

After having dwelt so long, but we hope not unnecessarily, upon the rise and progress of arts and literature in the ancient world, it may not be improper to take a cursory view of their rise in modern Europe, after they had been so long eclipsed by Gothic barbarism. Christianity, after having demolished in Europe all the idols of Pagan antiquity, preserved *some* of the arts to assist the powers of persuasion, and to favour the preaching of the Gospel; but in doing so it is to be lamented that, instead of the gay divinities of Greece and Rome, it erected monuments of terror and gloominess, suited to the tragic events which signalized its birth and progress: and the Gothic ages have left us monuments, the boldness and majesty of which still strike amidst the ruins of taste and elegance. In these monuments, however, the arts became as hideous as the models they were formed upon, and barbarous as the Princes and Pontiffs that encouraged them. At length the period arrived for lessening those scaffoldings of religion and social policy. The fine arts returned with literature from Greece into Italy by the Mediterranean, which maintained the commerce between Asia and Europe. The Huns, under the name of Goths had driven them from Rome to Constantinople; and the very same people under the name of Turks, expelled them again from Constantinople to Rome. That celebrated city once more became the seat of the arts, which she cultivated until they took a deep and wide spreading root throughout Europe. The progenitors of the modern race of Europe and America, however, who came abroad to the possession of cultivated Provinces, retained the arts they practised at home: the new master hunted the boar, or pastured his herds, where he might have raised a plentiful harvest: he built a cottage in the wing of a palace: he buried in one common ruin, the edifices, sepultures, paintings, and libraries of the former inhabitants: he made a settlement upon a plan of his own, and opened anew the source of inventions, without perceiving at a distance to what length their progress might lead his posterity. The cottage of the peasant race, like that of the farmer, by degrees enlarged its dimensions; public buildings, as we have already said, acquired a magnificence in a new taste. Even this taste came, in a course of ages, to be exploded, and the people of Europe recurred to the models which their fathers destroyed, and wept over the ruins which they could not restore.

That country of old so fruitful in heroes, and since in artists, beheld *literature*, which is the inseparable companion of arts, flourish a second time. It had been overwhelmed by the barbarism of a latinity corrupted and disfigured by religious enthusiasm. The mythology of the Romans revived in literature and the graces of antiquity. Letters and arts, after crossing the sea, passed the Alps. In the same manner as the Crusades had brought the oriental romances into Italy. The wars of Charles the eighth, and Louis the twelfth introduced into France and the surrounding countries some principles of good literature. But the literary remains of antiquity have been studied and imitated, only after the original genius of modern nations had broke forth. "The rude efforts of poetry in Italy and Provence, says a ce-