

ty—whose merchant sons are literally princes—and whose tone and tint are the index for the world's commerce and wealth—where the din of business and pleasure, is as eternal as the murmurs of ocean—and where the Roman knight is glad to play the fool before his acknowledged masters.—For London, such as we now see her, to be compared to the rural wild which her site once was; and to the village which the Roman marked out and called “Londonia,” affords strong contrast indeed, May her future state never hold such a foil to her present pride, as the descendants of her founders do, to the ancient Roman. In the first century we also find that Agricola the Roman governor discovered Britain to be an island! The white cliff'd Albion, which is now emphatically, and above compare “the Island”—which as the heart of earth, is isolated and distinct as well by its importance, as its ocean, and sends life and vigour to every extremity of civilization—was discovered to be an island by the adventurous governor of the colony. It requires little stretch of the imagination to compare this boasted exploit of navigation, and geographical discovery, with what Britons have since accomplished or attempted on the great deep. The circumference of earth is now the high road for British navigators, and they have proved our planet to be an island in space, as Agricola proved England to be a gem of ocean, by sailing round it. Agricola sailed round Britain exploring its lonely inlets, its desolate capes, its impenetrable woody shores, and descrying the unknown mountains of the inland—and now, from every point of its foam-bound circumference, the white sailed leviathans depart to distant lands, as so many beams from an orb of immortal light and energy; her every valley is replete with human song; the watch fires of civilization gleam from every cape; her woods, are but groves for musing philosophers; and her mountains are the fairy land for her poets and literary magicians. The proud Roman sailed round the degraded isle in his gilded galley, impelled by labouring slaves, and guarded by the glittering spear and shield of a warrior group; but look now, where the gallant frigate sweeps on her own wings, firm and tractable as a thing of life, with Jove's thunder in her grasp, and bearing a crew which