

STANZAS ON PAINTING.

TO THE REVEREND WILLIAM PETERS, LL. B. *

WHEN first in Greece the Arts were young,
 And Muses wild rude numbers sung,
 That pow'r of Genius dawn'd on earth,
 Which o'er the tablet's polish'd face
 The lines of Art began to trace,
 'Twas Beauty gave it birth.

* A panegyric in prose from a *feeble* pen on the *wonderful powers* of Mr. Peters's *pencil* would be a vain attempt. Perhaps it may be equally vain to attempt doing justice to the exquisite amiability of that worthy gentleman's heart, and the very refined elegance of his manners. He was most sincerely beloved, and respected, by Mr. Monke Berkeley, who, in a letter introducing Mr. P. to his father, Dr. B. says, Pope has given his *true* character in few words: "The noblest work of God." Mr. P. painted a picture of his friend, which was by Mr. B. presented to his mother. It is, by some of the best judges of painting, supposed to be the finest portrait ever produced by any pencil, ancient or modern. It preserves that wonderful depth of thought, and that exquisite benevolence which so strongly animated the countenance of Mr. M. B. The letter to Mrs. B. which accompanied the picture, proves that Mr. Peters wields his pen almost as ably as he does his pencil.

When Persian charms Apelles drew,

The force of Beauty then he knew.

Now see the Youth unconscious gaze;

Now see the lifeless tablet bear

The graces of the living Fair,

And Love's bright passion blaze.

Obedient now to Painting's call,

The Passions come attendant all:

Now Joy supreme, now deep Despair,

Alternate fill the glowing scene;

Now Madness wild, now Grief serene,

Now Vengeance rages there.

How drear the scenes that Rosa chose!

His pictur'd fields no bloom disclose;

Nought but the dark and dreary pine,

Or rocks immense of height sublime,

Coæval they with hoary Time,

The marks of Pow'r Divine.

But who thy glowing scenes can view,
And crown thee, Claude, with honour due?
Or who the sacred source can trace,
Whence Raphael stole the spark divine
That through his forms is seen to shine?
Or Rubens caught his grace?

When Peters bids the canvas glow
With shapes but little known below,
O! say, when cherub'd forms divine
In all their native glory shine;
Say, where the bounds of magic Art?
Genius, though station'd here below,
No sublunary bounds will know,
Like Peters still 'twill seek its theme,
Beyond pale Cynthia's quivering beam,
And charm the feeling heart.