

characterised North America from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, was not that which was fitted to produce, to cherish, and to reward great superiority of intelligence. This period had no doubt its list of persons that were considered to be great in their day,—divines who were thought to be lamps of piety and wisdom, lawyers and physicians who were small wonders in the eyes of their cotemporaries. We make no doubt that many such were sufficiently illustrious, and that a grateful posterity has probably shewn its sense of their merits, by connecting their names with streets and squares in Salem, Boston, or New Bedford. We do not question that there are a hundred such that figure in Bancroft's History of New England. He who thinks of the corresponding period in British or French history, finds no difficulty in recalling quite a number of names, that are surrounded by vivid associations. On the contrary, the same person pretending to nothing more than a general acquaintance with American annals, finds himself puzzled to recal a single name. The early story of a country that is of such extent that the increasing population can move farther and farther back into the woodlands, is not literary. There are none of its inhabitants that have the time to sit down and converse with what Socrates would have termed the *demon* within them. Division of labour that in old communities renders so many of the callings compatible with leisure, hardly exists. The doctor cannot bestow much attention upon the philosophy of business, because he has a wide tract of country to roam over, he goes on foot over the greater part of the district as the roads will not allow of a horse, he carries home on his back the reward of his skill : perhaps it is a bag of feathers, a firkin of butter, a skin of leather, or a half hundred weight of tallow. If you visit him at his residence, you find him not conning over a treatise on diseases of the brain, but cobbling his shoes, husking corn, or ingeniously threading apples together, into those festoons that are of such value as stores for winter. The lawyer too is subjected to the same fitful existence. The practice of his profession is inadequate to his support, so that he is compelled to unite it with other avocations. He teaches school, carries on a farm, manages a shop, acts as auctioneer, or possibly does the little milling and grinding that is wanted in a scattered district. The pastors range of reading is not extensive. On Sunday he is valued, according as he can speak from morn to dewy eve to his flock collected from afar. They coming from miles around demand a meal that shall be huge in quantity, whatever the nicely critical might think in reference to its quality. On other days he visits through a district so poorly connected by roads, that a journey of a few miles has the dignity and the events of a pilgrimage. This person visited at his dwelling will be found at the interesting employment of breaking flax, mowing grass, or butchering a pig. If in the evening of a well spent life, his toils will be less severe, he will mend the rakes, feed the cattle, or run candles in a tin mould. The avocations that in old and densely peopled