

Say first, what Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless breast  
 With scorn of danger, and inglorious rest,  
 To quit imperial London's gorgeous plains,  
 Where, rob'd in thousand tints, bright Pleasure reigns ;  
 In cups of summer-ice her nectar pours,  
 And twines, 'mid wint'ry snows, her roseate bow'rs ?  
 Where Beauty moves with undulating grace,  
 Calls the sweet blush to wanton o'er her face,  
 On each fond Youth her soft artillery tries,  
 Aims her light smile, and rolls her frolic eyes ?

What Pow'r inspir'd his dauntless breast to brave  
 The scorch'd Equator, and th' Antarctic wave ?  
 Climes, where fierce suns in cloudless ardors shine,  
 And pour the dazzling deluge round the Line ;  
 The realms of frost, where icy mountains rise,  
 'Mid the pale summer of the polar skies ?—  
 IT WAS HUMANITY !—on coasts unknown,  
 The shiv'ring natives of the frozen zone,  
 And the swart Indian, as he faintly strays  
 “ Where Cancer reddens in the solar blaze,”