

speaking of Hall or Foster, complains that when a man is the hero of a sect, a small amount of talent suffices to render him eminent. The remark applies to Channing, although not perhaps as much as to the persons in regard to whom it was first made. Channing in a style precise, transparent and elastic, says about as much as the subject will admit of in favour of the unitarian belief. He has an eulogium upon Milton, and a severe critique on Bonaparte, and many pieces of a general nature that aided by the graces of delivery, probably created a very good impression at the time. We regard Channing as an instance of a mind similar to that of Jeffrey, although on the whole inferior. In Cooper there is a broad expanse; he is verbose; his incidents are often trivial, his story fragmentary, but the separate parts are occasionally very beautiful. He was the first of a long list of authors that have conveyed us into the forest, and shewn us those modes of life that were characteristic of considerable nations of warlike savages. He is no cockney or petit maitre, but strides through the woodlands as one who understands and relishes what he sees. He has done for the forests of the new world what Walter Scott did for the heaths and hills of Scotland. He carries you where he professes to convey you. We do not say that he always leads you among personages that are interesting, nor yet that his dialogue is uniformly lively, nor that he is free from vulgarity or bombast; what we do allege is, that he is at home in the forest, and among its wild inmates, and that he has so depicted them as to render them known to the rest of the world. There is another department in which he is equally successful. He was bred a sailor, and his sketches of sea-life have the accuracy of a professional man, with the feeling of a poet. Smollett and Maryatt have given us the rough and ludicrous aspects of sea-life, Cooper has exhibited such, but in many instances he is sublime and tragic, and paints the terrible scenery of tempest and shipwreck. These are the two fields, the forest and the main, on which this imaginative artist is most original and pleasant. We have read two of his later pieces, in which the object is to draw the picture of life in New England, as it was a little before the revolution. The episcopal parson, the housekeeping matron, the domestic slaves, and other characters, are depicted with a strong and graceful pencil. In these compositions we have seen the female character drawn in as sweet a style as anything that we could name. High life, the retreats of old refinement, the conversation that might be supposed to pass between scholars and nobles; when Cooper attempts such topics, he displays weakness. He scarcely succeeded when he attempted Venice and its old ways. On the whole, there has been no name in American literature that covers as much space as that of this broad and genial writer. He stands among the authors of his country in a place similar to that which Scott holds among those of Britain.

Prescott has commanded the suffrages of a great many readers. The ob-