

The clouds of fleecy white fantastic moved
 Through azure fields of ether, while the sun
 Shone as a burnished lamp in lustrous glow
 Upon the river's breast, that mirror'd bright
 The many-woven hues of flowers and trees
 Upon its banks; while down its eddying tide
 Floated the graceful swan with curving neck
 And plumage white; and on the wide-spread plain,
 Or mid the sylvan gloom, the multitudes
 Of busy life in forms as num'rous moved
 As are the stars above. The fiery steed,
 The lithe gazelle, the velvet-robed pard,
 The river-horse; and in the warming beams,
 Lay harmlessly the monarch of the woods,
 Emblem of latent majesty and might—

Or when the genial shower fell o'er the fields,
 He watched the various bow steal o'er the sky,
 Circling the storm's portentous lowering brow,
 With many-coloured diadem of light:
 He gazed and gazed again, till in his soul
 Were shadowed these perfections, and he strove
 To imitate their beauty.

So Phidias felt the spark of heavenly fire
 From off thine altar, Art, and, heaven-inspired,
 He bade the marble breathe! Apelles then
 Stole from young Iris all her wondrous tents,
 And made the canvas teem with God-like forms;
 Parrhasius, and Praxiteles, with them,
 And the great sculptor of the Parthenon,
 Zeuxis, who bodied forth the Olympian Jove;
 Timanthes, Iphigenia's death who drew,
 And bade the pencil speak when pens were dumb—
 These sires of sister arts then lived and worked
 On Doric plains—in chaste Ionian faces—
 And what the poet wrote, the painter drew,
 The sculptor chiselled—well co-working all.
 But when the martial shout of Rome was heard,
 Art, gentle nymph! fled at the clash of arms,
 And sought a refuge far in leafy wilds,
 While soared the eagles of proud Tiber's wave,
 From furthest Calpe to the Indian tide,
 From Boreal wilds to Ethiop's dusky realm.
 Then stern ambition banished gentler thought,
 And Art seemed dead. So rolled the noisy years,
 Till Rome herself, enfeebled premature
 By riot and unnerving luxury,
 Fell easy prey to the untutored sons
 Of the bleak north, who brought from their wild home
 In Gothic woods, a rough rude genius,
 Though rude, yet kindly. Then the heavenly maid
 Returned again, and in their rugged breasts
 Resumed her kingdom. Up the artist took
 Again his pencil, and the quarry felt
 The hammer's stroke upon the precious block.
 Struria's sons—the ancient Grecian race,
 Alloyed with sterner Gothic genius, 'gan
 The race of modern Art.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]