greatness of a Shakespeare or a Milton, a Goethe or a Dante.

As I looked today, we took our place among the nations of the earth
and it is not to be expected, that we should at once reach the
amount of intellectual greatness. All that is valuable is of slow growth,
the must come may spring up in a night — but the steady work is
the growth of centuries. If we cannot boast of a Aristotle, a Locke,
a Milton, a Scott or a Bacon; we have a Franklin, a Bryant, a
Cooper, and Irving and a Prescott, and among our female writers
a Sedgwick and a Sigourney, with many others fast rising in fame,
whose writings would adorn any period of English or German literature.

American Literature is in one respect superior to that of
many countries on the globe, and this distinction alone should entitle it
to the marked respect of all the Christian world. For the numbers of
our authors in every department, there never have been as few, whose
writings breathe an unhealthy morality. You will look in vain on
the catalogue of American writers for the surging Atheist, the
plain-clothes rebel, and the corrupt lobbyist, each of whom has con-
tributed so much to poison and contaminate the modern literature
of other countries.

It has been said by some European scholars that science
and literature have in this country no government’s patronage,
but for high attainments are not to be rejected. If we look into the
history of ancient literature, we behold many noble and elevated
achievements of intellectual greatness. But where are they found, that
in the palaces of the great, nor under the strain chime of Royal
patronage, or but mostly upon the rugged soil and islands of
ancient Greece. The muse of Homer sung odes the halls of Rome,
and with the artificial manners of modern refinement she
was also acquainted. She breathed the pure airs of her native
mountains and amidst their wild and beautiful scenery
caught her inspiration. The philosophy of Plato, gram
climate,