Our Literature.

It is not our object in this composition, to vindicate our political institutions, our manners, morals, and social organization from the illiberal, vindictive and bigoted assaults of the freed minions of despotism, for the space and time allowed me, will not admit of an extended review of the subject; but I would say a word in favor of that literature whose infancy was blighted, and whose progress has been stopt by the scoffs and sneers of those, whose pride and glory it should have been to foster and foster it. It has struggled hitherto against many adverse circumstances. The very discovery and settlement of this country marked a new era in the history of the human mind. Since then, what may be called the practical concerns of life, the pursuits of gain and the care for utility have, to a great extent, occupied the energies of all the civilized world; and few bright luminaries in literature have any who mark their appearance.

Very many causes have combined to inculcate our progeny as a literary people—these we will not recapitulate. We can, however, forbear pointing out a striking difference existing in the respective promotion of English and American literature. In England, there are many princely estates endowing the professors to obtain the costly means of prosecuting research in science, or to reward excellence in literature and the polite arts; hereditary fortunes furnishing their inheritors with time and means for the long and constant cultivation of letters. But, notwithstanding all these advantages, every American citizen has a right to be proud of his country and his country's literature. For, though our literature is yet in its infancy, yet it is equally true that there are those among our writers, the fame of whose works will add some to the