

reipub. puppi sedentes, clavum tenent; multis eos, muneris sui, cisque præcipuis, partibus, necessario, defuturos?—Thus it is, that with the exception, of a few of the Cæsars, more attention is drawn in history to the age of the Medici, whose territorial dominion was but small, than to the Emperors of Rome who were denominated the masters of the world.

We cannot instance any exception, where the glory of a nation or state, has not been at its highest point of prosperity, when its ruler, has been the scholar, and patron of the arts as well as of arms. In the annals of Britain, attention turns immediately to the reign of Alfred, (the great, the learned, the founder of her first university.) It is to him that she owes her jurisprudence, that ground-work of her glorious constitution, it is to him, that she owes, more, than to all the victories of her Edwards and her Henries, who purchased Fame, with the sacrifices of war, and not Glory with the offerings of Peace, who that delights not to dwell on the pages of Shakespeare and Spenser, whilst the martial fame of Essex is passed over without observance; or, who rarely advocate the names of Marlborough and Blenheim, whilst those of Dryden, Addison and Pope, rise continually with interest in their remembrance. The great and flourishing ages, however, of the arts and of Literature have been but four, that of Pericles, of Augustus, of the Medici, and of Louis the 14th. The latter though not perhaps equalling any of the former, deserves to be proudly upheld, and the memory of Corneille, of Racine, and of Moliere, must live in their works, when the fame of Turenne, of Conde, of Villars, &c. will long have been amassed with the herd of warriors, who have overrun, and ensanguined the Earth.

It were needless to enumerate further instances of the glory which attaches itself to the cultivation and prosperity of the arts and literature, or to the lasting interest which is drawn forth by the existing and still imperishable works of the painter, sculptor, philosopher, and bard: these memorials of genius to immortality out-living the frail powers of the mortal frame, when the head that conceived, and the hand that delineated, have long been consigned, to the gloomy habitations of darkness, and desolation.

LINES TO ——— R. & C.

O! there is a thought that will sting us to madness!
 A pang that once felt can be never forgot;
 A grief that surpasses all others, in sadness,
 Alas! I have felt it, ah! I would, I had not.
 O! yes, 'tis to find that our life's dream is past,
 No sunshine of bliss to illumine the shore!
 Dark, dark is the path; and with sorrow o'ercast;
 And hope, the sweet cherub, can flutter no more.