

XII.

Aurora's robe, that shone with dancing flame,
 With fiery tongues that radiated round,
 Might make her southern sister blush for shame,
 With gems of brightness her broad forehead crowned,
 More than or East or Western earth could claim,
 In all their deepest treasures to be found :—
 A million diamonds for a sceptre blent
 With pearls that Ocean caverns never lent.

XIII.

All heaven was sheeted in one glistening vest
 Of varying colours which outvied the blue
 Which southern skies so boast ; while Ocean's breast
 Caught the best tints of every changeeful hue ;—
 The roses blush the violets dye expressed
 Which painter's brush would vainly strive to shew ;
 Nor slaves of science e'er might hope to paint
 A lovelier halo for a martyred saint.

XIV.

'Twere worth a life of sickness, care and pain,
 With hope to smile no more to see this sight ;
 To float upon the broad breast of the main,
 And strive to read that pictured book aright ;
 To drink in draughts one ne'er may taste again,
 And breathe one's heart beneath that vault of light,
 Thus might you gaze and gaze your life away,
 Nor gauge the splendour of a single ray.

XV.

What led these heroes thus to roam, and sever
 The ties of household kindred, kin and sail
 O'er heaving seas, and traverse lands, where never
 Had mortal keel or footstep dared prevail ;
 What made these valiant spirits thus endeavour
 To stem the frost, the ocean, and the gale
 What hope of gain or glory did they cherish
 Which led them thus to follow it or perish ?