

Of meaning mute ;—whilst the chief stood
 In that same pensiveness of mood
 And scann'd the Prophet with a gaze,
 Which often more than word, conveys.
 Turning at length, unto the west,
 With left arm fold'd to his breast,
 He rais'd, and pointed with the right
 To where day's last expiring light
 Had wan'd to sleep ;—but silent still,—
 What meant that import of his will ?
 The sculptor, who, in marble vied
 To emulate the form, and face
 Of humankind, or deified
 Symbol of majesty and grace*,
 In that expressive form might now
 Have found a model to essay,
 (For manhood's strength, and manly brow
 Where Pride, and Freedom lent a ray
 Of dignity,)—the gentler art
 With which true Genius consecrates,
 The bright inventions of the heart
 When it aspires and elevates
 The mind to the ennobled aim
 Of the competitors, to Fame,
 Thus to embody form and face
 With all but life's immortal grace.
 There, stood the savage of the woods
 For even there, did Nature shower
 In these, her wilder solitudes
 Some traits of her diviner power
 In giving man, the instinct bright
 Which prompts to Freedom's glorious light ;
 And thus gave animation's ray
 A feeling which throughout the whole
 Made blood, and nerve, and reason play,
 To vivify th'untutored soul !

All eyes seem'd aw'd,—but most the gaze
 Of him, who held the loftier mind
 Of all who stood, in wrapt amaze
 To watch the feelings there combin'd :—
 “ By the great spirit of the woods,”—
 At length, the Chieftain he address'd
 “ By stormy sky, and rising floods,
 “ Which drive the wild swan from her nest,
 “ Yet doth, the Eagle not appal
 “ Which soars as high, when thunders, call
 “ To rouse the spirits of the air
 “ By howling blast, and meteor glare ;—
 “ Speak, if to day, such lot were thine
 “ Of spirits' call, or evil sign ?”
 Tecumthé turn'd his dark jet eye
 Upon his brother, in reply,