

Inland we held our course; by palisades  
Of naked rock where giants might have built  
Their fortress; and by rolling hills adorned  
With forests rich in timber for great ships;  
Through narrows where the mountains shut us in  
With frowning cliffs that seemed to bar the  
stream;

And then through open reaches where the banks  
Sloped to the water gently, with their fields  
Of corn and lentils smiling in the sun.  
Ten days we voyaged through that placid land,  
Until we came to shoals, and sent a boat  
Upstream to find, — what I already knew, —  
We travelled on a river, not a strait.

But what a river! God has never poured  
A stream more royal through a land more rich.  
Even now I see it flowing in my dream,  
While coming ages people it with men  
Of manhood equal to the river's pride.  
I see the wigwams of the redmen changed  
To ample houses, and the tiny plots  
Of maize and green tobacco broadened out  
To prosperous farms, that spread o'er hill and  
dale  
The many-coloured mantle of their crops;