

thy streets, and their voices echoed through thy halls.
That was thy golden age, when the illustrious family
of the Medici held sway over thee, for their
power - was an era long to be remembered in literature
and the arts, for which thou hast been, and art
still, celebrated. They passed away - thy proud, aspir-
ing rulers, and thy noblest sons. And thou wast left to
become in course of years what thou now art - but the
mere vestige of thy former greatness! Ah! Florence,
thou hast sadly changed - yet still thou art beautiful
though time's tireless foot hath not passed over thee
lightly; though church and palace hath crumbled
beneath its march, and the master-spirits once
thy pride, no longer throng thy dwellings. Yet a
thrilling interest still hovers around thee, as if the
soul of the departed would still linger near the
scenes of their earthly existence; thy children, and
the stranger who come to breathe the inspiration of
thy atmosphere, love to recite tales of those bygone
days. There is some romantic legend of the olden
time linked with every shady grove, grottoed