and honorable is our literature; it has not reached its highest point. It is now but in the bud, and the time is far distant when it will open in its richest bloom. This is not with us figuratively speaking "a piping time of peace": It is for us a stirring age. A mighty career of action is yet to be roved: great events are yet to happen and great achievements yet to be made. And from our auspicious beginning we have every reason to hope that a brilliant and glorious career is before us, that we shall yet touch a point in national growth and grandeur far in advance of any who have gone before us. If not, it will attract to us common fate. If our race is short it will be marked by a succession of great events, and our course of speedy will be like the thunders and convulsions of aspiring nature.

Then, when our minds have been tested and our faculties tempered by the facts of age, then, in that time of repose and meditation will the literature of our country shine in all its splendor, and reflect a deathless glory over our age and decaying republic. All that mighty intellect, all that diversified genius that is now boiling with a feverish excitement, with restless desire for achievement, will be calmed into a quiet contemplation of the past. And thus, as it beholds once more the mighty deeds of by-gone ages and the illustrious records of fallen powers and faded glory, or with beneath the shadow of a free republic, "whose brows are covered with light, and whose garlands have been burned to ashes", if turning shining light in the wide gleam of time, illustrated by every virtue that can refine, humanize and ennoble our race; then, will the fruits of views and glorious literature, unequalled in any age or any country, spring to its full perfection; then will burst forth a wild strain of song and harmony, compared to which the onrushing effusions of other nations, will be like the bubbling of these brooks by the thunder of Niagara.

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