

ESSAY ON PROGRESS.

COULD we, conveyed to an ærial seat,
View this huge orb revolve beneath our feet,
And from our pendant throne, minutely scan
The acts, acquirements, and pursuits of man ;—
Backward in time, as at a glance survey,
The various arts of ages pass'd away ;—
Far in the future, with prophetic ken,
Discern the future deeds of future men—
Say, what emotions would the view inspire,
To sink our modern pride, or raise it higher,
To emulate the arts of ages gone,
Or to admire the wisdom of our own.
Or to impress us with the inspiring thought,
That all the old, or modern world has wrought,
Compared with what her future shall unfold,
Will but appear as dross, compared with gold.
First to the view, say Egypt's ancient land,
Shone, with her arts magnificently grand ;
As, in the splendour of her primal day,
When her proud Pharaohs held the regal sway ;
Whose might, attested still by many a pile,
Like Cheops, towering o'er the classic Nile ;
Or Karnak, glorious in its ruins vast,
An essay on the grandeur of the past.
While forced to own, the Architectural page,
Proclaims us pigmies of a meagre age,
'Twas superstitious power which raised on high,
Those massive towers, which time and storm defy;