is pleasing in fancy, pathetic, chaste, and sublime in sentiment
and good in morals; while in the latest postscript and when our
mother tongue shall speak only in the records of the past, his
books will be the story of the language in which they were written.

Another great biographical work is "Marshall's Life of
Washington," a book whose theme is the grandest in human
history, and whose style and sentiment would render illustrating
a much more easy and subject.

In the field of fiction we have had one writer who should
draw his head only to the "Great Wizard of the North" as Sir Walter
Scott was called. The Indian Books of Cooper—not to speak of
his splendid sea novels—whose scenes are laid in the awful soli-
tude of the forest, and on the side and desolate prairie, and
whose characters are the wild red men that roamed over them,
have as much exciting incident, accurate delineation of character,
and more grandeur of scenery, than the best productions of the
author of Bravely. These are some of our most prominent
authors, but there is a vast multitude of others of less note whose
learning productions are constantly enriching every branch of
literature. They are not voluminons; no high-standing name
grew their title-page; nor are they embossed into the world in ponder-
ous tomes whose portentous dimensions invite the awe of the vulgar and
the reverence of the critic. Yet in their intellectual体积 may
be found the richest treasure, the dust of perfect gold.

In one department, however, there seems to be a lamentable
deficiency; in the flowing field of poetry. The skill lies it is said
will not be covered by our sturdy agriculturists, and reserve their souls
for more countly gallants, in gory climes. It is true the shock of so
great a labor has yet bounded among us; still it is equally true that