

NATURE AND ART, OR THE THREE LANDSCAPES.

“Art is called *Art*, because it is not Nature.” — GOETHE.

G A S P A R P O U S S I N.

WHY, dearest, why
 Dost thou so fondly linger, gazing long
 Upon that fleecy sky
 And gentle brook, rippling the rocks among ?
 Is it the bright warm air, the sunny green ;
 The cheerful golden light, pervading all ;
 The waving trees above, the dark ravine
 Below, where the cool waters softly fall ;
 Or that blue valley, sweeping far away,
 Into the opening day ?
 Tell me, my love, of this bright scene what part
 Entrances thus thy sense with magic art ?

It is not, love, a part — though every part
 Touches the soul —
 But to the brooding mind and wakeful heart
 Appeals the whole !
 Rocking the senses in a dream of youth,
 Calling up early memories buried long ;
 Its nature, life, and truth
 Ring through my heart like my own childhood's song.
 Thus once where'er I turned my eye
 Earth joyous smiled
 Upon her joyful child ;
 No heavy shadow darkened land or sky,
 No jarring discord broke with grating sound
 The Harmony profound.

D O M I N I C H I N O.

But what a dark, unnatural gloom,
 What stifled air, like vapors in a tomb,
 Rests on this saddened earth !
 How motionless the trees are drooping,
 As by a weight bent low,
 And heavy clouds are downward stooping,
 Presaging coming woe !
 The stagnant waters hardly go,
 Slothful and slow !
 No sight of mirth,
 No flitting bird, nor lamb with happy bound,
 Disturbs the icy chill which hangs around.

And yet the picture moves the inmost mind,
 Faithful to gloomier epochs of our life ;
 Moves it more deeply, painting with such power
 A dark and painful hour
 Of inward solitude, of mental strife.
 O God on high ! thy love, thy grace alone
 Can cheer that dismal day
 With heaven-descended ray.
 Its desperate doubts and torturing thoughts dispel,
 The Sceptic's bitter Hell !
 He who to tell such inward agony
 This frowning picture planned,
 Must have possessed a spirit deep and high
 Joined to a master's hand.

ALLSTON'S ITALIAN LANDSCAPE.

Look forth, my love, once more
 Upon a fairer scene,
 Than Grecia's heights, than Pausilippo's shore,
 Or Vallambrosa's shadows thick and green.
 See that half-hidden castle sleeping
 Mid leafy, bowery groves,
 A soft effulgence all around it creeping,
 Like that which glances from the wings of doves
 In light, uncertain motion.
 And on the blue horizon stretching far,
 Amid the wide spread ocean,
 Rises a mountain pure and pale as evening's earliest star.
 This ever-smiling sea
 Rough with no frowning storm ;
 This tranquil land which no rude shapes deform,
 From all harsh contrasts free ;
 This grace, this peace, this calm unchanging life
 Belong not to our world of sin and strife.

No ! not to outward earth
 Belongs such peace as this ;
 Yet to the heart of man, an inward birth
 Gives equal bliss.
 When childhood's happy day
 Of faith and hope is over,
 And those sharp pangs have passed away,
 When the cold ray
 Of knowledge undecives the heart round which fair visions hover,
 Then, then may come a calmer, better hour,
 A deeper Peace descend,
 Which lifts our spirit to the loftiest Power
 And makes our God our friend.

Then Nature sings again a hymn of joy,
 And, like a merry boy,
 Laughs out each hill, each valley, rock, and tree,
 Laughs out the mighty sea,
 Broad Earth and hollow Heaven partake the
 Spirit's ecstasy.

O, happy artist ! whose God-guided hand
 This second Eden planned,
 Happy to execute this scene thou art,
 Happier to find its image in thy heart.

F. C.