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VIII.

Franklin ! though dead in flesh thou still shalt keep
A monument of glory to thy name,
Which shall survive, though men may fall asleep
Who follow thee to mount the steps of fame,
Yet shall it live while still the sea winds sweep,
While still the mountains rear their towers the same,
While men shall honour courage, might and grace,
Franklin and glory ne'er shall want a place.

IX.

For though he left unfound that mystic bourn,
His was to pave the pathway to success ;
By easier road all other steps to turn :—
This did he, e'er he sank to nothingness ;
And future heroes deigned from him to learn
The unfolding of the maze by which they press
Still onward, for the prize which he has sought ;
So heavy with destruction's weapons fraught.

X.

Those lips might have attested how divine
The charms which have been granted there to reign,
The splendours destined there alone to shine,
And beautify both land and heaven and main ;
Since there alone no leafy plants entwine
Their labyrinths of foliage and in vain
The Zephyr strives to soothe the chilly powers,
And bathe the face of nature with his showers.

XI.

How must those wonderers hearts have beat, to view
The strange calm grandeur of the northern light
Blended of every most resplendent hue
Which may be seen by our weak mortal sight,
Nor strike with blindness ; ever fresh and new
Some glory, beams celestially bright ;
The rubies rays and autumn's storied gold,
Earth's fairest tints to one fair point enrolled.