

Alas! the club and brand but serve to shew  
 How wide extends the reign of wrong and woe.  
 Yes! all that man has framed his image bears;  
 And much of hate, and much of pride, appears.

“Pleasant it is each diverse step to scan,  
 By which the savage first assumes the man;  
 To mark what feelings sway his softening breast,  
 Or what strong passion triumphs o’er the rest.  
 Narrow of heart, or free, or brave, or base,  
 Ev’n in the infant we the man may trace;  
 And from the rude ungainly sires may know  
 Each striking trait the polished sons shall show.  
 Dependent on what moods assume the reign,  
 Science shall smile, or spread her stores in vain:  
 As coward fears or generous passions sway,  
 Shall freedom reign, or heartless slaves obey.

“Not unto chance must aught of power be given,—  
 A country’s genius is the gift of Heaven.  
 What warms the poet’s lays with generous fire,  
 To which no toil can reach, no art aspire?  
 Who taught the sage, with deepest wisdom fraught,  
 While scarce one pupil grasps the ponderous thought?  
 Nay, wherefore ask?—as Heaven the mind bestows,  
 A Napier calculates and a Thomson glows.  
 Now turn to where, beneath the city wall,  
 The sun’s fierce rays in unbroke splendor fall;  
 Vacant and weak there sits the idiot boy,  
 Of pain scarce conscious, scarce alive to joy;  
 A thousand busy sounds around him roar;  
 Trade wields the tool, and Commerce plies the oar;  
 But, all unheeding of the restless scene,  
 Of toil he nothing knows, and nought of gain:  
 The thoughts of common minds were strange to him,  
 Ev’n as to such a Napier’s thoughts would seem.  
 Thus, as in men, in peopled states, we find  
 Unequal powers, and varied tones of mind;  
 Timid or dauntless, high of thought or low,  
 O’erwhelm’d with phlegm, or fraught with fire the glow  
 And as the sculptor’s art is better shown  
 In Parian marble than in porous stone,  
 Wreaths fresh or sear’d repay refinement’s toil,  
 As genius owns or dulness stamps the soil.  
 Where isles of coral stud the southern main,  
 And painted kings and cinctur’d warriors reign.  
 Nations there are who native worth possess,—  
 Whom every art shall court, each science bless;  
 And tribes there are, heavy of heart and slow,  
 On whom no coming age a change shall know.”