the inexpressible genius of song is Liberty. And is not the American mind sufficiently poetical? So elaborate productions have made their appearance, though Bryant, Longfellow, Hawthorne and others have written well, yet thousands of the purest gems sparkle in the ephemeral literature of the day. Songs as well as the conti-
nued odes of Burns and Moore, odes, poems and refrains breathing in numbers as harmonious as Odes and as chaste as Words-
worth's; the very soul of poetry may be found in many of our literary journals. But perhaps among the many causes which have contributed to the growth of Poetry, may be assigned as the most prominent the all-absorbing influence and power of her sister Eloquence.

Here in our literature richly embellished, here in our American literature, the words "In songs that breathe and words that burn," a profusion of the most gorgeous and magnificent treasures, and the sublime effusions of our Chases, our Websters, our Baltimore, our Conrads and our Chasles, whose words are "charms of immor-
tal beauty," will stand unmoved amid the decay and permutation of Time, by the everlasting adamant of Cicero and Muson-
athanum.

Nor should we pass without notice the more humble branch of periodical literature—a branch in which we may challenge com-
petition with the world. Our Reviewers—the North Americans—long since take their place among the ablest in any country; one political organ would be depended on a companion with those of any other nation, and in our newspapers generally there are more liter-
aire essays, more polished criticisms, more pungent and pungent than can be found in any other similar pages. And the fact is, that as much information of every sort is thus cheeked and universally diffused, that many of the most cultivated minds and brightest geniuses of the country are engaged in enriching these columns, and account for the small number of costly works. But however bright