

MAGELLAN.

There is no change upon the deep :
Each day they see the prospect wide
Of yesterday ; the same waves leap :
The same pale clouds the distance hide,
Or shaped to mountain-peaks their hopes of land deride.

On, and still on the soft winds bear
The rocking vessel, and the main
That is so pitiless and so fair,
Seems like a billowy, boundless plain
Where one might sail, and sail, and ever sail in vain.

Famine is there with haggard cheek,
And Fever stares from hollow eyes ;
And sullen murmurs rise, that speak
Curses on him whose mad emprise
Has lured men from their homes to die 'neath alien skies.