

doth not live by bread alone. If you do not like the cropped Dutch hedges and other stiff peculiarities of the common-place world, Emerson offers you a wilderness of winding paths and tangled brakes. When he leads you forth along one of his favourite roads, you feel at first as if you were under the guidance of a sage or prophet. His remarks, until you become familiar with his manner sound like revelations. After a while you recover from the feeling, and perhaps take up the idea that the language is more remarkable than the thought. Even when you have reached this state, you still retain the conviction that he is an uncommon person. Although many of his thoughts appear to have no counterpart in nature or mind, at considerable intervals there occurs one that is sagacious in the extreme. Page after page you feel that the analogies are faint or unreal, but occasionally one occurs that satisfies you that the analytic powers of the writer are of a high order. A theme very usual with him is the relation between man and the objects of silent nature. The pleasure with which he prosecutes this fantastic train of thinking often reminds you of the deep mysticism of the oriental philosophy, that loves to put a soul into every inanimate object. From Edwards to Emerson is about a century, and during so long America has been putting forth mental products; yet in spite of the clever men she has produced, so small is her confidence in her own discernment, that we hear Willis telling a young aspirant after literary renown, that no one could hope to establish a reputation in the States, unless he had first acquired fame in the old country. On the whole we suppose that it is a fair statement to make, that America having discovered uncommon expertness in those material processes that assist in promoting the animal well-being of the species, has not as yet taken a first place in those arts that refine and enlighten. In these departments she has made excellent endeavours, as much so perhaps as could be looked for considering the shortness of her history, the number of her population, its composition, and the enormous space over which it is spread. Her ability to do better things will be facilitated by men noting with fairness what she has already done, and by their abstaining from attributing to her what she has not yet performed.

Turning from more remote considerations to subjects that lie nearer home, we are not as yet able to connect the British Provinces with much that can properly be called literature. Yet these Provinces have given birth to an author whose racy sketchings, representing to the life the peculiarities of the quiet existence of the hamlets and rural places, has crossed the Atlantic and attained a British popularity. Local histories, respectable digests of law, sensible treatises on geology, sermons and collections of fugitive poetry, lectures in Institutes, and songs chaunting the glories of coming railroads—such tokens suffice to prove that the intelligence of the country has at least begun to bud; possibly they promise that the harvest will be abundant. A varied surface, noble rivers, coasts redolent of fish, a productive soil, an underground opulence