

growth of any school of fiction akin to those that had flourished on the other continent. The *Golden Legends* of the monks; the romances of knight-errantry; the satirical *Sirventes* of the troubadours—found no successors here. And while various circumstances hindered the new comers from bequeathing to this the local literatures of their own lands, other causes operated with equal force to prevent the early development of anything like a national department of our own. Such tales and legends of those days as have come down to us are now as valuable for their rarity as for their nature. Obscure and remote, the Colonies for a long while scarcely claimed among themselves, and certainly did not obtain from Europe, the slightest consideration on the score of mental excellence or cultivation. So essentially were they in the shade, that it is told as a probable, if not a true story, that Cromwell would fain have sought refuge here, as in an impenetrable covert, from the wrath of the Court; and if his escape from the Thames was obstructed by the officers of Charles, it was in all likelihood because they conceived him about to fly into regions where it would be difficult to pursue and impossible to detect him. And many years later, when pious men from Virginia besought official favour in England to their scheme of establishing a College in that Colony, so slight was the esteem in which American intelligence was held that the Attorney-General