

Sam B. Pickman

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[Extract from the *Shoshonee Valley*, a work now in the press.]

The Shoshonee Valley; a romance. 'Dulcia linquimus arva; nos patriam fugimus.' By the Author of *Francis Berrian*. 2 vols. 12mo. Cincinnati, E. H. Flint: 1830.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I DESIRE not to despise the admonition of those, who, out of a tender regard to *bienseance*, have admonished me, that other themes, than the following, more befit my pen. A more impressive admonition, the voice of years in their flight, has inculcated the same warning. I do not pledge myself to have forsworn peccadillos of a similar character; but I mean never again to perpetrate offences of romance on a large scale. I hope, the reader will be more ready to accord indulgence in this case, as knowing, it will be his last opportunity. Criticism, of whatever character, cannot deprive me of one satisfaction,—the testimony of my inward consciousness, that whatever other demerit may attach to my writings in this walk, they are at least free from the inculcation of a single sentiment, that had not in my view the purest moral tendency.

With *Elswatta*, I deprecate the walking of little men over the graves of my romances; and I earnestly desire, that no one will intermeddle in this work, in the way of criticism, who has neither eyes to see, imagination to admire, or heart to feel simple nature, as I have communed with her in scenes, the memory of which is attempted to be transferred to these pages. To those, who love forests, meadows, rivers and mountains, the gay April singers, who return to their forsaken groves, to chirp the tune of the melting snows, the yellow cup of the cowslip, the renovated croaking of the water-dwellers, and the breathing odors of the first vernal vegetation, to whomsoever any touch of sensibility of this sort appertains, to him, to her I dedicate this book; and I will meekly abide their award, be

it for good, or evil. I am sufficiently aware, that enough will be found to say backward prayers. I would comfort them by the information, that I have already gathered a reward, which is stored out of their reach, the pleasure of contemplating these pictures, as they rose in my mind, beguiling me of many an hour of pain; and soothing many an anxiety and care, excited by far other associations.

In relation to the materials of this tale, I would only remark, that many years past, I had the pleasure to be present, where M. Mackay, the venerable commandant, under the Spanish regime in Louisiana, of the district of Carondelet, or 'Vide Poche,' below St. Louis, made one of a company of several travellers, who had each crossed the Rocky Mountains to the Western sea. He had himself been an extensive traveller in the interior of our continent, and was one of the most intelligent, with whom I have ever met. Their conversation chiefly fell upon the adventures, which had befallen them in their trips over the rugged and nameless mountains, between that place and the Pacific. These narratives of surpassing interest of the spectacles, rencontres and accidents, by flood and field, which naturally befel them in a journey of such immense length, and in such wild regions, planted in my memory the germ and the stamina of the following tale. Elder Wood and Baptiste, Ellswatta, Areskoui, Manitouna, the self immolation, and even Jessy, *mutato nomine*, are no fictions. I have only to apprehend, that their intrinsic interest will have been diminished, in passing through my version. To those, who find me in any instances minute and prolix, I offer the admirable apology of the minister, who replied to the charge of delivering too long sermons, that he had not time to make them shorter. I felt myself almost constrained by necessity to sketch similar landscapes, which presented on the different wanderings of the Shoshonee, which there will not be wanting wise ones to stamp with the opprobrium of repetition. In classical humility I remind them, that Homer is famous for repeating a good thing, *verbatim et literatim*, seven times. If I am not always alike, they will remember, that Horace says

'Aliquando bonus Homerus dormitat.'

CHAPTER I.

There unnamed mountains hide their peaks in mist,
And devious wild streams roll.

THE SHOSHONEE are a numerous and powerful tribe of Indians, who dwell in a long and narrow vale of unparalleled wildness and beauty of scenery, between the two last western ridges of the Rocky Mountains, on the south side of the Oregon, or as the inhabitants of the United States choose to call it, the Columbia. They are a tall, finely formed, and comparatively fair haired race, more mild in manners, more polished and advanced in civilization, and more conversant with the arts of municipal life, than the contiguous northern

tribes. Vague accounts of them by wandering savages, hunters, and *coureurs du bois*, have been the sources, most probably, whence have been formed the western fables, touching the existence of a nation in this region, descended from the Welsh. In fact many of the females, unexposed by their condition to the sun and inclemencies of the seasons, are almost as fair, as the whites. The contributions, which the nation has often levied from their neighbors the Spaniards, have introduced money and factitious wants, and a consequent impulse to build after the fashions, to dress in the clothes, and to live after the modes of civilized people, among them. From them they have obtained either by barter or war, cattle, horses, mules, and the other domestic animals, in abundance. Maize, squashes, melons and beans they supposed they had received as direct gifts from the Wahcondah, or Master of Life. The cultivation of these, and their various exotic exuberant vegetables, they had acquired from surveying the modes of Spanish industry and subsistence. Other approximations to civilization they had unconsciously adopted from numerous Spanish captives, residing among them, in a relation peculiar to the red people, and intermediate between citizenship and slavery. But the creole Spanish, from whom they had these incipient germs of civilized life, were themselves a simple and pastoral people, a century behind the Anglo Americans in modern advancement. The Shoshonee were, therefore, in a most interesting stage of existence, just emerging from their own comparative advancements to a new condition, modelled to the fashion of their Spanish neighbors.

Their common hunting grounds are on the wide grass plains, stretching from their native mountains to the western sea. Elk, antelopes, mountain sheep, deer and water fowls are their most abundant game on their own side of the mountains. Along their smaller streams and mountain torrents they trap the beaver, otter and muskrat. Ermine, sables, and four species of foxes, constituted the chief material of their peltries. They had often descended the Oregon to pursue seals and the other hairy dwellers in the depths of the sea. The traces of their footsteps, and their temporary huts were frequently seen amidst the dark hemlock forests on the Pacific shore. These free rangers of the deserts, as they saw the immense fronts, range behind range, of the ocean surf rolling onward, to whiten, and burst on the sand at their feet, had their own wild conceptions of the illimitable grandeur, and the mysterious and resistless power of the ever-heaving element. They nerved their Herculean frames by bathing in the pure waters.

Variety and change are indispensables in the sum of their wants. To diversify their range and their monotonous thoughts, they set their faces towards the rising sun, and marched gaily along the grass plains, to scale the cold summits and breast the keen air of the mountains interposing between them and the hundred branches of

the long Missouri, along whose valleys they purposed to course the buffalo. Hence their wide range of survey, the variegated modes of their existence, their different objects of pursuit, their alternate converse with ocean, river, valley and mountain, and the various mental tension necessary to diversify their meditations, according to their range and object, gave them the intellectual superiority, in comparison with the more stationary Indians, of travellers capable of a certain amount of reasoning, comparison and abstraction.

Their chief village, or metropolis, will be hereafter described. The great body of their nation dwelt near it, so that the mass of the people could be assembled, on an emergency, in half a day. Their free domain comprised an extent of five hundred leagues. The country of their compact and actual settlement is a vale, than which the earth cannot show one more beautiful or more secluded, the vale of the Sewasserna. This stream, in which the poets would have placed the crystal caves of the Naiads of the ancient days, comes winding down in a clear, full, strong, and yet equable and gentle tide, from the mountains. Up its pure and ice formed waters ascend, in their season, countless numbers of the finest salmon; and in its deep and circling eddies play trout, pike, carp, tench, and all the varieties of fish of cold mountain rivers. The Indian, as he glides down the stream, sees the shining rocks at the bottom, covered with tresses of green waving moss, at the depth of twenty feet. This circumstance, along with its transparency, unquestionably furnishes the etymology of its name, which imports the sea green river. Streaked bass, shiners, gold fishes, and beautiful and undescribed finny tribes, dart from their coverts along the white sand, flit from the shadow of the descending canoe, or turn their green and gold to the light, as they fan, as it were, with their purple wings, or repose in the sun beams that find their way through the branches that overhang the banks.

A splendid variety of wild ducks, the glossy grey mallard, the beautiful, blue winged teal, the green crested widgeon, the little active dippers, the brilliant white diver, appropriate to those waters, in numbers and diversities, which the naturalist only could class, the solitary loon, raising his lugubrious and ill omened note in unsocial seclusion, the stately swan, sailing in his pride and milky lustre slowly along the stream, the tall, sand hill crane, looking at a distance precisely like a miniature camel, the white pelican with his immense pouch in front, innumerable flocks of various species of geese, in short an unknown variety of water-fowls with their admirable sailing structures, their brilliant, variegated and oiled vestments, their singular languages and cries, were seen gliding among the trees, pattering their broad bills amidst the grasses and weeds on the shores; or, roused by the intrusion of man among them, their wings whistle by in two disparting flocks, the one tending up, and the other down the stream.

It would be useless to think of enumerating the strange and gay birds, that sing, play, build, chide and flutter among the branches of the huge sycamores and peccans. Among the more conspicuous is the splendid purple cardinal, with its glossy and changeable lustre of black crest, the gold colored oriole, looking down into its long, hanging nest, the flamingo darting up the stream, like an arrow of flame, the little peacock of trees, the wakona, or bird of paradise, the parti-colored jay, screaming its harsh notes, as in every portion of our continent, the red winged woodpecker, 'tapping the hollow beech tree,' the ortolan in countless flocks, in plumage of the most exquisite softness of deep, shining black, the paroquets with their shrill screams, and their splendor of green and gold, numberless humming birds, plunging their needle-shaped bills into the bignonia, bustards, grouse, turkies, partridges, in a word an infinite variety of those beautiful and happy tenants of the forest and the prairie, that are formed to sing through their transient, but happy day among the branches.

The mountains, on either side of the valley, tower into a countless variety of peaks, cones, and inaccessible rocky elevations, from six to ten thousand feet high. More than half of them are covered with the accumulated snows and ices of centuries, which, glittering in mid air, show in the sun beams in awful contrast with the black and rugged precipices, that arrest the clouds. From these sources pour down the thousand mountain torrents, that fill the Sewasserna with waters of such coldness, that, even in the high heats of summer, if you bend from your position under the shade of the peccan, and dip your hand in the water, thus collected from numberless and nameless mountains, the invigorating chill is, as if you plunged it in ice-water. The rocks, cliffs and boulders, partly of granite and partly of volcanic character, black and rugged in some places; in others porphyritic, needle, or spire shaped, shoot up into pinnacles, domes and towers, and still in other places, lie heaped up in huge masses, as though shook by earthquakes from the summits, where they had originally defied the storms; and now show, as the ruins of a world. Yet between these savage and terrific peaks, unvisited, except by the screaming eagle, are seen the most secluded and sweet valleys in the world. Here and there appear circular clumps of hemlocks, spruces, mountain cedars, silver firs, and above all the glorious Norwegian pines. They dot the prairie in other places, showing like a level, cultivated meadow, covered with a rich and short grass, an infinite variety of plants and flowers, among which wild sage, ladies' slippers, columbines, and blue violets are the most conspicuous. The breeze, that is borne down from the mountains, always sighs through these ever-green thickets, playing, as it were, the deep and incessant voluntary of nature to the Divinity. Under the dark brown shade of these noble trees repose, or browse, elk, antelopes and mountain sheep. In numerous little

lakes and ponds, where the trout spring up, and dart upon the fly and grasshopper, the verdure of the shores is charmingly repainted, in contrast with the threatening and savage sublimity of the mountain, whose summits shoot down as deep in the abyss, as they stand forth high in the air. As you turn your eyes from the landscape, so faithfully pencilled on these sleeping waters, to see the substance of these shadows, the view dazzled with the radiance of the sun beams, playing on the perpetual snows in the regions of mid air, reposes with solace and delight on the deep blue of the sky, that is seen between, undimmed, except by the occasional passing of the bald eagle, or falcon hawks, as they cross your horizon, sailing slowly from the summit of one mountain to another.

In a valley of this sort, spreading ten leagues in length, from south to north, and sustaining an average width of a league, dwelt the Shoshonee, and their subdued allies, the Shienne. Beside the bisection of the Sewasserna, it is separated into two regular belts, or terrace plains. The partition between the two terraces is a prodigious, brilliant colored lime stone wall, rising fifty paces east of the Sewasserna, which meanders through the valley from south to north, seeking its junction with the Oregon. This singular wall, from a tradition, that a large party of Black-feet savages were once driven, after a severe defeat, to leap it in their escape from their foe, and in which leap more than fifty of them were dashed in pieces, is called in Shoshonee *Wes-ton-tchalee*, or the fatal leap. It has a general elevation of at least three hundred feet; and shoots up among the hemlocks and cedars into turrets, pinnacles, spires, cupolas and domes, as though here were the remains of some ancient and depopulated city, with its temples and towers, defying time, in everlasting stone. Conforming to a common analogy of such walls, when they form the bluff of a river in an alluvial valley, it had an immense curvature within, and the summit projected in the form of a half arch, nearly a hundred feet beyond the perpendicular of the base, forming for a distance of many miles an alcove of inexpressible grandeur, shielded from all the inclemencies of the seasons, except in front, and even that was walled in with the ever-green branches and the lofty columns of hemlocks and pines, of a thickness and depth of verdure, to create a solemn twilight at noon day. One would think, that the very court and throne of echo was held in this vast rotunda. The solemn and swelling whisper of the breeze, as it rose, and sunk away in the ever-greens, was magnified here to the anthem stops of an organ. The traveller in the wilderness sees a thousand places, where nature has method in her seeming play. The showing in this strange spot was, as of a succession of ancient castles and alcoves, the grandeur and extent of which mocked all the petty contrivances of human art.

The Shoshonee and Shienne, with a tact and calculation very unlike the general heedlessness and want of forecast of the savages, had selected their winter, and what might be called their permanent habitations, in this noble range of rotundas. Trees, with straight and branchless shafts of an hundred feet, marked the divisions between family and family. A frame of wicker work within corresponded with the divisions, and extended to the base. The ceiling was of bark, and wrought with that dexterity and neatness, which that people always put in requisition, when they intend ornament. Vistas, cut at regular intervals through the thicket and quite to the banks of the Sewasserna, at once gave light to the dwellings, furnished a view and a path to the river and the green and open plain on the opposite bank, and marked off the bounds and the compartments of the different families. Screens of beautifully painted rush work were sometimes used to exclude the inclemency of some of the winter days. But, such was the depth and security of the shelter from the extremes of heat, or cold, such the extent of the provision in this work of nature for habitancy, that the temperature in this generally equable climate must be severe indeed, when artificial exclusion of the cold, or kindling of fires was necessary for comfort. Such were their winter dwellings. Their summer houses were on the upper belt, overhung by the eastern mountains on the right, and looking down upon the Sewasserna and the green vale below on the left. Here they pitched large and cone-shaped tents, neatly formed either of rushes, or buffalo skins. The terrace above was an alluvial plain of a soil still richer, and of a mould still blacker and more tender, than that below. Noble peccan and persimon trees shaded their tents. Pawpaw shrubberies marked off their limits in long squares; and here, amidst a profusion of wild flowers, and under the embowering foliage of wild grape vines, they passed their summers. At present they dwelt secure from the fear of any foe. But it had not always been so. The Indians of the remote north, united with the Blackfeet, and finding friends in their immediate neighbors, the Shienne, had formerly been formidable enemies; and in the days of their forefathers, rude ladders had been formed by thongs of hide, and, appended from the hemlock trunks above, had constituted a rope ladder, by which, when danger was apprehended, they fled from their summer tents to their ropes, and, like opossums evading their pursuers, they all dropped in a few moments to the unassailable fastnesses of their winter retreats.

Nature furnished them with inexhaustible supplies of prairie potatoes and other esculent roots, grapes, wild fruits, and strawberries. In summer they speared an ample supply of salmon, with which the Sewasserna abounded, pickled their buffalo humps and tongues, and smoked and jerked their elk and deer's flesh and hams. Sea fowl, turkies, bustards, and the smaller kinds of game

and fresh venison rarely failed them at any period of the year. But in the winter, their provisions all laid in, their tallow, their seal and sea lion's oil provided for lights, and, in addition, a huge supply of the splinters of fat pine, they gave themselves up to visiting, journeys of amusement, trapping the otter, beaver and muskrat, and just so much hunting, as furnished fresh venison, and offered diversion. The vast alcove, that arched over them, defied the storms; and during the long evenings, was brightly illuminated by the burning pine, and their lamps, formed of the large, purple sea-shells. Here the old men smoked, talked over the story of their young days, and settled in council, when the moon of flowers should return, whether they had best pursue seals in the great salt lake, or scale the mountains, and follow the buffalo over the measureless verdure of the Missouri prairies. The young men and women sat apart, and whispered, and laughed and made appointments, and circulated scandal, and managed love much in the same way, and to the same effect, as white people in towns during the same season.

The Shienne, incorporated, intermarried and amalgamated with them, still preserved recollections, that they had once been a powerful people. But they were subdued, and compelled to live in the immediate vicinity and constant survey of their conquerors; and necessity and policy taught them to smother deep in their bosoms their proud and revengeful feelings, and to wait for a time auspicious to more decisive manifestation. The chief town, if forty hundred habitations, ranging under this arching battlement of stone might be so called, was nearly in the central point of the valley. An interval of a mile divided between it, and the central residences of the Shienne. But, as happens among the whites, there were clans within clans; there were large family connexions; there were associations of like-minded people; there were single solitary families, that preferred to live alone; there were families, who could not endure the more comfortable dwellings of the villages, and chose to live in rude bark or log cabins, like the Black-feet. Hence there were villages on the declivities of the mountains, and on the margins of the streams, that entered the Sewasserna from them; and there were hamlets, and detached and solitary habitations sprinkled over the whole extent of the valley.

In summer the numerous tents on the upper terrace showed at a distance, like communities of bee hives. In winter, the traveller, who sauntered along the eastern bank of the Sewasserna, marking the flights of wild fowls, hovering over the dark-rolling stream, or the summits of the mountains alternately showing black peaks, or glittering masses of ice, observed, indeed, this grand and singularly curved wall on the right. He marked numberless smokes streaming above the tops of the pines. He noted the straight columns of their trunks in front of the nature-built battlement. He saw from this grand and enduring structure spires and domes of stone surmount the

wall. He traced the straight avenues cut through the pines and the frequent tracks of human feet. He saw cattle, asses, mules and horses grazing, or browsing on the upper and lower terraces. He heard the shrill notes of domestic fowls, and the barking and baying of numberless dogs. But, were it not, that here and there Indian boys were seen shooting with the bow, a woman passing to the river for water, or a warrior listlessly stretching his arms in the sun, he would not have known, that he was passing by the proud metropolis of the Shoshonee, which, like Rome, had its tributary and subdued nations; which, like every place, where men and women congregate, had its ambition, intrigue, love, broil, exalted and humble aspirations, in short the real, equal, though miniature correspondence—as the Swedenborgians say—of all, that was in Rome, or is in Pekin or Petersburg, Paris, London, or Washington.

The Shoshonee *capitol* ought not, however, to be altogether pretermitted in description. Being the only permanent building, that was entirely artificial, they had exhausted their industry, skill, wealth and ornament upon it. It was at least three hundred feet in length, its centre resting upon the trunks of lofty pines; its sides supported by shafts of cedar trunks, planted deep in the earth. It was roofed with bark; and elsewhere covered with boards, split from the pine. Every idea of Indian taste had been put in requisition, to embellish the Shoshonee council-house. Beautifully painted buffalo robes, ornamented with the *totems* of the chiefs and of the tribe, were suspended as a kind of interior hangings from the walls. Articles of Spanish furniture—Spanish flags, crucifixes and other church ornaments, attested that they had made successful incursions into the Spanish settlements. Every thing, in fact, that Indian ingenuity could invent, or Indian wealth supply, had been lavished in the fitting up of the interior. It was all neatly carpeted with rush matting, marked off in compartments of blue and red, except a large circle round the council fire in the centre, which was *medicine ground*, and within which none but the aristocracy of the tribe might enter.

A more important appendage still to their establishment was the common field. It was along the western bank of the Sewasserna, some miles in length, and three quarters of a mile in depth. A living hedge of pawpaw fenced it on three sides, and the river on the fourth. It was a friable, black, level alluvion, inexhaustibly fertile, and of a loamy and tender texture, easy to be tilled. At intervals nature planted sycamores, and peccans threw out their verdant and sheltering arms, to shade the weary laborers, as they tended their maize under the high heats of summer. Here waved their maize. Here were their squashes and melons, and such other esculent plants, as they cultivated; and every Shoshonee had his limits marked off, and was assessed an amount of labor, corresponding to his extent of ground. Those, who were too indolent to

labor, shared not in the harvest. Those, who preferred solitary and individual exertion, selected such a spot, as pleased them, and cultivated, and labored little or much, at their own choice. The same council-house was common to the Shoshonee and Shienne; but the latter with their sympathies of nationality, cultivated a second common field, in front of their own chief village.

Here would be the place, to describe their government, in form a fierce democracy; but in efficiency a strong monarchy, or rather despotism, in which all the emblems of power, all the badges of authority, and all the words of injunction, and prescriptions of law were inaudible and invisible. Here might be given the ceremonies of their worship of the Wah-con-dah, or Master of life, a ritual simple, mild and unpersecuting, their marriages, their modes, their traditions, their manner of intercourse, and the numberless details, that belonged to their interior and domestic existence. But this would require an extent and compass of details foreign to the purpose of this history; and besides such development of these subjects, as is material to the narrative, will naturally be interwoven with it in the proper place.

Here, in these quiet and green retreats, secluded from that world, which calls itself civilized, and by eminence the great world, by nameless inaccessible peaks of a line of mountains, stretching along the western front of the American continent, had lived successions of the Shoshonee for countless generations. Their traditions reached not to the time, when their tribe had a commencement. Their minds had not grasped the idea, that it had not been, as they believed, an eternal chain. Their recent history, in its public details, showed almost unbroken annals of successful incursions and attacks, or of peace, abundance and prosperity, and their general holiday was the whole period of the year.

Happy for them, if an impassable gulf, a Chinese wall, an adamant barrier could for ever have protected them from the ingress and communication of the white race, their gold and their avarice, their lawless love and their withering influence, their counsels and their new train of thoughts, their excitements, schemes and passions, their new habits and necessities originating from them; their power to inspire in these simple people disrelish and disgust with their ancient ways, without imparting better, and, above all, their accursed besom of destruction, in the form of ardent spirits. But, in a disastrous era for them, the white men had found their way into these mysterious hiding places of nature. Their ever restless feet had scaled these high and snow-clad mountains. Their traps had been already set upon the remotest mountain torrent of the Sewasserna. This ingress had been cloaked by as many ostensible pretexs as there had been immigrants. But every motive had been a direct appeal to the unsuspecting, instinctive and ample hospitality of the Shoshonee. Some had come among

them, as suppliants, and really emaciated with hunger; and perishing with exposure, toil and disease, had appealed to their pity and humanity. The unwieldy Spanish fire arms, with which they had been partially supplied, were exchanged for British guns and American yagers, brought among them by itinerant trapping traders. Guns and gunpowder and blankets and trinkets and vermilion and looking glasses were in a little time almost regular articles of supply from the mouth of the Oregon. Unhappily, all the visitants concurred in bringing ardent spirits, to neutralize, and mar all the questionable advantages of their intercourse.

For some years their most frequent visitants had been of those strange, fearless, and adamantine men, the hunters and trappers of the Rocky Mountains, who followed the steps of the intrepid Lewis and Clarke from the regions of the rising sun. Wandering alone, or in pairs, eight hundred leagues from the habitations of civilized men, renouncing society, casting off fear, and all the common impulses and affections of our nature—seeing nothing but mountains, trees, rocks, and game, and finding in their own ingenuity, their knife, gun and traps, all the Divinity, of which their stern nature and condition taught them the necessity, either for subsistence or protection, they became almost as inaccessible to passions and wants, and as sufficient to themselves, as the trees, or the rocks with which they were conversant; they came among the Shoshonees more adroit, and more capable of endurance, than themselves.

Not long after, boats rowed by white men, were seen ascending the Oregon and the Sewasserna, from the Western sea. The dwellers in these secluded valleys, though separated by immense distances from the Spaniard on the one hand, and the Muscovite on the other, and the shores of the widest sea on the globe at the west, and the eight hundred leagues of the lower courses of the Missouri on the east, from other inhabited regions, began to find it necessary, in order to account for these strange visits of different people from such remote and opposite quarters, to resort to their ancient and vague traditions, that 'the little white men of the mountains,' had filled all the world with pale faces; and had left them, the Blackfeet, and the other tribes of red men, with whom they were acquainted, in these delightful solitudes—as in a vast and happy island, to which the restless pale faces were laboring to attain from all points of the compass.

The views of these visitants were as various, as their characters. Most came to hunt, and trap, and trade, and barter with the Indians, and gather peltries and furs, with the leading inducement to make money. Some of these sojourners, no doubt, looked about them with a certain degree of enthusiasm and excited thought, a certain half chill sensation of the awful and sublime, as from the green vale and its devious stream they surveyed the frowning peaks, rising in their savage grandeur to the region of eternal storm and

ice. Others saw all this with perceptions, probably, less keen, than the wild deer, that bounded among the trees. Some loved the images of unrestricted love, of licensed polygamy, of freedom from the legal ties of marriage, of free and untrammelled roving. But all the adventurers were, more or less, imbued with an instinctive fondness for the reckless savage life, alternately indolent and laborious, full and fasting, occupied in hunting, fighting, feasting, intriguing, and amours, interdicted by no laws, or difficult morals, or any restraints, but the invisible ones of Indian habit and opinion. None know, until they have experimented, for how many people, who would be least suspected to be endowed with such inclinations, this life has its own irresistible charms. People, who have long been soldiers, it is well known, are spoiled for every other profession. They, too, who have long reclined on the grass in Indian tents, who have gambled, and danced, and feasted, and jeopardized life in murderous rencounters and unforeseen battles and exterminating wars, and who have contemplated the varieties of prospect and event in their interminable expeditions, seldom return with pleasure to the laborious and municipal life of the whites.

Among the traders, some had come up the Sewasserna with an assortment, such as they could bring in one, or perhaps two periogues, rowed by hired Indians. Others had packed their commodities, brought by water to the sources of the Missouri, on horses over the mountains. A new, and previously unknown avenue to their country had been recently practised, through a singular gap, or chasm in the Rocky Mountains, and over the wide and beautiful lake of Bueneventura. By far the most abundant supply of goods, however, arrived from the mouth of the Oregon, to which the Indians made frequent trips, to sell furs, and bring back goods, and trade with the ships in the river, and supply themselves with ardent spirits. The frequency and uniformity of this intercourse almost equalled the regularity of a mail. The great amount of furs, peltries, dried salmon, jerked venison and smoked deer's hams, though sold for very inadequate values of barter, in a short time introduced among the Shoshonee most of the common and cheap articles of prime necessity in the domestic wants of such a people.

But though, what is known in these countries by the common term Indian goods, made a considerable proportion of the stock in this trade, the greatest amount, cost and consumption was still in the article of ardent spirits. They, who brought the greatest abundance of that, were always most welcome. It was to no purpose, that an occasional white sojourner, of higher principles and better thoughts, warned them of the fatal influence of that seductive poison upon their race. It was in vain, that their intelligent and moral chief remonstrated against the introduction and use of the bewitching mischief. The Indian trader had not yet been seen among them, who possessed sufficient amount of principle, or capa-

bility of moral resistance, to stand out against the entreaties and menaces of the Indians, and the profits of the trade. Whatever quantity of this article he brought, it was soon consumed. But the quantity was generally so small, in comparison to the multitudes, among whom it was to be distributed, that individual intoxication, for a considerable time after the introduction of ardent spirits, was an uncommon spectacle. Enough was drunk for the most part, only to thaw out the cold, stern and saturnine bosoms of this strange people to unwonted hilarity, ardor, and kindness of feeling. Hence the coming of a new trader among them, who brought a quantity of this pernicious beverage, not unaptly denominated in their language, 'the fire medicine,' was an era of general excitement and festivity. Hence, too, the visits of the whites to their nation were always associated with these ideas, and were eagerly welcomed. The visitants, of course, were always at first in high favor. A temporary wife from the tribe was either offered by the chiefs, who regulated the introduction and citizenship of the whites, or easily obtained, after the selection of survey. If he conducted with any degree of decent conformity to their immemorial customs and modes of thinking, the stranger was at once free of the tribe, and had a range of inclination and choice, as wide and unmolested, as the Indians themselves. As furs, peltries and salmon were quite abundant, and easily transported down the Sewasserna and Oregon, the traders were seldom long, in selling out their stock of goods and spirits, at a profit almost to the extent of their very flexible consciences.

NATIONAL LITERATURE,

As influenced by the general devotion of the American people to politics.

WHAT sort of people we are considered in the parent country, may easily be gathered from the general scope of three or four of the last Quarterlies, both London and Edinburgh, in their remarks upon the United States. We leave the partial, wanton and evidently envious assault upon the general favorite of our country, Dr. Channing, to bear its own comment. They allow us, besides him, the late president Edwards, Brockden Brown, and the novelist Cooper. What industry they must have exerted to become acquainted with our literary claims and resources, not to have heard of Everett, Bryant, Verplank, Walsh, Cooper, Elliott, and a host of other names of similar import, names with which we certainly do not compare some of those, that they allow us; and names of men, who in their several walks, we speak it confidently, write as well, as either the London or the Edinburgh can show. Of their fairness and capacity to judge, let the following extracts from the London Quarterly of November 1829, serve as a sample. 'We may make the same remarks

on the other objects, in which the United States have been pursuing, *though at a vast distance*, our steps. Of canals, rail roads, high ways, bridges, steam engines, and other improvements, utterly unknown in some, and very imperfectly known in many parts of the continent, we may affirm, that the extension has been more than ten times as great within one fifth of the space, in Great Britain, as America.' What wonderful illumination! What accuracy of information! This very review is predicated upon the published travels of two men, who each record, in the book reviewed, their transit on a canal longer, than any other on the globe, if we except the grand canal of China. Each could have informed the writer, that the United States had already in operation, or in rapid progress towards completion, four times as great a length of canal, as the whole united kingdom. Compare the Baltimore and Ohio rail way with any thing of the kind ever meditated by Great Britain. Compare the high ways and bridges on Tanner's map, with those, numerous though they be, of the diminutive isle of Britain. And where is the part of our continent, in which steam engines are not known? Is it along the Atlantic shore? Is it along our lakes, along their own borders? Is it on the hundred rivers of the Mississippi? Really, of a country like ours, feverish with the excitement of canals, rail roads and steam communications, such assertions are not arrogant alone, but disgraceful to the information of those who make them. The most ignorant school boy of the remotest back woods seminary would know more of England, than to make such contemptible statements in regard to that country.

There is too much truth in the following. 'Almost every city has a college, as it is called; though, in fact, they are little better, than our day schools. Yet degrees of bachelor of arts, and master of arts, are bestowed by them on boys of twelve and fifteen years of age; and announced with more form and pomp in their public papers, than those conferred at Oxford and Cambridge on competent scholars, at from twenty to twenty-five years of age. The whole construction of society seems opposed to any other system of education, than that of the most superficial kind.'

The reader will place what follows beside the assertion, that we are following the parent country at an immense distance, in point of canals, rail ways and the use of steam power. 'We should, probably find,' says the reviewer, 'a much larger proportion of persons in America, destitute of even the knowledge of reading and writing, than in any part of Europe, except Russia and Turkey: certainly a much larger proportion, than in a country, which of late years, it has been the fashion with persons, who know nothing of its concerns, to cry down, as hopeless and incurable—we mean Spain.' It is very surprising that such a race of unlettered barbarians, should be, as the reviewers, rather forgetful of consistency, say they are in another place, 'quite as acute, as the English, in every thing that concerns profit and loss.'

Captain Hall supposes, and the reviewers devour it all for gospel, that the whole people in the United States are a nest of litigants, engaged in one incessant and never ending lawsuit. How ridiculous must this seem to us, who know, that the great mass of our citizens know little about suits from their own personal experience; and that only the same people

are litigious in America, who would be in every country, if they had scope and the means. It is very pleasant to be informed from the other side of the sea, that judge Cooper was dismissed from being president judge of the court of Pennsylvania, only for the assigned reason, *that he had compelled a man to take off his hat in court.* 'We have seen,' say the reviewers, 'other accounts of the most unimpeachable credit, which represent the condition of these state courts, be it remarked whose decisions are the most numerous and most influential, in a far more degraded light, than Captain Hall has thought it prudent to represent!' 'It will, no doubt,' they continue, 'strike some persons, who have visited America, or read much concerning the Americans in their own weekly and daily papers, that Captain Hall must have collected many curious instances of the vulgarity, knavery, sottishness and hypocrisy, which would have been both amusing and characteristic; and that having omitted them, he has scarcely dealt fairly with his readers.—Collections of anecdotes of even a scandalous kind are certainly attractive to some classes of readers, and are easily furnished by some classes of writers.' We add, in relation to Messieurs, the reviewers, that there is a class, we hope a small one in America, to whom details of knavery, sottishness, vulgarity and hypocrisy are amusement—are food and drink; that is to say to *kindred spirits.* To all respectable people, such details minister only disgust. What must be the moral sense of these reviewers, to complain of Captain Hall, for withholding this detestable chronicle; for it seems, abusive as we thought him, they consider him as holding back; and they suppose his work to be popular with the better informed of our country. But, not to dwell longer on the scope and spirit of these reviews, of which we have seen enough in the papers, and which are supposed to declare the sentiments which the better classes entertain of us, not to descend to the common sewers of the journals, one of which, and the court official, recently spoke of Louisville, as on the Mississippi, and the ultimate point to which our population had yet pushed in the wilderness, we are led to a point in these reviews, which arrested our attention, and became as a text of suggestion of the thoughts of this article.

What we quote below, is matter of melancholy truth and fact. 'It has been well remarked by one of the most judicious and practical statesmen in America, De Witt Clinton, of New-York, that the country has been more or less exposed to agitations and commotions, for the last ten years. Party spirit has entered into the recesses of retirement, violated the sanctuary of domestic life, invaded the tranquility of private individuals, and visited with severe inflictions the peace of families. Neither elevation, nor humility, nor the charities, nor distinguished services, nor the fire-side, nor the altar, have been free from attack; but a licentious and destroying spirit has gone forth, regardless of every thing, but the gratification of malignant feelings and unworthy aspirations; and, till some adequate preventatives and efficacious remedies are engrafted into the constitution, we must rarely expect a return of the same tranquility, which formerly shed its benign influence over the country. Such and so similar are the result of all Captain Hall's observations on this head, and the life long experience of one of the *few Americans, whose name can be expected to carry weight in Europe.*'

It is wise, says the great Roman bard, to be taught by enemies. Much of the recent, reiterated and concurrent attacks upon our national character, in these distinguished British reviews, is so palpably calumnious, misstatements the result of such gross ignorance, that they are worthy only of the smile of derision. But, that our country exhibits to a stranger, passing through it, the spectacle, from all that he sees, hears, and reads, of having but one absorbing interest, the discussion of politics and elections, is too true. But it is a truth, with which an English traveller ought to be the last to reproach us. The same revolting spectacle has been visible in his own country for two centuries. From England we inherited the temperament. The popular institutions which we have copied from her, have developed it. Our institutions are still more popular, than the model.—Theatres for the display of personal ambition are infinitely more numerous, owing to the complication of our national and state governments. We have, probably, far transcended our example. We, perhaps, show more ferociously and coarsely the universal appetite for this foul feeding, than the people from whom we sprang. Though in travelling through our land, little interest or excitement is seen in any thing, but electioneering and politics; that is on the surface of society, although the columns of our newspapers are occupied with little else, we know, that there is in our country a numerous body of men, isolated though they may be, and personally unknown to each other, who view this order of things with the deepest regret; who would rejoice to see a regard for literature, the fine arts, the lesser morals, and the charities of life, replace this barbarous and Gothic public taste, this relish born in a tavern, nourished with whiskey, and developed and matured in the electioneering arena. If these men, who would rejoice to see another and an infinitely higher interest excited among us, could know each other, and become possessed of each other's views, and could unite their bearing and influence, they would not be without their effect, in kindling a better excitement, a more refined national taste. We know, that there are thousands of the most talented and respectable men, who are worn out, and disgusted with the nauseating and incessant clatter of electioneering and politics. Would, that their voices could be heard, that their influence could be felt, and that we had a great national society, to keep peace, and put down babblers and demagogues; and that papers, which inculcate literary taste, and diffuse literary information, and a regard to the lesser morals, and the domestic charities, could come into favor, instead of the thousand vehicles of fierce and noisy politics.

In our subsequent remarks, be it understood, we attach no blame to the editors of political papers. They cannot be expected to control public opinion, which controls them. We cannot exact of them, to struggle against an irresistible current. Whatever be the prime article of public consumption, it will, of course, be found in the market. Not only have we no right to expect other, than that an editor will fill his columns with politics, garnished to the taste of his party; but we must perceive, that every editor, thus absorbed into the current, will add by his own example, and his own descent, to the weight of the stream.

Suppose we could disengage ourselves from the influence of those habits, in which we have been reared; suppose the scale, which long custom

has brought over our mental vision, could drop off, what an ineffably ridiculous view would strike us, in seeing not only the few, who have something to gain, or lose in the scramble, but the million, who have not an interest of the weight of a thistle down in the contest, as noisy, and as much heated, as though it was something to them, who, of four or five candidates, would be the next president. We admit, that so far as a real regard to our glorious free institutions is concerned, we ought all to be watchful and conscientious, to avail ourselves of our elective franchise, and to select for office, upright, capable, and liberal men. Having, in this way, performed our duty, we ought to leave the issue to its peaceful course. If all politics and electioneering, other than that, which originates in a vigilant attention to our liberties, and the proper exercise of the elective franchise, were suppressed, we are confident, ninety-nine hundredths of the whole bluster would pass away. As it is, the people of the United States have such an incessant uproar to keep up about their liberties, their elections, and their public men, that, one would think, the whole concern of the community was for the few hundreds of public functionaries; and that the private millions were of no account in the matter.

Whose eyes can fail to have been wearied for the last few years with the incessant recurrence of some half a dozen names? Returned to the crowd, they instantly become as little conspicuous, and as seldom the object of remark, as the rest. Men prodigious either for true greatness or crimes, Washingtons, Napoleons, Neros, might justly excite remark, either in public, or in private life. But why do men, no wise distinguished, but by official rank, fill all eyes, and occupy all pens and voices? What was their mode of rising to this envied notoriety? In hundreds of instances, what we call accident, pure contingency. Sometimes merit and talent, called forth in a particular emergency, that had never occurred before, and might never occur again. But nine cases in ten, the simple, original influence of a controlling spirit, who identified his own interest, in some way best known to himself, with the advancement of this instrument of his ambition. He induced his friends to put their shoulders to the wheels. The car of the hero begins to move; and force, to push it onward, accumulates, as it advances, like the rolling mass of snow. The object of the electioneering effort is placed conspicuously on his eminence. Forthwith the eyes of the ten thousand are fixed upon him, and see him an entirely different being, from what he had ever appeared to them before.

Upon what principle of human nature can we account for the fact, that a certain number of individuals, when contemplated from our own level, in no point of view prodigies, become, as soon as they are associated, and called a national legislature, the centre of all interest, and the object of all contemplation? The great points of legislation, the abstract general principles have been so unchangeably fixed, that innovation must generally be for the worse. The chief legislative matters, then, must be touching individual and sectional interests, and the exceptions, which naturally arise out of all general rules. What bearing can such legislation have upon the wide spread mass of our people, from the mansion to the log cabin? Why should it fix every eye, as though nothing else of interest was transpiring in our world? With the exception of the speeches of a few really great men, who would chain attention any where, and upon any

subject, if we were compelled to hear the rehearsal of the speeches of the rest, at home, and in our own church, or court house, we should consider it a probation, and a tedious discipline. Place them in the columns of a political newspaper, and let it appear, that they were uttered on the floor of congress, and the eye and attention of the reader is chained from commencement to close. If every possible bearing of legislative enactment, in ordinary and peaceful times, were calculated with the nicety of scales, that weigh gasses, it would be found to have little more influence upon the individual enjoyment and interest, than the falling of the last year's leaves. Yet no conversations are listened to with so much attention, as those, which treat of it. No journals are adequately sustained, but those, whose columns are filled with it. In the sacred privacy of the parlor, in the hotel, the assembly, the steamboat, or stage coach, by land or by sea, politics, eternal politics, or partizan religion, which is but another form of the same spirit, are the constant wearying theme.

It is the more unjust for Englishmen to charge this revolting national temperament upon us; because, as we have said, we inherit this grossness of blood, this defective moral organization, this coarseness of taste, this barbarous appetite, from the parent country. A man is nothing there, any more than in our country, except he be a political man. It results, that the family charities, the delightful and refining and humanizing influences of the cultivation of literature, the fine arts, the imagination and the heart, are as nothing, compared with the daily, gross and sickening chronicle of electioneering and politics. Ask those, who with eager appetite are devouring this daily food, what is the source of the sapidity and high flavor, and none can tell you. Drinkers of whiskey soon lose, in the gross and poisonous stimulant effect, in the phrenzied excitement, all relish for the generous, cordial and gentle exhilaration of wine. Whoever has given up his heart and his thoughts and his powers to politics, as that term is understood among us, can be expected to have little relish for literature, and the inculcation and discussion of those lesser morals, which make up, in fact, almost the elements of all honest, comfortable and improved social existence. You can say little to interest such an one, except you discuss the tariff, land equivalents, the merits of the different candidates, or who shall be next president. Beside the officers of presidential nomination and appointment, even this all absorbing question bears upon their other interests, which it can never touch, in relation to all other individuals, only as a unit to ten millions.

The people of our twenty four republics talk much, as we all know, about their independence, and proud regard to their own individual rights and claims. Yet we are afraid, that no people on earth can be found, more greedy after office, more fierce in scrambling for it, and more ready to sacrifice private independence, and personal exertions for subsistence, for the precarious and unsubstantial dependence upon public favor. We look at office, as an engine of spell and charm, which transforms insignificance to importance. We regard it, apparently, as misses do their dolls. The wooden or waxen puppet undressed, the muslin and ribband are handled with very little ceremony, or estimate of the importance of the constituents. But as soon as the thing has passed through the process of dressing (election,) it has experienced a metamorphosis. It is now a shin-

ing doll, with a name; and is kissed, and treated not only as a thing of life, but claiming the most respectful treatment.

So far as either of the co-ordinate constituents of government affect individual rights and enjoyments, the judiciary is certainly important, infinitely beyond either the executive or legislative. Even this affects but the few, who are either turbulent and dishonest, or are connected by circumstances with those, who are such. Strange, that this department of government scarcely excites sufficient interest to induce the mass to become acquainted with its constituents, and the details of its transactions.

Why it has happened, that boys, who must be whipt into the dry details of grammar, and the prosing of elementary technics, should grow up to fatten upon the chronicles of politics, is to us inexplicable. We never could enter into the interest of the voluminous details of legislative squabbling in the classical histories of England. The philosophical principles of legislation constitute a delightful study, and Montesquieu may be read with untiring interest. Not so the long winded and agitating disputes about the details of legislation. It seems to us, that an appetite must be constituted expressly for that purpose, to relish them. We have read the Philippics of Demosthenes, and thrilled with the rest, as he made his glorious appeal to the shades of those, who fell at Thermopylæ, Marathon and Platea. In reading the political orations of Cicero, we can experience a certain delight in the magnificence, with which he rolls along his harmonious periods. We can admire the splendid efforts of Burke, especially that on the trial of Hastings. These have come down to us with the consent of all time, as the grand models, the *chef d'œuvres*, and the ultimate example of eloquence. We cannot forget, in reading them, that they all touch only party and political and present interests; that they are all more or less imbued with the spirit of an advocate espousing the interests of a client, or a party. We have compared with these orations the funeral discourses of Bossuet, about which not a hundredth part as much has been said, which touch interests, that belong to man at home and abroad, in the house and by the way, in prosperity and in reverses, in life and in death, in time and during eternity. The efforts of the former were great in comparison of a theme, which was transient, partial and momentary in its importance. To us the latter are as much more affecting and impressive, than the former, as eternity is more enduring than time. Genuine and real pulpit eloquence is to that of the bar, the rostrum and the legislative hall, interesting and affecting to us in the same proportion. We are perfectly aware, how few would agree with us in this opinion, and how generally forensic and political eloquence is placed before that of the pulpit. We speak of what ought to be, and what might be the character of this eloquence, not of what it is.

It is a fact forever to be deplored, that the pulpit, which ought to be the model school of the highest conceivable forms of eloquence, is in fact, as constituted in our country, but too generally an outlet of the heat, bigotry and blindness of political fury, escaping in another direction, and sanctified by another name. Nine pulpits in ten in our country, as we believe, are occupied chiefly in the denunciation of other sects; and in carrying the proscriptive feeling and phrase of party politics into that sacred place. Where will you go, to hear calm, dignified, and to say all in

one word, *evangelical* discourses from the pulpit, such as would naturally arise from the theme of Christ's sermon on the mount? We have served up to us the same dish, that we get at the bar, or the rostrum, only garnished and prepared differently, and called by a sanctified name. Why should it be otherwise? The first thing, which a child hears among us, is to electioneer. The thousand female societies have taught the science even to ladies. From the primary school to the ladies' boarding school, from the high school to the college, and from infancy to age, every interest of the country is settled by electioneering. Is it strange, that the minister is chosen by the same means? Or that his course afterwards should be to balance parties by antagonizing one element with another? Born in politics, drawing them in with his first breath, making his way upwards every where, at school, in society, in obtaining his lady love, by the gymnastics of demagoguery, why should we expect other, than that he should carry the spirit, which he drew in from his mother's breast, into the pulpit, and regard himself there, as raised by suffrage to a momentary and slipshod pre-eminence above his fellows, to be preserved only by the arts and management of a party, by crying up one set of men and opinions, and crying down another?

People may not be agreed about the origin and causes of this absorbing interest of politics in our country; but, that the actual fact is as we state, seems to us unquestionable. Even if our liberties depended, as some will say, upon this state of things, we should hardly deem the blessing worth preserving at such a price, nor *Propter libertatem—perdere causas vivendi*. But so far from this being the fact, it is the experience of all time, and of human nature, that this feverish malady has always, sooner or later, been mortal to freedom. If the people would choose their political guardians quietly, watch them with a spirit at once vigilant and generous, and in that spirit leave them unmolested, to pursue the functions for which they were elected, we deem that our liberties would be quite as safe as now, that we babble perpetually about them. All this might be accomplished, without occupying a thousandth part of the place in our public discussions, in our journals and our thoughts, as at present.

There was a period in the British annals, when that people, always up to fever heat in politics, sustained by a prodigious patronage such works as the *Tattler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, &c. works, which turned almost exclusively upon the lesser morals, restraints, charities and modes of domestic society; points which belong to the refinement, improvement, and daily happiness of the million. All cotemporary literary history is unanimous, in attesting the influence, as salutary, as it was great, upon public manners and morals. The appetite for crude and brutifying politics became pallid, when the mind was supplied with purer and nobler materials of enjoyment. The seeds of literature are sown in our soil.—We only need the suns and rains and temperature of popular favor to cause them to develop in magnificent luxuriance in our country. Who can doubt, whether a higher, more polished, a happier and more enviable state of society would ensue, when such themes of discussion, as those of the *Spectator*, should find general favor in our country?

But this can never be, so long as the phrenzy of political excitement occupies all the interest of the country. We very much fear, that the

original *Spectator* might transmigrate to our country and our time, and conduct his work unnoticed and unknown. The coarse diet of our daily food has blunted our perceptions. The loud and hoarse cry of electioneering would prevent the still small voice of his charming themes from being heard. He might as well think of arresting the current of the Mississippi with his gray goose quill, as render himself conspicuous among the ten thousand aspirants, making their way by different claims. He would have reason, we fear, to say

'All fear, none aid me, and few understand.'

We have at least a thousand 'singing men and singing women.' But they pour songs as uselessly upon the passing breeze, as the sybil committed her responses to the leaves, or the red-bird sings in the depths of the Mississippi swamp. We find even our Bryant devoted to the columns of a political newspaper. We have, indeed, our full share of what we call, in courtesy, literary papers and reviews. Their languid dragging their slow length along is no certain indication, that we want talent to sustain them; but is most unequivocal proof, that there is but a certain amount of physical and moral excitability in our community; and that the great portion of this is expended either upon politics, or the acquisition of money. Every thing else settles down to the level surface of uniform mediocrity.

We may talk about literature as much as we will; and we may have new publications dropping from the press in every considerable town; but so long as the great mass of the people will taste nothing, but politics, and see nothing but political consequence, so long as the national feeling and enthusiasm evaporate solely in that direction, so long we shall never have that real national literature, which is only fostered by finding on every side a genial and a paramount interest. Till that time, a hundred literary papers will spring up, like the prophet's gourd, in the night, and will die in the night. Till then our songs will be the poor imitations of those, who have nothing better to do, than to sing. The *beau idéal* of our scholars will be, that learning is dullness—sesquipedalia verba—and dignity, a solemn and consequential style.

In some parts of our country, a spectacle as new, as it is cheering, is now and then witnessed; that of distinguished men declining to serve longer, or to stand candidates for election; of men, who have become weary and satiated with the scramble;—who prefer their native shades, their books, or their original pursuits. The portions of the country where these rare spectacles are seen, are precisely those, in which mental cultivation and refinement have made considerable advances. We do not believe, that a better scale to mark this advancement, can possibly be found, than in the eagerness to obtain political promotion. You will find offices just as much more greedily sought in the newer states and territories, as they are more rough and uncultivated.

Let it not be said, that we do not cordially respect a competent legislator; or that we do not consider it the duty of every man, to obey the distinct intimation of the will of the country, that he should serve it. But when we see what miserable timber is wrought into the political ship, how many bipeds are sent to our legislatures, who ought never to have aspired to any thing, beyond finding the way from the bed to the fire, we cannot

but feel a certain humiliation in this degradation of our country's character, apart from its bearing on the point, for which we contend. Our consolation is, that every thing changes in our country. The fashion of belles lettres, literature and the fine arts, will come round in its turn; and mean while, knights of the quill must toil on, with what courage they may.

TRANSLATIONS FROM DICTIONAIRE BIOGRAPHIE CLASSIQUE.

(CONTINUED FROM APRIL NO.)

BUFFON (GEORGE LOUIS LECLERC DE) member of the French academy and that of sciences; born Montbard, 1707, was one of the writers, whose reputation augmented the glory of France, after the illustrious age of Louis XIV. His *Natural history* is a monument of eloquence and genius, which is the envy of Europe. The distinguished men of all nations render homage to the author; and foreigners have lavished on him the testimonies of their consideration. He enjoyed the highest favor with the government of his own country. Louis XV erected his estate of Buffon into a county. D'Angivillers, superintendant of the public works, erected a statue of him during his life, in the reign of Louis XVI, at the entrance of the king's cabinet, with this inscription,—*Majestati naturæ per ingenium.* 'With the exception of some obscure critics,' says one of his biographers, 'no voice disturbed the concert of his praises.' If the learned have been divided on the merit of Buffon, as a philosopher and naturalist, if Voltaire, D'Alembert and Condorcet have judged his hypotheses severely; and that vague manner of philosophizing, according to the general perceptions of the mind, without calculation, and without experience, and if, in fine, many foreign naturalists have harshly attacked certain errors of detail, which escaped him, and have dispensed much blame on his departure from the methods of nomenclature, without prizing sufficiently the services he has rendered to science, by enriching it with a multitude of facts, at least no person will deny him the merit of having made it generally felt, that the actual state of the globe results from a succession of changes, which it is possible to trace. He has made observers attentive to the phenomena, from which they can ascend to these changes. As for his system upon organic molecules, and upon the interior constitution to explain generation, it cannot be denied, that his exposition wants clearness, as well as sequence; and that its very foundation seems directly refuted by modern observations, particularly, those of Haller and Spallanzani. But his eloquent picture of the physical and moral development of man is still an extremely beautiful *morceau* of philosophy; and is worthy of being placed beside the most esteemed parts of Lock's book. He erred, in wishing to substitute for the instinct of animals, a sort of mechanism, more intelligible, perhaps, than that of Descartes; but his ideas concerning the delicacy and the degree of influence, which each organ exercises upon the nature of the different species, are ideas of genius, which will become henceforward the basis of all philosophic natural his-

tory; and which has rendered so much service to the art of method, that it ought to procure pardon to the author for the hard things, which he has said against method. In fine, his ideas upon the degeneracy of animals, and upon the limits, which climates, mountains and seas assign to every species, may be considered as true discoveries, which every day tends to confirm; and which have given to travellers a fixed basis for their researches, which they absolutely wanted before. There are two editions, 4to. of his *natural history*, published at the royal printing press. One in 36 vols. appeared between 1749, and 1788, and is the most esteemed. None of the numerous subsequent editions have been adequate to replace it for naturalists. Notwithstanding its extent, the Natural History has been translated into English, Italian, Spanish and Dutch. There are two German editions, with additions of various kinds. D. Paris, 1788.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON Lord, born Dover, 1788. We should be obliged to over-step the bounds of this work, to speak adequately of him, whose fame is co-extensive with the world. Born with an illustrious name, but early an orphan, and heir of a fortune dissipated by his father, the young Byron passed his early youth in Scotland, with his mother. At the death of his uncle, a whimsical and morose man, who left no children, he succeeded to the title of Lord, and was sent to school at Harrow, whence he went to finish his studies at the university of Cambridge. After having distinguished himself there by certain eccentricities of character, more than by academic success, the young lord came to join his mother at the abbey of Newstead. Love had rendered him a poet, while yet a scholar at Harrow. He collected his verses, and published them under the title of *Hours of Leisure*. A most caustic criticism in the *Edinburg Review* seized upon these efforts of a young man, and mixed gross personalities with bitter notices of his verses, counselling him to renounce poetry. Exasperated at these judges, Byron replied by a satire, imitated from Juvenal, Pope and Gifford, stinging them with the most concentrated venom of wit; and immolating, by a blind resentment, the principal literary reputations of the epoch. This was to avenge one injustice by another. But genius obtains easy absolution for its faults. The greater part of those, who were attacked in the *British bards and Scotch reviewers* afterwards became the friends of Byron; among others Thomas Moore, and his illustrious rival, Sir Walter Scott. After having passed some time in dissipation at Newstead, and then at London, where he disdained the accustomed honours of peerage in the house of Lords, notwithstanding the success of his first speech in that illustrious body, tormented by ennui and satiety, he travelled, in the indulgence of his reveries, into Spain, Portugal and Greece. On his return, he published a poetical recital of his voyage, under the title of *Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*. The hero of this poem is, obviously, Byron, with that vague melancholy, and depth of interior passion, which never left him. There is unequalled energy of emotion in it, and a singular combination of scepticism and enthusiasm. This poem created that enthusiastic interest of admiration, with which all his different works were afterwards received. The public ceased not to identify the poet, painted with different attributes, with the heroes of his imagination, who in new situations always re-produced a character much the same,

the expression of a soul incessantly agitated, passionate, and exalted. The poetry of Byron is natural, even in its exaggeration. We cannot but admire the great verity and graphic power of expression in the *Giaour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corair*, *Lara*, the *Siege of Corinth*, *Parasina*, *Manfred*, the *Prisoners of Chillon*, *Mazeppa*, &c. In 1816 he married Miss Milbank Noel. This unhappy union became too famous by the separation of the parties. Byron, seeing his errors exaggerated by calumny, and disdaining to justify himself before the high circles of England, voluntarily abandoned it, and his daughter; visited the bloody field of Waterloo, and chose his temporary abode near the lake of Geneva, and afterwards in Italy. These countries are powerfully described in the third and last canto of *Childe Harold*. At Venice he composed *Beppo*, and a part of *Don Juan*, a kind of reprehensible satirical odyssey, left incomplete. It is a brilliant gallery of portraits, where the manners and opinions of the epoch are passed in review before the reader with a rare felicity. The tragedies of Lord Byron are also dated from Italy. They are, perhaps, the least happy of his creations. His *Mysteries*, *Cain*, *Heaven and Earth*, &c. are works, however, in which he demonstrates, that the climate of the country of Dante had not enervated his talent. An ardent lover of liberty every where, and more than all in Greece, Lord Byron responded to the first cry of independence from the Greeks. He consecrated his fortune to their resources; and repaired thither himself from Italy, to contribute by his arm and by his lights to their enfranchisement. His presence was the rallying point of parties. He was preparing to direct an important siege, when death struck him. He died, after having composed his last hymn to liberty, and pronouncing the names of his inexorable wife, his sister and his little daughter, whom he had always tenderly loved, though unknown of her. Greece wept for him, and honored him, as a hero of the time of her glory; and declared, that she adopted his daughter. Byron had left memoirs, the deposit of which his friend, Thomas Moore, sacrificed to the exigencies of the family. His works will last as long as his language; and be read wherever that language is known; though there is much in them prosaic, common place, and reprehensible. They have been translated into French, and re-printed many times. The last French edition, 8 vols. 8vo. contains an essay upon his genius, and character, by M. Amedeé Pichot, upon which Lord Byron himself had remarked. The most complete and beautiful edition of the text of his works has been published in France. It is that of the librarian Baudry, 7 vols. 8vo. Paris: 1825.

CANOVA ANTONIO, a celebrated Italian sculptor, born Possagno, a village of the Venetian state, 1747. The dispositions which he manifested from infancy for the art, which he afterwards enriched with a great number of *chefs d'œuvres*, gained for him the protection of Falieri, Lord of Possagno, who placed him at Venice with Torretti, the most accomplished sculptor of the time. The young Canova was not slow to render himself conspicuous, by the boldness and elegance of his first essays. He gained many prizes at the academy of the fine arts at Venice. He established himself at first in a small work-shop. After the success of his first labors had rapidly ameliorated his condition, he gave a wider scope to his enter-

prises. Finally, 1779, the ambassador Girolamo invited him to Rome. The false and degenerate taste, which then prevailed in that great school of the arts, might have opposed obstacles to Canova. But being often in the society of the ambassador of his nation, it was his fortune to receive sage views from the most distinguished amateurs; among others, from Hamilton, the ambassador from England to Naples; of Winkelman and Mengs, who had all three the honor, to restore by their writings, the true theory from oblivion; which had been, so to speak, proscribed by the public blind impulse, for mannerism. The first composition of Canova, which bore the impress of the beautiful style, which he restored, and in which the imitation of nature associated with the ideal beauty of antiquity, was the *group of Theseus sitting upon the vanquished Minotaur*. It will be sufficient to indicate the principal *chefs d'œuvres*, which afterwards placed him in the first rank of modern sculptors. *Mausoleum of Clement XIV.* in marble, placed at Rome, in the church of the Holy Apostles. The pontiff from the summit of his tomb, extending his hands, seems to bless those who come to him. His head is of the greatest beauty. The *Mausoleum of Clement XIII.* placed in the basilisk of St. Peter. The taste is more pure, than that of the Mausoleum of Clement XIV. An infant Psyche, erect, holding a butterfly laid in the hand by the wings; *the repenting Magdalen*, a statue in marble, nature in miniature. After having passed through many hands, it has become the property of M. de Somariva, and is found in the beautiful gallery of Paris. The *Mausoleum of Maria Christina*, archduchess of Austria. Nine figures of native grandeur are introduced into this vast composition, of which the idea is original, but the effect complicated. *Venus coming out of the bath*. The character and the movement of the head are nearly the same, as in the *Venus of Medicis*. The *Mausoleum* of Alfieri, in the church of the holy cross at Florence, erected by the care of the countess of Albani, the illustrious friend of that poet. *Washington*, in white marble, in the Roman drapery, and destined for the senate hall of North Carolina. Canova left his country in 1798, and travelled two years in Prussia and Germany, in company with the prince Rezzanico. On his return to Rome, he was named by Pius 7th, inspector general of the fine arts, and was created a Roman knight. Bonaparte having invited him to Paris, in 1802, he repaired to that city, with the consent of the Pontiff; and experienced in that capital a reception worthy of his talents. The class of the fine arts of the institute placed him in the rank of the foreign associates. When, in 1815, the allied powers had decreed, that the monuments, which decorated the museum of the Louvre, should be restored to their ancient possessors, Canova returned to Paris with the title of an ambassador of the Pope, to preside over the recognizance and the transference of those which the pontifical government claimed. On his return to Rome, the pope gave him a diploma, which attested the inscription of his name in the golden book of the capital, and made him Marquis of Ischia, with an income of 3,000 Roman ecus, which he proposed to consecrate entirely to the prosperity of artists and the arts. Towards the last years of his life, he wished to construct, at Passagno, a church, in which he purposed to place his *colossal statue of Religion*, which they found difficult to admit into the basilisk of St. Peter. This church is a rotunda, on the model of the Parthenon;

with this difference, that it is of stone, and the Parthenon of Athens is marble. He died at Venice, before he had terminated this edifice, October 22d, 1822. Magnificent obsequies were celebrated in his honor, in all Italy. His works were published 1824, by M. M. Reveil and de la Touche.

BERNARDIN DE SAINT PIERRE (JAMES HENRY) a celebrated French writer, born Havre, 1737, of a descendant of the famous Eustace de Saint Pierre, mayor of Calais. The life of this celebrated man, until the publication of his *Studies of Nature*, was but a succession of events, to which his love of humanity constantly rendered him a victim. Entered at 20 years of age into the military department of engineering, he went in the capacity of engineer, to Malta, whence he soon returned, filled with disgust. With the hope of realizing his projects of legislation in Russia, he accepted of the empress Catharine a lieutenancy in the department of engineers; but his plans not being adopted, he gave in his resignation, after four years service; and went to Poland, in the hope of being in some way of service to this kingdom, torn by factions. Notwithstanding his zeal, he preserved his life, defending himself with intrepidity, fighting as he retreated, and re-entered France. A short time after the baron de Breteuil procured for him the commission of captain of engineers, in the Isle of France. This mission was not more fortunate than his former ones. He retired, after three years, carrying with him nothing but shells, and insects, and the relation of his voyage, which he published, 1773. This was his *coup-d'essai*, in his literary career; and the germ of the talent which was soon to develop itself was recognized in it. At this time d'Alembert brought him forward at Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse's, the rendezvous of the *beaux esprits* and philosophers of the time. But his courageous firmness in combatting all irreligious systems having drawn upon him the animadversions and sarcasms of this society, he soon withdrew from it, sought seclusion, connected himself with Rousseau, and completed in solitude the *Studies of Nature*, in the publication of which M. Didot, the younger, consented to engage, after many arrangements. The book appeared, 1784, and had five successive editions. *Paul and Virginia*, that charming episode, saw the light, 1788, and had, in less than a year, more than 20 counterfeits, besides the editions acknowledged by the author. The products of these two works finally put him at ease. He published, 1789, *Vœux d'un Solitaire*, and two years after, *The Indian Cottage*. Appointed, 1792, superintendent of the garden of plants, and the cabinet of natural history, by Louis XVI, he prepared his *Harmonies of Nature*, and labored to realize his useful plans, which were only too late. He lost his place and his pensions, and escaped only by a miracle the revolutionary proscription. In 1794, he was professor of morals at the normal school, and was called the following year to the institute, where he had to combat the irreligious spirit of most of his colleagues. At this period Bernardin, aged 64, a widower in consequence of the death of Mademoiselle Didot, his first wife, espoused Mademoiselle de Pelleport. This last marriage, a pension of 2000 francs from the government, and one of 6000 francs from Joseph Bonaparte, placed his fortune in a much more advantageous situation; and enabled him to settle at Ceragny near Pontoise, where he finished his days, 1814, aged 77. The works of this celebrated man are full of

a pure and religious morality, and an impressive and touching eloquence, which penetrates the heart, and leads it to virtue; creates admiration for the wonders of Providence, and lightens the evils of humanity. He informs us, in his own frank and charming way, that all the critics of Paris, to whom he read his *Paul and Virginia* in MS. condemned it as a work, that would not succeed. He says, he afterwards read it to a little circle of female friends. Every one was dissolved in tears. This he considered as the most unequivocal of all criticism; and these good ladies had thus the honor of giving birth to the most eloquent and pathetic romance that ever was written. It is said, his charming young wife, in alluding to the advanced age of her husband, affirmed, that the author of the *Studies of Nature* could never grow old. His style, which has been compared to that of Rousseau and Fenelon, has a character of its own, and a something not easily defined, of tenderness and affection, which gains all hearts. As a philosopher, he drew on himself, deservedly, many criticisms: but he has a right to the eulogies of all as a writer. M. Aime Martin, who espoused his widow, gave, 1815, a very beautiful edition of his *Harmonies of Nature*, a work of the author's old age. The same editor has published a complete edition of the works of Bernardin de Saint Pierre, 1818-20. 12 vols. in 8vo. with plates.

Dictionnaire Historique d'Education, ou sans donner preceptes, on se propose d'exercer, et d'enrichir toutes les facultes de l'ame et de l'esprit, en substituant les exemples aux maximes, les faits aux raisonnements, la pratique a la theorie. Nouvelle edition, revue, corrigee et augmentee, &c. Par M. FILLASSIER, des academies royales d'Arras, de Toulouse, de Marseille, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. comprising in the whole 1524 pp. Paris, 1818.

An Historical Dictionary of Education; in which is proposed, without laying down precepts, to exercise, and enrich all the faculties of the mind and the heart, by substituting examples for maxims, facts for reasonings, and practice for theory. A new edition, revised, corrected and enlarged. By M. FILLASSIER, of the royal academies, &c.

Longum per præcepta, breve per exemplum iter.

THIS has long been a standard book of its class in France, having, like the 'Child's Friend' of M. Berquin, run on to a great number of editions. Mere accident brought it under our eye, and our attention was chained, until the reading of this large work was finished. It may be an old book in its native country, but it is new here. We know not, but it may have been translated into English. Two motives have produced this notice of it. It is the most interesting and complete work of its class, we have ever read; and we were thence induced to make such extracts from it, as will tend to enrich our journal, and add to its interest and variety. We are, moreover, persuaded, that with some alterations, adapting it to the meridian of our country and our institutions, a single volume might be compi-

led from it, which would be the richest present, that could be made to our schools. That this use should be made of it, we are confident, that it is only necessary that it should fall under the eye of some competent translator, interested in the all important subject of education, and with leisure to prepare the work.

The motto will explain the object of the author. '*The road by precept is long, by example short.*' All the cardinal virtues, affections, dispositions, greater, and lesser morals, to be instilled into the young, are arranged, as heads of chapters, alphabetically—as *abstinence, activity, alms, bravery, character, chastity, duty, &c.* traversing the circle in this order. The whole body of his'ory, ancient and modern, in all languages, and in all countries, has been culled, to gather the choicest and most pithy and impressive examples of the sublimest exercise of each of these virtues, or the most revolting pictures of the influence of the opposite vices. These examples are not at all the fictions of romance, but the best attested facts of the most reputable historians. It is true, the natural aspect of the book will be that of high colored, improbable and exaggerated painting. But we know, that, in every age, there are examples, as different from the common, as our estimate of angelic nature is from that of the herd. There have been beacons set up in the general darkness and degeneracy of all countries and all time, showing us, what man sometimes is; and what, under the influence of extraordinary circumstances, and on great emergencies, he may achieve, and become. Curtius leaping down *the gulf* is only an improbable prodigy to men of grovelling minds; or *men who* have not remarked, that nature delights to show us, that she is not to be tried by our selfish, *mediocre* and common place rules; but that, in a phrase, which has been rendered ludicrous, but which contains much pith and meaning, *some things can be done, as well as others.* Dr. Johnson was accustomed to counsel young aspirants, to aim at an eagle, even if they could reasonably expect to bring down only a sparrow. We are clear for the general adoption of this noble sentiment. The present is the age of avarice, of tame, flat mediocrity—of the searing and withering influence of ridicule—of shame even of the thought of old fashioned love. These examples of magnanimity, of daring, self-denial, noble forgetfulness of self, and sublime manifestation of the most difficult virtues, may have, to the eyes of the hackneyed, who are worn in to the general course, an air of extravagance. But such examples cannot be too often, and too strongly held up in the view of the young, before they have drunk into the spirit of the world; before enthusiasm is forever smothered; before they are taught by all, that they see, and feel, that the glorious by gone world, in which their unpolluted and generous thoughts and affections have expatiated, is but an illusion—and that the only real aspirations of practised worldlings are prudence and self-advancement. Here are examples of a devotion, that unites the soul with the power, goodness and truth of the Divinity; a self denial, which defies pain and privation; a courage, which fears not danger and death; affection of a constancy, to be proof against every trial;—in short, the manifestation of what every individual might become, in the ultimate exemplification of the capabilities of human nature. While the eyes of the young glisten, and their bosoms expand, as they read these affecting tales, they cannot but imbibe loftier sentiments, more heroic im-

pulses, better dispositions, and more incentives to upright and virtuous character. In the words of the compiler

'The models, which we offer to our pupils, in exciting in them the noble desire of imitation, may, at the same time, fortify them against the dangerous examples, which assail their weakness from every quarter. By the happy habit, which they will contract, in the school of the heroes and sages of all ages, and of every country, they will learn, without difficulty, to discriminate the false *eclat*, with which vice invests itself, from the real glory of virtue. In beholding, so to speak, kings, princes, generals, and holy men marching at their head, in the paths of honor, a sublime enthusiasm will pervade their spirits. Accustomed only to see striking traits of magnanimity, wisdom and benevolence, they will themselves become magnanimous, sage and wise, by emulation.

There are other necessary advantages, which ought not to be passed over. The variety of facts will stimulate their curiosity, without fatiguing their attention. They will find under almost all the articles, and particularly under the titles *bons mots*, *naivete*, *pleasantry*, *repartee*, &c. a mass of cheerful and decent anecdotes, which will enrich their memory without offending their manners; and which will impart to their mind that piquant urbanity, which is, as the salt of society. We have not harvested the vast field of history; but of the flowers, which decorate it, we have chosen the most obvious, and those which will most efficaciously diffuse the delightful perfume of virtue.'

We shall only add, that we have no where seen extracts of taste, facts, anecdotes, and pithy sayings, in beauty, number and impressiveness, to compare with this collection. Perhaps the greater portion only refreshed our recollections of former reading. It may be, that the half, or the third part of them have been before the American public, dispersed in our different collections for the use of schools. It would be, of course, the object of the compilers, to select the most striking. It will be equally our purpose, in choosing the following, to translate such as have not been so much hackneyed in this way. From these samples of what remains, after diligent and keen research of so many gleaners in the field of selection, and compilation, the reader will be able to judge of the tenor and value of the work, from which we translate. We select two examples of *abstinence*.

During a long and painful march in an arid country, Alexander and his army suffered extremely from thirst. Some soldiers, sent in advance for discovery, found a little water in the hollow of a rock, and brought it to the king in a helmet. Alexander displayed the water to his soldiers, to encourage them to support their thirst with patience, as it announced to them their vicinity to the source. Afterwards, instead of drinking it, he poured it upon the ground, in the view of all the army. The Macedonians applauded this heroic abstinence with loud acclamations; and, thinking no longer of their thirst, they cried to their monarch, that he might lead them wherever he chose, and that they would never cease to follow him.

Under the head of *activity*, the following is an impressive extract from Roman history:

He (Asdrubal) marched against the left wing of the Romans. Livius received him with invincible bravery. The shock was terrible, and the

resistance furious. On one part and the other, warlike troops, and full of courage, and, moreover, animated by the presence of generals, who were the first to brave peril and death, long held the victory balanced. Nero made useless efforts to mount a hill. The Carthaginians continually drove him back, by horrible discharges of arrows and stones. Seeing, that it was impossible to reach the enemy by this route, 'what,' cried he, addressing his troops, 'what! have we come so far, and so rapidly, to be idle spectators of the triumph of our fellow countrymen!' He said, and sped, like an arrow, with the division of the right wing; passed in the rear of the battle, made the circuit of the army, and poured obliquely on the right wing of the enemy, which he soon after attacked in the rear. Until then, success had been doubtful. But when the army of Asdrubal saw itself charged at the same time in front, flank and rear, rout became entire. Asdrubal perceived, that victory declared for the Romans. He would not survive his misfortune; but threw himself in the midst of a Roman cohort, where he perished, as became the brother of Hannibal. The very night after the combat, Nero set off to rejoin his army; and using increased diligence, after ten days march, he arrived in his camp. Instantly he caused the head of Hannibal's brother to be thrown into the entrenchments of Hannibal, and released two prisoners, who gave him ample details of the fatal day of Metaurus. Hannibal, seeing the head of his brother, at once affected, and terrified, exclaimed 'alas! I have lost all my hope and happiness.' He decamped, and retreated to the extremities of Italy, to Brutium, vanquished without resource by the activity of Nero.

Under the title *adresse d'esprit*, we have the following anecdote of Michael Angelo. We witness every day the same blind and carping envy, in relation to cotemporary men and things.

Michael Angelo, indignant at the unjust preference, which the pretended connoisseurs of his time gave to the works of the ancient sculptors, piqued, beside, at what they had said of himself, that the most inferior of the ancient statues was a hundred times more beautiful than any thing he had wrought, or could ever make, imagined a sure method of confounding them. He wrought in secret a Cupid of marble, in which he put forth all his art and all his genius. When this charming statue was finished, he broke off an arm; and, after having given to the body of the statue, by the application of certain reddish tints, the venerable color of the antique statues, he buried it, during the night, where they were soon to lay the foundations of an edifice. The time came, and the workmen discovered the Cupid. The curious multitude ran to admire. 'They had never seen any thing so beautiful. It is a *chef d'œuvre* of Phidias,' said some. 'It is the work of Polycletes,' said others. 'How far are we,' cried all, 'from being able to produce any thing resembling it at the present day! What a misfortune, that it wants an arm!' 'I have the arm, gentlemen,' said Michael Angelo, after having listened to their stupid exaggerations. They cast on him looks of incredulous pity. What was their surprise, when they saw the entirely new arm join perfectly to the shoulder of the statue! They were obliged to feel, that they possessed a Phidias and a Polycletes, capable of contesting the palm of merit with the ancients; and if their envious prejudice was not destroyed, it was at least silenced.

Another, under the same head, will, probably, be new to most of our readers.

The Caliph Mahadi was passionately fond of hunting. Being lost, he entered into a peasant's house, and asked drink. His host brought him a cruise of wine, of which he drank, and then asked him, 'if he knew, who he was?' 'No,' replied the Arab. 'I am one of the principal officers of the Caliph's court.' He then took another draught, and again asked the peasant, 'if he knew him?' He answered, that he had just told him, who he was. 'Not at all,' replied Mahadi. 'I am greater, than I have said.' He took another draught, and repeated his question. The Arab, wearied with the catechism, replied to him, that he had been explaining himself upon that subject. 'No,' said the prince, 'I have not yet told you all. I am the Caliph, before whom all people prostrate themselves.' At these words the Arab, instead of falling prostrate, took the cruise, and replaced it, whence he took it. The Caliph, in astonishment, and believing, that he put away the vase on account of his presence, wished to assure him against the fear of having transgressed the law of Mahomet, which forbids wine. 'Oh! it is not that,' replied the Arab; but that, if you should drink another draught, I am afraid, that you would turn out to be the prophet; and that finally, at the last drinking, you would make me believe, you was the Omnipotent God himself?

Under the head of *friendship*, a great number of interesting and some sublime instances are given. Among the amusing ones we select the following.

The celebrated Voiture, one of the *beaux esprits* of the age of Louis XIII, had lost all his money, and had an immediate call for 200 pistoles. He wrote to the abbe Costar, his faithful friend. This admirable letter presents us with a trait of that confidence and frankness, which sincere friendship inspires. It runs thus: I lost yesterday all my money, and 200 pistoles more, which I have promised to pay to day. If you have that sum, do not fail to send it. If not, borrow it. Come as it may, you must lend it me. Be careful to let no one anticipate you, in giving me this pleasure. I should be concerned how it might affect my love for you. I know you so well, I am aware, you would find it difficult, to console yourself. To avoid this misfortune, rather sell, what will raise it. You see, how imperious love is. I take a certain pleasure, in managing after this fashion with you; and I feel, that I should have a still greater, if you would be as free with me. But here you want my courage. Judge, if I must not be perfectly assured of you. I will give my promise to him, who shall bring me your money. Good day.

The abbe Costar replied—I feel extreme joy, to be in condition to render you the trifling service, which you demand of me. Never had I thought, that one could have so much pleasure for 200 pistoles. Having experienced it, I give you my word, that I shall have for the rest of my life a little capital always ready for your occasions. Order confidently at your pleasure. You cannot take half the satisfaction in commanding, that I shall have in obeying. But submissive as you may find me, I shall be revolted, if you wish to compel me to take a promise from you.

Another affords a fine example to rival authors.

The friendship of Racine and Despreaux is so much the more worthy

of eulogy, as a union so constant is a phenomenon between people of superior genius, ordinarily divided by a fatal rivalry. When Racine was persuaded, that his malady would end in death, he charged his eldest son to write to M. de Cavoye, to beg him to solicit the payment of what was due of his pension, that he might leave some ready money to his family. The young man wrote the letter, and read it to his father. 'Why,' said he, 'do you not ask the payment of the pension of Boileau? We must not be separated. Write again, and let Boileau know, that I have been his friend even to death.' When he gave him his last adieu, he rose in his bed, as much as extreme weakness would allow; and as he embraced him, said, 'I regard it as a happiness for me, to die before you.'

The chapter on *love*, is commenced with these pithy words.

'Hunger, time, and the rope—these are the remedies of love,' said the philosopher Crates. 'But it is only fools, who avail themselves of the last receipt.' The ancients deemed, that love perfected noble minds, and that it is the exciting cause of great deeds. Thus it was the essence of ancient chivalry to have a *lady*, to whom, as to a superior being, they disclosed all their sentiments, thoughts and actions. 'Oh! if my lady saw me,' said Heuranges, as he mounted the breach.

On the theme *self-love* more amusing anecdotes are collected than we have before met upon that subject, which a prevalent human weakness renders so common. We select a few.

Louis XIV having done Madame de Sevigne the honor to dance with her, the lady resumed her place near the count Bussi Rabutin. She was no sooner seated, than she said, 'Oh! dear count, avow, that the king has great qualities. I am sure, that he will obscure the glory of his predecessors.' 'Who can doubt it? Has he not just danced with you?' replied the count, smiling at the motive, which inspired this animated eulogy. In her enthusiasm, she could scarcely refrain from crying out, 'long live the king.'

We recommend the following to the numerous corps of office seekers.

One day Socrates, having met a self important young gentleman, named Glaucon, 'you have, they tell me,' said the sage, 'a passionate desire to govern the republic.' 'They say true,' replied Glaucon. 'The design is splendid,' resumed the other. 'If you succeed, you will be in a condition to serve your friends, aggrandize your family, and extend the bounds of your country. You will be known not only in Athens, but in all Greece; and perhaps your renown will reach even barbarous nations, like that of Themistocles. You will be the subject of all eyes; and you will attract to yourself the respect and the admiration of the world.' An address so insinuating, so flattering, delighted the young man, who immediately succumbed under his besetting weakness. He remained in silent rapture; and the other continued, 'since you desire esteem and honor, it is clear, that you think, also, of rendering yourself useful to the public.' 'Assuredly.' 'Tell me, then, I pray you, what is the first service which you propose to render the state?' As Glaucon appeared embarrassed, and was meditating, what reply he should make—'apparently,' resumed Socrates, 'it will be to enrich, that is to augment the revenues.' 'The very same.' 'And without doubt, you know, in what the revenues consist, and how much can be raised? You cannot fail to have made that a particular study;

that, if any great resource should suddenly fail, you might be able to replace it by another?' 'I swear to you, that this is the very point, upon which I never thought.' 'Point out to me, at least, the expenditures of the republic; for you know of what importance it is, to retrench all, that are superfluous.' 'I am obliged to avow to you, that I am no better instructed upon this article, than the other.'

'You must put off, then, to some other time, the purpose, which you have to enrich the republic; for it is impossible for you to do it, if you are ignorant both of its revenues, and expenses.'

The conversation began to be not altogether so pleasant for the young politician; because it compelled him to the humiliating avowal of ignorance upon those very points, where he ought to have been best informed. Hope, however, sustained his vanity; and profiting of an idea, which appeared to him unanswerable; 'it seems to me,' said he, 'that you pass in silence a mean, as efficacious, as that, of which you have been speaking. Can we not enrich the state by the ruin of its enemies?' 'Exactly so. But to avail of this mean, we must be the stronger party. Otherwise we run the risque of losing our own, instead of gaining theirs. Thus he, who speaks about undertaking a war, must know the forces of the one, and the other; that, should he find his party the stronger, he may boldly counsel war; and if he find it the weaker, dissuade the people from engaging in it. Do you know what are the forces of our republic, by land and sea; and what those of our enemies? Have you this information reduced to writing? You will do me the pleasure, to communicate it to me. 'I have not done it yet.' 'I see then, we must not be in haste to make war, if they assign to you the charge of the government. It seems, then, there are many things for you yet to know, and much care of preparation yet to be bestowed.'

He thus led the young man over many other articles, upon which he found him equally new, and caused him to touch, with his own finger, the ridiculousness of those, who have the temerity to intermeddle with government, without bringing to it any other preparation, than a great esteem for themselves, and a measureless ambition to mount to the first places.

'Fear, my dear Glaucon,' added he, in conclusion, 'lest a too vehement desire of honor should blind you, and cause you to assume a part, which would cover you with shame, in bringing to the fullest light your incapacity and inexperience.'

Under the copious head of *conjugal love*, we quote but a single example.

After the unfortunate enterprise of king James to remount the throne of England, the English noblemen, who had embraced his party, were condemned to perish by the hand of the executioner. They were executed, March 16, 1716. Lord Nithsdale was reserved for the same destiny; but he saved himself by the ingenious tenderness of his wife. It had been permitted the wives to see their husbands, the evening before their death, to take their last adieus. Lady Nithsdale entered the tower, supported by two of her women, and holding her handkerchief before her eyes, in the attitude of one in despair. As soon as she was in the prison, she persuaded her husband, who was of the same stature with herself, to change dress, and to depart in the same attitude, in which she had entered. She

added, that a carriage would conduct him to the shore of the Thames, where he would find a boat, which would take him to a vessel ready to hoist sail for France. The stratagem, happily, succeeded. Lord Nithisdale disappeared, and arrived at three in the following morning at Calais. As soon as he put foot upon the ground, he skipped for joy, crying out, 'blessed Jesus! I am safe.' This transport discovered him; but he was no longer in the power of his enemies. The next morning, they sent a minister, to prepare the prisoner for death. He was strangely surprised to find a woman instead of a man. The news spread in a moment. The keeper of the tower consulted the court, what must be done with lady Nithisdale. He received orders, to set her at liberty; and she rejoined her husband in France.

Under the article *filial love*, we translate the following.

A Japanese widow had three sons, and subsisted by their labor. Although this subsistence was extremely economical, the labors of the children were not always sufficient, to meet it. The spectacle of the mother, whom they loved, pining with want, caused them one day to conceive this strange resolution. It had been just published, that whosoever would deliver up the thief of certain effects, should receive a considerable sum. The three brothers agreed, that one of the three should pass for the thief; and that the other two should deliver him up to the judge. They drew lots, to ascertain, who should be the victim of filial love; and the lot fell upon the youngest, who consented to be conducted, as a criminal. The magistrate interrogated him. He admitted, that he had stolen. He was sent to prison, and the others received the promised sum. But their hearts began to be affected by the danger of their brother. They found means of gaining admittance to his prison; and supposing themselves unobserved, they tenderly embraced him, and shed over him a shower of tears. The magistrate accidentally noted them; and, surprised with a spectacle so new, charged one of his people, to follow the two informers. He expressly enjoined it on him, not to lose sight of them, until he should have discovered something to throw light upon a fact so singular. He acquitted himself perfectly of his commission; and related, that having seen the two young persons enter a house, he drew near to it, and heard them relate to their mother the circumstances, that have just been stated; that the poor woman at the recital raised heart rending cries, and ordered her children to carry back the money, which they had given her, affirming, that she had rather die of hunger, than preserve life at the price of that of her dear son. The magistrate, scarcely conceiving of this strange prodigy of filial love, ordered the prisoner before him; interrogated him anew, touching his pretended thefts, and even threatening him with the most cruel punishment. The young man, persevering in his tenderness for his mother, remained immovable. The magistrate penetrated with an action so heroic, embraced the young man, and departed immediately to instruct the emperor of the case. The prince, seized with admiration at the recital, desired to see the prisoner. When he appeared, 'virtuous son,' said he, extending his hand to him, 'your conduct merits the highest praises. The country shall celebrate it; and it is mine to recompense it.' Immediately he ordered him a handsome pension, sent for his two brothers and their mother, bestowed on them abundant caresses, and retained them at court.

Love of country, as might be expected, includes a great number of splendid historical examples, for none of which we have space. Under *love of the sciences*, we select the following.

Alphonso V, king of Aragon, eagerly sought medals of the emperors; particularly those of Julius Cæsar. Every one was desirous to find them for him; and he received them from all Italy. Sometimes amusing himself for hours together, in the fixed contemplation of the heads of these illustrious men, he used to say, 'my emulation kindles at the view of so many heroes. They all have the aspect of inviting me to follow them in the path of glory; and to achieve, like them, deeds worthy of immortality.'

Francis I, was passionately attached to Leonardo del Vinci. The illustrious artist finally expired in his arms, to the astonishment of the grandees of his court. The king observed to them, 'you are wrong, to admire at the honor, in which I hold the great painter. I can make, any day, a number of nobles, like you; but God only can create a man like him I have lost.'

Louis XIV, had always in his *suite* some illustrious *Scavans*. Among them Racine and Boileau were distinguished. After the death of Racine, Boileau, in old age and infirmity, retired to his house at Anteuil, and rarely appeared at court. The king said to him one day, drawing his watch from his pocket, and presenting it him, 'if your health will allow you sometimes to visit me at Versailles, I shall always have an hour to devote to you.' What courtier, what prince even, could have obtained a similar favor?

The following is under the head of *love of glory*. A soldier was sent by Vauban, to examine a position. He surveyed it a long time, notwithstanding a shower of fire from the enemy, in which he received a ball in his body. He returned, and gave an account of his observations, with all possible tranquility; though the blood flowed abundantly from his wound. The general, to recompense his bravery and services, offered him money. 'No, your highness,' replied the soldier, 'that would spoil the deed.'

The two following, under the head of *assurance*, will be new to most of our readers.

At the battle of Aignadel, gained by Louis XII, 1509, the victory was long balanced, without declaring for either party. All was in terrible confusion. The French and Venetian battalions were mixed in promiscuous fight, without being able to recognize each other. In the horrible tumult, the soldier could scarcely distinguish the voice and the orders of his general. Louis, without regard to his person, exposed himself to the hottest fire. His courtiers supplicated him, to consider the danger, to which he exposed himself. 'Not at all! Not at all!' he replied. 'I have no fear; and whoever has, let him get behind me. He shall receive no harm.' This heroic confidence animated the dejected courage of his warriors to redoubled efforts, which finally triumphed.

Haclocl Khan, son of Gengiz Khan, at the head of an immense body of Tartars, made all Europe tremble. A Saxon nobleman wrote the news to the duke of Brabant, and the letter was sent to queen Blanche, mother of St. Louis. The princess, in her alarm, exclaimed, 'my son, my dear son, what shall we do, in this terrible extremity? What will become of

the church? What will become of us all?' 'What shall we do, madam?' replied the young king—Look to heaven for consolation and strength. Every body says, that these Tartars came from hell. We will send them back there; or they will send us to paradise.' This trait of intrepidity was soon diffused even among strangers, and inspired a masculine vigor, which took the place of the sudden panic, which had pervaded all minds.

We have scarcely turned over half the pages of the first volume, seizing an anecdote here and there, only guided in the choice, by a desire to select those, that have been least seen. We hope to find another occasion to resume these translations, or at least direct some compiler of juvenile books to this admirable work.

The Philosophy of a Future State. pp. 308. *The Philosophy of Religion, or an illustration of the moral laws of the Universe.* pp. 461. By THOMAS DICK, 'author of the Christian Philosopher,' &c. &c. Reprinted by E. & G. Merriam, Brookfield, Mass. 1829.

THESE books are from a Scotch writer, of popular and established standing, among a certain class of orthodox divines. They have been extensively read, and have gone, we are told, to a number of editions. There is much writing in them of eloquence and power; and numerous historical extracts, of a very peculiar character. It should seem, as if the whole body of voyages and travels had been culled, with a view to select the most chilling and abhorrent views of human nature. We have no doubt, that the extracts are made with fidelity; and we know in most cases, that they are from authors of approved credit. Yet we have not before had similar views, creating such unqualified abhorrence; nor such horrid representations of the results of religious persecution. The effect, probably, results from this circumstance: that we have before seen them scattered promiscuously, and in detached points of history; and that they are here thrown together;—and thus grouped, the horror of one running into that of another, increasing the concurrent effect of the whole, gives the representation, taken together, an air of incredible enormity; and we involuntarily turn to the pages, whence the authorities are cited, to see, if we had so read them before. We are far from subscribing to all the positions of the author. Yet we deem the works, on the whole, to be eloquent, of great research, and calculated to produce, especially among that class of religionists, who will read them, (and we may add, will not read us) a vast amount of good. Dedicated, at least one of them, to Chalmers, it may be easily inferred, that they are not the narrow orthodoxy, which measures the Divine government by the boundaries of a province, and the members of a few congregations. These books, on the contrary, profess to take broad and philosophical views of God's government; and, like the astronomical sermons of the great man, to whom one of the works is inscribed, survey the operation and character of those laws to the remotest suburbs of our system, *et ultra flammantia mania mundi*. The style, as might be expected in an ambitious book of the present Scotch school, is sometimes

inflated, sometimes obscure—sometimes puerile; and often overgoes its purpose, by an accumulation of epithets, climaxes, and horrors, which give the work an aspect of exaggeration and overwrought effort at effect. We suspect, no secret in writing is so little understood, as economy of eloquence, effort, splendor, and good things. A few glow worms show delightfully on the springing verdure, in a night of darkness and spring. But the millions of a sultry August night confuse and tire vision by the general mass of scintillation.

We could not but make involuntary comparisons of this work, which assumes the depravity of human nature, in consequence of the *fall*, which treats of the *locality* of heaven, and the *pursuits* of angels and the immortal spirits of men in another existence, with the views of Combe on *the Constitution of Man*, so clear, so precise, so approving themselves to common reason, and the general perceptions of men. We do verily believe, that there is a religion, which must be received, on fair and full examination, by the most enlightened minds; that it is the ultimate result of the highest and best power of the human understanding, exerted in its noblest and most legitimate pursuits. While every article of a mere human creed is continually exposing the mind to fluctuate between the faith of authority and example, and the uncertainty of scepticism, according to its prevalent tone, this faith strengthens, as we advance in reasoning, experience and time. Instead of changing with the fluctuation of our feelings, with the different positions, in which we may happen to be placed, or the different people, or circumstances, with which we may be surrounded, it grows more firm and unwavering; less liable to be affected by our different frames, in health or sickness, in joy or sorrow, in the midst of life, or in the near approach of death. We consider the points of this faith, which thus obtain in the mind a distinctness, *a local habitation and a name, the essentials of religion*, those in which all Christians, on examination, cannot but agree; and the denial of them to imply a renunciation of all faith or interest in any thing beyond this present existence. The more we converse with men, whose general walk and character evince real wisdom, worth and independent sincerity, the more we find, that, like our own, their minds, in viewing this subject of all absorbing interest, have wandered through all degrees of speculation, confidence, distrust, doubting and anxiety; until finally they have settled to rest, not in a creed of numerous articles—but of a few simple truths, to which the mind clings more closely, the more they are examined; which fluctuate not with our temperament, hopes and fears; but which claim, like the great principles of morals, the steady assent, under all changes and circumstances, which the mind gives to the law of nature. Every candid commentator upon the divine writings must allow, that each one of the almost innumerable sects of the Christian religion can prove his own creed unanswerably, if you allow him to take texts in detached selection, and give to them a literal meaning; the puerile and unworthy way, in which almost all religionists have chosen to advance their systems. The Catholic, for example, founds the authority of his church on a single text. The Protestant opposes him by another text. Allow the literal and detached meaning, and both are true, though directly contradictory.

Touching this point, there can be among honest men but one opinion, that the scriptures must receive such a general construction, in reference to leading doctrines, as to make the whole one great and consistent scheme. That must be the true construction of the divine writings, which makes the whole mass most consistent with itself, with the teaching of reason, the voice of nature, and the consent of mankind. So interpreted, this volume bears, as if written in sun beams, the impress of a few great truths. Admit them to be the burden of the teaching of the bible, and the bearing of every part of it becomes significant, the construction easy, unforced, satisfactory. Conviction is the result; and the conviction of fair examination is the only faith, that is worth a moment's desire—the only faith, that will prove the guide of action against weakness and temptation, and the same in all periods and conditions of life;—the only faith, that will abide the searching anxiety of the hours, in which death is seen to be at hand.

What article can there be, in religion, of much value to regulate life, and sustain us in calamity and death, but the conviction, that there is one God, the infinite and eternal—an everlasting life after death, and the retribution of carrying into eternity the capacities for happiness or misery, which we have acquired in this life? Well has it been said, by one of the noblest minds that Christian philosophy has ever produced, that the declaration of these grand truths on authority was well worthy of all the scaffolding of the Christian dispensation, well worthy of the Mission of the Messiah to our world; and that if Christ had uttered but the single sublime truth, which he so solemnly declared over the tomb of Lazarus, an eternal life, and an eternal retribution by a resurrection from the dead, it would alone have justified all the magnificence of prophecy, and all the importance, which Christ and his apostles have attached to Christianity. Divest the creeds of all the different sects of their technicality, and language without meaning, and what is there left, of any significance, but an eternal state of retribution beyond the present life? An eternal life of happiness is all we can desire—an eternal life of misery the worst we can have to fear.

We must do the author before us the justice to say, orthodox though we suppose him to be, that these are the chief points of discussion in these two works. We do not contemplate a detailed analysis of them. It would lead us beyond our purpose, and our accustomed limits. They embrace a great amount of such matter, as we should suppose, might have been condensed from a body of sermons, and much of it loose and declamatory. We shall, therefore, stand a better chance of being useful, and read, if we touch upon only a few of the more important points; in most of which we entirely agree with him; and to others beg leave to enter our dissent. These points, and extracts illustrative of his manner, and containing matter interesting in itself, will occupy all the remaining space, which we have to spare to this article. The author begins with the only point in religion, on which all others depend—*immortality*. Its natural and moral proofs, its proofs from reason and revelation. It seems to us, he might have spared any declamation upon the importance of this doctrine. What grandeur of thought, what structure of sentences, what words of power will operate upon the thoughtlessness and obtuseness of that mind, that is

not struck with the simple sublimity of the idea, involved in that one word—immortality? Death—it is the grand object of human dread: immortality—it is the ultimate aspiration of the human heart. The author's arguments are clear and well arranged, though nothing new is advanced. We should have arranged the argument somewhat differently, as thus. We think; and that, in which thought inheres, must be immortal. We have the sentiment and the desire of immortality—and God would not have given these to beings, who were not destined ultimately to receive it. The hands do not feel—the eyes do not see—more than the staff, which we handle, or the spectacles, which we wear. Our conscious thinking substance gives no certain evidence, that it dwells either in the hands, the head, the heart. It is not diffused—because it would in that case change with the changing body, which it does not; but remains from birth to death—through all the material changes and physical accidents of the body, one and the same. It can act without the body—as we perceive in dreams, when the spirit traverses land and sea, the visible and invisible universe, converses with the dead, and passes beyond the ken of Herschel's most perfect telescope, in the twinkling of an eye, and while the body is in effect inert and dead; at least not obedient to volition.

The soul is immortal—for in every country, wherever man has been found, and in all time, he has been found reaching forward into an immortal existence. This consent of saint, savage and sage, of Jew, Turk, Christian and Pagan, of the inhabitants of the remote and barbarous isles of the sea—of the refined and thinking Europeans, could neither have been traditionary, nor conventional; the teaching of priests, or the vision of earnest desire; but is one of those strong, universal and unequivocal instincts, which are the voice of God in the heart, proclaiming the verity of his destination; one of those universal, inwrought persuasions, which can no more deceive, or disappoint us, than the eternal truth of the Divinity can be called in question; one of those voices of the author of our being, as confidently to be trusted, as the fact, that a corresponding gratification must somewhere be provided for every one of our natural appetites.

Man is immortal, because the divine plan, in relation to him, is not completed in this life. The good or evil of his condition corresponds not to his conduct—but is so calculated, as it would be in a case of incomplete discipline—a few morning lessons, the result of which is not to appear until another day. He is immortal, because he has powers and capacities, which would be worse than useless, except on the supposition, that this life were the commencement of another. As certainly, as starting pinions indicate, that birds, yet in the nest, are intended by the Creator in future time to fly, so certainly the incipient mental energies, the undeveloped powers of man, which in this life have no adequate scope—the glorious aspirations, and the ardent longings after something, which earth does not, and cannot supply, are the testimonies of the Creator, that this being commences but a pupillage here, to prepare for a complete unfolding of all his capacities, and manifestation of the object and utility of all those endowments, physical and mental, in his structure, which, if intended only for this life, would be not only useless, but an incumbrance.

Man is immortal, by the analogy of all else in nature. The forms of

existence change—but nothing perishes, in the sense of annihilation. Mind, the animating principle of the universe, shall that perish? The very circumstance of its conscious existence, with the capacity to dread annihilation, and to image to itself a continued conscious being in future worlds, is the bonded pledge of the Divine veracity, that man shall exist forever. Numerous races of animals undergo a change, with the aspect of being as destructive to conscious existence, as far as the senses can reach, as death; and yet that change only introduces them to higher modes of life. The transformations of various tribes of insects are familiar examples. They slumber in their films; and life seems as completely extinct, as in the body, that has faded back to earth. A germ of existence, however, remains. The animal crawled, before its metamorphosis. It becomes, in the next stage of being, a butterfly.

The last, and to Christians the best proof of all, is, that the place, where lay the body of the head of our profession, is marked with a cenotaph. *He is not there, but is arisen*, and become the first fruits of them, that sleep. Such are the heads of those general processes of reasoning, which, when carried into their consequences, are to us proofs, that the structure of immortal hopes and aspirations raised within us by the Creator, cannot, and will not be destroyed. They seem to us to have justified such men, as Socrates and Cicero, in their persuasions of immortality, as taught by reason alone. We find the author before us, for the most part, walking in the same track. We dissent from him, however, in his supposing, that the immutability of the thinking principle is not necessary to give more validity to the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul. He affirms, that the only ground of the conviction of immortality is in the proof, that God wills the soul to be immortal. But do we not come to our conclusions, what is the will of God, from the analogy of nature? For example, we see a being evidently of a robust and durable structure. We have, in consequence, stronger confidence in the duration of his life. Whatever is of earth and of parts can be separated, and decomposed. The life, that depends upon organization, must partake of the same accidents. In proportion to the simplicity of structure, and elementary incapacity of dissolution, we infer the durability of all, that depends upon that organization. If we knew, that the substance of the conscious, sentient being, man, had no parts, was un compounded, and incorruptible in its nature, we should not only have no reason to suppose death would destroy our consciousness; but a positive ground of conviction, unless there was direct proof to the contrary, that it would not.

One hundred and twenty-two pages of the work on Immortality, are devoted to the argument in favor of it from reason and analogy. He then proceeds to those drawn from revelation. We are glad to find, that his general views of this impressive subject are rational, and conformable to sound expositions of scripture. He does not at all understand by the language of the bible, commonly quoted for that purpose, that this, our earth, is to be annihilated. As a specimen of the turgid, and disgusting rant, which is sometimes heard from the pulpit on this theme, we quote a note from him, only remarking, that we can at any time, with very little trouble, hear fustian of the same kind, compared with which, this is sobriety and sound sense.

'As a specimen of the vague and absurd declamations on this subject, which have been published both from the pulpit and the press, the following extract from a modern and elegantly printed volume of sermons may suffice.—"The blast of the seventh trumpet thundering with terrific clangour through the sky, and echoing from world to world, shall fill the universe, and time shall be no more! The six trumpets have already sounded: when the seventh shall blow, a total change shall take place throughout the creation; the vast globe which we now inhabit shall dissolve, and mingle with yon beauteous azure firmament, with sun, and moon, and all the immense luminaries flaming there, in *one undistinguished ruin*; all shall vanish away like a fleeting vapour, a visionary phantom of the night, and *not a single trace of them be found!*" Even the last enemy, Death, shall be destroyed, and time itself shall be no more!" &c. &c. When such bombastic rant is thundered in the ears of Christian people, it is no wonder that their ideas on this subject become extremely incorrect, and even extravagantly absurd.'

In the remainder of this volume, we enter very little into the author's speculations, touching the *locality* of heaven, the *study of mathematics, natural philosophy, astronomy, &c.* in which, he supposes, the angels are engaged; and in which they will become preceptors to the *spirits of just men made perfect*. Were it not for the solemnity of the subject, such speculations, founded only on supposition, would provoke a smile. As regards our future existence, it seems to us, that the predicaments of the *when*, the *where*, and the *how* are points for the simple exercise of faith. Life would be to us a dreary blank, and *darkness would be the universe*, if we were not firmly persuaded of a future existence. But, with respect to the place, and the modes, we can only trust, that He, who made us, and gave us his broad seal impressed upon our nature, that it was immortal, will, in his own time, place and manner, render us happy, if in this life; we have acquired the capability of happiness.

In part 3d, page 202, there are some impressive and apparently just thoughts, respecting the aids, which science affords, to enable us to form a conception of the perpetual improvement of the celestial inhabitants, in knowledge and felicity. Too long have christian pulpits, especially of a certain class, furnished scoffers with a theme of ridicule, in deriding the idea of a future felicity, which is supposed to consist of perpetual singing of psalms, and ascriptions of glory. But there is no foundation in reason either for the ridicule, or the idea in which it is founded. That the purer enjoyments, and the nobler pursuits of earth will follow the spirits of *just men made perfect* into a higher existence, is equally the dictate of reason and revelation. Though they may not, as Pope irreverently said, 'show a Newton there as we show an ape,' there can be no doubt, that the perpetual opening of new views, brighter discoveries, and more certain and satisfying tastes of truth, will constitute the employment and the felicity of the celestial inhabitants, in whatever scenes they may be placed. There is no sublimer expression in human language, than that of the gospel. '*They shall see Him, as He is.*' What are all the conceptions of poesy, compared with what is unfolded in this expression? To be forever approximating just conceptions of the grandeur and immensity of the Divinity—such a study may well be imagined, as the delightful occupation

of an existence which shall have no end. The author presents us some outlines of the extent of one province of his kingdom in the following.

‘ But it is a fact which cannot be disputed, that the sun and all its attendant planets form but a small speck in the map of this universe. How great soever this earth, with its vast continents and mighty oceans, may appear to our eye,—how stupendous soever the great globe of Jupiter, which would contain within its bowels a thousand worlds as large as ours—and overwhelming as the conception is, that the sun is more than a thousand times larger than both,—yet, were they this moment detached from their spheres, and blotted out of existence, there are worlds within the range of the Almighty’s empire where such an awful catastrophe would be altogether unknown. Nay, were the whole cubical space occupied by the solar system—a space 3,600,000,000 miles in diameter—to be formed into a solid globe, containing 24,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 cubical miles, and overspread with a brilliancy superior to that of the sun, to continue during the space of a thousand years in this splendid state, and then to be extinguished and annihilated—there are beings, who reside in spaces within the range of our telescopes, to whom its creation and destruction would be equally unknown; and to an eye which could take in the whole compass of nature, it might be altogether unheeded, or, at most, be regarded as the appearance and disappearance of a lucid point in an obscure corner of the universe—just as the detachment of a drop of water from the ocean, or a grain of sand from the sea shore is unheeded by a common observer.

‘ At immeasurable distances from our earth and system, immense assemblages of shining orbs display their radiance. The amazing extent of that space which intervenes between our habitation and these resplendent globes, proves their immense magnitude, and that they shine not with borrowed but native splendour. From what we know of the wisdom and intelligence of the Divine Being, we may safely conclude, that he has created nothing in vain; and consequently, that these enormous globes of light were not dispersed through the universe, merely as so many splendid tapers to illuminate the voids of infinite space. To admit, for a moment, such a supposition, would be inconsistent with the marks of intelligence and design which are displayed in all the other scenes of nature which lie within the sphere of our investigation. It would represent the Almighty as amusing himself with splendid toys,—an idea altogether incompatible with the adorable Majesty of Heaven, and which would tend to lessen our reverence of his character, as the only wise God. If every part of nature in our sublunary system is destined to some particular use in reference to sentient being—if even the muddy waters of a stagnant pool are replenished with myriads of inhabitants, should we for a moment doubt, that so many thousands of magnificent globes have a relation to the accommodation and happiness of intelligent beings; since in every part of the material system which lies open to our minute inspection, it appears, that matter exists solely for the purpose of sentient and intelligent creatures. As the Creator is consistent in all his plans and operations, it is beyond dispute, that those great globes which are suspended throughout the vast spaces of the universe are destined to some noble purposes worthy of the infinite power, wisdom and intelligence, which produces them. And what may these purposes be? Since most of these bodies are of a size equal, if not superior, to our sun,

and shine by their own native light, we are led by analogy to conclude, that they are destined to subserve a similar purpose in the system of nature—to pour a flood of radiance on surrounding worlds, and to regulate their motions by their attractive influence. So that each of these luminaries may be considered, not merely as a world, but as the centre of thirty, sixty, or a hundred worlds, among which they distribute light, and heat, and comfort.

‘ If, now, we attend to the *vast number* of those stupendous globes, we shall perceive what an extensive field of sublime investigation lies open to all the holy intelligences that exist in creation. When we lift our eyes to the nocturnal sky, we behold several hundred of these majestic orbs, arranged in a kind of magnificent confusion, glimmering from afar on this obscure corner of the universe. But the number of stars, visible to the vulgar eye, is extremely small, compared with the number which has been descried by means of optical instruments. In a small portion of the sky, not larger than the apparent breadth of the moon, a greater number of stars has been discovered than the naked eye can discern throughout the whole vault of heaven. In proportion as the magnifying powers of the telescope are increased, in a similar proportion do the stars increase upon our view. They seem ranged behind one another in boundless perspective, as far as the assisted eye can reach, leaving us no room to doubt, that, were the powers of our telescopes increased a thousand times more than they now are, millions beyond millions, in addition to what we now behold, would start up before the astonished sight. Sir William Herschel informs us, that, when viewing a certain portion of the *Milky Way*, in the course of seven minutes, more than fifty thousand stars passed across the field of his telescope,—and it has been calculated, that within the range of such an instrument, applied to all the different portions of the firmament, more than *eighty millions* of stars would be rendered visible.

‘ Here, then, within the limits of that circle which human vision has explored, the mind perceives, not merely eighty millions of worlds, but, at least *thirty times* that number; for every star, considered as a sun, may be conceived to be surrounded by at least thirty planetary globes; so that the *visible system* of the universe may be stated, at the lowest computation, as comprehending within its vast circumference, 2,400,000,000 of worlds! This celestial scene presents an idea so august and overwhelming, that the mind is confounded, and shrinks back at the attempt of forming any definite conception of a multitude and a magnitude so far beyond the limits of its ordinary excursions. If we can form no adequate idea of the magnitude, the variety, and economy of *one* world, how can we form a just conception of *thousands*? If a *single million* of objects of any description presents an image too vast and complex to be taken in at one grasp, how shall we ever attempt to comprehend an object so vast as two thousand four hundred millions of worlds! None but that Eternal Mind which counts the number of the stars, which called them from nothing into existence, and arranged them in the respective stations they occupy, and whose eyes run to and fro through the unlimited extent of creation—can form a clear and comprehensive conception of the number, the order, and the economy of this vast portion of the system of nature.’

His thoughts upon the grandeur of the Deity, and the glory of his throne, are sometimes eloquent and impressive; but rather resemble common declamations from the pulpit, than such as are in keeping with the *Philoso-*

phy of a future state. It is matter of regret, that we cannot introduce the very interesting and instructive astronomical note, on page 251, which gives a sketch of the apparent motion of some of the more obvious fixed stars, within the last 150 years. The author's impressions from this fact seem to be, that all the systems of the universe are connected by one invariable law, and belong to one central system, round which all revolve, as the worlds of our system about the sun!

Nothing can be more just and philosophical, than his views of the qualifications, for a future state. It is, in one word, that we must carry with us out of life characters formed to the pursuits and enjoyments of the country. What constitutes misery in man here, we have no reason to doubt, will do so in eternity. Good men commence heaven on earth, and carry heaven with them, wherever they carry their conscious being; and wicked men will create for themselves a place of torment, in this, and in all future worlds. There can be no question that virtue will be happiness, through every province of God's universe, in eternity still more emphatically, than in time.

The volume closes with an abhorrent catalogue of the worst and most malignant characters, recorded in the page of history, in proof, that bad passions must every where create a hell for the possessor. The whole theme in this volume is one of the utmost magnitude to our present and eternal well being, that the mind can imagine; and well might *the motto* have been those impressive words of Hieronymus.

'Sive comedam, sive bibam, sive aliquid aliud faciam, semper vox illa in auribus meis sonare videtur: Surgite Mortui, et venite ad judicium. Quotius diem judicii cogito, totus corde et corpore contremisco. Si qua enim presentis vite est lætitia, ita agenda est, ut nunquam amaritudo futuri judicii recedat a memoria.'

'Whether I eat or drink, or in whatever other action or employment I am engaged, that solemn voice always seems to sound in my ears, 'Arise ye dead, and come to judgment'—As often as I think of the day of judgment, my heart quakes, and my whole frame trembles. If I am to indulge in any of the pleasures of the present life, I am resolved to do it in such a way, that the solemn realities of the future judgment may never be banished from my recollection.'

Philosophy of Religion.

THE Philosophy of Religion is a large, and closely printed volume, containing, like the former work, many eloquent passages, sometimes reaching the sublime; and not unfrequently introducing a trivial, and unworthy, and ill assorted thought in the midst of the noblest flights. With a great amount of splendid declamation, there is much, that is turgid, the mere rant of a noisy field preacher, put forth to inspire amazement, exclamation and tears. From numerous examples of anti-climax, we select one.

'Again, in order to gratify the sense of *hearing*, He formed the atmosphere, and endowed it with an undulating quality, that it might waft to our ears the pleasures of sound, and all the charms of music. The murmuring of the brooks, the whispers of the gentle breeze, the soothing sounds of the rivulet, the noise of the waterfall, the hum of bees, the buzz of insects, the chirping of birds, the soft

notes of the nightingale, and the melody of thousands of the feathered songsters which fill the groves with their warblings, produce a pleasing variety of delightful emotions;—the numerous modulations of the human voice, the articulate sounds peculiar to the human species, by which the interchanges of thought and affection are promoted, the soft notes of the *piano forte!* the solemn sounds of the organ—and even the roaring of the stormy ocean, the dashings of a mighty cataract, and the rolling thunders, which elevate the soul to sentiments of sublimity and awe—are all productive of a mingled variety of pleasures; and demonstrate, that the distribution of happiness is one grand end of the operations of our Bountiful Creator.'

But our concern is not with the style, or manner, but with the declarations and thoughts of this singular volume, so calculated to produce effect.

The introduction discusses the objects of knowledge, the moral relations of intelligent agents, and the inutility of ethics, detached from revelation. The author considers *order* to be the first idea of morality. The most sublime example of physical order is the beautiful harmony of the universe. Moral order is the harmony of intelligent beings, in their relation to their Creator, and to each other. He presents terrific images of the natural universe, on the supposition that physical order were destroyed; and the still more terrible spectacle, that would result to the moral universe, from the absence of moral order. *Love to God and love to men* are the great principles of moral order. To prove, how worthy God is of this affection, successive chapters treat of his attributes. Any one, acquainted with the style and manner of Dr. Chalmers, (this book is an imitation) will readily imagine, how he expatiates in this glorious theme, the omnipotence, the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. There are splendid paragraphs on pages 42 and 43; one at least not much inferior to some passages on the same theme in Chateaubriand and St. Pierre.

It would be dangerous for a nervous man to read his eloquent and condensed view of the astonishing contrivance of the human structure, in relation to the senses. Who can think of it, without a thrill of admiration and astonishment? The author draws, of course, strong inferences, respecting our indebtedness to the Divine preservation, in keeping the incomprehensible tissue of this amazingly complicated and delicate machinery in order. What a Divine workmanship is the structure of the eye! What a web of infinite delicacy in the constituents of vision! The particles of mist in the ocean would sooner be numbered, than the rays of light, that pour upon it from a single object. An anatomical dictionary is called for, to name all the constituents, and point out all the uses of the structure of the ear. Who can imagine the delicacy and complexity of the infinitely ramified web of nerves, necessary to communicate with odors, in the sense of smell? The same may be said of taste; and more emphatically of touch, an inconceivable sensibility diffused over the whole human frame, and which seems to operate the concurrent result of millions of souls, and which enables the single conscious being to receive information from every pore. Then think of the mysterious power sitting behind the screen of invisibility, knowing every thing, but itself, to whom all these millions of sentient instruments conduct; and allow, that man is indeed *fearfully and wonderfully made*.

To keep this machinery in action, beside all this infinite complication of structure, the heart is required to give 96,000 strokes for every 24 hours of health, to propel the vital fluid through its almost innumerable canals. In the same length of time, the lungs must expand, and contract 28,000 times, to imbibe the necessary portion of oxygen from the atmosphere. Then imagine the machinery of the stomach, necessary to digestion, of the lacteals to the incorporation of nutriment with the frame, and the simultaneous movements, necessary to throwing off noxious accumulations, by the countless millions of pores; and all this to qualify us for the simplest sensation.

Then, to consider the more palpable constituents of the frame; there are reckoned in the human body 245 bones, each with 40 distinct intentions; and 446 muscles of motion, each with at least 10 intentions. Imagine, then, what is going on unconsciously in every living human frame every moment of life. To estimate the result of the slightest derangement of any part of this machinery, ask not him who is gasping with incurable asthma, but a person, who has a single nerve of a little bone, the tooth, disordered. Let not the hypochondriac dwell intensely upon this machinery, lest he feel the lungs labor, as soon as he thinks of them. Let the cold blooded Atheist enquire, if all this infinite tissue of complication had no original designer. Let the Christian think of it, and thank God for every moment of comfortable and healthful existence.

In taking a philosophical view of the mercy and forbearance of the Divinity, the author declaims upon the point, how easy it would be, for the Divine being to destroy animated nature by propelling light with greater force; by decomposing the atmosphere; by destroying the balance of the compound motions of the solar system; by earthquake, electric action, and the like. We have heard the same theme in the pulpit. It always strikes us, as anti-climax. Surely it need not be said, that He, who created, and balanced all these terrific powers, could destroy them in whole, as easily, as disarrange them. To Him the one would be the same, as the other. But to us this adverting to the less, and the included, has the disagreeable effect of anti-climax.

Passing, as we are obliged to do, over his ample, and in some places, eloquent orations upon the justice and mercy of God, and our consequent obligations to gratitude, humility, and resignation, we come to his second table of duties, love to subordinate intelligences, in other words to our neighbor. That is one of his most impressive chapters, in which he proves, beyond all possibility of gainsaying it, the perfect natural equality of mankind. Thence he proceeds to point out the infinite diversity of human relations and dependencies, rendering it unanswerably clear, that *no man liveth to himself*; that we all owe duties to our fellows of every country and clime, which can only be rightfully fulfilled by our cultivating the universal law of love to our neighbor. Bright and millennial views are given of the effects, that would result to man, every where on the earth, if this divine principle were in right action in every bosom. An ingenious and poetical, if not a just analogy, is traced between the principle of *love* in its bearings upon the moral universe, and *attraction*, as operating upon the physical system of nature. No comparison can be more fruitful in the noblest conceptions of poetry.

There is a very impressive chapter upon the practical operation of benevolence, and the various modes, in which we may display it to mankind. He then touches, in passing; upon the inefficacy of all human systems of ethics, in comparisou with the simple, and lucid morality of the bible, of which he gives a long and elaborate analysis in an exposition of the decalogue. He says, under the head of benevolence to animals, that even the tiger has been tamed by kindness. In his views of idolatry, he presents most revolting pictures of the tendency and effect of the ancient systems of paganism, as proofs of the moral tendency of departing from the worship of the one true God.

In a note, under the head of Sabbatical exercises, in his exposition of the decalogue, he has some thoughts, equally striking and just, in relation to the impropriety of many of the collections of hymns used in divine service. Never was there a more amiable man, than Watts. Many of his hymns are beautiful; and a still greater number are of a character to excite astonishment, that such a man could write them; and still deeper astonishment, that any human being can be found, *in these days*, to read them in a church. We should not dare to transcribe hundreds of his stanzas, and place them in juxtaposition, lest the uncircumcised in heart, and the Philistines, should triumph at the spectacle.

Under the discussion of the effects of avarice, he informs us in a note, that the accursed traffic in slaves is still carried on with unabated vigor, by some of the *civilized* powers of Europe. In 1824, the boats of the British frigate Maidstone boarded ten vessels, in a single harbor on the coast of Africa, measuring between 14 and 1600 tons, destined for the living burial of 3000 human beings, torn from their country. The report to government says, 'the schooner La Louisa, Captain Armand, arrived at Gaudaloupe, in April, 1824, with 200 negroes, the remainder of a complement of 375, which that vessel took from the African coast. The vessel not being large enough to accommodate so great a number, *the overplus were consigned to the waves by the captain*'!!

On page 296, the author commences his survey of the moral state of the world. He takes for granted, for surely the texts, usually quoted for that purpose, are not even the shadow of proof, that man is *fallen*, in the orthodox sense of the term—that the general and undeniable depravity of human nature is not the perversion of dispositions and propensities, which are right in their right exercise, but a radical degeneracy from a moral condition, which was originally perfect. In this way most assuredly all human responsibility and guilt are forever wiped away; since no one supposes the serpent more guilty for its propensities to bite, than the dove for its supposed gentleness and inclinations to feed on grain. But we have no intention to move the bitter waters of that controversy. They who can find proof of innate depravity, resulting from a supposed *fall*, in the texts usually quoted for that purpose, can find sufficient authority for every fiction of the Paradise Lost, in the same book.

But, in pursuing this theme, the author walks through history, voyages and travels; and never did the darkest crayon sketch more revolting pictures of human nature. For more than 100 pages, the views of human character in different countries are absolutely sickening. Little favor does he show to the generals and heroes, the warriors and conquerors, the

Alexanders and Scipios of the olden time. In the wars of Africa, in the time of Justinian, five millions are said to have been destroyed. The Gothic conquest of Italy destroyed more than fifteen millions. Jenghiz Khan in the last 22 years of his reign, is supposed to have destroyed fourteen million four hundred and seventy thousand. These desolations are but a circumstance, but a drop in the bucket. From the crusades, the author proceeds to the atrocities naturally, and every where connected with war; in which discussion he furnishes ample materials for our peace societies. He traverses the barbarous and savage nations, country by country; and finds every where such traits, as we do not wish to contemplate, and still less to quote. We feel fearful, that he has taken his survey with a bilious and jaundiced eye.

In touching upon Christian amusements, he handles the subject with no sparing hand; and not withholding his darkest colors. Torture, as a legal measure, passes in review. Hunting, fowling, bull baiting, &c. are considered. Then he sketches for us tattooing, puncturing the body, painting some parts of it blue, and others yellow, slitting the lips, hanging pieces of ivory in the ears, drawing down the lips by monstrous jewels, appended to them by a chain thrust through them, the little and compressed feet of the Chinese, and the flattened and compressed head of the Choctaws; and the author fails not to group with them the same kind of distortion of nature, in the equally tasteless hoop, insect lacing, and horrible bunches of borrowed hair, with which, with precisely the same views, modern belles think to decorate their persons. If fashion had not blinded us to their monstrous violation of nature and good taste, as well as their injury to health, the appendages of a modern belle would make no mean contrast beside the female attempt at ornament in a New Zealand lady.

The author gives no more quarter to the fashionable reading of novels and romances. His countryman, poor Sir Walter, is dished without mercy. All the light and fictitious reading of the age is sentenced together; and, notwithstanding all, orthodox ministers will read Sir Walter; and the ladies, who can afford it, will wear hoops, and false hair; and lace themselves into deformity and hectics, just as though nothing had been said; a sad proof, that much writing and moral harangue are given to the winds.

His details of religious persecution are altogether too horrible to touch upon. His views of punishments, in different countries, are such, as people would not love to read, just before going to sleep; lest the horror might return in dreams. From Morse he quotes the description of scientific *gouging*, as that author represents it to be practised in North Carolina; and as some have been bold enough to insinuate, that it has been sometimes operated along our own water courses. British pugilism receives a passing compliment—and the *fancy* is traced in colors of true black ink. We learn, that this horrible practice is tolerated, as we recently remarked, at Eton School, where the patrician children are educated. Two instances, one a recent and very affecting one, are recorded, of death resulting from fist fights between the sons of noblemen.

The Catholics, as we may suppose, are spared as little as any other religionists, in their follies and enormities. A most ridiculous view is given of the *feast of the ass*, formerly practised by that church, in commemoration of the Virgin's flight into Egypt. The priest, when he dismissed

the people, brayed three times, like an ass; and the people brayed, in the same manner, the usual response, *'we bless the Lord.'*

Towards the close of the book, he takes up the inquisition—Autos da fé, and generally the history of bigotry and superstition in all countries. Human language cannot prepare a darker picture of it. It would be invidious to quote his terrible account of the Massacre of St. Bartholomews. But he is not at all more indulgent to the intolerance of one sect of protestants towards another. Instead of dwelling upon the bloody details of the spirit of bigotry, as he has grouped them, in his extracts from history, we quote his views of the influence of the bigoted and persecuting spirit in the protestant church at the present day.

'The present state of the Christian world affords abundant proofs that this spirit is far from being extinguished. Christians are at present distinguished by the peculiarity of their opinions respecting—the Person of Christ, and the attributes of which he is possessed—the means by which salvation is to be obtained—the measure and extent of divine benevolence—the Government of the Christian church—and the ceremonies connected with the administration of the ordinances of Religion. Hence the Religious world appears arranged into such sects and parties as the following:—Arians, Socinians, Unitarians, Sabellians, Necessarians and Trinitarians;—Baxterians, Antinomians, Arminians, Calvinists, Lutherans, Sub-lapsarians, Supra-lapsarians, Sandemanians, Swedenborgians, and Moravians;—Roman Catholics, Protestants, Hugonots, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Seceders, Brownists, Pædo-Baptists, Anti-Pædo-Baptists, Keilamites, Methodists, Jumpers, Universalists, Sabbatarians, Millenarians, Destructionists, Dunkers, Shakers, Mystics, Hutchinsonians, Muggletonians, the followers of Joanna Southcott, &c. &c.—Most of these sectarians *profess their belief* in the existence of One Eternal, Almighty, Wise, Benevolent, and Righteous Being, the Creator and Preserver of all things;—in the Divine authority of the Holy Scriptures;—that God is the alone object of religious worship;—that Jesus of Nazareth is the true Messiah, and the Son of God;—"that he died for our offences, and was raised again for our justification;"—that there is a future state of rewards and punishments;—that there will be a resurrection from the dead;—that it is our duty to love God with all our hearts, and our neighbour as ourselves;—that the Divine law is obligatory on the consciences of all men;—that virtue and piety will be rewarded, and vice and immorality punished, in the world to come.

'Yet, though agreeing in these important articles of the Christian system, how many boisterous and malignant disputes have taken place between Calvinists and Arminians, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, and Methodists, respecting the speculative points in which they disagree! While controversies among philosophers have frequently been conducted with a certain degree of candour and politeness, the temper with which religious disputants have encountered the opinions of each other, has generally been opposed to the spirit of Christian love, to the meekness and gentleness of Christ, and even to common civility and decorum. The haughty and magisterial tone which theological controversialists frequently assume,—the indignant sneers, the bitter sarcasms, the malignant insinuations, the personal reproaches, they throw out against their opponents,—the harsh and unfair conclusions they charge upon them,—the general

asperity of their language,—and the bold and unhallowed spirit with which they apply the denunciations of Scripture to those whom they consider as erroneous, are not only inconsistent with every thing that is amiable and Christian, but tend to rivet more powerfully in the minds of their opponents, those very opinions which it was their object to subvert. To gain a victory over his adversary, to hold up his sentiments to ridicule, to wound his feelings, and to bespatter the religious body with which he is connected, is more frequently the object of the disputant, than the promotion of truth, and the manifestation of that “charity which is the bond of perfection.” And what are some of the important doctrines which frequently rouse such furious zeal? Perhaps nothing more than a metaphysical dogma respecting the sonship of Christ, absolute or conditional election, the mode of baptism, the manner of sitting at a communion-table, an unmeaning ceremony, or a circumstantial punctilio in relation to the government of the church! While the peculiar notions of each party, on such topics, are supported with all the fierceness of unhallowed zeal, the grand *moral* objects which Christianity was intended to accomplish are overlooked, and the law of meekness, humility, and love, is trampled under foot.

‘The following are some of the ideas entertained respecting the *rights* of religious disputants, as assumed by the disputants themselves:—“The Controversialist,” says Mr. Vaughan, in his “Defence of Calvinism,” “is a wrestler; and is at full liberty to do all he can, in the fair and honest exercise of his art, to supplant his antagonist. He must not only be dexterous to put in his blow *forcibly*; but must have a readiness to *menace with scorn*, and to *tease with derision*, if haply he may, by these means, unnerve or unman his competitor. I know not that he is under any obligation to withhold a particle of his skill and strength, whether offensive or defensive, in this truly Spartan conflict.” In perfect accordance with these maxims, he thus addresses his adversary: “Why, Sir, I will *fight you* upon this theme, as the Greeks did for the recovery of their dead Patroclus; as Michael the archangel, when, contending with the Devil, he disputed about the body of Moses; as the famed Athenian, who *grasped his ship with his teeth*, when he had no longer a hand to hold it by. It shall be with a loss not less than life, that I resign this splendid attestation (Rom. viii. 28—30.) to the triumphal organ, procession, and coronation, of grace in the redeemed.”

Our object has been to draw public attention to two eloquent orthodox books, which have circulated very extensively in Scotland and England, and are but little known in this country. We are aware, that much in these books will seem overcharged. Yet there is a commendable independence, fairness and impartiality, in regard to all sects and opinions, however opposite from the author’s, which is rather to be expected from a layman, than from a minister. True, there is an evident tincture of bigotry and the spirit of sect occasionally manifested. Yet, on the whole, we can cordially recommend this orthodox book to liberal Christians; as containing much eloquence, and the result of vast research and study; and tending to fortify our persuasion of another existence, and enlarge our conceptions of the Divine government and glory; and to bring *peace on earth and good will to men*.

Transylvania Journal of Medicine, extra. A Catalogue of the Officers and Students of Transylvania University. Lexington, Ky. January, 1830.

It is gratifying to us to be able to give the following synopsis, in evidence of the rising and flourishing condition of this University. The number of trustees is 17; and the names and standing of these men are guarantee, that they do not consider their office a mere sinecure. The immediate faculty comprises 14 officers of instruction, beside the treasurer and librarian; and the number of students in all the departments shows the imposing total of 362;—of which number 73 are from Lexington; 21 from the county of Fayette; 107 from other parts of the state, and 159 from other states. It cannot but be a pleasant contemplation to a western man, to compare this total with that of the best known of the Atlantic universities. This most ancient and noted of our literary institutions, suffers yet, we are told, under many wants essential to its proper efficiency and prosperity. It sustained, as the community knows, a desolating and sweeping disaster from fire. Its library and apparatus in some of the departments, though respectable, are by no means yet, what its public reputation and the honor of the west require. We are sorry to learn, that literary munificence was scantily manifested towards this institution in the recent event of its great loss by fire. We know not where it could be more nobly or usefully displayed, than in contributing to enlarge the fountains, whence healthful and the most necessary instruction should flow over all our great valley.

We are still less able to account for the almost total neglect of the institution, by the great and spirited state, to which it appertains. We see in this fact a direct denial of the common philosophic maxim, that the whole is as the parts. A Kentuckian, at home or abroad, is ready to do chivalrous battle to the death for the honor of old Kentucky. But bring the representation of the state in mass, and point out ever so clearly the requisitions to sustain its reputation and character, and the matter immediately becomes tinged with the bilious colors of party. We neither know, nor desire to know the numberless eddies, upper and under currents, whirls and quick-sands of party spirit in Kentucky, nor how the interests of this university are identified with them. But we do know, that however it may be regarded in Kentucky, it is throughout the valley of the Mississippi, and through our union, and in foreign countries, as the most ancient and best known literary institution of the west, identified with the name, character and reputation of old Kentucky. We have, indeed, no college in America to compare in endowment with the universities of the old world. But to look at the number of students at Transylvania, compared with that of Harvard or Yale, and then to contrast its endowments, literary, and other facilities, we feel reluctant to have it known, as it must be in Gath and Askelon, what six hundred thousand Kentuckians think of the value of science; and what the four millions of our valley can show, in relation to our most noted university.

Nothing, in our view, is more hostile to the real interests of science, than sectarian institutions. It is positively Gothic, and setting our faces back towards the dark ages, to build up a hundred feeble sectarian competitors, Presbyterian and Catholic and Methodist and Episcopalian col-

leges—rivals, spies, institutions, which can only prosper, the one by the downfall of the other; as though science was Presbyterian, or Catholic, or Episcopalian—or sectarian of any class. Others may reason and controvert, but we feel, that the mind is narrowed, enfeebled, and forced to operate in the hemisphere of a nut shell, by the influence of the spirit of these institutions, if conducted on sectarian principles; and if not intended to be so conducted, why affix these names?

We remark thus, because we verily believe, that Transylvania is not a sectarian institution. Its respectable, unassuming and industrious president, and some of its other efficient officers, are understood to be orthodox. This ought to secure it from the stain of a suspicion, that latitudinarian sentiments, in regard to religion, are inculcated there. We confess, that we have not been without our fears of the prevalence of an opposite bias. We retain them no longer. We have come to the conviction, from a scrutiny as faithful as our means, and our earnest good wishes for science would allow, that the general course of instruction imparted at Transylvania is broad, generous and unbiassed. Whatever prejudices may have existed abroad, in regard to the influences of the example of Lexington, they are, as we believe, wholly unfounded at present. Instead of being, as it has been imagined at a distance—a place, where the warm blooded and unregulated young men of the south would be exposed to a continuation of the influences of their birth, it is the tropical climate of orthodoxy, where a faith exists to remove mountains, and strongly tending to the spirit, which convened the excellent old puritans of the Westminster confession, to settle in conclave what, and how much children and youth ought to believe.

The Methodist Magazine and Quarterly Review. Jan. 1830. New series.

THIS work, formerly a monthly, and, we believe, the most extensively circulated work in our country, has been new moulded, and cast in a quarterly review form, of a more literary and select character. We took occasion to speak of it, in its former condition, as containing a great number of articles well written, and of general interest, and abundantly evidencing, that the Methodist connexion was no way behind the other denominations, in point of intelligence, and resources for good writing. Two numbers of the work, in its present form, are before us—each adorned in the frontispiece with an engraving; and one, that of the Rev. William Capers, one of the most beautiful we have ever seen. We feel a glow of pride and pleasure, as we contemplate such proofs of the general advance of our country, as this work presents. Our readers need not be told, what associations used instantly to be called up by the term *methodist*. Here is a Methodist review, which, in point of beauty of execution, and spirit and talent in many of its articles, vies with the first periodicals in our country. We were inadvertently about to write, that we were sorry to see so large a portion of the work devoted to the discussion of the

schism, which exists in the bosom of the Methodist church. But, on maturer thought, we are not sorry. Along with the noble zeal, the indefatigable industry, and the incalculable services of that church, there has been mixed too much of the denouncing and bitter leaven of the other denominations. Nothing is so effectual to bring men to understand this thing, as to feel its effects in their own case. Let denunciation and re-primination pass, and re-pass, until all men, that profess to be Christians, shall feel, how utterly unworthy all this is of the name. We may be allowed to express the hope, that the respectable editors of this work will exercise a severe supervision, in regard to the character of the articles admitted. We cannot doubt their tact, in reference to what will be in keeping with the general standard of the work. We imagine, that they understand as well, as the enlightened of any other church, that an article is not necessarily pious, because it savors of a time-honored phraseology; or wanting in piety, because it is written with good sense and in just taste. No denomination in our country has it in their power, so effectually to put a veto upon the spirit of intolerance, and denunciation, on the ground of honest difference of religious opinion, as the Methodist church. May they use it aright. This publication has our hearty good wishes for its extensive circulation.

Reverend Mr. Young's Sermon, at the ordination of the Rev. James Thompson, at Natick, Mass.

We wish, we were sure, that the western readers of the M. W. Review took the same interest in reading notices of the numerous sermons that issue from the American press, that we do in seeing, in the increasing eloquence, discipline, enlargement and elevation of thought of these productions, the most unequivocal of all demonstrations of the rapid progress of our country in literary and intellectual improvement. It remains for some one to graduate this scale, by a general comparison of the printed sermons of twenty years past, with those of the present. A number of impressive and eloquent sermons have passed under our eye, within the few past months, which have failed to receive that notice which our judgment and feelings dictated, from our knowing that too many of our readers think only and care only for the things that pass away.

We take leave earnestly to recommend to all those, who do not deem it, in orthodox phrase, *the most soul destroying of all heresies*, to believe, with us, that the great object of the teaching of the Old Testament, and a prominent and pointed inculcation of Jesus Christ in the New Testament, is, that there is but one God on the throne of the universe; to those, we say, who deem this no heresy, we take leave earnestly to recommend the '*Liberal Preacher*,' as a work conducted with great talent, and eminently qualified to impart genuine piety, in eloquent and impressive diction, especially to the young, and in families where the reading of sermons makes a part of the course of domestic training.

We have no space, in which to dwell on the merits of the beautiful sermon before us. Those, who remember his admired and useful sermon on

the 'Sins of the Tongue,' will feel anxious to peruse this. As a specimen of eloquent and fine writing, it will sustain a comparison with those, that have done most honor to the American pulpit. Elliot, the beloved and venerated N. E. Apostle of the Indians, rested from his labors in the place, where this sermon was delivered; and an interesting biographical notice of that good man is very appropriately appended to the sermon.

To the extent of our space, the following sample will give better views of the sermon, than any criticisms of ours.

'The Christian sabbath! that is an institution so novel, so peculiar, so dissonant from all his former experience, that it attracts the particular notice of our Athenian visiter. For six successive days, he sees all around him activity and busy life; in the streets, the moving multitude; in the fields, the joyful occupations of the husbandman; industry in the workshop, enterprise in the public walks, and thrift at home. The morning of the seventh day arrives, and the scene is changed. The din of labour has ceased; the workshop is closed; the fields are vacant; the public places are deserted; the streets are a solitude. He listens, but his ear can catch no sound. He fears that some terrible judgment has fallen upon the devoted city, and that the inmates of its dwellings are lifeless. But soon this mysterious and melancholy silence is broken; a strange sound strikes upon his ear. It is the sound of the sabbath bell. At the signal, he observes the inhabitants issuing from their homes. He goes forth himself, and is borne along by the swarming multitude. He remarks an entire change in the appearance of the population. The very countenances, in which, but the day before, he had read the deep traces of anxiety and toil, are now tranquil and composed. The habiliments of industry, too, are laid aside, and a simple and decent habit distinguishes the day of rest from the day of labour. The mixed multitude enters what seems to him a place of public resort. He thinks, doubtless, it is the school of some eminent philosopher, who there proposes to teach men wisdom. He has a curiosity to hear the system which he teaches, that he may compare it with those prevalent in his own times; and he accordingly enters.

'He finds gathered there persons of all ages, ranks, and conditions, engaged with solemn demeanour in what he supposes to be a religious service. He listens to the address of the officiating priest, and confesses that he has at last heard what he had long sought, yet sought in vain, among the discordant and bewildering systems of ancient theology. He hears the welcome declaration, that a Saviour 'hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light; that the hour is coming in which all that are in the grave shall hear his voice, and shall come forth.' Christ crucified might, indeed, appear foolishness to his countrymen assembled in the Areopagus. They might mock when Paul preached to them the resurrection of the dead. But to the enlarged and enlightened mind of Socrates, it would present itself as a most reasonable and acceptable doctrine. To him, who had himself died a martyr in the cause of truth and virtue, a crucified and a risen Saviour would appear 'the power of God and the wisdom of God.' When reflecting, at the close of the day, on all that he had seen and heard, he would testify that this stated season of rest and worship was a most useful and blessed institution. He would acknowledge that the sacrifices and ceremonies of his national religion, were but as the shadows of that spiritual worship in which he sees the highest and humblest in this christian land, unitedly engaged. He

would admit that all the gorgeous processions and splendid festivals of which antiquity could boast, were but poor pageants when contrasted with the simple repose and silence of the christian sabbath.

'To the thoughtful and discerning mind of the wise man of Athens, there is one characteristic of the christian dispensation, that would present itself with peculiar force; and that is, in its design and adaptation to be a *universal* religion. The sublime truth announced in these words of our Saviour, 'I am the light of the world,' is one of the most striking features of our religion. Unlike all other teachers who had preceded him, his declared purpose was to enlighten the whole world. The lawgivers, who, before his time, had devised codes and established rules of civil polity, had legislated solely for their own nations. The framers of religious systems had formed and adapted them to the character and circumstances of a particular people. The reformers, who at various times had risen up among men, had confined their plans of revolution and improvement to some designated community. And the philosophers imparted their instructions within so limited a range, and to so small a body of select disciples, that it seems as if they purposed to conceal them from all but the initiated, and were unwilling that their tenets should be known beyond the precincts of their own schools. In the long lapse of ages, the world had seen a Moses, a Numa, and a Zoroaster, men of singular wisdom and virtue, laboring with untiring perseverance to effect the moral and religious reformation of their countrymen. There had been many and worthy examples of disinterested benevolence, and of a pure and devoted love of country. Politicians, and patriots, and benefactors of nations, had appeared in every age and in every region of the globe.

'Jesus Christ appeared upon earth, and at the very outset, by the mere annunciation of his purpose, a purpose at once so sublime and comprehensive, raised himself far above all the reformers, philosophers, and sages that had ever lived. His large and generous soul surveyed and comprehended in its wide grasp, all the capacities, interests, wants and woes of the human race. He sent a keen and searching glance over the earth, and he beheld a world lying in wickedness and misery. As a philanthropist, he mourned over the moral desolation and wretchedness of man. He would not, therefore, suffer himself to be trammelled and impeded in his career of benevolence and reform by the mere accidents of time and place. He does not come forth, and, with the narrow views of other reformers, proclaim, 'I am the light of the age—I am the light of my nation—I am the light of Judea and Galilee.' But, at the first annunciation of his design, he rises at once to the original and grand conception of a universal religion; a religion which should comprehend in its wide embrace the numerous and scattered tribes of the great human family; a religion which should be promulgated in every language and in every climate; and accordingly he utters the sublime and solemn declaration of the text, 'I am the light of the world,'—of the world in all its diversified regions, and in all successive ages.

'This idea of a universal religion, a religion which should supersede the countless systems of polytheism and false religion, that prevailed and flourished on the earth, you will admit, my hearers, was a vast and stupendous one. Putting entirely out of view the question of the truth and divine origin of this religion, it must be admitted, even by the skeptic, that the mere conception of a scheme so novel and grand, is indicative of superior intellectual light and power, and entitles him who disclosed it, to profound admiration. And need I ask how much his admiration

would be increased, when he learns that this original conception was first avowed by an obscure and unlettered individual, in a secluded region, and in the midst of an ignorant and narrow-minded people. Let him cast a glance upon the map of the ancient world, and he will observe, bordering on the eastern extremity of the great inland sea, a small and narrow strip of land, inhabited by a separate and singular people; a people cut off from all intercourse with the rest of the world by the peculiarities of their civil and religious polity, by a distinctive language and by national prejudice; a people regarded by all other nations with aversion and contempt, on account of their alleged exclusiveness and 'hatred of the human race,' and consequently debarred from all the light that might possibly be derived from the learning and philosophy of their more intelligent neighbors. Now let the unbeliever consider, that it was from the bosom of a people so secluded, so illiterate, and fully persuaded of the perfection of their own religious faith and ritual, that there proceeded a Teacher and Reformer, who had formed views and projected a scheme for the spiritual and moral renovation of our race, which had escaped the researches of all preceding times, and far transcended the wisdom of the world. An uneducated peasant, a despised Galilean, promulgated a plan for the reformation and advancement of mankind, that has never once entered the mind of any one of the boasted sages and philosophers of the most liberal and cultivated age.—Can the infidel maintain, can he believe, that there was nothing extraordinary, nothing unaccountable, nothing supernatural in all this? Which requires the greatest measure of faith, to believe that a solitary, unaided individual, under the inauspicious circumstances which have just been detailed, arrived, solely by the use of his natural faculties, at the knowledge of most important truths, which had eluded the sagacity of the wisest men in all ages, or to believe that it was by the inspiration of the Almighty that Jesus of Nazareth was enabled to speak as never man spake?

'And here I cannot help remarking the seeming unfitness and natural inadequacy of the means and instruments employed in this great scheme of universal reform. Had it been left to human judgment to appoint the circumstances of its origin and diffusion, the author of it, instead of being the reputed son of a carpenter, cradled in a manger and bred in obscurity, would have been born in a regal palace, and nurtured amid delicacy and refinement. The wise men of all lands would have been summoned to become his teachers, and the princely pupil would have imbibed the best lessons of earthly wisdom from the lips of an Aristotle, or a Zeno. When he entered upon his great work, he would have chosen men of the same description as his disciples; and his theology would have been cautiously and systematically unfolded to the curiosity of the educated and refined in the groves of the Academy or in the seclusion of the Porch.