

enterprise spoken of in history is better deserving of these designations. What, however, we could not assent to, is the notion that the persons embarked in the adventure were a congregation of sages and saints. At no epoch in history could these epithets be properly applied to any considerable body of individuals. While we refuse to be taken captive by the very florid view of the subject, we demur quite as much to the bare and earthly idea, that the author of *Hudibras* would seek to communicate. That too is a fabrication. An enemy hath done this. Here there is *no* allowance made for an ingredient that *was* present. Here it is not admitted that there is any such entity as religion. This report also will be rejected — a medium will be taken. Whilst it is granted that many of the persons in the present case would possess energy and resolution beyond the average, it would be insisted that there was not among them one man of much mind, perhaps not more than one or two who were possessed of real spirituality. Let the name of the Puritan or the Covenanter be mentioned, and we are apt to feel ourselves under the dominion of a spell, that constrains us to refer every action to high motives. We do not consent that even the prime geniuses of the age should be allowed to disabuse us. If Sir Walter Scott, after he has made his country vain of itself and him, venture to lay before it a tolerably fair delincation of the scene exhibited in Scotland, in the days of the covenant, the clamour is loud against him. Because some estimable qualities are assigned to Claverhouse; because while lofty attributes are ascribed to MacBrier and Morton, there is a Habakkuk Mucklewrath whose mind is crazed, a Balfour who is insane and cruel, a laird of Lang-Kail who is greedy and politic, and a Mause Headrigg who is enthusiastic and absurd, because the country is covered with characters various and well contrasted, because indiscriminating praise has not been lavished upon all the Presbyterian heroes, the production in question has been stigmatized as emanating from one who had no sympathy with the struggles of his pious countrymen, and who was at heart the enemy of all religion.

The first century of American annals presents little that can catch the eye of one who surveys them from some little distance. The native who lives on the spot where the events happened, may see before him a long and eventful catalogue. He who contemplates the subject with the microscopic eye with which Bancroft has viewed it, may deem this period to have been fruitful in incidents and eminent characters. The man of tolerable information, and whose forte does not consist in minute acquaintance with history, will be puzzled to mention even one or two names of distinction belonging to the time in question. The infancy of colonies is not commonly the arena of eminent minds. The element *leisure*, which seems so requisite for their development, is possessed by few. The population are principally engrossed with the cultivation of the soil. A few traders and professional persons vary the scene, and yet scarcely ascend into the position of thinkers. The busy existence that