 While deep-surrounding darkness buries all.  
 Till, driv'n by rising winds, the clouds withdrew,  
 And oped the spreading slaughter to his view;  
 He saw the British leader, borne afar,  
 In dust and gore beyond the wings of war;  
 Saw the long ranks of foes his host surround,  
 His chiefs confused, his squadrons press the ground;  
 As, hemm'd on every side, the trembling train  
 Nor dare the fight, nor can they flee the plain.  
 But, while conflicting tumult thinn'd the host,  
 Their flags, their arms in wild confusion tost,  
 Bold in the midst a blooming warrior strode,  
 And tower'd undaunted o'er the field of blood,  
 In desperate toils with rising vengeance burn'd,  
 And the pale squadrons brighten'd where he turn'd.  
 As, when thick vapors veil the evening sky,  
 And starry hosts, in half-seen lustre fly,  
 Bright Hesper shines o'er all the twinkling croud,  
 And gives new splendor thro' the opening cloud.  
 Fair on a firey steed, sublime he rose,  
 Wedg'd the firm files and eyed the circling foes;  
 Then waved his gleamy sword, that flash'd the day,  
 And, thro' dread legions, hew'd the rapid way,

His hosts roll forward, like an angry flood,  
 Sweep ranks away and smear their paths in blood;  
 The hovering foes pursue the strife afar,  
 And shower their balls along the flying war;  
 When the brave leader turns his sweeping force,  
 Points the flight forward—speeds his backward course;  
 The foes fly scattering where his arm is wheel'd,  
 And his firm train treads safely o'er the field.  
 While these fierce toils the pensive chief descried,  
 With anxious thought he thus address'd the guide;  
 These numerous throngs, in robes of white array'd,  
 From Gallia's shores the peaceful bounds invade,  
 And there Britannia's standard waves sublime,  
 In crimson pomp to shield the friendly clime.  
 Why here, in vengeance, roll the furious bands?  
 And strow their corpses o'er these pathless lands?  
 Can Europe's realms, the seat of endless strife,  
 Afford no trophies for the waste of life?  
 Can monarchs there no proud applauses gain?  
 No living laurel for their subjects slain?  
 Nor Belgia's plains so fertile made with gore,  
 Hide heroes' bones nor feast the vultures more?  
 Danube and Rhine no more their currents stain,  
 Nor sweep the slaughter'd myriads to the main?  
 That infant empires here the rage must feel,  
 And these pure streams with foreign carnage swell.  
 But who the chief, that closed in firm array  
 The baffled legions and restored the day?  
 There shines, in veteran skill and youthful charms,  
 The boast of nature and the pride of arms.  
 The Power replied; In each successive age,  
 Their different views thy varying race engage.  
 Here roll the years, when Albion's generous host,  
 Leagued with thy children, guard the invaded coast;  
 That infant states their veteran force may train,  
 And nobler toils in later fields sustain;  
 When future foes superior banners wave,  
 The realms to ravage and the race enslave.  
 Here toils brave Albion with the sons of Gaul;  
 Here hapless Braddock finds his destined fall;  
 Thy greatest son, in that young martial frame,  
 From yon lost field begins a life of fame.  
 Tis he, in future strife and darker days,  
 Desponding states to sovereign rule shall raise,  
 When the weak empire, in his arm, shall find  
 The sword, the shield, the bulwark of mankind.  
 The Seraph spoke; when thro' the purpled air,  
 The northern squadrons spread the flames of war:  
 O'er dim Champlain, and thro' surrounding groves  
 Rash Abercrombie, mid his thousands, moves  
 To fierce unequal strife; the batteries roar,  
 Shield the grim foes and rake the banner'd shore;

His fainting troops the dreadful contest yield,  
 And heaps of carnage strow the fatal field.  
 While glorious Amherst on a distant isle,  
 Leads a bold legion, and renews the toil;  
 High flame the ships, the billows swell with gore,  
 And the red standard shades the conquer'd shore.  
 And lo, a British host, unbounded spread,  
 O'er sealike Laurence, casts a moving shade;  
 On lessening tides, they hold their fearless flight,  
 Till rocky walls salute their longing sight.  
 They tread the shore, the arduous conflict claim,  
 Rise the tall mountain, like a rolling flame,  
 Stretch their wide wings in circling onset far,  
 And move to fight, as clouds of heaven at war.  
 The smoke falls folding thro' the downward sky,  
 And shrouds the mountain from the hero's eye;  
 While on the burning top, in open day,  
 The flashing swords, in fiery arches, play.  
 As on a ridgy storm, in terrors driven,  
 The forky flames curl round the vault of heaven,  
 The thunders break, the bursting torrents flow,  
 And flood the air, and whelm the hills below;  
 Or, as on plains of light, when Michael strove,  
 And swords of Cherubim to combat move;  
 Ten thousand fiery forms together play,  
 And flash new lightning on empyreal day.  
 Long raged promiscuous combat, half conceal'd;  
 When sudden parle suspended all the field;  
 Thick groans succeed, the cloud forsakes the plain,  
 And the high hill is topp'd with heaps of slain.  
 Now, proud in air, the conquering standard waved,  
 And shouting hosts proclaim'd a country saved;  
 While, calm and silent, where the ranks retire,  
 He saw brave Wolfe, in pride of youth, expire.  
 So the pale moon, when morning beams arise,  
 Veils her lone visage in the silent skies;  
 Required no more to drive the shades away,  
 Nor waits to view the glories of the day.  
 Again the towns aspire, the cultured field  
 And blooming vale their copious treasures yield;  
 The grateful hind his cheerful labour proves,  
 And songs of triumph fill the warbling groves;  
 The conscious flocks, returning joys that share,  
 Spread thro' the midland, o'er the walks of war:  
 When, borne on eastern winds, dark vapors rise,  
 And sail and lengthen round the western skies;  
 Veil all the vision from his anxious sight,  
 And wrap the climes in universal night.  
 The hero grieved, and thus besought the Power  
 Why sinks the scene? or must I view no more?  
 Must here the fame of that fair world descend?  
 And my brave children find so soon their end?

Where then the word of Heaven, Mine eyes should see  
 That half mankind should owe their bliss to me?  
 The Power replied; Ere long, in happier view,  
 The realms shall brighten, and thy joys renew.  
 The years advance, when round the thronging shore,  
 They rise confused to change the source of power;  
 When Albion's Prince, that sway'd the happy land,  
 Shall stretch, to lawless rule, the sovereign hand;  
 To bind in slavery's chains the peaceful host,  
 Their rights unguarded and their charters lost.  
 Now raise thine eye; from this delusive claim,  
 What glorious deeds adorn their growing fame!  
 Columbus look'd; and still around them spread,  
 From south to north, the immeasurable shade;  
 At last, the central shadows burst away,  
 And rising regions open'd on the day.  
 He saw, once more, bright Del'ware's silver stream.  
 And Penn's throng'd city cast a cheerful gleam:  
 The dome of state, that met his eager eye,  
 Now heaved its arches in a loftier sky;  
 The bursting gates unfold; and lo, within,  
 A solemn train, in conscious glory, shine.  
 The well-known forms his eye had traced before,  
 In different realms along the extended shore;  
 Here, graced with nobler fame, and robed in state,  
 They look'd and moved magnificently great.  
 High on the foremost seat, in living light,  
 Majestic Randolph caught the hero's sight:  
 Fair on his head, the civic crown was placed,  
 And the first dignity his sceptre graced.  
 He opes the cause, and points in prospect far,  
 Thro' all the toils that wait the impending war—  
 But, hapless sage, thy reign must soon be o'er,  
 To lend thy lustre and to shine no more.  
 So the bright morning star, from shades of even,  
 Leads up the dawn, and lights the front of heaven,  
 Points to the waking world the sun's broad way,  
 Then veils his own and shines above the day.  
 And see great Washington behind thee rise,  
 Thy following sun, to gild our morning skies;  
 O'er shadowy climes to pour the enlivening flame,  
 The charms of freedom and the fire of fame.  
 The ascending chief adorn'd his splendid seat,  
 Like Randolph, ensign'd with a crown of state;  
 Where the green patriot bay beheld, with pride,  
 The hero's laurel springing by its side;  
 His sword hung useless, on his graceful thigh,  
 On Britain still he cast a filial eye;  
 But sovereign fortitude his visage bore,  
 To meet their legions on the invaded shore.  
 Sage Franklin next arose, in awful mein,  
 And smiled, unruffled, o'er the approaching scene;

High on his locks of age a wreath was braced,  
 Palm of all arts, that e'er a mortal graced;  
 Beneath him lies the sceptre kings have borne,  
 And crowns and laurels from their temples torn,  
 Nash, Rutledge, Jefferson, in council great,  
 And Jay and Laurens oped the rolls of fate;  
 The Livingstons, fair Freedom's generous band,  
 The Lees, the Houstons, fathers of the land,  
 O'er climes and kingdoms turn'd their ardent eyes,  
 Bade all the oppress'd to speedy vengeance rise;  
 All powers of state, in their extended plan,  
 Rise from consent to shield the rights of man.  
 Bold Wolcott urged the all-important cause;  
 With steady hand the solemn scene he draws;  
 Undaunted firmness with his wisdom join'd,  
 Nor kings nor worlds could warp his stedfast mind.  
 Now, graceful rising from his purple throne,  
 In radiant robes, immortal Hosmer shone;  
 Myrtles and bays his learned temples bound,  
 The statesman's wreath the poet's garland crown'd,  
 Morals and laws expand his liberal soul,  
 Beam from his eyes and in his accents roll.  
 But lo, an unseen hand the curtain drew,  
 And snatch'd the patriot from the hero's view;  
 Wrapp'd in the shroud of death, he sees descend  
 The guide of nations and the Muses' friend.  
 Columbus dropp'd a tear; the Angel's eye  
 Traced the freed spirit mounting thro' the sky.  
 Adams, enraged, a broken charter bore,  
 And lawless acts of ministerial power;  
 Some injured right, in each loose leaf appears,  
 A king in terrors and a land in tears;  
 From all the guileful plots the veil he drew,  
 With eye retortive look'd creation thro',  
 Oped the wide range of nature's boundless plan,  
 Traced all the steps of liberty and man;  
 Clouds rose to vengeance while his accents rung,  
 And Independence thunder'd from his tongue.  
 The hero turn'd. And tow'rd the crouded coast,  
 Rose on the wave a wide-extended host,  
 They shade the main and spread their sails abroad,  
 From the wide Laurence to the Georgian flood,  
 Point their black batteries to the approaching shore,  
 And bursting flames begin the hideous roar.  
 Where guardless Falmouth, looking o'er the bay,  
 Beheld, unmoved, the stormy thunders play,  
 The fire begins; the shells o'er-arching fly,  
 And shoot a thousand rainbows thro' the sky;  
 On Charlestown spires, on Bristol roofs, they light,  
 Groton and Fairfield kindle from the flight,  
 Fair Kingston burns, and York's delightful fanes,  
 And beauteous Norfolk lights the neighbouring plains,

From realm to realm, the smoky volumes bend,  
 Reach round the bays and up the streams extend;  
 Deep o'er the concave heavy wreaths are roll'd,  
 And midland towns and distant groves infold.  
 Thro' the dark curls of smoke the winged fires  
 Climb in tall pyramids, above the spires;  
 Cinders, high-sailing, kindle heaven around,  
 And falling structures shake the smouldering ground.  
 Now, where the sheeted flames thro' Charlestown roar  
 And lashing waves hiss round the burning shore,  
 Thro' the deep folding fires, a neighbouring height  
 Thunders o'er all and seems a field of fight.  
 Like shadowy phantoms in an evening grove,  
 To the dark strife the closing squadrons move;  
 They join, they break, they thicken thro' the air,  
 And blazing batteries burst along the war;  
 Now, wrapp'd in reddening smoke, now dim in sight,  
 They sweep the hill or wing the downward flight;  
 Here, wheel'd and wedg'd, whole ranks together turn,  
 And the long lightnings from their pieces burn,  
 There, scattering flashes light the scanty train,  
 And broken squadrons tread the moving plain.  
 Britons in fresh battalions rise the height,  
 And, with increasing volleys, give the fight.  
 Till, smear'd with clouds of dust, and bath'd in gore,  
 As growing foes their raised artillery pour,  
 Columbia's hosts move o'er the fields afar,  
 And save, by slow retreat, the sad remains of war.  
 There strides bold Putnam, and from all the plains,  
 Calls the tired host, the tardy rear sustains,  
 And, mid the whizzing deaths that fill the air,  
 Waves back his sword and dares the following war.  
 Thro' falling fires, Columbus sees remain  
 Half of each host in heaps promiscuous slain;  
 While dying crowds the lingering life-blood pour,  
 And slippery steeps are trod with prints of gore.  
 There, hapless Warren, thy cold earth was seen,  
 There spring thy laurels in immortal green;  
 Dearest of chiefs, that ever press'd the plain,  
 In Freedom's cause, with early honours, slain,  
 Still dear in death, as when in fight you moved,  
 By hosts applauded and by Heaven approved;  
 The faithful Muse shall tell the world thy fame,  
 And unborn realms resound the immortal name.  
 Now, from all plains, as smoky wreaths decay,  
 Unnumber'd shapes start forward to the affray;  
 Tall, thro' the lessening shadows, half conceal'd,  
 They glide and gather in a central field;  
 There, stretch'd immense, like lengthening groves they stand,  
 Eye the dark foe and eager strife demand.  
 High in the frowning front, exalted shone  
 A hero, pointing tow'rd the half-seen sun;

As, thro' the mist the bursting splendors glow,  
 And light the passage to the distant foe;  
 His waving steel returns the living day,  
 Clears the broad plains and marks the warrior's way;  
 The long, deep squadrons range in order bright,  
 And move impatient for the promised fight.  
 When great Columbus saw the chief arise,  
 And his bold blade cast lightning on the skies,  
 He traced the form that met his view before,  
 On drear Ohio's desolated shore.  
 Matured with years, with nobler glory warm,  
 Fate in his eye, and vengeance on his arm.  
 The great Observer here with joy beheld  
 The hero moving in a broader field.  
 Unnumber'd chiefs around their leader stand,  
 Fired by his voice, and guided by his hand,  
 Now on his steps their raptured eye-balls glow,  
 And now roll dreadful on the approaching foe.  
 There rose brave Greene, in all the strength of arms,  
 Unmoved and brightening as the danger warms;  
 In counsel great, in every science skill'd,  
 Pride of the camp and terror of the field.  
 With eager look, conspicuous o'er the croud,  
 The daring port of great Montgomery strode;  
 Bared the bright blade, with honour's call elate,  
 Claim'd the first field, and hasten'd to his fate.  
 Calm Lincoln next, with unaffected mein,  
 In dangers daring, active and serene,  
 Careless of pomp, with steady greatness shone,  
 Sparing of others' blood and liberal of his own.  
 Heath, for the impending strife, his falchion draws;  
 And fearless Wooster aids the sacred cause.  
 There stood stern Putnam, seam'd with many a scar,  
 The veteran honours of an earlier war;  
 Undaunted Stirling, dreadful to his foes,  
 And Gates and Sullivan to vengeance rose;  
 While brave M'Dougall, steady and sedate,  
 Stretch'd the nerved arm to ope the scene of fate.  
 Howe moved with rapture to the toils of fame,  
 And Schuyler still adorn'd an honour'd name;  
 Parsons and Smallwood lead their daring bands,  
 And bold St. Clair in front of thousands stands.  
 There gallant Knox his moving engines brings  
 Mounted and graved, the last resort of kings;  
 The long, black rows in dreadful order wait,  
 Their grim jaws gaping soon to utter fate;  
 When, at his word, the red-wing'd clouds shall rise,  
 And the deep thunders rock the shores and skies.  
 Beneath a waving sword, in blooming prime,  
 Fayette moves graceful, ardent and sublime;  
 In foreign guise, in freedom's noble cause,  
 His untried blade the youthful hero draws;

On the great chief his eyes in transport roll,  
And fame and Washington inspire his soul.  
Steuben advanced, in veteran armour drest,  
The noble ensign beaming on his breast;  
From rank to rank, in eager haste, he flew,  
And marshall'd hosts in dread arrangement drew  
Morris, in aid, with open coffers stood,  
And Wadsworth, patron of the brave and good.  
While other chiefs and heirs of deathless fame  
Rise into sight, and equal honours claim;  
But who can tell the dew-drops of the morn?  
Or count the rays that in the diamond burn?  
Now, the broad field as gathering squadrons shade,  
The sun's glad beam their shining ranks display'd;  
The glorious leader waved his glittering steel,  
Bade the long train in circling order wheel;  
And while the banner'd hosts around him roll,  
Thus into thousands speaks the warrior's soul:  
Ye patriot chiefs, and every daring band,  
That lift the steel or tread the invaded strand,  
Behold the task! these beauteous realms to save,  
Or yield whole nations to an instant grave.  
See the dark squadrons moving to the shore,  
Hear, from all ports, their boasted thunders roar:  
O'er bloody plains, from Charlestown-heights, they stray,  
O'er far Champlain they lead their northern way,  
Virginian banks behold their streamers glide,  
And hostile navies load each southern tide.  
Beneath their steps your smouldering temples lie,  
And wreaths of smoke o'er cast the reddening sky.  
With eager stride they tempt a nobler prize;  
These boundless empires feast their envious eyes;  
They see your fields to lordly manors turn'd,  
Your children butcher'd and your villas burn'd;  
While following millions, thro' the reign of time,  
That claim their birth in this indulgent clime,  
Bend the weak knee, in servile chains confined;  
And sloth and slavery overwhelm mankind.  
Rise then to war, to noble vengeance rise,  
Ere the grey sire, the helpless infant dies;  
Look thro' the world, where endless years descend,  
What realms, what ages on your arms depend!  
Reverse the fate, avenge the insulted sky;  
Move to the strife, we conquer or we die.  
While thus he spoke, the furious files advance,  
And fiercer lightnings o'er the champaign dance.  
At once, the different skirts are wheel'd, afar,  
In different realms, to meet the distant war.  
With his dread host, Montgomery issues forth,  
And lights his passage thro' the dusky north;  
O'er streams and lakes his conquering banners play,  
Navies and forts, surrendering, mark his way;

Thro' desert wilds, o'er rocks and fens, they go,  
And hills before them, lose their craggs in snow;  
Unbounded toils they brave; when rise in sight  
Quebec's dread walls, and Wolfe's still dreary height;  
They climb the steep, he eyes the turrets round,  
With piked hosts and dark artillery crown'd,  
The daring onset points; and, high in air,  
O'er rocky ramparts leads the dreadful war.  
As wreaths of morning mist ascend on high  
Up the tall mountain's side, and reach the sky,  
So rose the rapid host; the walls are red  
With flashing flames; down roll the heaps of dead;  
Now back recoil the ranks, o'er squadrons slain,  
And leave their leader, with a scanty train,  
Closed in the circling terrors of the wall,  
Where round his arm the hostile legions fall.  
Through the wide streets, collecting from afar,  
The foes in shouting squadrons urged the war,  
The smoke convolved, the thunders rock'd around,  
And the brave hero prest the gorey ground.  
Another Wolfe Columbus here beheld,  
In youthful charms, a soul undaunted yield:  
But lost, o'erpower'd, his hardy host remains,  
Stretch'd by his side, or led in captive chains.  
Now the bright Angel turn'd the hero's eye,  
In other realms, where other standards fly;  
Where the great leader, mid surrounding foes,  
Still greater rises, as the danger grows;  
And wearied ranks, o'er weltering warriors slain,  
Attend his course thro' many a crimson'd plain.  
From Hudson's banks, along the dreary strand,  
He guards in firm retreat, his feeble band;  
While countless foes, with British Howe advance,  
Bend o'er his rear and point the lifted lance;  
O'er Del'ware's frozen wave, with scanty force,  
He lifts the sword and points the backward course,  
Wings the dire vengeance on the shouting train,  
And leads whole squadrons in the captive chain;  
Where vaunting foes to half their numbers yield,  
Tread back the flight, or press the fatal field.  
While, mid the furious strife, brave Mercer strode,  
And seal'd the victory with his streaming blood.  
Now, where dread Laurence mingles with the main,  
Rose, on the widening wave, a hostile train:  
From shore to shore, along the unfolding skies,  
Beneath full sails, the approaching squadrons rise;  
High waving on the right, red banners dance,  
And British legions o'er the decks advance;  
While at their side an azure flag, display'd,  
Leads a long host, in German robes array'd  
Tall on the boldest bark, superior shone  
A warrior, ensign'd with a various crown;

Myrtles and laurels equal honours join'd,  
Which arms had purchased and the Muses twined;  
His sword waved forward, and his ardent eye  
Seem'd sharing empires in the southern sky.  
Beside him rose a herald, to proclaim  
His various honours, titles, feats and fame;  
Who raised an opening scroll, where proudly shone  
Pardon to realms and nations yet unknown.  
Champlain receives the congregated host,  
And his dark waves, beneath the sails, are lost;  
St. Clair beholds; and, with his scanty train,  
In firm retreat, o'er many a fatal plain,  
Lures their wild march.—Wide moves their furious force,  
Where flaming hamlets mark their wasting course;  
Thro' pathless realms their spreading ranks are wheel'd  
O'er Mohawk's western wave and Bennington's dread field.  
Till, where deep Hudson's winding waters stray,  
A yeoman host opposed their rapid way;  
There on a towery height brave Gates arose,  
Waved the blue steel and dared the headlong foes;  
Undaunted Lincoln, moving at his side,  
Urged the dread strife, and spread the squadrons wide;  
Now roll, like winged storms, the lengthening lines,  
The clarion thunders and the battle joins;  
Thick flames, in vollied flashes, fill the air,  
And echoing mountains give the noise of war;  
The clouds rise reddening, round the dreadful height,  
And veil the skies and wrap the sounding fight.  
Now, in the skirt of night, where thousands toil,  
Ranks roll away and into light recoil;  
The rout increases, all the British train  
Tread back their steps and scatter o'er the plain;  
To the glad holds precipitate retire,  
And wide behind them streams the flashing fire.  
Scarce moved the smoke above the gorey height,  
And oped the slaughter to the hero's sight;  
Back to their fate, when baffled squadrons flew,  
Resumed their rage and pour'd the strife anew,  
Again the batteries roar, the lightnings play,  
Again they fall, again they roll away.  
And now Columbia, circling round the field,  
Points her full force, the trembling thousands yield;  
When bold Burgoyne, in one disastrous day,  
Sees future crowns and former wreaths decay;  
While two illustrious armies shade the plain,  
The mighty victors and the captive train.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 6

Naval action of De Grasse and Graves. Capture of Cornwallis..

Thus view'd the sage. When, lo, in eastern skies,  
From glooms unfolding, Gallia's coasts arise.  
Bright o'er the scenes of state, a golden throne,  
Instarr'd with gems and hung with purple, shone.  
Great Louis there, the pride of monarchs, sate,  
And fleets and moving armies round him wait;  
O'er western shores extend his ardent eyes,  
Thro' glorious toils where struggling nations rise;  
Each virtuous deed, each new illustrious name,  
Wakes in his soul the living light of fame.  
He sees the liberal, universal cause,  
That wondering worlds in still attention draws;  
And marks, beyond, through western walks of day,  
Where midnight suns their happier beams display,  
What sires of unborn nations claim their birth,  
And ask their empires in that waste of earth.  
Then o'er the eastern world he turn'd his eye;  
Where, sunk in slavery hapless kingdoms lie;  
Saw realms exhausted to enrich a throne,  
Their fruits untasted and their rights unknown:  
A tear of pity spoke his melting mind—  
He raised his sceptre to relieve mankind,  
Eyed the great father of the Bourbon name,  
Awaked his virtues and recall'd his fame.  
Fired by the grandeur of the splendid throne,  
Illustrious chiefs and councils round him shone;  
On the glad youth with kindling joy they gaze,  
The rising heir of universal praise.  
Vergennes rose stately o'er the noble throng,  
And fates of nations on his accents hung;  
Columbia's wrongs his indignation fired,  
And generous thoughts his glowing breast inspired;  
To aid her infant toils his counsel moved,  
In freedom founded and by Heaven approved.  
While other peers, in sacred virtue bold,  
With eager voice the coming scenes unfold;  
Surrounding heroes wait the monarch's word,  
In foreign fields to draw the glittering sword,  
Prepared with joy to trace the distant main,  
Mix in the strife and join the martial train;  
Who now assert the rights of sovereign power,  
And build new empires on the western shore.  
O'er all, the approving monarch cast a look,  
And listening nations trembled while he spoke.  
Ye states of France, and, ye of rising name,  
That work those distant miracles of fame,  
Hear and attend; let Heaven the witness bear,  
We lift the sword, we aid the righteous war.  
Let leagues eternal bind each friendly land,  
Given by our voice, and 'stablish'd by our hand;  
Let yon extensive empire fix her sway,

And spread her blessings with the bounds of day.  
Yet know, ye nations, hear, ye Powers above,  
Our purposed aid no views of conquest move;  
In that vast world, revives no ancient claim  
Of regions peopled by the Gallic name;  
Our envied bounds, already stretch'd afar,  
Nor ask the sword, nor fear the rage of war;  
But Virtue, struggling with the vengeful Power,  
That stains yon fields and desolates that shore,  
With nature's foes bids former compact cease;  
We war reluctant, and our wish is peace;  
To suffering nations be the succour given,  
The cause of nations is the cause of Heaven.  
He spoke; the moving armies shade the plain,  
And bold D'Estaing rode bounding on the main;  
O'er lands and seas, the loud applauses rung,  
And War and Union dwelt on every tongue.  
And now Columbus, tow'rd his favourite sky,  
Saw sails and stores and chiefs and armies fly;  
Thro' clouds of smoke, and stain'd with streaming blood,  
Contending navies spread their wings abroad.  
Europe, from all her shores, approves the sight,  
And balanced empires wait the finish'd fight.  
Now circling far, above the labouring main,  
Rose into view the extended coasts of Spain;  
He saw bold barks their warlike engines wield,  
New squadrons coursing round the banner'd field;  
Where Gallic streamers o'er the main advance,  
The Hispanian flags in wonted union dance;  
Round the deep gulph, that fair Florida laves,  
In martial pride, their conquering standard waves;  
While, thro' the entrance of the midland sea,  
Encountering sails and hostile banners play.  
And now the level strand, extending wide,  
That opes the busy Texel's loaded tide,  
Rose brightening from the gloom; beneath his eye,  
Famed Belgia's temples glitter to the sky.  
Sudden, the assembled States new glory warms,  
Their ships collect, their thousands, rush to arms,  
And, roused by conquering Rodney to prepare,  
In foreign seas, to meet the sweeping war;  
Lift holder wings, in sign of rage, unfurl'd,  
And vengeance bears them round the watery world.  
Where waves and mountains skirt the northern sky,  
New scenes ascending met the hero's eye.  
Increasing splendors up the vault aspire,  
Like boreal lights, the midnight heavens that fire;  
And raise to view the Baltic's gleaming wave,  
Whose opening streams surrounding cities lave.  
Fair on her throne, revolving distant fate,  
Imperial Katharine majestic sate;  
Courts throng around her, kings and heroes stand,

Receiving swords and sceptres from her hand.  
 She waits the day, and bids the nations rest,  
 Till that new empire, rising in the west,  
 Shall sheathe the sword, the liberal main ascend,  
 And, join'd with her, the scale of power suspend;  
 Bid arts arise, and vengeful factions cease,  
 And commerce lead to universal peace.  
 Christiern, amid his waves, exalted high,  
 On the great empress cast a reverent eye;  
 While Sweden's prince obeys her sovereign word,  
 And aged Frederic half assumes his sword.  
 Where wide Germania's opening towers arise,  
 Immortal Joseph lifts his ardent eyes.  
 High in a golden car, he stands sublime,  
 Late borne disguised to every distant clime,  
 The powers, the policies of every throne  
 He mark'd, unnoticed, and by all unknown;  
 Now, mid his splendid court, his travels o'er,  
 With eyes directed tow'rd the western shore,  
 The monarch learns, from that illustrious train,  
 To share with liberal hand the bounties of his reign.  
 Where fair Hibernia's flowery circuit lies,  
 Her glad sails wave and gathering armies rise.  
 Leinster and Grattan there assert her claim,  
 And raise the realm to freedom and to fame.  
 Thus all the eastern world, in glad amaze,  
 Gaze on the scene and brighten as they gaze;  
 Wake to new life, assume a borrow'd name,  
 Enlarge the lustre and partake the fame.  
 So mounts of ice, that polar skies invade,  
 Unheeded stand beneath the evening shade;  
 Yet, when the morning lights their glaring throne,  
 Give back the day and imitate the sun.  
 The growing contest now, with loud alarms,  
 Fill'd every clime and roused the world to arms.  
 Where Indian borders skirt the orient skies,  
 To furious strife unwonted myriads rise;  
 Great Hyder, there, unconquerably bold,  
 Bids vengeance move and freedom's flag unfold;  
 Fires the wide realms t'assert their ancient sway;  
 And scourge fierce Britons from their lawless prey.  
 Round the rich isles that grace the Atlantic tide,  
 In dread array the encountering navies ride;  
 Where Albion's treasures yield a wealthier prize,  
 And o'er her walls the Gallic standards rise.  
 Still to fresh toils, o'er all the western shore,  
 Her thronging fleets their new battalions pour;  
 The realms unconquer'd still their terrors wield,  
 And stain with mingled gore the embattled field.  
 O'er Schuylkill's wave, to various fight they move,  
 And adverse nations equal slaughter prove;  
 Till, where dread Monmouth lifts a bloomy height,

Britannia's thousands met the Observer's sight.  
There strode imperious Clinton o'er the field,  
And marshall'd hosts for ready combat held.  
As the dim sun, beneath the skirts of even,  
Crimsons the clouds that sail the western heaven;  
So, in red wavy rows, where spread the train  
Of men and standards, shone the unmeasured plain,  
But now the chief of heroes moved in sight,  
And the long ranks roll forward to the fight;  
He points the charge, the mounted thunders roar,  
And plough the plain, and rock the distant shore.  
Above the folds of smoke, that veil'd the war,  
His guiding sword illumed the fields of air;  
The vollied flames, that burst along the plain,  
Break the deep clouds and show the piles of slain;  
Till flight begins; the smoke is roll'd away,  
And the red standards open into day.  
Britons and Germans hurry from the field,  
Now wrapp'd in dust, and now to sight reveal'd;  
Behind, great Washington his falchion drives,  
Thins the pale ranks, and copious vengeance gives.  
Hosts captive bow, and move behind his arm,  
And hosts before him wing the driven storm;  
When the glad shore salutes their fainting sight,  
And thundering navies screen their rapid flight.  
Thro' plains of death, that gleam with hostile sires,  
Brave Lincoln now to southern climes retires;  
Where o'er her streams beleagured Charleston rose,  
The hero moves to meet the assembled foes.  
Shading the invaded isle, on either flood,  
Red standards waved and winged batteries rode;  
While, braving death his scanty host remains,  
And the dread strife with various fate sustains.  
High from the sable decks, the bursting fires  
Sweep the full streets, and cleave the glittering spires.  
Vaulted with flying flames, the burning air  
Reddens with shells and pours the ethereal war;  
The tented plain, where dauntless heroes tread,  
Is torn with broken craggs and strow'd with dead.  
Long crouds of suppliants, round the gallant chief,  
Raise their wild cries and pour their frantic grief;  
Each shower of flames renews their startled woe,  
They wail the strife, they dread the infuriate foe  
The afflicted Fair, while tears bedew their charms,  
Babes at their side and infants in their arms,  
With piercing shrieks his guardian hand implore,  
To save them trembling from the victor's power.  
He shares their anguish with a moistening eye,  
And bids the balls rain thicker thro' the sky;  
When a lost hero, in a neighbouring post,  
Gives a lone fortress to the approaching host.  
Now gathering thousands croud around the isle,

Threat wider vengeance and increase the toil;  
 On temper'd terms, great Lincoln yields the prize,  
 And plucks the standard from the saddening skies.  
 The conquering legions now the champaign tread,  
 And tow'rd the north their fire and slaughter spread;  
 Thro' towns and realms, where arming peasants fly,  
 The bold Cornwallis bears his standard high;  
 O'er many a field displays his dreadful force,  
 And thousands fall and thousands aid his course;  
 While thro' the conquer'd lands, from every plain,  
 The fresh battalions join his splendid train.  
 So mountain streams, o'er climes of melting snow,  
 Spread with encreasing waves, and whelm the world below.  
 The great Columbus, with an anxious sigh,  
 Saw British ensigns reaching round the sky,  
 Saw desolation whelm his favourite coast,  
 His children scatter'd and their vigor lost;  
 De Kalb in furious combat press the plain,  
 Morgan and Smallwood various shocks sustain;  
 When Greene, in lonely greatness, rose to view,  
 A few firm patriots to his standard drew;  
 And, moving stately to a rising ground,  
 Bade the loud trump to speedy vengeance sound;  
 Fired by the voice, new squadrons, from afar,  
 Croud to the hero and demand the war.  
 Round all the shores and plains he turn'd his eye;  
 Saw forts arise and conquering banners fly:  
 The saddening scene suspends his rising soul,  
 And fates of empires in his bosom roll.  
 With scanty force where should he lift the steel?  
 While hosting foes immeasurably wheel;  
 Or how behold the boundless slaughter spread?  
 Himself stand idle and his country bleed?  
 A silent moment, thus the hero stood,  
 And held his warriors from the field of blood;  
 Then points the British legions where to roll,  
 Marks out their progress and designs the whole.  
 He lures their chief, o'er yielding realms to roam,  
 To build his greatness and to find his doom;  
 With gain and grandeur feeds his sateless flame,  
 And leaves the victory to a nobler name;  
 Gives to great Washington, to meet his way,  
 Nor claims the glories of so bright a day.  
 Now to the conquer'd south with gathering force,  
 O'er sanguine plains he shapes his rapid course;  
 Forts fall around him; hosts before him fly,  
 And captive bands his growing train supply.  
 At length, far spreading thro' a fatal field,  
 Collecting chiefs their circling armies wheel'd;  
 Near Eutaw's fount, where, long renown'd for blood,  
 Pillars of ancient fame in triumph stood,  
 Britannia's squadrons, ranged in order bright,

Stand, like a fiery wall, and wait the shock of fight.  
 When o'er the distant hill brave Greene arose,  
 Eyed the far plain and view'd the glittering foes;  
 Disposed his squadrons, form'd each folded train,  
 To lead the charge, or the wide wings sustain,  
 Roused all their rage superior force to prove,  
 Waved the bright blade, and bade the onset move.  
 As hovering clouds, when morning beams arise,  
 Hang their red curtains round the eastern skies,  
 Unfold a space to hail the promised sun,  
 And catch their splendors from his rising throne;  
 Thus glow'd the approaching fronts, whose steely glare  
 Glanced o'er the hideous interval of war.  
 Now roll with kindling haste the rapid lines,  
 From wing to wing the sounding battle joins;  
 Batteries, and fosses wide, and ranks of fire,  
 In mingled shocks, their thundering blasts expire  
 Beneath the smoke, when firm advancing bands,  
 With piked arms bent forward in their hands,  
 In dreadful silence tread. As, wrapp'd from sight,  
 The nightly ambush moves to secret fight;  
 So rush the raging files, and sightless close,  
 In plunging strife, with fierce conflicting foes;  
 They reach, they strike, they struggle o'er the slain,  
 Deal heavier blows, and strow with death the plain;  
 Ranks crush on ranks, with equal slaughter gored,  
 While dripping streams, from every lifted sword,  
 Stain the thin carnaged hosts; who still maintain,  
 With mutual shocks, the vengeance of the plain.  
 Till, where brave Williams strove and Campbell fell,  
 Unwonted strokes the British force repel:  
 The rout begins; the shatter'd wings, afar,  
 Roll back in haste and scatter from the war;  
 They drop their arms, they scour the marshy field;  
 Whole squadrons fall and faint battalions yield.  
 O'er all the great Observer fix'd his eye,  
 Mark'd the whole strife, beheld them fall and fly;  
 He saw where Greene thro' all the combat drove,  
 And death and victory with his presence move;  
 Beneath his arm, saw Marion pour the strife,  
 Pickens and Sumner, prodigal of life;  
 He saw young Washington, the child of fame,  
 Preserve in fight the honours of his name;  
 Brave Lee, in pride of youth, and veteran might  
 Swept the dread field, and put whole troops to flight;  
 While numerous chiefs, that equal trophies raise  
 Wrought, not unseen, the deeds of deathless praise.  
 Columbus now his gallant sons beheld  
 In triumph move thro' many a banner'd field;  
 When o'er the main, from Gallia's crouded shore,  
 To the glad strife a host of heroes pour.  
 On the tall shaded decks the leaders stand,

View lessening waves and hail the approaching strand.  
 Brave Rochambeau, in gleamy steel array'd,  
 The ascending scenes with eager joy survey'd;  
 Saw Washington, amid his thousands, stride,  
 And long'd to toil and conquer by his side.  
 Great Chastelleux, with philosophic view,  
 Mark'd the glad prize that rising realms pursue;  
 Intent in thought, his glowing bosom warms,  
 To grace the walks of science and of arms.  
 Two brother chiefs, in rival lustre, rose,  
 Rear'd the long lance, and claim'd the field of foes;  
 The bold Viominils, of equal fame,  
 And eager both t'exalt the noble name.  
 Lauzon, beneath his sail, in armour bright  
 Frown'd o'er the wave, impatient for the fight;  
 A fiery steed beside the hero stood,  
 And his broad blade waved forward o'er the croud.  
 And now, with eager haste, they tread the coast;  
 Thro' grateful regions lead the veteran host;  
 Hail the great chief, beneath his banners join,  
 Demand the foe and bid the strife begin.  
 Again Columbus cast his anxious eye,  
 Where the red standard waved along the sky;  
 And, graced with spoils of many a field of blood,  
 The bold Cornwallis on a bulwark stood.  
 O'er conquer'd provinces and towns in flame,  
 He mark'd his recent monuments of fame,  
 High raised in air, his hands securely hold,  
 With conscious pride, a sheet of cypher'd gold;  
 There, in delusive haste, his skill had grav'd  
 A clime subdued, a flag in triumph waved:  
 A middle realm, by fairer figures known,  
 Adorn'd with fruits, lay bounded for his own;  
 Deep thro' the centre, spreads a beauteous bay,  
 Full sails ascend and golden rivers stray;  
 Bright palaces arise, relieved in gold,  
 And gates and streets the crossing lines unfold.  
 O'er all the mimic scene, his fingers trace.  
 His future seat and glory of his race.  
 While thus the raptur'd chief his conquests view'd,  
 And gazing thousands round the rampart stood,  
 Whom future ease and golden dreams employ,  
 The songs of triumph and the feast of joy;  
 Sudden, great Washington arose in view,  
 And union'd flags his stately steps pursue;  
 Blest Gallia's bands and young Columbia's pride,  
 Bend the long march and glitter at his side.  
 Now on the wave the warring fleets advance,  
 And different ensigns o'er their pinions dance;  
 From northern shores, great Albion's flag, unfurl'd,  
 Waved proud defiance to the watery world;  
 While, from the southern isles, a daring train,

With Gallic banners; shades the billowy main.  
 Here brave De Grasse in awful splendor, rode,  
 And there stern Graves a rival splendor show'd.  
 The approaching sails, as far as eye can sweep,  
 Look thro' the skies and shade the shuddering deep.  
 As, when the winds of heaven, from each far pole,  
 Their adverse storms across the concave roll,  
 The fleecy vapors thro' the expansion run,  
 Veil the blue vault and tremble o'er the sun;  
 Till the dark folding wings together drive,  
 And, ridg'd with fires, and rock'd with thunders, strive;  
 So, bearing thro' the void, at first appear.  
 White clouds of canvass, floating on the air;  
 Then frown the approaching fronts; the sails are laid,  
 And the black decks extend a dreadful shade;  
 While rolling flames and tides of smoke arise,  
 And thundering cannons rock the seas and skies.  
 Where the long bursting fires the cloud disclose,  
 Hosts heave in sight and blood the decks o'er-flows;  
 There, from the strife, tost navies rise to view,  
 Drive back to vengeance and the toil renew;  
 Here, shatter'd barks in squadrons move afar,  
 Led thro' the smoke, and struggling from the war;  
 While hulls half-seen, beneath a gaping wave,  
 And plunging heroes fill the watery grave.  
 Now the dark smoky volumes roll'd away,  
 And a long line ascended into day;  
 The pinions swell'd, Britannia's flag arose,  
 And flew the vengeance of triumphing foes.  
 When up the bay, Virginian lands that laves,  
 Great Gallia's line its conquering standard waves:  
 Where still dread Washington allumes the way,  
 And fleets and moving realms his voice obey;  
 While the brave Briton, mid the gathering host,  
 Perceives his glories and his empire lost.  
 The heaven-taught sage in this broad scene beheld  
 His favourite sons the fates of nations wield;  
 There joyous Lincoln shone in arms again,  
 Nelson and Knox moved ardent o'er the plain,  
 Unconquer'd Scammel, mid the closing strife,  
 In sight of victory, pour'd his gallant life;  
 While Gallic thousands eager toils sustain,  
 And death and danger brighten every train.  
 Where Tarleton strides, with hopes of flight elate,  
 Brave Lauzon moves, and drives him back to fate.  
 In one dread view, two chosen bands advance,  
 Columbia's veterans and the pride of France;  
 These bold Viominil exalts to fame,  
 And those Fayette's conducting guidance claim.  
 They lift the sword, with rival glory warm,  
 O'er piked ramparts pour the flaming storm,  
 The mounted thunders brave, and lead the foe,

In captive squadrons, to the plain below.  
O'er all great Washington his arm extends,  
Points every movement, every toil defends,  
Bids closer strife and bloodier strokes proceed,  
New batteries blaze and heavier squadrons bleed;  
Round the grim foe approaching banners rise,  
And shells like meteors vault the flaming skies.  
With dire dismay the British chief beheld  
The foe advance, his veterans quit the field;  
Despair and slaughter when he turns his eye.  
No hope in combat and no power to fly;  
There dread De Grasse o'ershades the loaded tide,  
Here conquering thousands all the champaign hide;  
Fosses and batteries, growing on the sight,  
Still pour new thunders and increase the fight,  
Shells rain before him, rock the shores around  
And craggs and balls o'erturn the tented ground;  
From post to post, the driven ranks retire,  
The earth in crimson and the skies on fire.  
Now grateful truce suspends the burning war,  
And groans and shouts, promiscuous, load the air;  
When the pent squadrons, where the smokes decay,  
Drop all their arms and move in open day.  
Columbus saw the immeasurable train,  
Thousands on thousands, redden all the plain;  
Beheld the glorious Leader stand sedate,  
Hosts in his chain, and banners at his feet;  
Nor smile o'er all, nor chide the fallen chief,  
But share with pitying eye his manly grief.  
Thus thro' the extremes of life, in every state,  
Shines the clear soul, beyond all fortune great;  
While smaller minds, the dupes of fickle chance,  
Slight woes o'erwhelm and sudden joys entrance.  
So the full sun thro' all the changing sky,  
Nor blasts, nor overpowers the naked eye;  
Tho' transient splendors, borrow'd from his light,  
Glance on the mirror and destroy the sight.  
He points brave Lincoln, as they move along,  
To claim the triumph of the trembling throng;  
Who sees, once more, two armies shade the plain,  
The mighty victors and the captive train.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 7

Hail sacred Peace, who claim'st thy bright abode,  
Mid circling saints that grace the throne of God.  
Before his arm, around the shapeless earth,  
Stretch'd the wide heavens and gave to nature birth;  
Ere morning stars his glowing chambers hung,  
Or songs of gladness woke an angel's tongue,  
Veil'd in the brightness of the Almighty's mind,  
In blest repose thy placid form reclined;  
Borne through the heavens with his creating voice,  
Thy presence bade the unfolding worlds rejoice,  
Gave to seraphic harps their sounding lays,  
Their joys to angels, and to men their praise.  
From scenes of blood, these beauteous shores that stain,  
From gasping friends that press the sanguine plain,  
From fields, long taught in vain thy flight to mourn,  
I rise, delightful Power, and greet thy glad return.  
Too long the groans of death, and battle's bray  
Have rung discordant through the unpleasing lay:  
Let pity's tear its balmy fragrance shed,  
O'er heroes' wounds and patriot warriors dead;  
Accept, departed Shades, these grateful sighs,  
Your fond attendants to the approving skies.  
And thou, my earliest friend, my Brother dear,  
Thy fall untimely wakes the tender tear.  
In youthful sports, in toils, in blood allied,  
My kind companion and my hopeful guide,  
When Heaven's sad summons, from our infant eyes  
Had call'd our last, loved parent to the skies.  
Tho' young in arms, and still obscure thy name,  
Thy bosom panted for the deeds of fame,  
Beneath Montgomery's eye, when, by thy steel,  
In northern wilds, the lurking savage fell.  
'Yet, hapless youth! when thy great leader bled,  
Thro' the same wound thy parting spirit fled.  
But now the untuneful trump shall grate no more,  
Ye silver streams, no longer swell with gore;  
Bear from your beauteous banks the crimson stain,  
With yon retiring navies to the main.  
While other views, unfolding on my eyes,  
And happier themes bid bolder numbers rise.  
Bring, bounteous Peace, in thy celestial throng  
Life to my soul, and rapture to my song;  
Give me to trace, with pure unclouded ray,  
The arts and virtues that attend thy sway;  
To see thy blissful charms, that here descend,  
Through distant realms and endless years extend.  
To cast new glories o'er the changing clime,  
The Seraph now reversed the flight of time;  
Roll'd back the years, that led their course before,  
And stretch'd immense the wild uncultured shore;  
The paths of peaceful science raised to view,  
And show'd the ascending crouds that useful arts pursue.

As o'er the canvass, when the master's mind,  
Glow with a future landscape, well design'd,  
While gardens, vales and streets and structures rise,  
A new creation to his kindling eyes;  
He smiles o'er all; and, in delightful strife,  
The pencil moves, and calls the whole to life.  
So, while the great Columbus stood sublime,  
And saw wild nature clothe the trackless clime;  
The green banks heave, the winding currents pour,  
The bays and harbours cleave the yielding shore,  
The champaigns spread, the solemn groves arise,  
And the rough mountains lengthen round the skies,  
Through all the scene, he traced with skillful ken  
The unform'd seats and future walks of men;  
Mark'd where the fields should bloom, and streamers play,  
And towns and empires claim their peaceful sway;  
When, sudden waken'd by the Angel's hand,  
They rose in pomp around the cultured land.  
In western wilds, where still the natives tread,  
From sea to sea an inland commerce spread;  
O'er the dim streams and thro' the gloomy grove,  
The trading bands their cumberous burdens move;  
Where furs and skins, and all the exhaustless store  
Of midland realms descended to the shore.  
Where summer's suns, along the northern coast,  
With feeble force dissolve the chains of frost,  
Prolific waves the scaly nations trace,  
And tempt the toils of man's laborious race.  
Though rich Peruvian strands, beneath the tide,  
Their rocks of pearl and sparkling pebbles hide;  
Lured by the gaudy prize, the adventurous train  
Plunge the dark deep and brave the surging main;  
Whole realms of slaves the dangerous labours dare,  
To stud a sceptre or emblaze a star:  
Yet wealthier stores these genial tides display,  
And busy throngs with nobler spoils repay.  
The hero saw the hardy hosts advance,  
Cast the long line and aim the barbed lance;  
Load the deep floating barks, and bear abroad  
To each far clime the life-sustaining food;  
While growing swarms by nature's hand supplied,  
People the shoals and fill the exhaustless tide.  
Where southern streams thro' broad savannahs bend,  
The rice-clad vales their verdant rounds extend;  
Tobago's plant its leaf expanding yields,  
The maize luxuriant clothes a thousand fields;  
Steeds, herds and flocks o'er northern regions rove,  
Embrown the hill and wanton thro' the grove;  
The wood-lands wide their sturdy honours bend,  
The pines, the live-oaks to the shores descend;  
Along the strand unnumber'd keels arise,  
The huge hulls heave, and masts ascend the skies;

Launch'd in the deep, o'er eastern waves they fly,  
 Feed every isle and distant lands supply.  
 Silent he gazed; when thus the guardian Power—  
 These works of peace awhile adorn the shore;  
 But other joys and deeds of lasting praise  
 Shall crown their labours and thy rapture raise.  
 Each orient realm, the former pride of earth,  
 Where men and science drew their ancient birth,  
 Shall soon behold, on this enlighten'd coast,  
 Their fame transcended and their glory lost.  
 That train of arts, that graced mankind before,  
 Warm'd the glad sage or taught the Muse to soar,  
 Here with superior sway their progress trace,  
 And aid the triumphs of thy filial race;  
 While rising crouds, with genius unconfined,  
 Through deep inventions lead the astonish'd mind,  
 Wide o'er the world their name unrivall'd raise,  
 And bind their temples with immortal bays.  
 In youthful minds to wake the ardent flame,  
 To nurse the arts, and point the paths of fame,  
 Behold their liberal sires, with guardian care,  
 Thro' all the realms their seats of science rear.  
 Great without pomp the modest mansions rise;  
 Harvard and Yale and Princeton greet the skies;  
 Penn's ample walls o'er Del'ware's margin bend,  
 On James's bank the royal spires ascend,  
 Thy turrets, York, Columbia's walks command,  
 Bosom'd in groves, see growing Dartmouth stand;  
 While, o'er the realm reflecting solar fires,  
 On yon tall hill Rhode-Island's seat aspires.  
 O'er all the shore, with sails and cities gay,  
 And where rude hamlets stretch their inland sway,  
 With humbler walls unnumber'd schools arise,  
 And youths unnumber'd sieze the solid prize,  
 In no blest land has Science rear'd her fane,  
 And fix'd so firm her wide-extended reign;  
 Each rustic here, that turns the furrow'd soil,  
 The maid, the youth, that ply mechanic toil,  
 In freedom nurst, in useful arts inured,  
 Know their just claims, and see their rights secured.  
 And lo, descending from the seats of art,  
 The growing throngs for active scenes depart;  
 In various garbs they tread the welcome land,  
 Swords at their side or sceptres in their hand,  
 With healing powers bid dire diseases cease,  
 Or sound the tidings of eternal peace.  
 In no blest land has fair Religion shone,  
 And fix'd so firm her everlasting throne.  
 Where, o'er the realms those spacious temples shine,  
 Frequent and full the throng'd assemblies join;  
 There, fired with virtue's animating flame,  
 The sacred task unnumber'd sages claim;

The task, for angels great; in early youth,  
 To lead whole nations in the walks of truth,  
 Shed the bright beams of knowledge on the mind,  
 For social compact harmonize mankind,  
 To life, to happiness, to joys above,  
 The soften'd soul with ardent zeal to move;  
 For this the voice of Heaven, in early years,  
 Tuned the glad songs of life-inspiring seers,  
 For this consenting seraphs leave the skies,  
 The God compassionates, the Saviour dies.  
 Tho' different faiths their various orders show,  
 That seem discordant to the train below;  
 Yet one blest cause, one universal flame,  
 Wakes all their joys and centres every aim;  
 They tread the same bright steps, and smoothe the road,  
 Lights of the world and messengers of God.  
 So the galaxy broad o'er heaven displays  
 Of various stars the same unbounded blaze;  
 Where great and small their mingling rays unite,  
 And earth and skies repay the friendly light.  
 While thus the hero view'd the sacred band,  
 Moved by one voice and guided by one hand,  
 He saw the heavens unfold, a form descend,  
 Down the dim skies his arm of light extend,  
 From God's own altar lift a living coal,  
 Touch their glad lips and brighten every soul;  
 Then, with accordant voice and heavenly tongue,  
 O'er the wide clime these welcome accents rung.  
 Ye darkling race of poor distress'd mankind,  
 For bliss still groping and to virtue blind,  
 Hear from on high th'Almighty's voice descend;  
 Ye heavens, be silent, and thou earth, attend.  
 I reign the Lord of life; I fill the round,  
 Where stars and skies and angels know their bound;  
 Before all years, beyond all thought I live,  
 Light, form and motion, time and space I give;  
 Touch'd by this hand, all worlds within me roll,  
 Mine eye their splendor and my breath their soul.  
 Earth, with her lands and seas, my power proclaims,  
 There moves my spirit, there descend my flames;  
 Graced with the semblance of the Maker's mind,  
 Rose from the darksome dust the reasoning kind,  
 With powers of thought to trace the eternal Cause,  
 That all his works to one great system draws,  
 View the full chain of love, the all-ruling plan,  
 That binds the God, the angel and the man,  
 That gives all hearts to feel, all minds to know  
 The bliss of harmony, of strife the woe.  
 This heaven of concord, who of mortal strain  
 Shall dare oppose—he lifts his arm in vain;  
 The avenging universe shall on him roll  
 The intended wrong, and whelm his guilty soul.

Then lend your audience; hear, ye sons of earth,  
 Rise into life, behold the promised birth;  
 From pain to joy, from guilt to glory rise,  
 Be babes on earth, be seraphs in the skies.  
 Lo, to the cries of grief mild mercy bends,  
 Stern vengeance softens and the God descends,  
 The atoning God, the pardoning grace to seal,  
 The dead to quicken and the sick to heal.  
 See from his sacred side the life-blood flow,  
 Hear in his groans unutterable woe;  
 While, fixt in one strong pang, the all-suffering Mind  
 Bears and bewails the tortures of mankind.  
 But lo, the ascending pomp! around him move  
 His rising saints, the first-born sons of love;  
 View the glad throng, the glorious triumph join,  
 His paths pursue and in his splendor shine;  
 Purged from your stains in his atoning blood,  
 Assume his spotless robes and reign beside your God.  
 Thus heard the hero—while his roving view  
 Traced other crouds that liberal arts pursue;  
 When thus the Seraph—Lo, a favourite band,  
 The torch of science flaming in their hand!  
 Thro' nature's range their ardent souls aspire,  
 Or wake to life the canvass and the lyre.  
 Fixt in sublimest thought, behold them rise,  
 Superior worlds unfolding to their eyes;  
 Heaven in their view unveils the eternal plan,  
 And gives new guidance to the paths of man.  
 See on yon darkening height bold Franklin tread,  
 Heaven's awful thunders rolling o'er his head;  
 Convolving clouds the billowy skies deform,  
 And forked flames emblaze the blackening storm.  
 See the descending streams around him burn,  
 Glance on his rod and with his guidance turn;  
 He bids conflicting heavens their blasts expire,  
 Curbs the fierce blaze and holds the imprison'd fire.  
 No more, when folding storms the vault o'er-spread,  
 The livid glare shall strike thy race with dread;  
 Nor towers nor temples, shuddering with the sound,  
 Sink in the flames and spread destruction round.  
 His daring toils, the threatening blast that wait,  
 Shall teach mankind to ward the bolts of fate;  
 The pointed steel o'er-top the ascending spire,  
 And lead o'er trembling walls the harmless fire;  
 In his glad fame while distant worlds rejoice,  
 Far as the lightnings shine or thunders raise their voice.  
 See the sage Rittenhouse, with ardent eye,  
 Lift the long tube and pierce the starry sky;  
 Clear in his view the circling systems roll,  
 And broader splendors gild the central pole.  
 He marks what laws the eccentric wanderers bind,  
 Copies creation in his forming mind,

And bids, beneath his hand, in semblance rise,  
 With mimic orbs, the labours of the skies.  
 There wondering crouds with raptured eye behold  
 The spangled heavens their mystic maze unfold;  
 While each glad sage his splendid hall shall grace,  
 With all the spheres that cleave the ethereal space.  
 To guide the sailor in his wandering way,  
 See Godfrey's toils reverse the beams of day.  
 His lifted quadrant to the eye displays  
 From adverse skies the counteracting rays;  
 And marks, as devious sails bewilder'd roll,  
 Each nice gradation from the stedfast pole.  
 See, West with glowing life the canvass warms;  
 His sovereign hand creates impassion'd forms,  
 Spurns the cold critic rules, to sieze the heart,  
 And boldly bursts the former bounds of Art.  
 No more her powers to ancient scenes confined,  
 He opes her liberal aid to all mankind;  
 She calls to life each patriot, chief or sage,  
 Garb'd in the dress and drapery of his age;  
 Again bold Regulus to death returns,  
 Again her falling Wolfe Britannia mourns;  
 Warriors in arms to frowning combat move,  
 And youths and virgins melt the soul to love;  
 Grief, rage and fear beneath his pencil start,  
 Roll the wild eye and pour the flowing heart;  
 While slumbering heroes wait his wakening call,  
 And distant ages fill the storied wall.  
 With rival force, see Copley's pencil trace  
 The air of action and the charms of face;  
 Fair in his tints unfold the scenes of state,  
 The Senate listens and the peers debate;  
 Pale consternation every heart appalls,  
 In act to speak, while death-struck Chatham falls.  
 His strong, deep shades a bold expression give,  
 Raised into light the starting figures live:  
 With polish'd pride the finish'd features boast,  
 The master's art in nature's softness lost.  
 Fired with the martial toils, that bathed in gore  
 His brave companions on his native shore  
 Trumbull with daring hand the scene recalls,  
 He shades with night Quebec's beleagur'd walls,  
 Mid flashing flames, that round the turrets rise,  
 Blind carnage raves and great Montgomery dies.  
 On Charlestown's height, thro' floods of rolling fire,  
 Brave Warren falls, and sullen hosts retire;  
 While other plains of death, that gloom the skies,  
 And chiefs immortal o'er his canvass rise.  
 See rural seats of innocence and ease,  
 High tufted towers and walks of waving trees,  
 The white waves dashing on the craggy shores,  
 Meandering streams and meads of spangled flowers,

Where nature's sons their wild excursions lead,  
 In just design, from Taylor's pencil spread.  
 Steward and Brown the moving portrait raise,  
 Each rival stroke the force of life conveys;  
 See circling Beauties round their tablets stand,  
 And rise immortal from their plastic hand;  
 Each breathing form preserves its wonted grace,  
 And all the soul stands speaking in the face.  
 Two kindred arts the swelling statue heave,  
 Wake the dead wax and teach the stone to live.  
 While the bold chissel claims the rugged strife,  
 To rouse the sceptred marble into life;  
 While Latian shrines their figured patriots boast,  
 And gods and heroes croud each orient coast,  
 See Wright's fair hands the livlier fire controul,  
 In waxen forms she breathes the impassion'd soul;  
 The pencil'd tint o'er moulded substance glows,  
 And different powers the unrivall'd art compose.  
 To equal fame ascends thy tuneful throng,  
 The boast of genius and the pride of song;  
 Warm'd with the scenes that grace their various clime,  
 Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.  
 With keen-eyed glance thro' nature's walks to pierce,  
 With all the powers and every charm of verse,  
 Each science opening in his ample mind,  
 His fancy glowing and his taste refined,  
 See Trumbull lead the train. His skillful hand  
 Hurls the keen darts of Satire thro' the land;  
 Pride, knavery, dullness, feel his mortal stings,  
 And listening virtue triumphs while he sings;  
 Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no more,  
 In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,  
 Strive their curst cruelties to hide in vain—  
 The world shall learn them from his deathless strain.  
 On glory's wing to raise the ravish'd soul,  
 Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,  
 For daring Dwight the Epic Muse sublime  
 Hails her new empire on the western clime.  
 Fired with the themes by seers seraphic sung,  
 Heaven in his eye, and rapture on his tongue,  
 His voice divine revives the promised land,  
 The Heaven-taught Leader and the chosen band.  
 In Hanniel's fate, proud faction finds her doom,  
 Ai's midnight flames light nations to their tomb,  
 In visions bright supernal joys are given,  
 And all the dread futurities of heaven.  
 While freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,  
 In counsel sage, nor inexpert in arms,  
 See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,  
 Sheathe the glad sword and string the sounding lyre;  
 That lyre which, erst, in hours of dark despair,  
 Roused the sad realms to urge the unfinish'd war.

O'er fallen friends, with all the strength of woe,  
His heart-felt sighs in moving numbers flow;  
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,  
Fire his full soul and animate his lays;  
Immortal Washington with joy shall own  
So fond a favourite and so great a son.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 8

And now the Angel, from the trembling sight,  
Veil'd the wide world—when sudden shades of night  
Move o'er the ethereal vault; the starry train  
Paint their dim forms beneath the placid main;  
While earth and heaven, around the hero's eye,  
Seem arch'd immense, like one surrounding sky.  
Still, from the Power superior splendors shone,  
The height emblazing like a radiant throne;  
To converse sweet the soothing shades invite,  
And on the guide the hero fix'd his sight.  
Kind messenger of Heaven, he thus began,  
Why this progressive labouring search of man?  
If man by wisdom form'd hath power to reach  
These opening truths that following ages teach,  
Step after step, thro' devious mazes, wind,  
And fill at last the measure of the mind,  
Why did not Heaven, with one unclouded ray,  
All human arts and reason's powers display?  
That mad opinions, sects and party strife  
Might find no place t'imbitter human life.  
To whom the Angelic Power; to thee 'tis given,  
To hold high converse, and enquire of heaven,  
To mark uncircled ages and to trace  
The unfolding truths that wait thy kindred race.  
Know then, the counsels of th'unchanging Mind,  
Thro' nature's range, progressive paths design'd,  
Unfinish'd works th'harmonious system grace,  
Thro' all duration and around all space;  
Thus beauty, wisdom, power, their parts unroll,  
Till full perfection joins the accordant whole.  
So the first week, beheld the progress rise,  
Which form'd the earth and arch'd th'incumbant skies.  
Dark and imperfect first, the unbeauteous frame,  
From vacant night, to crude existence came;  
Light starr'd the heavens and suns were taught their bound,  
Winds woke their force, and floods their centre found;  
Earth's kindred elements, in joyous strife,  
Warm'd the glad glebe to vegetable life,  
Till sense and power and action claim'd their place,  
And godlike reason crown'd the imperial race.  
Progressive thus, from that great source above,  
Flows the fair fountain of redeeming love.  
Dark harbingers of hope, at first bestow'd,  
Taught early faith to feel her path to God:  
Down the prophetic, brightening train of years,  
Consenting voices rose of different seers,  
In shadowy types display'd the accomplish'd plan,  
When filial Godhead should assume the man,  
When the pure Church should stretch her arms abroad,  
Fair as a bride and liberal as her God;  
Till warm benevolence and truth refined,  
Pervade the world and harmonize mankind.

And thus fair Science, of celestial birth,  
 With times long circuit, treads the gladsome earth;  
 By gradual steps to mark the extended road,  
 That leads mankind to reason and to God.  
 In elder times, when savage tribes began,  
 A few strong passions sway'd the wayward man;  
 Envy, revenge and sateless lust of power  
 Fired the dark soul and stain'd the fields with gore.  
 By jarring strife, all milder joys suppress,  
 Lost their soft influence on the furious breast  
 No friendly ties the barbarous feuds assuage,  
 And ceaseless carnage, feeds the brutal rage.  
 When different tribes, in social bands combined,  
 Their local views the joyless soul confined,  
 Eternal bickerings brutal strength supply'd,  
 Cities are wall'd and warring hosts divide.  
 When infant arts, in growing nations, rose,  
 They lured the envy of surrounding foes;  
 The savage bands united sieze the prey,  
 Destroy the learning and obstruct the sway.  
 Thus, at the Muse's call, when Thebes arose,  
 And science sway'd where nurt'ring Nilus flows,  
 Rich with the spoils of art, fair structures blazed,  
 And barb'rous nations envy'd as they gazed;  
 The tempting pyramid, the growing store,  
 The charm of conquest and the grasp of power  
 Lured the dark world, with envious pride esate,  
 To whelm fair Science in the wrecks of state.  
 Till Thebes and Memphis nameless ruins lie,  
 And crush'd the power that raised them to the sky.  
 O'er bright Chaldea's plains her vot'ries stray,  
 Described the stars and fix'd their wandering way,  
 The unclouded skies the shepherd learn'd to read,  
 His loves to cherish and his flocks to feed;  
 Till haughty Babel stretch'd an envy'd sway,  
 And furious millions warr'd the arts away,  
 Ilissus' banks display'd a happier seat,  
 Where every Muse and all the graces meet;  
 Parnassian heights she soars; then, steering far,  
 Driven by the close pursuit of vengeful war,  
 She wings her flight, a western region gams,  
 And moves in majesty o'er Latian plains.  
 But pride and conquest follow where she leads,  
 Her eagle flies, the untutor'd savage bleeds,  
 Rome's haughty Genius, taught by her to soar,  
 With pride of learning swells the pride of power;  
 From Brits, from Scythians plucks the laurel crown,  
 And deems, by right, the unletter'd world his own.  
 Till, fired by insult, vengeful myriads rose,  
 And all the north pours forth the swarming foes,  
 Like sweeping tempests in embattled heaven,  
 When fire and blackness streak the sails of even,

The dark-red hosts of painted warriors roll,  
Rome's thoughtless capitol the tempting goal;  
Nor arts they need nor order points thier way,  
For arts and order swell the Roman sway;  
Spain, Latium, Afric feed the furious flame,  
And hapless Science mourns her buried name.  
As when the sun moves o'er the flaming zone,  
Careering clouds attend his servid throne,  
Superior splendors, in his course display'd,  
Proclaim the progress of a heavier shade;  
Thus where the Power her ancient circuit held,  
Her shining course succeeding darkness veil'd.  
Fear, interest, envy bound her laurel'd reign,  
A coast her walk, the Hellespont her main,  
Ere Goya's trembling steel could point the pole,  
Or heavens inverted taught thy bark to roll.  
At length the scene a nobler pomp assumes,  
A milder beam dispels the Gothic glooms;  
In sober majesty, and charms of peace,  
The goddess moves, and cheers her filial race,  
Lifts bolder wings, with happier flight to soar,  
No more to rest till heavens illumine no more.  
At once, consenting nations rise to fame;  
Here Charles's genius wakes the Gallic name,  
There Alfred aids the universal cause,  
And opes the source of liberty and laws;  
Here Greece invites her to her ancient home,  
There in rough greatness heaves her Gothic dome,  
Wide spreads her sway o'er blest Arabian plains,  
Where her own Caliph, liberal Rachid reigns,  
O'er all the climes extends the rising Power,  
From farthest Ganges to the Atlantic shore.  
Even horrid war, that erst her course withstood,  
And whelm'd, so oft, her peaceful shrines in blood,  
Now leads thro' paths unseen her glorious way,  
Extends her limits and confirms her sway.  
See, from all Europe's bounds, the warriors pour,  
In crowding millions to the Asian shore;  
Mankind their prey, the unmeaning Cross their pride,  
And sacred vengeance their delusive guide.  
Zeal points their way, thro' famine, toil and blood,  
To aid with arms the imagin'd cause of God;  
Till fields of slaughter whelm the broken host,  
Their pride appall'd, their countless myriads lost,  
The sad remains to peaceful toils return,  
Skill'd in the arts, that eastern climes adorn;  
O'er Europe's changing shores, the charms display  
And wasted realms with happier fruits repay,  
The rival barons, whom ambition draws,  
Their wealth to lavish in the holy cause,  
In peace retiring, yield the regal crown,  
And blend their counsels to exalt the throne.

While slaves, no longer purchased with the soil,  
 Waked into freemen, ply the cheerful toil,  
 Assert their rights, extend the royal reign,  
 And mutual terrors break the feudal chain.  
 Now growing commerce in firm compact joins  
 Surrounding nations and their force combines;  
 From rich Ausonia, bold advent'ers rise,  
 Trace midland currents tow'rd the northern skies,  
 Enlarge their navies, and with wealthier train,  
 Roll with the Rhine and widen with the main;  
 Then tempt a broader flight, extend the sail,  
 Point the sure compass, call a foreign gale,  
 For spicy fruits the orient surges brave,  
 And load with sparkling gems the liberal wave.  
 See Rome once more the unfolding arts attend,  
 Her groves rewarble and her walls ascend;  
 Bologna's learned towers arise to fame,  
 And thine, fair Paris, nobler honours claim;  
 In rival splendor, bright Oxonia, smiles,  
 And spreads her blessings o'er the British isles;  
 There, like the star that leads the orient day,  
 Chaucer directs his tuneful sons their way.  
 See hapless Gallileo's daring soul  
 Explore the stars and point their orbs to roll;  
 And, happier Faustus, thy inventive mind  
 Awakes the unbounded genius of mankind:  
 O'er wondering climes thy letter'd types display  
 The works of science and extend her sway.  
 Bold chivalry romantic aids her cause;  
 In honour's name the knight his falchion draws;  
 Lured by the charms that grace the guardless fair,  
 To suffering virtue bends his generous care,  
 Thro' toil and pain in quest of glory roves,  
 Braves death and danger for the maid he loves;  
 While fired by gallantry, the generous art,  
 Improves the manners and amends the heart.  
 When pride and rapine held their vengeful sway,  
 And praise pursued where conquest led the way,  
 Fair nature's mildest grace, the female mind,  
 By rough-brow'd power neglected and confined,  
 Unheeded sigh'd, mid empire's rude alarms,  
 Unknown its virtues and enslaved its charms.  
 So the lone wild-rose opes the sweetest bloom,  
 To scent the unconscious thorn, and wither round the tomb.  
 Blest Science then, to rugged toils confined,  
 Rose but to conquer and enslave mankind,  
 O'er gentle passions spread a harsh controul,  
 And waked the glare of grandeur in the soul,  
 She taught the lance to thirst for human gore,  
 She taught pale avarice to swell the store,  
 Taught milder arts the peaceful prize to yield,  
 Her Muse to thunder thro' the embattled field;

In ruin'd realms to build the shrine of fame,  
 And call celestial aid to raise a tyrant's name.  
 In chains and darkness mourn'd the hapless fair,  
 The price of gold, the insulted prize of war,  
 While sires, unfeeling, claim'd the sordid dower,  
 And nymphs were sold the slaves of lust and power.  
 A happier morn now brightens in the skies,  
 Superior arts, in peaceful glory, rise;  
 While softer virtues claim their guardian care,  
 And crowns of laurel grace the rising fair.  
 With all the raptures of celestial fire,  
 Each rival sex the rival arts inspire;  
 This bids bold commerce load the labouring main,  
 Or swells the peaceful harvest of the plain,  
 That leads the hours of calm, domestic toil,  
 And cheers the household with an evening smile,  
 While states and empires, policies and laws  
 Lure the firm patriot in the bolder cause,  
 To stem the tide of power or guide the war,  
 Like thee to suffer and like thee to dare—  
 With equal honour, as with softer grace,  
 The matron virtues guide the rising race.  
 On this broad base while Science rears her fane,  
 New toils and triumphs fill her glorious train,  
 Thro' fairer fields she leads the expanding mind,  
 Glads every clime and dignifies mankind.  
 Contending kings their views harmonious blend,  
 With temper'd force their arts and arms extend;  
 The opposing hosts beneath their liberal reign,  
 Crowd the vast wave and glitter o'er the plain,  
 With thundering engines rend the harmless air,  
 And lose the horrors in the pomp of war.  
 See the glad sage to useful labours soar,  
 Tempt other seas and unknown worlds explore,  
 Bid feeble tribes display their powers abroad,  
 And regions smile without the waste of blood.  
 Then, while the daring Muse, from heavenly quires,  
 With life divine the raptured bard inspires,  
 With bolder hand he strikes the trembling string,  
 Virtues and loves and deeds like thine to sing.  
 No more with vengeful chiefs and furious gods,  
 Old Ocean crimsons and Olympus nods,  
 Nor heavens, convulsive, rend the dark profound,  
 Nor Titans groan beneath the heaving ground;  
 But milder themes shall wake the peaceful song,  
 Life in the soul and rapture on the tongue;  
 To moral beauties bid the world attend,  
 And distant lands their social ties extend,  
 Thro' union'd realms the rage of conquest cease,  
 War sink in night, and nature smile in peace.  
 Then shall he soar sublimer heights, and rove  
 O'er brighter walks, and happier climes of love;

Rapt into vision of the blest abode,  
 From Angel-harps to catch the inspiring God;  
 Thro' heavens o'er canopy'd by heavens behold  
 New suns ascend and other skies unfold,  
 Seraphs and system'd worlds around him shine,  
 And lift his mortal strains to harmony divine.  
 To these superior flights, the chief rejoin'd,  
 If happier years shall raise the roving mind;  
 Progressive arts exalt the soul on high,  
 Peace rule the earth and faith unfold the sky;  
 Say, how shall truths like these to man be given?  
 Or science find the limits mark'd by Heaven?  
 In every age since reasoning pride began,  
 And heaven's dread Sire reveal'd himself to man,  
 What different faiths the changing race inspire!  
 What blind devotions and unhallow'd fire!  
 What gods of human form and savage power  
 Cold fear could fashion or mad zeal adore!  
 These crowd their temples, those their names despise,  
 In each dire cause the exulting martyr dies;  
 Till, sense renounced, and virtue driven afar,  
 Rage fires the realms, religion sounds to war;  
 And the first blessing, Heaven for earth design'd,  
 Seems the severest curse that waits mankind.  
 Say then, my guide, if heavenly wisdom gave  
 To erring man a life beyond the grave—  
 If one creative Power, one living soul  
 Produced all beings and preserves the whole;  
 Who, throned in light, with full perfection blest,  
 Mid changing worlds, enjoys eternal rest;  
 While man, still grovling, passionate and blind,  
 Wars with his neighbour and destroys his kind—  
 Say, what connecting chain, in endless line,  
 Links earth to heaven, and mortal with divine?  
 Applies alike to every age and clime,  
 And lifts the soul beyond the bounds of time;  
 And when shall science trace the immortal way,  
 And hail religion in her native day?  
 The Power return'd. Thy race shall soon behold  
 Reason refined, and moral lights unroll'd,  
 While science rises, freed from pedant pride,  
 Of truth the standard and of faith the guide.  
 The passions wild, that sway the changing mind,  
 The reasoning powers, her watchful guides design'd  
 Each, unrestrain'd, alike subvert the plan,  
 Misdread the judgment and betray the man.  
 Hence raging zeal, or sceptic scorn prevails,  
 And arms decide the faith, where wisdom sails.  
 Of human passions, one above the rest,  
 Fear, love, or envy, rules in every breast;  
 And, while it varies with the changing clime,  
 Now stoops to earth, now lifts the soul sublime,

Forms local creeds of superstitious lore,  
 Creates the God, and bids the world adore.  
 Lo! at the Lama's feet, as lord of all,  
 Age, following age, in dumb devotion fall!  
 The youthful God, mid suppliant kings inshrined,  
 Dispensing fate and ruling half mankind,  
 Sits, with contorted limbs, a silent slave,  
 An early victim of a secret grave.  
 And, where the mosk's dim arches bend on high,  
 See the dead prophet mount the mimic sky;  
 While pilgrim hosts, o'er trackless deserts come,  
 Crowd the deep shrine, and worship round his tomb.  
 See Memphian altars reek with human gore,  
 Gods hiss from caverns, or in cages roar,  
 Nile pours from heaven a tutelary flood,  
 And vales produce the vegetable Gods.  
 Two rival Powers the Magian faith inspire,  
 The sire of darkness and the source of fire:  
 Evil and good, in these contending rise,  
 And each, by turns, the sovereign of the skies.  
 Sun, stars and planets round the earth behold  
 Their fanes of marble and their shrines of gold;  
 The sea, the grove, the harvest and the vine  
 Spring from their Gods, and claim a source divine;  
 While heroes, kings and sages of their times,  
 Those Gods on earth, are Gods in happier climes;  
 Minos in judgment sits, and Jove in power,  
 And Odin's friends are feasted still with gore.  
 Yet wisdom's eye with just contempt descries  
 These rites absurd, and bids the world despise:  
 Then reasoning powers o'er passion gain the sway,  
 And shroud in deeper glooms the mental ray.  
 See the proud sage, with philosophic eye,  
 Rove thro' all climes, and trace the starry sky,  
 The systems mark, their various laws pursue,  
 The God still rising to his raptured view;  
 But what this God? and what the great design,  
 Why creatures live or worlds around him shine?  
 If all perfection dwelt in him alone,  
 If power, he cries, and wisdom were his own,  
 No pain, no guilt, no variance could annoy  
 The realm of peace, the universe of joy.  
 Yet reason here with homeward ken, descries  
 From jarring parts what dark disorders rise;  
 From frost and fire what storms untemper'd rave!  
 What plagues, what earthquakes crowd the gaping grave!  
 Pain, toil and torture give the infant breath,  
 His life is misery and his portion death.  
 From moral ills a like destruction reigns,  
 War sounds the trump, and slaughter dyes the plains;  
 While wrath divine proclaims a heavier doom,  
 And guilt, astonish'd, looks beyond the tomb.

Whence these unnumber'd causeless ills, he cries,  
Could wisdom form them? or could love devise?  
No love, no wisdom, no consistent plan,  
No God in heaven, nor future life to man!  
While thus, thro' nature's walks he soars on high,  
Acquits all guilt, dispeoples all the sky,  
Denies unseen existence, and believes  
No form beyond what human sense perceives,  
An anxious search impels the curious mind,  
Its own bright essence and its powers to find.  
From conscious thought his reasoning force he plies,  
And deep in search the active soul descries;  
Yet sense and substance no relation claim,  
That dupes the reason, this exists a name:  
All matter, mind, sense, knowledge, pleasure, pain,  
Seem the wild phantoms of the vulgar brain;  
Reason, collected sits above the scheme,  
Proves God and nature but an idle dream,  
In one great learned doubt envelops all,  
And whelms it's own existence in the fall,  
These wide extremes of passion and of pride  
A while on earth thy changing race divide;  
That man may find his limits and his laws,  
Where zeal inflames, or coward caution awes;  
And learn, by these, the happier course to steer,  
Nor sink too low, nor mount beyond his sphere.  
And soon, that happier course thy race shall gain,  
And zealots rave, and sceptics doubt, in vain;  
While reason, sense and passion aid the soul,  
Science her guide and truth the eternal goal.  
First, his own powers the man, with care, descries,  
What nature gives, and various art supplies;  
Rejects the ties of controversial rules,  
The pride of names, the prejudice of schools;  
The sure foundation lays, on which to rise,  
To look thro' earth and meditate the skies:  
And finds some general laws in every breast,  
Where ethics, faith and politics may rest.  
Of human powers, the Senses always chief,  
Produce instruction or inforce belief;  
Reason, as next in sway, the balance bears,  
Receives their tidings, and with skill compares,  
Restrains wild fancy, calms the impassion'd soul,  
Illumes the judgment and refines the whole.  
Sense, the great source of knowledge, ever just,  
High in command, but faithful to its trust,  
Aid of this life, and suited to its place,  
Given to secure, but not exalt the race;  
Descries no God, nor claims superior birth,  
And knows no life beyond the bounds of earth.  
Reason, tho' taught by sense to range on high,  
To trace the stars and measure all the sky;

Tho' fancy, memory, foresight fill her train,  
 And o'er the beast she lifts the pride of man,  
 Yet, still to matter, form and space confined,  
 Or moral truths, or laws that rule mankind,  
 Could ne'er unaided pierce the mental gloom,  
 Explore new scenes beyond the closing tomb,  
 Reach with immortal hope the blest abode,  
 Or raise one thought of spirit, or of God.  
 Yet names of God, and powers of heavenly strain  
 All nations reverence and all tongues contain;  
 Thro' every age the conscious mind perceives,  
 Reason pronounces and the sense believes.  
 What cause mysterious could the thought impart,  
 Not taught by nature nor acquired by art?  
 It speaks of nature's God—no matter when  
 The name was caught, 'tis never lost by men;  
 From clime to clime, from age to age it flies,  
 Sounds thro' the world and echos to the skies.  
 It proves him, self-reveal'd; and all the plan  
 On this connexion rests of God and man.  
 Observe, in man, desires immortal given,  
 To range o'er earth and climb a happier heaven;  
 Yet fear and conscious guilt his flight restrain,  
 His God offended, and his wishes vain:  
 The wrath divine impending on his breast  
 Precludes the hope of refuge and of rest;  
 He seeks the fane, obtests the avenging skies,  
 Pours the full tear, and yields the sacrifice;  
 Some foreign aid, some mediating grace,  
 He seeks to shield him from his Maker's face.  
 All forms of worship, that engage mankind,  
 In different climes to various Powers confined,  
 Require of suppliants some external aid,  
 Some victim offer'd, or some penance paid,  
 Some middle name, or reconciling plan,  
 To soothe the Godhead and redeem the man.  
 This thought, so wide diffused thro' all mankind,  
 Rose not from earth, or force of human mind;  
 From heaven reveal'd, it shows some sov'reign scheme,  
 To link this nature with the Power supreme.  
 From guilt and pain to lift the soul on high,  
 And ope a happier scene, a world beyond the sky.  
 From clime to clime while rove the sage's eyes,  
 Books croud on Books, and creeds on creeds arise.  
 Reason refined with liberal eye surveys  
 The opposing faiths and various modes of praise;  
 Yet finds in all, what nature might approve,  
 A God of justice reconciled by love;  
 With joy beholds the accordant scheme of heaven,  
 Dire vengeance sooth'd, a mediation given,  
 Man freed from pain, the stains of guilt removed,  
 To angels liken'd and by Heaven approved;

Death bound in chains from his old empire hurl'd,  
 And peace and pardon promised to the world.  
 Here ends the toilsome search; in this may rest  
 The doubts and fears that move the labouring breast;  
 These few fair truths, to common feeling plain,  
 The work unfold, and every part sustain.  
 As, on an arch of stone, some temple stands,  
 Raised to the clouds, and shines to distant lands;  
 The firm foundations, open to the sight,  
 Crowd, as it grows, and strengthen with the weight;  
 Thus, on the characters of God and man,  
 By Heaven reveal'd in this conformant plan,  
 The beauteous system rests; and tho' awhile,  
 Mad zeal o'erload it, and cold scorn revile,  
 Stands, self-exalted, fill'd with native light,  
 Firm to the faith, and growing on the sight.  
 It speaks one simple, universal cause,  
 Which time and space from one great centre draws;  
 Whence this unfolded, that began its flight,  
 Worlds fill'd the skies, and nature roll'd in light;  
 Whither all beings tend; and where, at last,  
 Their progress, changes, imperfections, past,  
 Matter shall turn to light, to pleasure pain,  
 Strife end in union, angel form in man;  
 From stage to stage, from life to life, refined,  
 All centre, whence they sprang, in one eternal Mind.  
 In this harmonious round, united rise,  
 Power to create, and wisdom to devise;  
 While Love supreme, before all action, stood,  
 The first, the last, the chain of general good;  
 Through nature's range t'extend the sway divine,  
 And heaven and earth in mild accordance join,  
 To one great moral Sense, all sense to draw,  
 Strong as necessity, and fixt as law.  
 This branch of Godhead, thro' the system known,  
 Image and brightness of the Eternal throne;  
 By whom all wisdom shines, all power extends,  
 God stands reveal'd and Heaven with nature blends,  
 Thro' earth and skies proclaim'd the indulgent plan,  
 And spoke the law to Angel and to man;  
 In man's clear view display'd the ethereal road,  
 To love the neighbour and adore the God.  
 Yet, firm in justice as in mercy great,  
 His sovereign power directs the scenes of sate,  
 Wide o'er the world with guardian care extends,  
 Curbs the proud nations and the weak defends;  
 That feeble faith and boasting scorn may prove  
 The frown of vengeance, or the smile of love,  
 Holds, in his own right hand, the dreadful doom  
 Of woes unnumber'd here, and death beyond the tomb  
 Fill'd with his fire, and guided by his hand,  
 See the long train of white-robed prophets stand!

Thro' opening heaven, their eyes sublimely roll,  
 Peace on their tongue, and rapture in their soul;  
 The past records, the deeds of unborn time  
 Flame in their page, and shine to every clime:  
 There, nations read their fate, and kings, to come,  
 Find, in the leaves, their glory or their doom.  
 There unborn Cyrus, preordain'd to fame,  
 On Babel's ruins, builds the Persian name;  
 The chief of Macedon, the realm of Greece,  
 The Latian grandeur, and the Prince of peace,  
 In order ranged their song prophetic grace,  
 And time stands pointing to the destined place.  
 When now, with rolling years these deeds of fame  
 Rise into light and faith of nations claim.  
 Behold, on earth the promised Prince bestow'd!  
 The Virgin's offspring and the filial God;  
 The appointed star its rapid course suspends,  
 The skies unfold, the mystic dove descends,  
 Glad songs attend him, heaven and earth combine,  
 To hail the new-born babe, and speak his birth divine.  
 See nature's laws suspended by his power!  
 Unclosing graves their slumbering dead restore,  
 Winds rise to waft him, storms, to lull him, sleep,  
 He walks the wave, and triumphs o'er the deep;  
 He dies, he conquers death, ascends on high,  
 And rising saints attend him thro' the sky.  
 Thus, all the mystic scheme, design'd by heaven,  
 With clearest light to stedfast faith is given;  
 Here the great moral Sense, the God conceal'd,  
 To human sense in earthly form reveal'd,  
 Suffers in open day, to teach mankind  
 His secret sufferings in the opposer's mind;  
 To teach how pain and death and endless woes,  
 From wayward strife, and breach of order, rose;  
 How each discordant wish, the soul that swells,  
 'Gainst human bliss and heavenly power rebels,  
 Weakens the chain of love, subverts the plan,  
 While nature drives the vengeance back on man.  
 Here all religion rests, and soon thy race  
 Her purest lights, by wisdom's eye shall trace.  
 Here the last flights of science shall ascend,  
 To look thro' heaven, and sense with reason blend;  
 View the great source of love, that flows abroad,  
 Spreads to all creatures, centres still in God,  
 Lives thro' the whole, from nature's compact springs,  
 Orders, reverses, fills the sum of things;  
 In law constrains, in gospel reconciles,  
 In judgment frowns, in gentle mercy smiles,  
 Commands all sense to feel, all life to prove  
 The attracting force of universal love.

Joel Barlow

## Vision Of Columbus - Book 9

Now, round the yielding canopy of shade,  
Again the Guide his heavenly power display'd.  
Sudden, the stars their trembling fires withdrew,  
Returning splendors burst upon the view;  
Floods of unfolding light the skies adorn,  
And more than midday glories grace the morn.  
So shone the earth, as all the starry train,  
Broad as full suns, had sail'd the ethereal plain;  
When no distinguish'd orb could strike the sight,  
But one clear blaze of all-surrounding light  
O'erflow'd the vault of heaven. For now, in view  
Remoter climes and future ages drew;  
While deeds of happier fame, in long array,  
Call'd into vision, fill the new-born day.  
Far as the Angelic Power could lift the eye,  
Or earth, or ocean bend the yielding sky;  
Or circling suns awake the breathing gale,  
Drake lead the way, or Cook extend the sail;  
All lands, all seas, that boast a present name,  
And all that unborn time shall give to fame,  
Around the chief in fair expansion rise,  
And earth's whole circuit bounds the level'd skies.  
He saw the nations tread their different shores,  
Ply their own toils and claim their local powers.  
He mark'd what tribes still rove the savage waste,  
What happier realms the sweets of plenty taste;  
Where arts and virtues fix their golden reign,  
Or peace adorns, or slaughter dyes the plain.  
He saw the restless Tartar, proud to roam,  
Move with his herds, and spread his transient home;  
Thro' the vast tracts of China's fixt domain,  
The sons of dull contentment plough the plain;  
The gloomy Turk ascends the blood-stain'd car,  
And Russian banners shade the plains of war;  
Brazilia's wilds and Afric's burning sands  
With bickering strife inflame the furious bands;  
On blest Atlantic isles, and Europe's shores,  
Proud wealth and commerce heap their growing stores,  
While his own western world, in prospect fair,  
Calms her brave sons, now breathing from the war,  
Unfolds her harbours, spreads the genial soil,  
And welcomes freemen to the cheerful toil.  
When thus the Power. In this extended view,  
Behold the paths thy changing race pursue.  
See, thro' the whole, the same progressive plan,  
That draws, for mutual succour, man to man,  
From friends to tribes, from tribes to realms ascend,  
Their powers, their interests and their passions blend;  
Adorn their manners, social virtues spread,  
Enlarge their compacts and extend their trade;  
While chiefs like thee, with persevering soul,  
Bid venturous barks to new discoveries roll;

High in the north, and tow'rd the southern skies,  
 New isles and nations greet the roving eyes;  
 Till each remotest realm, by friendship join'd,  
 Links in the chain that binds all human kind,  
 The union'd banners rise at last unfurl'd,  
 And wave triumphant round the accordant world.  
 As small swift streams their furious course impel,  
 Till meeting waves their winding currents swell;  
 Then widening sweep thro' each descending plain,  
 And move majestic to the boundless main:  
 'Tis thus society's small sources rise;  
 Through passions wild their devious progress lies;  
 Interest and faith and pride and power withstand,  
 And mutual ills the growing views expand;  
 Till tribes and states and empires find their place,  
 And one wide interest sways the peaceful race.  
 And see, in haste, the ascending scenes advance,  
 The ports unfold, the glimmering navies dance;  
 For commerce arm'd the different Powers combine,  
 And Heaven approving aids the blest design.  
 Tho' jarring realms, awhile the combat wage,  
 And hold in lingering strife, the unsettled age;  
 Yet no rude war, that sweeps the crimson plain,  
 Shall dare disturb the labours of the main.  
 For Heaven impartial spread the watery way,  
 Liberal as air and unconfined as day;  
 That every distant land the wealth might share,  
 Exchange their fruits and fill their treasures there;  
 Their speech assimilate, their empires blend,  
 And mutual interest fix the mutual friend.  
 The hero look'd: beneath his wondering eyes,  
 Bright streamers lengthen round the seas and skies;  
 The countless nations open all their stores,  
 Load every wave and crowd the masted shores;  
 The sails, in mingling mazes, sweep the air,  
 And commerce triumphs o'er the rage of war.  
 From Baltic streams, that swell in lonely pride,  
 From Rhine's long course, and Texel's labouring tide,  
 From Gallia's coast, from Albion's hoary height,  
 And fair Hibernia, clothed in purer light,  
 Hispania's strand, that two broad oceans lave,  
 From Senegal's and Tagus' winding wave,  
 The gathering masts, in peaceful squadrons, rise,  
 And wave their cloudly curtains to the skies.  
 Thro' the deep strait that leads the midland tide,  
 The sails look forth and swell their beauteous pride;  
 Where Asia's isles and utmost shores extend,  
 Like rising suns, the sheeted masts ascend,  
 And join with peaceful toil the friendly train,  
 No more to combat on the liquid plain.  
 In distant glory, where the watery way  
 Spreads the blue borders of descending day,

The flowing flags unfold, in lengthening sweep,  
 Pride of the world and daughters of the deep.  
 From Arctic heavens, and deep in southern skies,  
 Where frost recedes as blooms of culture rise—  
 Where eastern Amur's lengthening current glides,  
 Where California breaks the billowy tides,  
 Peruvian streams their golden margins boast,  
 And spreading Chili leads the channel'd coast,  
 The pinions swell; till all the cloud-like train,  
 From pole to pole, o'er shades the whitening main.  
 So some imperial Seraph, placed on high,  
 From heaven's sublimest tower o'erlook'd the sky;  
 When space unfolding heard the voice of God,  
 And suns and stars and systems roll'd abroad,  
 Caught their first splendors from the all-beaming Eye  
 Began their years, and vaulted round the sky;  
 Their mingling spheres in bright confusion play,  
 Exchange their beams and fill the new-born day.  
 He saw, as widely spreads the unchannel'd plain,  
 Where inland realms for ages bloom'd in vain,  
 Canals, long-winding, ope a watery flight,  
 And distant streams and seas and lakes unite,  
 Where Darien hills o'erlook the gulphy tide,  
 By human art, the ridgy banks divide;  
 Ascending sails the opening pass pursue,  
 And waft the sparkling treasures of Peru.  
 Jeneiro's stream from Plata winds his way,  
 And bold Madera opes from Paraguay.  
 From fair Albania, tow'rd the falling sun,  
 Back thro' the midland, lengthening channels run,  
 Meet the far lakes, their beauteous towns that lave,  
 And Hudson join to broad Ohio's wave.  
 From dim Superior, whose unfathom'd sea  
 Drinks the mild splendors of the setting day,  
 New paths, unfolding, lead their watery pride,  
 And towns and empires rise along their side;  
 To Mississippi's source the passes bend,  
 And to the broad Pacific main extend.  
 From the red banks of blest Arabia's tide,  
 Thro' the dread Isthmus, waves unwonted glide;  
 From Europe's crowded coasts while bounding sails  
 Look through the pass and call the Asian gales.  
 Volga and Oby distant oceans join,  
 And the long Danube meets the rolling Rhine;  
 While other streams that cleave the midland plain,  
 Spread their new courses to the distant main.  
 He saw the aspiring genius of the age  
 Soar in the bard and strengthen in the sage;  
 With daring thought thro' time's long flight extend,  
 Rove the wide earth and with the heaven ascend;  
 Bid each fond wish, that leads the soul abroad,  
 Breathe to all men, to nature and to God.

He saw, where pale diseases, wont to brave  
 The pride of art, and crowd the untimely grave,  
 With long-wrought life the nations learn to glow,  
 And blooming health adorn the locks of snow,  
 A countless train the healing science aid,  
 Its power establish and its blessings spread;  
 In every shape, that varying matter gives,  
 That rests or ripens, vegetates or lives,  
 By chymic power the springs of health they trace,  
 And add new beauties to the joyous race.  
 While thus the realms their mutual glories lend,  
 Unnumber'd sires the cares of state attend;  
 Blest with each human art, and skill'd to find,  
 Each wild device that prompts the wayward mind;  
 What soft restraints the untemper'd breast requires,  
 To cast new joys and cherish new desires,  
 Expand the selfish to the social flame,  
 And fire the soul to deeds of nobler fame.  
 They see, in all the boasted paths of praise,  
 What partial views heroic ardor raise;  
 What mighty states on others' ruins stood,  
 And built, secure, their haughty seats in blood;  
 How public virtue's ever-borrow'd name  
 With proud applause hath graced the deeds of shame,  
 Bade Rome's imperial standard wave sublime,  
 And patriot slaughter spread to every clime;  
 From chief to chief, the kindling spirit ran,  
 The heirs of fame and enemies of man.  
 Where Grecian states in even balance hung,  
 And warm'd with jealous fires the sage's tongue,  
 The exclusive ardor cherish'd in the breast  
 Love to one land, and hatred to the rest.  
 And where the flames of civil discord rage,  
 And kindred arms destructive combat wage,  
 The unchanging virtue rises, still the same,  
 To build a Cromwell's as a Charles's name,  
 No more the noble patriotic mind,  
 To narrow views and local laws confined,  
 'Gainst neighbouring lands directs the public rage,  
 Plods for a realm or counsels for an age;  
 But lifts a larger thought, and reaches far,  
 Beyond the power, beyond the wish of war;  
 For realms and ages forms the general aim,  
 Makes patriot views and moral views the same,  
 Sees with prophetic eye in peace combined,  
 The strength and happiness of human-kind.  
 Now had the hero, with delighted eye,  
 Roved o'er the climes, that lengthen'd round the sky;  
 When the blest Guide his heavenly power display'd,  
 The earth all trembles and the visions fade:  
 Thro' other scenes descending ages roll,  
 And still new wonders open on his soul.

Again his view the range of nature bounds,  
 Confines the concave and the world surrounds;  
 When the wide nations all arise more near,  
 And a mixt tumult murmurs in his ear.  
 At first, like heavy thunders, borne, afar,  
 Or the dire conflict of a moving war,  
 Or waves resounding on the craggy shore,  
 Hoarse roll'd the loud-toned undulating roar.  
 At length the sounds, like human voices, rise,  
 And different nations' undistinguish'd cries  
 Flow from all climes around in wild career,  
 And grate harsh discord in the aching ear.  
 Now more distinct the wide concussion, grown,  
 Rolls forth, at times, an accent like his own;  
 While thousand tongues from different regions pour,  
 And drown all words in one convulsing roar.  
 By turns the sounds assimilating rise,  
 And smoother voices gain upon the skies;  
 Mingling and softening still, in every gale,  
 O'er the harsh tones harmonious strains prevail.  
 At last a simple, universal sound  
 Fills every clime and soothes the world around;  
 From echoing shores the swelling strain replies,  
 And moves melodious o'er the warbling skies.  
 Such wild commotions as he heard and view'd,  
 In fixt astonishment the hero stood,  
 And thus besought the Guide: Celestial friend,  
 What good to man can these dread scenes intend?  
 What dire distress attends that boding sound,  
 That breathes hoarse thunder o'er the trembling ground?  
 War sure has ceased; or have my erring eyes  
 Misread the glorious visions of the skies?  
 Tell then, my Seer, if future earthquakes sleep,  
 Closed in the conscious caverns of the deep,  
 Waiting the day of vengeance, when to roll,  
 And rock the rending pillars of the pole?  
 Or tell if ought, more dreadful to my race,  
 In these dark signs, thy heavenly wisdom trace?  
 And why the wild confusion melts again,  
 In the smooth glidings of a tuneful strain?  
 The voice of Heaven replied; Thy fears give o'er;  
 The rage of war shall sweep the plains no more;  
 No dire distress these strange events foredoom,  
 But give the marks of nobler joys to come;  
 The tongues of nations, here, harmonious blend,  
 Till one pure language thro' the earth extend.  
 Thou knowest, when impious Babel dared arise,  
 With sacred rites to grace the starry skies,  
 Tumultuous discord seized the trembling bands,  
 Opposed their labours and unnerved their hands,  
 Dispersed the bickering tribes, and drove them far,  
 To roam the waste and fire their souls for war;

Bade kings arise, and from their seats be hurl'd,  
And pride and conquest range the extended world.  
In this the marks of heavenly wisdom shine,  
And speak the counsel, as the hand, divine.  
In that far age, when o'er the world's broad waste,  
Surrounding shades their gloomy horrors cast,  
If men, while pride and power the breast inflamed,  
By speech allied, one natal region claim'd,  
No timorous tribe a different clime would gain,  
Or lift the sail, or dare the billowy main.  
Fixt in a central spot their lust of power  
Would rage insatiate, and the race devour;  
A howling waste the unpeopled world remain;  
And oceans roll, and climes extend in vain.  
Far other counsels, in the Eternal Mind,  
Lead on the unconscious steps of human kind;  
O'errule the ills their daring crimes produce,  
By ways unseen, to serve the happiest use.  
For this, the early tribes were taught to range,  
For this, their language and their laws to change;  
Tempt the wide wave and warm the genial soil,  
To crown with fruits the hardy hand of toil,  
Divide their forces, wheel the conquering car,  
Deal mutual death, and civilize by war.  
And now the effects, thro' every land, extend,  
These dread events have found their fated end;  
Unnumber'd tribes have dared the savage wood,  
And streams unnumber'd swell'd with human blood,  
Increasing nations with the years of time,  
Spread their wide walks to each delighted clime,  
To mutual wants their barter'd tributes paid,  
Their counsels soften'd and their wars allay'd;  
While powerful commerce bids the flag unroll,  
And wave the union of the accordant whole.  
At this blest period, when thy peaceful race  
Shall speak one language and one cause embrace,  
Science and arts a speedier course shall find,  
And open earlier on the infant mind,  
No foreign terms shall croud with barbarous rules,  
The dull, unmeaning pageantry of schools;  
Nor dark authorities, nor names unknown  
Fill the learn'd head with ign'rance not its own;  
But truth's fair eye, with beams unclouded, shine,  
And simplest rules her moral lights confine;  
One living language, one unborrow'd dress  
Her boldest flights with happiest force express;  
Triumphant virtue, in the garb of truth,  
Win a pure passage to the heart of youth,  
Pervade all climes, where suns or oceans roll,  
And bid the gospel cheer the illumined whole.  
As the glad day-star, on his golden throne,  
Fair type of truth and promise of the sun,

Smiles up the orient, in his rosy ray,  
 Illumes the front of heaven, and leads the day;  
 Thus soaring Science daughter of the skies,  
 First o'er the nations bids her beauties rise,  
 Prepares the glorious way, to pour abroad  
 The beams of Heaven's own morn, the splendors of a God.  
 Then blest Religion leads the raptured mind,  
 Thro' brighter fields and pleasures more refined;  
 Teaches the roving eye, at one broad view,  
 To glance o'er time and look Existence thro',  
 See worlds, and worlds, to Being's formless end,  
 With all their hosts, on one dread Power depend,  
 Seraphs and suns and systems round him rise,  
 Live in his life and kindle from his eyes,  
 His boundless love, his all-pervading soul  
 Illume, sublime and harmonize the whole;  
 Teaches the pride of man to fix its bound,  
 In one small point of this amazing round;  
 To shrink and rest, where Heaven has fix'd its fate,  
 A line its space, a moment for its date;  
 Instructs the heart a nobler joy to taste,  
 And share its feelings with another's breast,  
 Extend its warmest wish for all mankind,  
 And catch the image of the Maker's mind;  
 While mutual love commands all strife to cease,  
 And earth join joyous in the songs of peace.  
 Thus heard the chief, impatient to behold  
 The expected years, in all their charms, unfold:  
 The soul stood speaking thro' his gazing eyes,  
 And thus his voice; Oh, bid the visions rise!  
 Command, celestial guide, from each far pole,  
 The blissful morn to open on my soul;  
 And lift those scenes, that ages fold in night,  
 Living, and glorious, to my longing sight;  
 Let heaven, unfolding, ope the eternal throne,  
 And all the concave flame in one clear sun;  
 On clouds of fire, with Angels at his side,  
 The Prince of peace, the King of Salem ride,  
 With smiles of love to greet the raptured earth,  
 Call slumbering ages to a second birth;  
 With all his white-robed millions fill the train,  
 And here commence the interminable reign.  
 Such views, the Power replies, would drown thy sight,  
 And seal thy visions in eternal night;  
 Nor Heaven permits, nor Angels can display  
 The unborn glories of that blissful day.  
 Enough for thee, that thy delighted mind,  
 Should trace the deeds and blessings of thy kind;  
 That time's descending vale should ope so far,  
 Beyond the reach of wretchedness and war;  
 Till all the paths in Heaven's extended plan,  
 Fair in thy view should lead the steps of man;

To form, at last, in earth's benighted ball,  
 Union of parts and happiness of all.  
 To thy glad view these rolling scenes have shown,  
 What boundless blessings thy vast labours crown;  
 That, with the joys of unborn ages blest,  
 Thy soul, exulting, may retire to rest,  
 And find, in regions of unclouded day,  
 What heaven's bright walks and endless years display.  
 Behold, once more, around the earth and sky,  
 The last glad visions wait thy raptured eye.  
 The great Observer look'd; the land and sea,  
 In solemn grandeur, stretch'd beneath him, lay;  
 Here swell the mountains, there the oceans roll,  
 And beams of beauty kindle round the pole.  
 O'er all the range, where coasts and climes extend,  
 In glorious pomp the works of peace ascend.  
 Robed in the bloom of spring's eternal year,  
 And ripe with fruits, the same glad fields appear,  
 On each long strand unnumber'd cities run,  
 Bend their bright walls and sparkle to the sun;  
 The streams, all freighted from the bounteous plain,  
 Swell with the load and labour to the main;  
 Where widening waves command a bolder gale,  
 And prop the pinions of a broader sail:  
 Sway'd with the floating weight, the ocean toils,  
 And joyous nature's last perfection smiles.  
 Now, fair beneath his view, the important age  
 Leads the bold actors on a broader stage;  
 When, clothed majestic in the robes of state,  
 Moved by one voice, in general council meet  
 The fathers of all empires: 'twas the place,  
 Near the first footsteps of the human race;  
 Where wretched men, first wandering from their God,  
 Began their feuds and led their tribes abroad.  
 In this mid region, this delightful clime,  
 Rear'd by whole realms, to brave the wrecks of time,  
 A spacious structure rose, sublimely great,  
 The last resort, the unchanging scene of state.  
 On rocks of adamant the walls ascend,  
 Tall columns heave, and Parian arches bend;  
 High o'er the golden roofs, the rising spires,  
 Far in the concave meet the solar fires;  
 Four blazing fronts, with gates unfolding high,  
 Look, with immortal splendor, round the sky:  
 Hither the delegated sires ascend,  
 And all the cares of every clime attend.  
 As the fair first-born messengers of heaven,  
 To whom the care of stars and suns is given,  
 When the last circuit of their winding spheres  
 Hath finish'd time and mark'd their sum of years,  
 From all the bounds of space (their labours done)  
 Shall wing their triumphs to the eternal throne;

Each, from his far dim sky, illumines the road,  
And sails and centres tow'rd the mount of God;  
There, in mid heaven, their honour'd seats to spread,  
And ope the untarnish'd volumes of the dead:  
So, from all climes of earth, where nations rise,  
Or lands or oceans bound the incumbent skies,  
Wing'd with unwonted speed, the gathering throng  
In ships and chariots, shape their course along;  
Till, wide o'er earth and sea, they win their way,  
Where the bold structure flames against the day;  
There, hail the splendid seat by Heaven assign'd,  
To hear and give the counsels of mankind.  
Now the dread concourse, in the ample dome,  
Pour thro' the arches and their seats assume;  
Far as the extended eye can range around,  
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,  
Long rows of reverend sires, sublime, extend,  
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.  
High in the front, for manlier virtues known,  
A sire elect, in peerless grandeur, shone;  
And rising oped the universal cause,  
To give each realm its limit and its laws;  
Bid the last breath of dire contention cease,  
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace,  
Bid one great empire, with extensive sway,  
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,  
One centred system, one all-ruling soul,  
Live thro' the parts, and regulate the whole.  
Here, said the Angel with a blissful smile,  
Behold the fruits of thy unwearied toil.  
To yon far regions of descending day,  
Thy swelling pinions led the untrodden way,  
And taught mankind adventurous deeds to dare,  
To trace new seas and peaceful empires rear;  
Hence, round the globe, their rival sails, unfurl'd,  
Have waved, at last, in union o'er the world.  
Let thy delighted soul no more complain,  
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,  
Of courts insidious, envy's poison'd stings,  
The loss of empire and the frown of kings;  
While these bright scenes thy glowing thoughts compose,  
To spurn the vengeance of insulting foes;  
And all the joys, descending ages gain,  
Repay thy labours and remove thy pain.  
The END.

Joel Barlow