e gilded me? Blue blood

your own royal arms of

e blood and black blood

he convict of Castile, m Hispaniola; for you

e, that ever swarm about

ghest heads, and murmur

istance-these outbuzz'd

udent king, our righteous

ing so calumniated nmission one of weight

n my slander'd self and

n enemy at their court, t his tool, Bovadilla, one impolitic as a beast—

ence, brainless greed-

eized upon my papers,

the rebels of the crown, arms for all but nothing,

ve for all to work the

good brothers home in

uthless gold-a single

r thousand Castillanos

gh'd him down into the

he latitude on him fell, scovering over-roll

Him and his gold; the frailer caravel, With what was mine, came happily to the

There was a glimmering of God's hand.

And God

my lord,

I swear to you I heard his voice between The thunders in the black Veragua nights,

O soul of little faith, slow to believe! Have I not been about thee from thy

birth? Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-

sea? Set thee in light till time shall be no

more? Is it I who have deceived thee or the

world? Endure! thou hast done so well for men, that men

Cry out against thee: was it otherwise With mine own Son?'

And more than once in days Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope

Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice.

Be not east down. I lead thee by the hand,

Fear not.' And I shall hear his voice again-

I know that he has led me all my life, I am not yet too old to work his will-His voice again.

Still for all that, my lord, I lying here bedridden and alone, Cast off, put by, scouted by court and

king-The first discoverer starves—his followers, all

Flower into fortune-our world's wayand I,

Without a roof that I can call mine own, With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal, And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum

Hath more than glimmer'd on me. O I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust, Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles-Their kindly native princes slain or slaved,

Their wives and children Spanish concubines.

Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,

Some dead of nunger, some beneath the scourge,

Some over-labour'd, some by their own hands, -

Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill

Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain-

Ah God, the harmless people whom we found

In Hispaniola's island-Paradise!

Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,

And we have sent them very fiends from Hell:

And I myself, myself not blameless, I Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.

Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen

Smiles on me, saying, 'Be thou comforted!

This creedless people will be brought to Christ

And own the holy governance of Rome.'

But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross