

To where the gorgeous Antilles swathed in light,
 With tropic glories charm the enraptured sight.
 These were thy gifts, mysterious power ; by thee
 The great world-finder cross'd the boundless sea,
 And laid the seat of empires, whose extent
 Embrace the zones on one vast continent.
 Could he beheld, when over Biscay's bay,
 His feeble Argoes held their outward way,
 The bright results of his great mind's emprise,
 Had surely seemed a marvel in his eyes.
 Yet, 'twas the labors of one mighty mind
 That gave these priceless treasures to mankind :
 Commerce and wealth, attendant in her train,
 Followed his track, and spread with ships the main ;
 Science, to aid the onward march of man,
 Lent her bright powers, and hastened to the van ;
 She bade the ocean with new commerce teem,
 And span'd a chaos with a bridge of steam ;
 An earthquake's power she gave to human hands,
 Harness'd submissive with his iron bands ;
 The ponderous engine, masterwork of skill,
 Moves at his bidding and obeys his will.
 Now, on the iron road, with winged speed,
 Behold it rushing like a goodly steed ;
 Now, on the ocean, battling with the gale,
 See the proud vessel through its strength prevail ;
 Now toiling at the forge, the loom, the mine,
 Moved as if by intelligence divine :
 The patient ox may go unyoked, for now
 The farmer drags with it the ponderous plough.
 Oh ! that our arts, productive but of good,
 Could make our race a world-wide brotherhood ;
 That all man hath achieved may only be,
 An infant's steps in his great destiny ?
 Lo ! science mourns her sons in many lands ;