

The pilot Phæton stooping flew before ;
 And fluttering Halcyon hail'd her from the shore.
 Dione 'spied her 'mid the joyous groupe, 200
 And flew to launch her elegant chaloupe,
 That matchless conch in which young Venus lay
 When first she sprang from the Ægean spray.
 Scarce the light form of TASTE the barque had press'd,
 When in the Chateau shone the much lov'd guest. 205

Here, as invisible to vulgar eyes
 From room to room with rapid glance she flies,
 Amaz'd she sees, while rapture thrills her breast,
 The genuine soul of SCIENCE stand confest,

The veteran warrior, o'er whose laurel'd brow 210
 The olive loves to shoot its foliage now,
 Had rais'd the veil that hangs o'er future years,
 Where SCIENCE fostering Public-Weal appears ;
 Then with his Consort lent a willing hand
 To honour TASTE and SCIENCE through the land. 215