of the mountains which the hand of nature in wild magnificence, has scattered over our country! While standing at the foot of our foaming cataracts, and looking up to the ocean of waters, which pour their immense volumes into the abyss below,—the rock itself seems lost in the sublimity of its own conception, the glory and greatness of scenes fades away; the majesty of God fills the soul—his voice alone is heard in the high, long, thunderous foot of the cataract. And

And is there nothing in scenes like these to humble the noble spirit, to awaken the soul of the orator, and to enoble all his powers? Is there anything to give strength to genius? Can the philosophic gaze show these scenes and not feel an elevation of thought and intellect, which shall prompt him to new energy in exploring the utmost fields of science?

The spirit of inquiries into the fundamental principles of law, morals, and politics, being here lifted free, is pushed with surprising vigor into useful discovery and investigation; while in other nations the genius of their authors confined within a narrow circle, before its labor on dry and abstract science on fiction's sickly romance. And ever in the highest walks of literature we have taken a proud and honorable stand.

The historian is entitled perhaps to rank as the most noble and useful species of authors. And where is the historian of modern times whose light does not pale before the resplendent name of our own Prescott! Who among all this class of writers in Europe will compare with him in all the essential and important requisites of his character? Shrewd and terse in fact, simple and elegant and pure in style; keenly perceptive in narrating, steady and well sustained in sentiment, our matchless author has already taken his position by the side of the great masters of