

“First raising a combustion of desire,
With some cold moral they would quench the fire.”

But Leviathan is not so tamed. Yet the fact that the love of novelty is so strong naturally in the heart, shows us that in some way or other it was meant to be gratified. And when we learn that the wonders of nature far transcend the wonders of romance, is it not evident, that if men can be brought to love nature, and those branches of knowledge which unlock her Elysian fields, this desire can be fully satisfied with realities, without the aid of fiction? I have little hope that any successful headway can be made against that morbid love of fiction which has become the almost universal passion, until you can implant in man's heart a love of unsophisticated nature. This once done, and the fascinations of romance would become powerless under the overmastering influence of the new affection. To restore nature, therefore, to the throne of the heart, and expel the meretricious usurper, is the noble work that lies before the scholar of the nineteenth century. And when it shall be accomplished, as I doubt not it will be, and the deluge of fictitious literature that now almost buries the civilized world, shall have passed into the limbo of forgetfulness, it will be found that a mighty barrier to the progress of true knowledge and true religion has been taken out of the way, and that the heart which is alive to nature's beauties is well prepared to love the God of nature, as well as the God of revelation.

It is not necessary to spend time in showing that rhetoric and oratory, two other important branches of polite literature, are capable of the same perversion to unworthy purposes as the subjects already noticed. In every human heart there are chords, which, when struck by the silver bow of the rhetorician, or the magic wand of the orator, cannot but vibrate and