

*Rev Mr. Keuffel
Boston Mass.*

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The following extract from 'The Shoshonoe Valley,' now in the press, is given with the double purpose of presenting a sample of the work; and it is believed, a fair specimen of many of the discourses, which have been delivered among the Indians, and their modes of replying to such doctrines.

This evening was the reign of Elder Wood. He had gradually prevailed, to be able to introduce regular religious exercises, when the tribes were stationary in their towns, twice in a week; on the Sabbath, and on Wednesday evening. As the Indians have much leisure, and spend but a small portion of their time in labor, they naturally covet holidays. Any thing, that creates a distraction for the wearying monotony of their thoughts, is a relief to them. Gatherings to attend Elder Wood's worship were additional holidays engrafted upon their ancient stock. His services were not without their effect. Most of them spent no profound or painful thoughts upon the subject; though all thrilled at the grave and serious presence, the deep words and solemn tones of the minister. To some, who reasoned with him, and were capable of that exercise, the exposition of some of his dogmas was positively revolting. But he visited the sick, and prayed with all, who would allow him. He relieved the wants of those, who failed in their hunt or supplies, or were in any way poor and destitute. He cultivated peace and good will among them; reconciled, as far as they would allow him, their quarrels, gave always good counsels; and on the whole, exercised in the tribe a high, salutary moral influence. There was of course a general and unequivocal feeling of respect towards him. Partly from that feeling, partly from curiosity, and partly from their natural love of a festival, or any kind of distraction, they generally attended his meetings with a great degree of punctuality. Two or three Indian women had professed themselves serious, and

were now catechumens, under his especial care, as preparatory for administering to them the ordinance of baptism.

To attend upon the service of the evening, to talk over the preceding evening's circumstances, and to see and communicate with the strangers, once more brought a numerous concourse together. The preacher was clad in a full black suit of canonicals, put in order by Jessy and her mother. The added number of distinguished strangers, and the nearness of the time to the great Indian religious festival of the preceding day, concurred to make this a season of peculiar display. Long and deeply had he meditated his subject; and while he would have severely tasked Jessy and the young men, for devoting midnight vigils to considering, in what dress they should appear next day, he overlooked his own night-watchings, where the All Seeing Eye, probably, discovered, that the chief element in his meditations, was to produce an imposing display of oratory this evening. It must be allowed, that the scene was one of most impressive and touching interest. In a deep grove, God's first temple, under the huge 'medicine' sycamore, beside the Sewasserna, the same calm rolling river, that was the night before broken by the movements of a thousand warriors, and flowing in crimson with the light of as many torches, was the place of worship. Beneath its long, lateral, white arms, held out as if in shelter, were collected thousands of these simple people, of every age. Their uncovered heads, their ever grave copper faces, their stillness, and the intense interest in their countenances, the earnestness of their efforts to hush the cries of their children, all united to give deep interest to the occasion. Half formed leaves rustled over their heads; and through the branches, the blue and the stars were seen twinkling in the high dome of the firmament. The sighing of the evening breeze, as it came down the mountains, over the hemlocks and pines on their sides, sounded in the ear like the deep whisperings of communication of heaven with earth. The ancient mountains, with their hundred peaks, stood forth in the light of the moon, to testify the eternity of that Power, who had reared these enduring and sublime piles, and to bear concurrent witness with Elder Wood.

Under such circumstances, the minister appeared before them, venerable in form and person, serious and thoughtful in his manner, and with enough of the peculiar temperament of his country, to be not only perfectly composed, but even to feel the full influence of an excitement, which imparts to a person, so constituted, the power of achieving something more, on the spur of the occasion, than he could have accomplished in the silence of his closet. It has been remarked, that the Indians are singular for the decorous attention with which they listen to whatever purports to be worship. The arrangement was in semi-circles, commencing a few feet from the preacher, who sat central to the smallest. On the first were the

white people, the visitants, and *Jessy* in the brightness of her beauty, but with the thoughtful look, which she always bore at divine service, as if waiting to hear. Next were the chiefs and their families; and beyond them, circle after circle, until the outer circumference of the multitude was lost in the darkness.

The most conspicuous influence, which *Elder Wood* could be said to have wrought upon this people, was in having inspired in them a taste for psalm singing. The Indians, it is well known, as a race, are keenly alive to the influence of music. Though it may be presumed, that *Elder Wood* had thoughts above the sleeping majesty of the eternal mountains, that constituted the glorious outer walls of his temple; yet, no doubt, he felt some leaven of earthly mould, in a disposition to display to the best effect, the proficiency of his red pupils in psalmody, in proof of his own industry, and that a part, at least, of his apostolic labors, had prospered. It must be admitted, that the heart of this good man kindled with rapture, as well as pride, while he heard his catechumens sing.

He arose, after the fashion of his country, without note or book, save the bible and a collection of hymns. 'The Eternal,' he said, 'dwelleth not in temples made with hands. In ancient days, the pure in heart worshipped Him in the covert of groves, as we do. Yonder are his goings above the mountains. We have met in his unwalled temple, to show forth his praise. He hath sent me to proclaim redemption for sinners, even for the red dwellers in the wilderness, 'who were once afar off, but now are nigh.' There is hope in the eternal mercy of God, of the pardon of sin, beyond the grave. We are all journeying to the common place of meeting in the dust. Beyond is eternal retribution. Let us then, with true hearts, worthily celebrate the praises of the Eternal. Let us invoke his mercy, pray for deliverance from sin, and for a never-ending life of glory and felicity beyond the stars, and beyond the grave.' Such was his exordium, delivered slowly, and with deep intonation, uttered first in English, and then with deliberate and distinct enunciation rendered into Shoshonee. In the same impressive manner, he recited first in English, and then in Indian, the following lines of a hymn:

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
 Thy better portion trace;
 Rise from transitory things,
 Towards heaven, thy native place.

Sun and moon and stars decay;
 Time shall soon this earth remove;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stop in all their course;
 Fire ascending, seeks the sun;
 Both speed them to their source, &c.

These simple children of nature caught the strain of this beautiful hymn, as he raised the first notes himself. The very trees seemed to have become vocal. There was an awful key in the wild sound, as it rose loud, full and clear in the peculiar accent and tones of these native dwellers of the forest. No other people could have produced such music, and in no other place would it have been so appropriate. The singing had in itself a wild grandeur; but the circumstances would have rendered any singing, from such people, grand. The music of the hymn was in itself of the richest; and they sung it with an enthusiasm, that gave it the fullest effect. As the song was repeated, in bursts and cadences, sent back by echo from the mountains, it almost raised the impression, that these venerable witnesses for God had joined in the strain. The frame, that would not have thrilled, the heart, that would not have softened, the soul, that would not have felt the upward movement of religious enthusiasm, as these simple sons of the forest followed Elder Wood through the strains of this anthem, must have been obtuse and insensible. Frederic felt the moisture rush to his eye, and the chill of holy feeling run over his frame. Even the dissipated heart of Julius Landino acknowledged the painful *compunctious* visitings of a moment.

Elder Wood rose to pray, and the vast audience reverently stood up, listening with grave attention. Prayer finished, he commenced his sermon, translating, as before, sentence by sentence. The intonation in Shoshonee showed the hearers the point, on which it had been laid in English, serving as a kind of interpretation, and giving a singular impressiveness to the sentences. The discourse was sensible, fervid and eloquent; for these were attributes, that belonged to his genius and character. He manifestly strove to be simple, and to use Indian figure and illustration. In this effort he was only partially successful; for full success of this sort can be the result only of the training of a life. In the doctrinal part of his sermon, he evidently failed; for, instead of dwelling on the simple and universal, but all important points, in which thinking beings must agree, he very inappropriately selected a doctrinal subject, not only wholly unfit for the Shoshonee, but one deemed equally unscriptural and unreasonable by the greater portion of professed Christians. The tenor of his reasoning upon his subject was abstruse, abstract, and out of the range of thought of his simple audience, to whom there was but one way of becoming usefully intelligible; and that was to address them in simple ideas, clothed in language and figures drawn from their daily train of thought, and modes of conversing with visible nature. Unfortunately, the preacher had deemed it a matter of duty, to ground these simple Indians in the first points, of what he considered the only true orthodoxy. These points had hitherto constituted the chief burden of his

theme. They were the absolute and total depravity of human nature, its entire impotence and helplessness previous to grace, unconditional election, and the certain and inevitable destruction of all those, who did not receive all these doctrines and act upon them, as well those who had never had an opportunity to hear the gospel, as those who had heard and rejected it. There was power, and strong though undisciplined eloquence, in his way of stating these dogmas. But those of his white hearers, who attended to his discourse, and cared enough about the subject of his discussion, to deliberate and weigh it, clearly dissented from both his positions and conclusions, as equally revolting to Scripture and common sense. Still there was a serious earnestness and simplicity of truth in his manner, that caused the hearer, while he disliked the general doctrine of the discourse, to feel respect for the preacher. Occasionally, the deep guttural ugh! the note of doubt and dissent, arose from some of the council chiefs, as some of the stronger and more intelligible points of the discourse were rendered into their own speech.

A short extract is given, as a sample of the whole discourse. 'This book came from God; and He hath given me a spiritual understanding to comprehend its true meaning. Whosoever believeth not all these doctrines, contained in it, will suffer eternally in hell, that eternal and bottomless lake of brimstone and fire, of which I have so often spoken to you. It declares, that the white men in their cities of splendor, the simple and moral people of the country, the inhabitants of the east and the west, the people of all languages and climes, children as beautiful and seemingly as spotless as meadow lilies or the mountain snow, are born wholly corrupt, entirely depraved and sinful, black with native pollution, at war with the Great Spirit, and receiving life under his everlasting wrath and curse. The infant of a span long, who dies out of Christ, and the hoary sinner of four score, who has rejected him, will alike wail forever in the bottomless pit, kindled to tenfold fierceness and fury by the wrath of an incensed God.' This declaration was followed by an immediate and general *ugh!* The preacher paused a moment, a little disconcerted. But his native firmness came to his aid. 'I know,' he continued, 'my dear red brethren, I know, that this is a hateful truth to flesh and blood. I know, that it runs counter to all the wicked passions of depraved nature. I know well, that this preaching does not agree with carnal and corrupt human nature. This is the preaching, that in all time has roused up all the opposition of man against God's eternal truth. For preaching these truths, missionaries and martyrs have died among the heathens. For these truths the prophets were stoned; the apostles crucified, and the Son of God bled on the accursed tree.' This too, was followed by a gentle *ugh!*

‘The Great Spirit, from the depths of his own eternity, and to magnify his own glory and the riches of his mercy in Jesus Christ, did of his free and sovereign grace, and without reference to merit, seen or foreseen, to good or evil works, done, or to be done, and without any regard to difference of character, elect from all eternity a few—a very few—I know not how many. God, who chose them from everlasting, only knoweth. They were elected to everlasting life; and the rest, being reprobate, and passed over, must and will inevitably perish. The elect were chosen by infinite mercy, ‘before the morning stars sang together, or the sons of God shouted for joy.’ In the fulness of time they were to be sprinkled from the native corruption of their hearts, by the blood of the Son of God, the second person in the adorable Trinity. They were to be renewed and sanctified by the Holy Ghost, the third glorious person of the Godhead. Bought by the blood of the Son of God, elected by the Eternal Father, and their salvation sworn by the oath of Him, who cannot lie, not one of them can be lost. Not one of them can ever stray from the heavenly mansions. The rest, the countless millions of the reprobate, are passed by, and sealed up, as vessels of wrath, and reserved for the eternal malediction of the triune Jehovah! The spotless throne of the Eternal is guiltless of their blood, and their destruction, and will be equally glorified with their execrations, as heard from the depths of the bottomless pit, as with the hosannahs and hallelujahs of the choral anthems of the blood-purchased elect, who shall praise Him in the heaven of heavens.’ Here was a long and full drawn *ugh!*

He paused a moment, and resumed. ‘The last and most solemn head of my discourse is, there is but one way, truth and life, but one baptism by immersion, one fold and one shepherd. All, that belong to this fold and shepherd, and have received this baptism, are saved. The rest perish everlastingly. Of the countless millions, who have never heard the gospel—all—all will perish everlastingly. This brings me to my grand point. It is to declare the great truths, my dear red brethren, for whom Christ died, that I have put my life in my hand, and come among you. It is for this, that prophets, and apostles, and evangelists, have gone into heathen lands, and have braved every form of torture and death. It is for this, that my soul is in trouble, that rivers of tears run down my eyes, that I besiege the throne of God day and night, that he would give me the souls at least of some of you, my dear red brethren, in answer to my prayers and cries, as my crowns of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus; that he would give me your souls, my white brethren according to the flesh, that you may hear, believe and be saved, and shine with me, as stars in the diadem of the Redeemer. The case would not be so terrible, so worthy of labor, pity and tears, if it were not, that every one, who doth not receive this gospel, in

its full import, truth and simplicity, into a new and converted heart, will be everlastingly scorched in the flames of the bottomless pit, under the inexorable doom of a just and benevolent God. By what motives, ye children of wrath, ye dead in trespasses and sins, shall I warn, and adjure you, to arise, and call upon Christ to give you light and life!

Here the preacher commenced a simple, fervid and affectionate adjuration. It was earnest and solemn, and in some points even thrilling and of the most touching pathos. He continued to kindle his own feelings with the subject, until, stern and little addicted to the melting mood as he was, his voice quivered with emotion, and his eyes streamed with tears. This part of his address went home even to the hearts of the Shoshonee, and many a hard featured warrior, who had brandished the hatchet, or drawn the yager with an unblenching eye and an unfaltering hand, was seen to drop tears in silent sympathy with the preacher.

Such was the scope of a sermon, not without sense and eloquence, but without judgment and discrimination, which produced little impression upon most of the white people, which operated in the naturally acute and discerning intellects of the Indians positive dislike, and unbelief, and which confounded the docile, but enquiring spirit of *Jessy*. Having finished, as was his custom, he called upon any of the hearers, if they had any thing on their minds relating to religion, to declare it; and if they had any thing to object, he would be willing to hear them state their objections, that at the next meeting he might be ready to obviate them.

Tutsagee, or *The Changing Wind*, was the chief reasoner among this people; and to him was generally assigned the part of reasoning, and commenting upon points, which, it was expected, the Indians would answer. He had acquired great readiness and acuteness at this kind of exercise, and was the professed debater and disputant of the Shoshonee. When *Elder Wood* gave out the challenge, a number of the chiefs, disposed, as it appeared, to have the amusement of a little wind in the form of religious disputation, looked round to *Tutsagee*, and gave the usual ugh! in token, that it was expected, he would reply to the positions of *Elder Wood*. *Tutsagee* arose, showing a calm and plausible countenance, and an admirable sly natural physiognomy for a lawyer. He reached forth his brawny right arm from the folds of his buffalo robe, and began raising himself to his utmost height, and speaking gracefully, and with vehement gesticulation. 'Our white father will forgive the ignorant words of his untaught red brethren. We are sensible, that we know nothing, and that the pale faces know all deep things. Still it seems to us, that all the talk of our white medicinc father, this evening, is not good talk. It is a strange and strong talk, and our red men are too ignorant, to understand it. Harken, white

father and explain. You say, that the little babes of the white and red people are born under the wrath and curse of the Master of Life. Your Wahcondah, then, must be quite different from ours. Our Master of Life is too good to send little, innocent babes, who have no strength, nor understanding to do wrong, into life, to make them bad, and then bestow his curse upon them for being so. Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that the Master of Life chose, before the sun and moon rolled in the firmament, a few to go to the good place; and chose them, not because they were good, or would be good; and passed by the rest, not because they were bad, or would be bad; but merely for his will and pleasure; that the chosen will surely go to the good place; and the reprobate forever burn in the brimstone lake. This seems to us not a good talk, father. The worst red men in our nation would not act so cruelly, and our Wakondah is far better, than the best of our men. We have even seen no pale faces so bad, as that. The Wakondah of red men chooses, and sends to the shadowy land of souls brave and free spirits, because they are brave, true and good. We do not feel, as if we could love, and trust the Wakondah of the pale face, if he conducts in a way, that seems to us so partial and cruel, merely to show his power. We may fear his power; but if he so shows it, we cannot love him. Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that your Master of Life hears the groans of the damned, making as pleasant sounds in his ears, as the hosannahs and praises of the blessed. Ah! father, is it because the pale faces worship such a being, that we have heard, that they are all so hard-hearted, cruel, and unjust? Hearken, father, and explain. You say, that the brown faces and the red skins, and the black people, and all the strange people in the far countries, and the islands of the great salt lake, who have not heard of the Wakondah of the pale face, will be damned, and burned forever in the brimstone lake. Ah! because they never heard of him? Father, will the Great Spirit of the white men punish the ignorant red men, because they never heard a talk, that no body was able to tell them. The red men are ignorant. The Master of Life placed them where they must be ignorant, and ought to pity them for their want of knowledge. But do you say, father, that he first makes them ignorant, and then damns them for being so? Father, that seems to us a bad talk. We fear, that you do not say right words of the Wahcondah. We think you slander him, and that he will be angry with you. Put your ears to your medicine book again, and be sure that it speaks just such words as you declare. Father, explain. We are ignorant; but we believe, that the Master of Life has always had kind thoughts in his heart, and kind deeds in his hands. You ask, since we so think of the words, which you find in the book of the Wahcondah, why we so respectfully hearken to our white father, and love him, as a

wise man, and give heed to him, as a medicine man? Father, we hear you speak strange words of the Wahcondah, which we neither understand nor believe. But we see you doing good deeds. We think, you must be a very good medicine man, if you worship a strange and cruel Wahcondah, and yet always do good. We love our white father, because he does not act like the other white men. We know, that words are wind. Deeds stand fast like the mountains. Father, next time you declare to us a medicine talk, we hope you will explain. I have done.'

Most who heard, were convinced, that missionaries, who preach the mild and sublime truths of the gospel, to simple and ignorant people, ought to dwell chiefly on the clear and innate truth of that divine system, and not strive to perplex these children of nature with abstract, not to say revolting doctrines. Some took the preacher at his literal word, and others cared for none of these things.

THOUGHTS ON THE MIGRATIONS OF FISHES.

Might not certain kinds be naturalized in the Ohio, and other Western waters?

'OH, that I had the wings of a dove,' ejaculated the Psalmist, 'that I might fly away, and be at rest.' Dedalus allowed not his eager desires to share the privilege of the tenants of the air, to rest in barren aspirations. He tried the experiment; and his waxen pinions melting in the sun beams, and letting him down from his ærial and unpractised heights, have rendered him immortal in song. The British bard evinces the same passion.

'Who has seen them brightly shining,
Nor turn'd to earth, without repining,
Nor wish'd for wings to soar away,
And mix with their eternal ray?'

Poets, and imaginative men, and restless men, and conquerors, and moon gazers, and lovers in all ages, have wished for wings. The numberless achievements, the dangerous and daring efforts of æronauts, all go to prove the restless desire of men to fly. An upward course is the natural aspiration of the human heart. There is, probably, not an individual capable of thought, who has looked upward, and seen the infinite ease, with which the various classes of birds cut the ærial element, and exult, as they mount towards the stars, who has not felt the wish, that the privilege had been allowed to man. Even the hard and mathematical cranium of political economists and engineers has labored, in the soft and sentient matter under it, imaginative freaks, which have resulted in rail roads, and steam, and moving vehicles, which emulate the swiftness of birds. Every one is trying some experiment, either physical or of wishes, to fly away from self, and the stale, flat and unprofitable reality of things, as they exist on this our nether sphere.

Recommend us meanwhile to the philosophic boy, who, when asked, what he would do, if he were a king, replied, that he would live upon tharkik (molasses boiled with milk) and swing upon a gate. For us, we are not sure, that we do not envy the condition of fishes, quite as much, as of birds. On the oriental doctrine of transmigration, we are not satisfied, that to dart through the coral forests of the sea green element—to descend one of our long rivers, from its mountain source to the sea; or ascend from the sea to the far lakes of the north, would not be as pleasant a tour, as to soar with the lark, or look at the sun with the eagle. These animals, beside, have more resources and stronger security against the greedy and life-devouring appetites of man. They are in a measure exempted, too, it should seem, from one of the most annoying inconveniences, which flesh, whether animal or intellectual, is heir to, in every clime—change of temperature. Their blood being of the temperature of water, they neither sweat from the sun's perpendicular height, nor have fevers and chills from the unsettled weather of spring or autumn, or suffer from the blasts and frosts of winter. There is still abundant evidence, notwithstanding the temperature of their blood corresponds with that of the water, that they suffer from the intemperate heats of summer, when exposed to the fierce influence in unshaded and shallow waters. This circumstance accounts for the innumerable shoals, that crowd, during the heats of summer, into the streams of Louisiana and Florida, that have courses in the pine woods. Those streams wind in deep valleys, over white and clean sands, are fed by cool and fresh springs, and are so narrow, as to be nearly embowered by the vine covered trees, that bend over them. The fish, oppressed with the radiance of a burning sun on the bosom of broad streams, or shallow lakes, flock by millions to their summer watering resorts, to taste the coolness of springs trickling from the hills, and to luxuriate in the deep eddies under the thick foliage of the muscadine. It is impossible to see them sporting over the sands, or fanning themselves, as it were, in the voluptuous repose of a position, where lines of sunbeams flicker upon them through the foliage, and not instantly conceive the idea, that their enjoyment is high and exquisite. We know of no image in visible nature of so delightful a mode of existence, as that of the fishes, as we see them pursuing their sports in their own transparent element. We have no doubt, that the common impression of their little sensibility to pleasure, or suffering, is an utterly erroneous one. We see no sentient beings evidencing keener anguish than fishes, when thrown upon the shore, or when torn with the hook or the spear. No animal dies with so much visible and apparent agony as a fish.

Among all the tribes of animated nature, none more wonderfully exhibit the infinite contrivance of the Creator. Who could ever survey the astonishing adaptation of these animals to the water, and for a moment doubt the existence of a wise and designing cause? We can conceive no addition to their structure, which would not be a hindrance and an annoyance. We can take nothing from their formation, without disqualifying them for their proper movements and enjoyments. What an astonishing contrivance is that sack of air, obviously distended, or contracted at the voluntary action of their own will?—thus enabling them to mount or sink, on the simple principles of specific gravity, without an effort. And

of all the infinite varieties, though the structure is universally based upon a general outline, yet the greater length, bluntness or sharpness, form of the mouth, fins and scales, the jaws, teeth, and lungs, and every model, from the beautiful salmon, and trout, to the swift pike, the fierce and arrow shaped gar, the unseemly shovel fish, with all the uncouth and monstrous forms, that are found in the seas, rivers and lakes—will be found, as soon as their modes of living and feeding are understood, to have a structure exactly adapted to their destination. No person can have surveyed the specimens of ichthyology in a museum, or have seen the living beings playing in their own element, without having been struck with this fact. We are told, that after all the specimens of naval architecture, after all ideal models, that ever entered the scheming human brain of Tyrian, Carthaginian, Briton, or American, no shape for moving in the water, has ever yet been imagined, uniting convenience and speed in movement, like that of the fish. Hence the best possible shape for the prow of a ship is, to mould it as near, as may be, like that of some of the stronger races of fishes destined for quick and powerful movement. A volume would be insufficient for an enumeration of the evidences of wisdom and adaptation to their pursuits, manifested in their structure. It would be easy, also, to multiply proofs, little as they have been viewed in this light, that they are capable of being tamed, and in some sense domesticated; of manifesting pleasure at the sight of those, who feed them; that relations of affection have been established between them and men; that the dolphin has been known to receive a child on its back, and to manifest grief, when the child, having deceased, came no longer to his accustomed sport. It has but just begun to be matter of experiment, how far these animals can be tamed, and domesticated.

The migration of fishes is an astonishing fact, well known to naturalists; but one to which no scientific attention has been bestowed, at all adequate to the subject, either as an enquiry of extreme interest in philosophic investigation, or as claiming attention on the score of its relation to utility. It is a fact, which all voyagers have attested, that in the seas of the polar circles, where ice mountains dash against each other, and where storm and frost hold their perpetual and terrific empire—and in those dreary and inhospitable regions, where man is seen only, as a daring and occasional intruder, the greatest numbers and varieties of fishes and aquatic animals breed, and fatten. There the enormous whale—the questionable kraken—the voracious tribes of sharks—the countless monsters, said by sailors to furnish a resemblance to every living thing, that walks the earth, not excepting man—pursue their uncouth sports in those unfathomable caves of ocean, unvisited by aught but themselves and the poet's dream. There the innumerable tribes, in all their colors of green and gold, in all their forms and magnitudes collect, and train their innumerable squadrons. Hence, as from the centre of a circle, they dart away in radii for the milder seas and regions of the south. The innumerable lakes and rivers of the northern seas are first filled, and each with their peculiar species—and of a species the same varieties haunt a particular river or lake. For example, the shad and salmon of the rivers of New Brunswick are different from those of Maine;—and of that state, those of the Kennebec from those of the Saco, and both again from those of Piscataqua.

A connoisseur well knows, equally by their shape as their flavor, the shad of the Hudson from those of the Potomac. At the proper season of the year, the countless swarms move forward from the frozen seas of the north. At the appointed time, and as periodical as the return of the vernal breeze and the spring blossoms, these tenants of ocean return to their forsaken water-caves, to their former haunts, to the places endeared to them by the remembrance of having there reared their young. Their mossy beds are already prepared for them. They find themselves once more in their ancient retreats, though perhaps situated far up the rivers that wind through the forests, by the same instinct, as it would seem, by which the birds in spring return to their forsaken groves. One day the salmon and shad are taken in the streams of Maine: the next, they are found in the Piscataqua of New-Hampshire,—and so successively along the shore quite to the rivers of Virginia. The salmon or shad of one stream never mistake their course, and stray into another; and their return is as regular and as invariable as the courses of nature.

Of all animals, fishes are from this habit, the easiest led to new water courses, and naturalized to new pasture. This is perfectly understood by all those, who create artificial fish ponds. It is only necessary to become acquainted with the general habits of the kinds, which it is wished to naturalize, the elements requisite to their health and their food, and they are transferred to an entirely new collection of waters, even from what is called freestone to limestone water; and they find themselves at once thriving and at home in their new position. To those, who possess these artificial reservoirs, it is a study of exhaustless interest, to remark their habits, to note how quickly they become to a certain extent domesticated, how regularly they come under the influence of habit to receive food, which is supplied to them at regular intervals. An almost universal impression has prevailed, that their modes of existence are so wholly unlike those of terrestrial animals, that no sympathy, or relationship could ever be established between them. Experiment has demonstrated, that they easily learn to discriminate one person from another—and there are too many recorded facts, to leave it in doubt, that they evince pleasure from the sight of their feeders.

The Chinese have carried the art of raising fish to a greater extent than any other people. It is said, that in that immensely populous empire, where subsistence is so difficult, and famine so common, almost as many subsist on the water, and from that element, as from the land. Of course, with the treasured experience of all the knowledge that relates to subsistence, which has accumulated from an unbroken succession of thousands of years, they have experimented every thing, that relates to the economy of rearing fish, with as much precision and minuteness, as what relates to breeding domestic cattle. They know in what waters, and with what food quickest to fatten particular species. They understand the kind of food and pasturage necessary to all the kinds, as accurately, as an English grazier does in what pasture to raise sheep. Not a stream, not a brook, lake, pond, or collection of water, natural or artificial, but what teems with fishes, carefully selected, and trained with reference to their wants, and that knowledge of their habits which takes into view the kind proper for the climate and place. They know perfectly well of the same kind by what

process they can quickest be fattened. Thus, not only every rood of land maintains it man, but every patch of water. Nor are their liquid pastures by any means the most unproductive, or unprofitable. Nor need we here discuss their equally artificial and ingenious modes of taking the fish thus reared; among which fishing with trained cormorants, around whose gullets brass wires are fixed, to prevent them from swallowing their prey, is the most amusing and original. It may be added, that this branch of economy is easy, simple, delightful; requiring little expense for their food, and less extra care, than for the raising of any other animals; and has the added advantage of being clear gain—as in most countries waters are considered in the nature of entire waste.

The most obvious fact, in regard to the modes of fishes, is that they are more entirely subservient to the law of habit, than any other order of animated nature. Habit operates upon them with the unvarying certainty of the chain of cause and effect. The following practical facts, in proof of it, bear directly upon our ultimate purpose in this subject. In their annual migrations, of which we have spoken, the gregarious tribes, salmon, shad, herring for example, invariably return, at a certain season of the year, to certain points in ascending long rivers. It happens, that these rivers at those periods are sometimes full to the summit of the banks, and have no fall. At others, there is a difference, as in the Ohio often happens, of twenty or thirty feet in the height of the water at the same period in different seasons. In the low stages, these rivers may possess falls of some feet perpendicular—as at the falls of the Ohio. The gregarious swarms arrive in the low stages at foot of these falls. With the wonderful pertinacity of habit, they are seen by moon light springing up these falls, to ascend to their customary haunts. No facts are better attested, than that salmon will leap some feet to ascend falls; and that multitudes of shad are killed in their persevering efforts to overcome them. Where canals have been dug, and these gregarious fishes have been carried up, and put in at the head of the canal, they are found to have acquired the instinct, or habit, or whatever it may be denominated, the impulse of ascent. They descend through the open locks. The next year, they are seen arriving from the sea at the first locks, making vain efforts to ascend. These facts are so well attested, as to leave with us no question of their authenticity. The Middlesex canal connects the Merrimac with Boston harbor. Herring from the Merrimac descended that canal. The next year, schools were seen at the lower locks near Charleston harbor, manifesting strong inclinations to ascend, whence they came down the preceding year. The same fact is a matter of general observation, wherever similar circumstances exist.

We do not vouch for the fact, but give as we have received, in reference to the naturalizing the fish called tautaug, in Boston harbor. They had never been known to be taken in those waters, says the report, which we credit, until a certain vessel bringing them round the cape in a fish rack, in distress, was either wrecked, or obliged to liberate the fish. Since that time, they have been naturalized north of Cape Cod, as before they had been south of it.

So important an element in the resources of Massachusetts is the ascent of salmon, shad, and herring, or *alewives*, as the technicality of

the law has it, and so necessary has it been deemed to attend to their habits, that in the enactments of that state a very great number of statutes in relation to them, with penalties, appear among the laws; and the fish officers are magistrates along waters, which these fish ascend, of no small dignity and responsibility. The law clears away dams and obstructions; and suits for violation of these enactments are matters of the most common occurrence. Indeed every yankee is acquainted with the standing witticism, in relation to the good citizens of Taunton, and some other places in that state, that during the season of the ascent of shad and herring, the people are more erect and laconic in their speech, or as the Kentuckians would say, more saucy at that period, than in the meeker epoch, when those fishes are not to be had. The northerners have hinted in retaliation, that a Virginian of the Potomac, during the shad season, is a less civil gentleman, than at any other period of the year.

However this may be, it is a serious and well known fact, that these fish are considered an immense resource along the water courses, which they ascend. The best places for taking them are farmed, and yield in numerous instances a handsome revenue. If it were our object to present statistics upon this subject, our readers would be astonished at the amount of this advantage along the water courses, which these valuable fish ascend. The pickling them, and sending them abroad, is no mean item in their exports. So many of certain kinds are taken, that in the strait between Rhode Island and the main, vessels are loaded in a few hours; and every inhabitant of Massachusetts knows, that the herring ascend many of the brooks in such inconceivable numbers as to have been often used for manuring corn fields. A boy with a scoop net will throw out a barrel in an hour. At the season of shad, fish carts are passing the country in every direction, conveying these excellent fish to the remotest habitation of the most secluded hamlet, rendering the luxury as accessible, as it is cheap. They constitute one of our few productions, which even the grumbling Capt. Hall deigns to praise, when he tells us, in the incidental kind humor consequent upon a good meal, that the luxury of the Hudson shad is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Every *bon vivant* knows, what is meant by the first salmon of the season; knows that yankee land has in this delicious fish a luxury, which nature has denied to their more southern neighbors. How little some Bostonians value their money, in competition with their appetite, may be inferred from the fact, that 40 dollars was demanded this spring in the market for the first salmon of the season.

Every one knows that one of the staple resources of Massachusetts is in her fisheries on the grand banks, where so many millions of cod fish sport, probably allured there by the insects and other food carried down from the tropical climate by the gulf stream. Every emigrant epicure knows, in his sojournings in our interior, how often, over our flesh pots, and the abundant products of our prolific soil, he has eaten in dreams the mackerel dressed fresh from the water, the snow white fin of the huge halibut, and the fancy parts of the peach-blossom-colored lobster. These are luxuries, which can here only be enjoyed in dreams; for, though our waters furnish abundance of fish, and of the finest appearance, they are, compared with these tenants of the pure and sea green waters along the shores of New England, but the apple of Sodom, mocking the appetite,

only with a deceitful show. Indeed, we are waiting with what patience we may, to see the completion of the rail roads that are to connect us with the Atlantic by flying vehicles, which, according to our friend Mr. Green, of Marblehead, are to send us a treat of fresh codfish for our breakfast.

Our readers may not have imagined, with what views we have travelled round the circuit of this discussion, which the more critical may possibly pronounce an episode, and the more witty a fish story. *N'importe*. The Hibernian said, the farthest way round is the nearest way home. We have had our distinct object in view. If shad ascended the Ohio, and its branches, as they do the Connecticut, Hudson, and Potomac, not to mention the inconceivable myriads of herring, that generally follow in their wake, the advantage would be absolutely incalculable. It has been asserted, that the true shad of the Atlantic waters has been taken in the Ohio at Pittsburgh. We do not credit the report. We do not believe, a fish of this kind has ever been seen in the western waters. But the shad is known to ascend streams as far to the south as the entrance of the Mississippi; and is taken in abundance in the Potomac, in a more southern latitude than the general course of the Ohio. Certainly this fish ascends Atlantic streams more turbid, than our great river, which, except in the time of high waters, is beautifully transparent; and the waters of which are incontestably of the purest and most healthful class. Why should these fish, which, it has been proved, can be naturalized in any pure waters, refuse habitancy in the Ohio, if they were once made free of the river, and invested with the privileges of citizenship? What we have wished, in this article, is, to call the attention of the western people to this most interesting branch of natural history, the habits, and migrations of fishes; and the possibility of training them, like domestic animals, to new haunts and new pastures. Let the first fruits of connection of Pittsburgh with the Delaware, and the Ohio with the lakes, by the two great canals, be the bringing salmon, shad, herring, and other valuable gregarious fish of periodical migration, in a state of health and vigor, in fish racks, to the Ohio. Let them there be turned loose, and made free of our valley. We have no doubt, at least in regard to the shad, that it would find itself at home. Natural historians have asserted, that a single fish, of the more prolific classes, breeds many millions in a year. Fish are known to have Kentucky propensities, in regard to their fondness for range. The ascent and descent of our numerous and almost interminable streams would gratify to a luxury these happy and nimble travellers. Assuredly the chances are worth the trouble of the experiment, were it only to enlighten a most interesting point in natural history. Whether we shall ever eat shad of the Ohio, is a question upon which we have no fixed faith. But, that they will one day be found on the tables of our posterity, we have little doubt; nor that it will be written in the future history of this valley, that previous to such a year, the fish of the Ohio were of little value; that on a certain time, public spirited men, in the exercise of an enlightened zeal to do good, introduced certain of the more valuable of the Atlantic kinds into the waters of the Ohio; that they multiplied inconceivably, and in a few years were found ascending all the water courses of the Ohio and the Mississippi, in as great numbers, as in the Atlantic rivers. So may it speedily be written.

If any of our cousins german of the quill should intimate, that a great amount of sage counsel of this sort, as of poetry, is thrown to the winds, and upon a community, which is little apt to erect statues to its benefactors, we admit, that we have already pressed many a cheese for the ungrateful city; that we do not ask them to take, but merely to read our prescriptions. We have had the comfort of giving, what we consider an important hint, which we did not intend should die with us. Let the readers of fish stories, and the western lovers of good shad, look to it. It is to us a feast in anticipation to have uttered our oracular enunciation, and to have done our duty.

CLIMATE WEST OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

It would seem, that enough had already been written upon this subject. But of the succession of travellers from the Atlantic country, with whom we are continually meeting, and most of whom have read all upon this subject, which they could procure, we find scarcely one, who has clear and precise ideas upon the point. It is rather for the information of such, than for western readers, that we have thrown together a few facts and observations, the result of our own experience, during a period of nearly fifteen years, in various points of this valley.

In point of salubrity, every part of the western country is visibly becoming more favorable to health. The same circumstances, in regard to marshy districts, and contiguity to stagnant waters continue to take place, as in the Atlantic country. Though we have an undoubting impression, that the marshy lands of Ohio do not generate fever and ague, as certainly, or as severely, as in the level and wet districts of New York, in the vicinage of the lakes; nor do we think intermittents so common or stubborn in the southern vicinity of the state, that slopes towards the Ohio, as in the northern division, which descends to the lakes.

In the forest regions, wherever the country has been cleared, and settled for a length of time, it becomes visibly more healthy. Cases of intermittent fever are exceedingly rare in this city and vicinity; nor do we hear much of it in the thickly settled district between the two Miamies. The fertile valley of the Scioto, in its first settlement the grave of so many of its early inhabitants, has now become comparatively healthy. The terrific tales of the sufferings of former years from sickness, in all directions, have passed away. Some imagine, that our atmosphere is more humid, than that of the Atlantic country. As we have a greater elevation, than that country above the level of the sea—and as the free course of the winds is less impeded, than there, by mountains, and as ventilation is more perfect, we should doubt the fact. But if it be so, the cause, in our view, must be sought in the deeper and more loamy soil, evidently more retentive of moisture. In proof of this, it is said, that cellars in this region are visibly damper than that.

In regard to the comparative chances of health and exposure of life, we imagine, few portions of the Atlantic country, can be found, where health and life are less exposed, take all the seasons, and all classes of constitutions, and all the conditions of society into the account, than in the country between the two Miamies, or the interior of Kentucky and Tennessee. Indiana, Illinois and Missouri are still in the fresher and more exposed stages of habitancy, and the chances of health cannot be so strongly and confidently asserted, as in the districts cited above. In regard to St. Louis, we well remember, that it used to have its sickly season; and we have witnessed more than one, in which that season was marked with malignant and sweeping disease. The character of its atmosphere seems to have been changed for a number of past years. It is now pronounced by adequate and impartial judges a healthy town; and certainly the ravages of autumnal fever are less frequent and sweeping, than formerly. The general health of that city through the summer and autumn has been excellent for two or three past years. The same may be emphatically pronounced of Louisville, formerly noted for any thing, rather than health through the summer and autumn. The fact can hardly fail to have forced itself upon general observation among us, that our climate is becoming more salubrious, either from the advance of cultivation, or from the acclimation of the people to the atmosphere; and, probably, more than all from the general possession of ampler means of comfort, better food, houses and clothing, more experimental acquaintance with the requirements of the climate, and a more judicious adaptation of the modes of life to those requirements. Even the American bottom, we are told, now shows many healthy families through the autumn, a remark, that would hardly have been warranted, but a few years since. One fact is clear; the people expose themselves in the west to the vicissitudes of temperature and the weather, to night air, and to sleeping under the open sky much more recklessly, than in the Atlantic. The general impression is, that it can be done with better chances of impunity.

We have, it must be allowed, our full share of sudden transitions in temperature, particularly during winter, and the first two months of spring.— But we experienced last autumn in New England, (we think it was on the eighth of September) a more rapid change of temperature, and a greater range of the mercury, than we have ever noted in this valley. Our vicissitudes of cold and heat, however, in winter and spring, are sufficiently trying to sensitive constitutions, and require, that great care should be bestowed upon corresponding changes of dress. Indeed, from the Gulf of Mexico to Wheeling and St. Louis, the greater part of winter is a series of successive changes. In New Orleans the temperature is generally sufficient to bring various species of roses into blossom, in mid-winter, in the open gardens. We have seen daffodils and green peas in bloom on new-year's day. The bland south generally prevails there for two or three days in succession at that period. It is comfortable then, while the sun shines, to sit in the piazza or at the open window. A white frost ensues, followed by rain, and three or four days, in which a breeze down the Mississippi predominates, and it is, of course, cold and uncomfortable, requiring closed rooms and a fire. Such, with a change of temperature, corresponding to latitude, is the most common alternation of weather, over the whole

valley: to wit, two or three days of south west wind, followed by frost, rain, and two or three cold days. Every one must know, that there are exceptions. But all attentive observers have remarked, that this is the general order. Of course, our winters are a continued succession of freezes and thaws; and, in point of muddiness and unpleasantness of travelling, compare very nearly, in the middle regions of the valley, with the lower slope of the country between the Delaware and the Potomac.— Cincinnati, through the winter, in point of mud, is the exact counterpart of Washington—though the latter place has the most snow and cold weather.

From our having no mountains to change the direction, or impede the free course of the wind, our country is remarkable for feeling the influence of a full ventilation. The number of days, in which we have not a breeze, is very small. We have almost constantly a pleasant and cooling air through the summer. But high winds, as far as our knowledge extends, are much less general and frequent, than along the Atlantic shore. We have experienced nothing to compare with the Atlantic gale of the autumn of 1815. We were in Florida, during the gale of autumn, we think, 1823. It did not compare with the former, either in violence or duration.

It is true, we have had terrific instances of the force of the wind this spring, at Urbanna, and near Pittsburgh. But the prevalence was but for a few minutes; and the desolation was inflicted only on a surface of a few rods in width, and a few miles in length. The tracts of land, every where in the western country, known by the common name 'hurricane,' evince the same result;—narrow and limited extents, where every thing has been swept before the wind.

It would be a desirable point, to compare the mean annual temperature of different towns along the Atlantic shore, with places in corresponding latitudes in our valley. We are of the opinion, that our temperature is, on the whole, more equable and rather higher than theirs. We imagine, that, under the same circumstances, green peas are brought to the market at Cincinnati and Norfolk at the same time. From our having no mountains, and from the generally equable surface of the country, climate corresponds to latitude, probably, more accurately, than in the Atlantic country. Though, in ascending from Cincinnati to the table height between the waters of the Ohio and the lakes, in the same parallel, we find the same results, as in travelling elsewhere from the south toward the north.— There is a difference of a week in the forwardness of the seasons between these two points, where the latitude is the same.

The circumstance, that climate in this valley corresponds to latitude, affords facilities to note one of the most delightful physical pictures of nature, that can be contemplated, in ascending in a steam-boat from New Orleans to Cincinnati, or St. Louis. The boat departs, for example, on the first of April. At that time, green corn, new potatoes, squashes and cucumbers are abundant in the New Orleans market. The cane shows in luxuriant beauty. Nature in every aspect wears the livery of high summer. At Natchez, the trees are only in full leaf, and the foliage has a fragile and tender aspect, as if just formed. At the Walnut Hills, the trees are not yet in full leaf, and in ascending, every bend of the river shows, that you are outtravelling the onward course of spring, and you reach the

mouth of the Ohio, as the half formed leaves begin to tremble in the breeze. This living calendar, this graduated picture of the progress of spring, we have always found one of the most interesting circumstances of a steam-boat passage up these rivers, in the month of April.

There is a great difference between the number of cloudy and fair days in the eastern and western divisions of this valley. Take the States of West Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio, in the line westward from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and we are not sure, that there are not as many cloudy days, as in New England. Our autumns are evidently dryer; and September and October are, for the most part, cloudless and without rain. But we have much cloudy weather in November, December and March—with the true leaden sky, characteristic of the English hanging month; and travelling, the while, is any thing, rather than pleasant. But we have never witnessed that long succession of gloomy and cloudy days, during which, along the Atlantic shore, the weather-cock seems fixed to the northeast, and in which blue lips are the temporary heritage of even the young and beautiful. We have, however, it must be admitted, a sufficient number of gloomy days, from November to April, to try the patience and constitution of nervous invalids.

But as we recede west from this city, the sky constantly becomes more cloudless. We have, we are confident, one third more cloudy days, than the inhabitants of St. Louis. The balance, however, is as advantageous for us in summer, as unfavorable in winter. The recurrence of cloudy days tempers the heat of our summer days. The remarkably regular distribution of showers procures us a verdant turf, an excellence and abundance of garden vegetables, and an ample supply of grazing and cultivated grass, which on the whole leaves the balance of climate in our favor. We have not seen in this region such long droughts, such a sear and scorched summer surface, as there; and we think, there is no part of America, where summer rains are more seasonable, and at more regular intervals, than in the middle regions of the Ohio valley.

The summers on the banks of the Ohio are certainly, at some periods, uncomfortably warm. The river travels along a deep valley; and the sun's rays are powerfully reflected from the shelving Ohio hills. But reach the summits of those hills, and travel, where the air is unobstructed, and one could scarcely ask a pleasanter temperature, than we experience, during the greater portion of the summer. The mornings after our frequent thunder showers, even in July and August, are often uncomfortably cool to an invalid—though to others elastic and refreshing. On the table summits of the hills above Cincinnati, the mercury in Fahrenheit generally stands some degrees lower through the summer, than in the city, which is built in a basin, surrounded by a circular range of hills, of a general elevation of three hundred feet.

Northerners, on their first arriving here, generally complain, that they feel more languid and unelastic, and less disposed to motion and exercise, than in their natal climate. In the same manner, the English complain of New-England, compared with Old England. In the same manner, we imagine, emigrants almost always find things wrong, and for the worse, when they shift their position. We suspect, however, that there may be something in the allegation, in regard to the western country. The south

wind prevails much more, than in the Atlantic country. It inspires a luxurious indolence and listlessness, less frequently felt at the north. If more adverse to labor and movement and vigor, it is, we conceive, take one constitution with another, more friendly to health and life; and certainly more congenial with enjoyment. Our mild autumnal days, fanned with the south-west, have a temperature of deliciousness, which words do not reach; and the sensation is as of bathing in the breeze.

In regard to the phenomena of storms and thunder; thunder storms are far more frequent in this valley, than in the country north of the Delaware, in the Atlantic regions. They commence, in Louisiana, early in February; and from that month to June, almost every night brings thunder. They commence here early in April. At St. Louis they come from the west and the north, and are borne down the Missouri and the upper Mississippi. At New-Orleans they come down the Mississippi, and from the south-west. At Alexandria, on Red river, and at Cincinnati, they come alike from every point of the compass; and when a thunder cloud is seen forming, no calculation can be made from its direction, whether it will visit us or not. Thunder clouds rise more rapidly with us, than in New-England, and pass quicker away, watering less extents of country. The lightning is more frequently vivid. But we remember severer thunder storms and heavier thunder there, than we have witnessed in this valley; except, perhaps, once at St. Louis, once on the Missouri, and twice in the Pine woods of Louisiana. The unfrequency of recorded fatal accidents from lightning may have resulted from the sparseness of the population; and, until lately, the more unfrequent and uncertain communications, and the small number and remoteness from each other of the journals. We have known fatalities from this cause at St. Charles, St. Louis and New-Orleans, though not in numbers proportionate to the commonness of thunder showers. A number have occurred within the few past years in this city; and the greater number in a particular part of it, although most of the considerable houses have electric rods. But the Atlantic papers bring to us much greater numbers of recorded accidents of this kind, as it seems to us, in a given space, than are known to happen even in the thickly peopled regions of this vicinity.

Of other atmospheric phenomena, we seldom witness those extraordinary meteoric appearances, that so frequently eke out a paragraph in the Atlantic papers. We have never seen in a single instance any thing like Aurora Borealis. The face of the sky seems content with a uniform fashion of decoration, and less disposed to gratify the curiosity of star-gazers.

With regard to the transparency of our atmosphere, during an unclouded sky, and the intensity of the cerulean, there seems to be a concurrent opinion, that it is comparatively great. It may result from our elevation above the level of the sea. It may be owing to the perfection of ventilation in our atmosphere. We believe the fact to be, that objects are seen here in a stronger light, and through a more perfect atmospheric transparency of medium. Our men of taste have supposed, that it is owing to this circumstance, that children seem to be more generally born with the aptitude to painting, and to those imitative arts, that depend upon vision, than in the Atlantic region. This valley, in the coming periods of greater refinement, will be the Italy of America, in regard to this science.

Whether the following fact has any connection with the preceding, we undertake not to say. We state it as it is, and leave others to make the inference. We may not presume to compare with the Atlantic country in general intellectual advancement. But in as great a collection of autographs, as is, perhaps, possessed by any other individual, we notice the fact, that the hand writing of the western people is generally superior to that of the eastern. We remark this, as many scholars, very absurdly, as we think, are ashamed to write a good hand. From atmospheric circumstances, which we undertake not to attempt to explain, there is a glory and a splendor in the morning of all portions of the Mississippi valley, especially during the prevalence of the south-west wind, which we have no where else seen. The season of the renovation of nature and of man, and of the return of the most cheering and glorious luminary of the universe, is sufficiently beautiful every where; and has been sung in every combination of rhythm and image of poetry, that the teeming imagination could originate. But we walk forth in our fine spring and autumnal mornings, to greet the first beams of the sun, as he comes over our hills; and as we have so many hundred times enjoyed this spectacle alone, we have felt, that none need envy the possessors of opulence the poor pageants, which can be got up for money. Night begets in our valleys, along our water courses, sometimes dense fogs; but more frequently a thin, transparent and gossamer mist, which seems to be attracted towards the first sunbeams. It rolls up the sides of our hills, in its ethereal whiteness. When the full orb of the sun is seen, and when the gentle breath of the south aids the spectacle, such a kind of ruddy light, such a peculiar glory of morning evolves the fresh creation from the mist, as we have no where else noted. We mean to allow no scope to imagination, but simply state the fact; for words would be thrown away upon the subject.

For the rest, in the climate of Cincinnati, the spring opens a month sooner, and the autumn closes a month later, as we judge, in the ordinary course of the seasons, than in the latitude of Boston, in the Atlantic country. The latter is more favorable to vigor and elasticity, though not to strength; and would be preferable for persons of a sanguine and full habit, on the right side of forty-five. But to persons on the waning side of that epoch, to persons of delicate, and especially hectic habits, to the sedentary, the feeble and the aged, our climate is decidedly preferable.

There will always be some, to whom other data will present more satisfactory and clearer views of our temperature, in comparison with that of other regions. To such we give the following thermometrical table, very accurately kept, and on the results of which the most perfect reliance may be placed.

The observations on the next page, it will be perceived, have been made by two gentlemen, in Cincinnati, and include the months of December, 1829, and April, 1830—omitting February, which with us is generally a month that belongs to spring as decidedly as March, which is in the Ohio valley a changeable and unpleasant month.

1829. Fah't ther.

Dec.	8am.	4pm.	Course of Wind.	Ob's.
4	36	40	Easterly	Easterly Rainy
5	54	59	sw	sw Cloudy
6	58	64	sw	sw Cloudy
7	61	68	sw	sw Fair
8	40	41	North	North Rainy
9	35	40	North	North Fair
10	29	42	North	se Fair
11	44	58	se	South Cloudy
12	30	33	nw	West Fair
13	33	46	West	sw Fair
14	40	50	sw by s	South Fair
15	49	35	sw by s	nnw by n Snow
16	25	32	North	ene Fair
17	28	37	ne	ne Cloudy
18	34	38	nw	West Fair
19	33	48	West	sw Fair
20	40	54	Calm	sw Fro' p't
21	48	52	sw	nw Fair
22	33	42	nnw by n	North Fair
23	40	49	North	Calm Cloudy
24	54	60	South	South Show'ry
25	57	54	South	ne Rainy
26	45	51	ne	ne Rain
27	46	45	North	West Damp
28	42	46	West	Calm Cloudy
29	50	61	Calm	Calm Fair
30	50	62	Calm	Calm Cloudy
31	40	44	North	North Fair

1830. Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Mch.	6am.	10am.	2pm.	6pm.	9pm.	Ob's.
1	46	48	52	53	48	Rain
2	34	37	37	36	34	
3	32	34	38	37	36	Cloudy
4	27	35	49	49	44	
5	37	43	47	46	48	Rain
6	47	50	53	55	53	Cloudy
7	50	52	46	38	35	
8	30	34	43	38	33	
9	22	30	43	42	30	
10	38	48	58	58	55	
11	50	53	59	49	46	Cloudy
12	40	46	61	62	68	
13	58	58	52	52	46	Rain
14	34	37	50	52	47	
15	32	42	56	53	52	
16	47	51	56	57	58	Rain
17	54	55	55	53	51	Rain
18	42	45	51	52	47	
19	38	52	59	58	56	
20	50	57	58	56	56	Rain
21	53	59	70	68	62	
22	53	64	72	68	51	Windy
23	43	44	45	50	46	
24	37	43	48	48	47	
25	44	45	46	44	40	Rain
26	37	44	54	53	49	
27	37	49	64	62	56	
28	40	50	70	63	58	
29	50	64	72	62	62	Rain
30	56	52	53	52	50	Rain
31	44	51	56	53	49	Cloudy

1830. Fah't ther.

Jan.	8am.	4pm.	Course of Wind.	Ob's.
1	34	45	North	Calm Fair
2	35	51	Calm	Calm Fair
3	48	60	se by s	sw Cloudy
4	34	37	nw	nw Cloudy
5	26	30	nw	nw Fair
6	32	34	nw	sw Snow
7	40	50	sw	West Fair
8	37	42	West	wnw Fair
9	37	44	Easterly	se Rain
10	39	29	nnw by n	North Snow
11	20	30	Calm	West Fair
12	30	42	Calm	sw Fair
13	30	46	sw	sw by s Hazy
14	34	50	sw by s	sw Fair
15	35	50	Calm	Calm Fair
16	32	44	sw	Calm Cloudy
17	29	30	nnw by n	North Fair
18	20	30	nne by n	Calm Fair
19	32	46	sw by s	South Cloudy
20	32	38	nw by w	West Fair
21	20	30	sw	South Fair
22	42	40	sw by s	West Cloudy
23	18	23	West	nw Fair
24	14	30	South	Calm Cloudy
25	41	32	sw	nnw Snow
26	12	22	nw	Calm Fair
27	30	40	sw by s	West Cloudy
28	22	25	North	Calm Cloudy
29	24	24	nw	nw Snow
30	8	19	nw	North Fair
31	22		Calm	se Snow

1830. Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Ap'l.	6am.	10am.	2pm.	6pm.	9pm.	Ob's.
1	42	46	49	46	45	Rain
2	40	46	49	51	46	Cloudy
3	34	46	60	59	54	
4	40	53	70	68	60	
5	50	64	77	72	66	
6	56	63	74	71	67	
7	57	64	67	67	65	Cloudy
8	58	67	73	73	68	
9	54	64	70	68	66	
10	50	48	48	49	46	Snow
11	40	49	60	58	56	
12	50	58	72	72	66	
13	53	64	74	73	67	
14	54	61	73	71	65	
15	56	59	63	62	54	Rain
16	48	51	56	56	53	
17	44	56	70	71	62	
18	50	60	79	73	66	
19	52	68	76	76	66	
20	65	68	79	76	69	
21	65	72	69	71	68	Rain
22	65	67	72	70	67	Rain
23	65	66	71	69	67	
24	60	66	77	76	72	
25	68	61	58	58	52	Cloudy
26	45	50	59	50	52	
27	40	52	65	67	59	
28	47	61	76	74	65	
29	55	68	78	77	69	
30	60	71	80	77	70	Rain

Thoughts on the style and eloquence of the Pulpit, the Bar, and the Press, in the three great divisions of the United States.

It would be easy to bring before the reader's eye a discussion of a hundred pages length upon this subject; but, perhaps, not so easy to induce him to peruse it. We frankly avow, that our chief object in writing,—bating that we are, as every candidate in his stump speech modestly proves himself, vastly desirous to benefit mankind,—is the hope of being read. We are aware that the holder of a ticket has as much right to count confidently on the highest prize, as we on being read, unless we are short. Short, therefore, shall be this discussion, upon some obvious features of the subject at the head of this article.

There are traits of national difference of character between the inhabitants of the northern, middle, and southern States, which would generally be overlooked by foreigners, and which such a traveller as Captain Hall would not see at all, and, in the confidence of his discriminating powers, would deny. They are traits, for the most part, too slight for the observation of any, but either keen observers, or such as are intimately acquainted with great numbers of the samples in each of the divisions. But the natural historian finds his pleasure greater to discriminate specific differences between specimens of the different species, or individuals of the same species, just in proportion as the shades of difference are slight and delicate, and not noted by the common eye.

The French are a singularly unique people, and as far as we are able to remark, from the specimens we have seen, very little marked with individuality, as concerns those national differences. Yet an observing native readily distinguishes a Norman from a Gascon, and both from a Provençal.

We might expect national differences of character in the United States, from the differences of climate, subsistence, pursuit, origin and education. No employments can well be imagined more unlike, than those of the inhabitants of Maine and Louisiana; and we have, diffused through our population, a sufficient sprinkling of diverse and foreign origin, to account for obvious and striking differences of dialect. But the great uniformity of our national institutions, commencing *de novo*, and on a blank sheet, tends at the same time more strongly to break down these differences, than those of any other people. Every where in the United States we have introduced the same way of getting onwards. We elect our officers, our ministers, and our school masters in the same way. Our popular modes of transacting those affairs, that bring people together, and make them acquainted with each other, are every where nearly the same. Yet we have already established three distinct styles, and standards of eloquence, to contemplate at this time no other points of national difference, in the three great divisions of our country.

We remark, then, that there are, in these respects, three styles in the United States,—the northern, the mixed, and the southern. New-England is the region of the first; New-York and Pennsylvania of the second, and the southern states of the third. Ohio among the western states, and Indiana, so far as any thing can be predicated of institutions so fresh as hers, are samples of the second class; and all the other western states of the third.

The most obvious originating cause of the New-England style may be sought in the uniformity of the origin of the people; their more frank, free, and equal communications, especially the young of the different sexes; the greater uniformity of their modes of worship; the circumstance, that the different churches bring almost every member of the community into contact on the sabbath;—but more than all, the influence of common schools. Never did nation invent any other engine of equal efficacy to establish individuality of national character. No other institution, we may add, can ever be established of the same power, on which to rear a truly republican character.

From the numerous academies, and high schools, from the influence of the two chief literary institutions, Harvard and Yale, and the other respectable colleges, and from the strong, and perhaps, we may add, injurious fondness for giving the sons a professional education, it happens that a much greater number of the young, in proportion to the whole population, are there educated in a considerable degree, than in any other part of the union. It follows, that criticism, general criticism, and self criticism, are in the same proportion more generally practised. The farmer's family, as one of the members reads, during a winter's evening, becomes a natural court of criticism. Every worshipper in every congregation becomes a critic upon the sermon; of course criticism follows the child, the man and woman every where, and into every walk of life. Hence the susceptibility of the New-Englanders of ridicule. Hence their greater bashfulness, *mauvaise honte*, self criticism, and native *gaucherie*, that follows them every where, and tinges their cheek with the burning blush of shame, where a Kentuckian and a Virginian would feel entirely cool and self-possessed. This national trait has its advantages and disadvantages. It generates a stronger train of interior combination—restricts the mental movements of the interior, creates concentration of thought, and the basis of a firm and decided character. But self criticism, and the shrinking and unremitting fear of ridicule, repress the strong movements of the heart, and nip the buddings of fancy and imagination. Hence a northern divine, if you took away his notes from him, would dismount from his desk, and send his flock away without a sermon. Hence the young northern lawyer, when he makes his debut, has his speech perfectly committed to memory, before he trusts the effort. Hence in the pulpit, and at the bar, and the legislative hall, if the speaker have not written notes, every thing, which he delivers, is moulded to the manner of those, who deliver from notes. Hence the basis of New-England style in writing and in eloquence. A more severe manner, more chastened regard to the rules of criticism, a more shrinking dread of exaggeration, mock grandeur, and false sublime.—We think, that an accurate eye can easily distinguish the productions of a northern scholar, by these marks, were others wanting.

No where is this attribute of northern manner so conspicuous, as in the pulpit. A traveller from the middle and southern states is struck with it, into whatever church he enters in the country; and still more so in the city and more polished congregations. The more measured manner, the milder and more subdued tone of voice, the more perfectly arranged ceremonial strike him forcibly, in comparison of the free and unrestrained movements, the louder tones of voice, the franker and more

soldier-like deportment in the pulpits at the south. The sermon at first, to the southerner, has an air of restraint and coldness, and the measured etiquette of a levee, which strikes him unfavorably. But as habit accustoms him to the regulated tones of voice, which seem dictated by a fear of disturbing the slumbering echoes, to the severe and sternly measured conciseness, to the condensed matter, and well ordered arrangement, he soon learns to prefer it to the more random and scattering declamation, to which he has been accustomed. In one word, the beau ideal of New-England is that transmitted by birth, blood and institutions from the parent country. It is the style of Old England. English pulpit eloquence is the model of the New-England pulpit, and the same general basis may be predicated of the eloquence of the bar and legislative hall, and the general style of writing from the press.

The French, perhaps, would object to being considered as the models of Southern eloquence. We have often listened to French preachers; and southern American ministers much more resemble them in manner, than their northern brethren. Except among the Episcopal clergy, we have not seen a southern minister appear before his audience, with any written notes. The self possessed manner, the military ease and confidence, with which he comes forward, evidence self-reliance, and the formed habit of extemporaneous speaking. A northerner, unacquainted with the other divisions of the country by comparison, can have but imperfect conceptions of the entire ease and self possession, with which a Kentucky clergyman or orator ascends the pulpit, how unembarrassed and at home he seems, when thus presenting himself before the multitude. Being of Virginia staple, and having lost nothing of the blood of the Douglas by this transplantation, he may be put down as the fullest example of southern style and manner.

His first point of difference from the northern speaker, is in the greater exertion of voice, which he puts forth from the beginning. He commands in general a much greater compass of voice, and modulates it between a greater number of notes in ascent and descent. We have heard speakers in the pulpit and at the bar, and of reputation in both places, who made use of scarcely less than the range of an octave. It is true, that the difficulty of right enunciation, and well modulated accent and tone, increases exactly in proportion to the extent of the scale. Hence a northern speaker generally speaks in better taste, and less offends the ear by violations of propriety in the modulation of his voice. For the same reason, a southern speaker, when he does succeed in modulation, accent and cadence, taking a higher aim, is a better speaker than he who avails himself of the safer effort of unambitious monotony. For want of understanding this matter aright, how many persons have we heard tearing their passion to tatters, and pouring forth sounds of as little melody as a cracked fiddle—or 'two old lutes with ne'er a string, or none except the bass.'

But the difference is still more palpable in the matter, than the manner. Heaven, earth, and ocean are rifled of their rich things for figures. The highest flights of Phillips, the utmost ken of Chalmers to the verge of the galaxy, his synopsis of the systems upon systems, in making the tour of the universe, are no holiday jewels, but mere common ornaments in the harangues of an unlettered advocate or minister in the south and west.

We remember to have heard a young lawyer make his *début*, in a fourth of July oration, in the south. He treated all our common school collections of reading and speaking, with Phillips for an appendix, as we make use of a lemon. He had the concentration of all the glaring sayings and brilliant passages. He had exhausted heaven, the grave, the last judgment, and the final conflagration, without exhausting the patience of his hearers. So far from it, every eye was strained. The fair hair on the heads of the ladies rose, in the electric enthusiasm of their admiration. 'What a fine fellow he will make,' said the men. He continued to explode, burst after burst, until alluding to the future advance of our country, he saw, rapt into visions of the future, the Columbia covered with ships and steam boats; whereupon he embellished himself from Campbell's ode, and worked in 'the mountain wave.' *Hohenlinden* was naturally associated with that string of pearls; and, rather unfortunately, he pointed to 'yon lurid sun,' who, in a fit of jealousy, had hid his head in thick clouds, and was no where to be seen! All this there raised a feeling of enthusiasm and grandeur, and admiration of the speaker, while among the same class of hearers, of the same order of intellect and information at the north, he would only have inspired irrepressible ridicule and disgust. We are by no means sure, that the former temperament is not a more desirable one, than the latter; as when it is guided by enlightened taste, it is a much more powerful stimulant to invention, much more sensible to the beautiful, pathetic and sublime, than the chilling temperament, that shrinks from criticism, and is keenly and morbidly sensible to ridicule.

Hence a southern speaker or writer is more confident, gives more scope to the teasing impulses of his thoughts, and pricks his Pegasus to the top of his speed with a more reckless persuasion, that he shall not be unhorred. It follows in our view, that the southern temperament would be more desirable, could it be enlightened by true taste, just criticism, and fulness of thought.

The style of New-York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, is a fair and equal compound of the two. There is no settled standard. In the course of a month, if attending the different places, where the greatest number of examples might be heard, you would find the stern, New-England, cold propriety in one place; in another, a compound of the north and the south, in all proportions from a decided preponderance of the one to a clear balance of the other, though, on the whole, far too much favor towards fashion and the mock sublime.

The three reviews of these three divisions, and the speeches in congress of the members from them, are less marked exemplifications of the three styles; for it is the tendency of training and collision with the best minds to break down, and wear away the sharp corners and the strong points of difference. Nevertheless, we think, it is visible even in them. But the strongest cases are to be found at the backwoods bar, pulpit, and stump rostrum, and in the interior papers, that travel not into the great world; aboriginal specimens, which the degeneracy of modern criticism has not yet touched. Here we see the native samples in their unpruned luxuriance. From them specific differences are to be settled.

We were led to these reflections, from having risen from the perusal of Mr. Webster's, Hayne's, Clayton's and Beaton's recent celebrated speech-

es, successively; which, as we thought, afforded the fairest and best samples of the three kinds of style and oratory. Each is excellent in its kind. An enlightened reader, who reads them with simple pride of country, unmixed with any party feeling, will regret to see such an amount of the effort of these fine minds thrown away upon personal allusion, crimination and recrimination, the small talk which, however felicitous, witty, prompt and well turned, is only in place at the bar, where it is learned and properly practised. In the hall of the Senate of the United States it ought to be out of place.

It can hardly be said that Webster is an entire sample of the northern manner. More than once on other occasions, and on his last great efforts, he showed a temperament capable of feeling, and eliciting the power of tenderness and pathos. The mantle of Fisher Ames is only wanting, to render him the pride and the boast of any country. We conceive, that the key, which unlocks the reservoirs of tears, is, after all, the most valuable appendage of the store house of talent. Every thing in the present progress of society tends to dry up these fountains, to sear the brain, and harden the heart, and reduce every thing to dry statistics, and the power of the nine digits. Meanwhile, the withering sneer of the Lilliputian quill drivers, called critics, has for them a happy tendency, to let loose the grin of ridicule upon every thing, that transcends their own power of originating and conceiving.

As the productions of a scholar, those of Mr. Hayne are certainly not inferior to those of Mr. Webster. He has, perhaps, more critical exactness in the justness and uniformity of his figures. But there is a vehement earnestness, an impulse of feverish confidence—a something, which smacks of the *argumentum ad gladium*, which does not exactly match the prompt felicity, the easy transition from one subject, to another, the apparent frank and fearless magnanimity of a reliance upon the argument, precluding ruffled temper, doubt and fear, which constitute the charm of Mr. Webster's great speech. It wants but a slight transfusion of a little more of the southern daring of invention, but a more copious touch of that mellow and deep sentiment of pathos, occasional indications of which are spread along the whole texture, and a subject of sufficient generality, reach and grandeur, to have been a chef d'œuvre of its kind.

We cannot forbear referring to three or four points in this speech. The first is the rather mordant comment on Mr. Hayne's quotation of Col. Barre, in reference to the causes of the settlement of the western states. The second we quote, because it is equally true and important.

'It is a consideration of great importance, that probably there is in no part of the country, or of the world, so great a call for the means of education as in those new States; owing to the vast numbers of persons within those ages, in which education and instruction are usually received, if received at all. This is the natural consequence of recency of settlement and rapid increase. The census of these States shows how great a proportion of the whole population occupies the classes between infancy and manhood. These are the wide fields, and here is the deep and quick soil for the seeds of knowledge and virtue; and this is the favored season, the very spring time for sowing them. Let them be disseminated, without stint. Let them be scattered, with a bountiful broad-cast. Whatever the Government can fairly do towards these objects, in my opinion, ought to be done.'

The next is genuine wit, and the associations happy and delightful.

‘The gentleman, sir, has spoken at large of former parties, now no longer in being, by their received appellations, and has undertaken to instruct us, not only in the knowledge of their principles, but of their respective pedigrees also. He has ascended to the origin, and run out their genealogies. With most exemplary modesty, he speaks of the party to which he professes to have belonged himself, as the true Pure, the only honest, patriotic party, derived by regular descent, from father to son, from the time of the virtuous Romans! Spreading before us the *family tree* of political parties, he takes especial care to shew himself, snugly perched on a popular bough! He is wakeful to the expediency of adopting such rules of descent, as shall bring him in, in exclusion of others, as an heir to all public virtue, and all true political principle. His party, and his opinions, are sure to be orthodox; heterodoxy is confined to his opponents. He spoke, sir, of the federalists, and I thought I saw some eyes begin to open and stare a little, when he ventured on that ground. I expected he would draw his sketches rather lightly, when he looked on the circles round him, and especially, if he should cast his thoughts to the high places, out of the Senate. Nevertheless, he went back to Rome, *ad annum urbe condita*, and found the fathers of the federalists, in the primeval aristocrats of that renowned Empire! He traced the flow of federal blood down through successive ages and centuries, till he brought it into the veins of the American Tories, (of whom, by the way, there were twenty in the Carolinas, for one in Massachusetts.) From the Tories, he followed it to the Federalists: and as the Federal party were broken up, and there was no possibility of transmitting it farther on this side the Atlantic, he seems to have discovered that it has gone off collaterally, though against all the canons of descent, into the Ultras of France, and finally become extinguished, like exploded gas, among the adherents of Don Miguel! This, sir, is an abstract of the gentleman’s history of Federalism. I am not about to controvert it. It is not, at present, worth the pains of refutation, because, sir, if at this day any one feels the sin of federalism lying heavily on his conscience, he can easily obtain remission. He may even obtain an indulgence, if he be desirous of repeating the same transgression. It is an affair of no difficulty to get into this same right line of patriotic descent. A man, now-a-days, is at liberty to choose his political parentage. He may elect his own father. Federalist, or not, he may, if he choose, claim to belong to the favored stock, and his claim will be allowed. He may carry back his pretensions just as far as the honorable gentleman himself; nay, he may make himself out the honorable gentleman’s cousin, and prove satisfactorily, that he is descended from the same political great grandfather. All this is allowable. We all know a process, sir, by which the whole Essex Junto could, in one hour, be all washed white from their ancient Federalism, and come out, every one of them, an original Democrat, dyed in the wool! Some of them have actually undergone the operation, and they say it is quite easy. The only inconvenience it occasions, as they tell us, is a slight tendency of the blood to the face, a soft suffusion, which, however, is very transient, since nothing is said by those whom they join, calculated to deepen the red on the cheek; but a prudent silence observed, in regard to all the past. Indeed, sir, some smiles of approbation have been bestowed and some crumbs of comfort have fallen, not a thousand miles from the door of the Hartford Convention itself. And if the author of the ordinance

of 1787, possessed the other requisite qualifications, there is no knowing, notwithstanding his Federalism, to what heights of favor he might yet attain.'

Two passages more follow; and to us the most impressive in the speech.

'Then, sir, the gentleman has no fault to find with these recently promulgated South Carolina opinions. And, certainly, he need have none; for his own sentiments, as now advanced, and advanced on reflection, as far as I have been able to comprehend them, go to the full length of all these opinions. I propose, sir, to say something on these, and to consider how far they are just and constitutional. Before doing that, however, let me observe, that the eulogium pronounced on the character of the State of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge, that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor. I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurens, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans, all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by State lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him, whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright, as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir—increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, Sir, in my place here, in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own State, or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and, if moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by State jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

'Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections—let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past—let me remind you that in early times no States cherished greater harmony, both of principle and of feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God, that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution—hand and hand they stood round the Administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation and distrust, are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

'Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain for-

ever. The bones of her sons, falling in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness—if uneasiness, under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union, by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amidst the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.'

We regret, that so great a portion of Mr. Hayne's speech is retort and recrimination, that, nervous and eloquent as it is, (it is not our present mark to enquire, in regard to its justice,) we are restricted by the consistent purpose of our pages to narrower limits of selection, than we could wish. Nevertheless we select two passages, which show him not an unworthy competitor with his strong antagonist.

'I shall make no profession of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one State in the Union, Mr. President, (and I say it not in a boastful spirit)—that may challenge comparison with any other for an uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service has she ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity, she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God.—Domestic discord ceased at the sound,—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think, at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal, which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interests in the dispute.—Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guaranty, that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations either of interest, or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, periled all, in the sacred cause of freedom. Never was there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering and heroic endurance, than by the whigs of Carolina, during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had

been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes, into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, (sustained by the example of her Sumpters and her Marions,) proved, by her conduct, that though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.'

' I come now to the war of 1812, a war which I well remember was called in derision (while its event was doubtful) the Southern war, and sometimes the Carolina war; but which is now universally acknowledged to have done more for the honor and prosperity of the country, than all other events in our history put together. What, Sir, were the objects of that war? "Free trade and sailors' rights!" It was for the protection of Northern shipping, and New England Seamen, that the country flew to arms. What interest had the South in that contest? If they had sat down coldly to calculate the value of their interests involved in it, they would have found that they had every thing to lose and nothing to gain. But, Sir, with that generous devotion to country, so characteristic of the South, they only asked, if the rights of any portion of their fellow citizens had been invaded; and when told that Northern ships and New England seamen had been arrested on the common highway of nations, they felt that the honor of their country was assailed; and acting on that exalted sentiment "which feels a stain like a wound," they resolved to seek in open war, for a redress of those injuries, which it did not become freemen to endure. Sir, the whole South, animated as by a common impulse, cordially united in declaring and promoting that war. South Carolina sent to your councils, as advocates and supporters of that war, the noblest of her sons.—How they fulfilled that trust, let a grateful country tell. Not a measure was adopted, not a battle fought, not a victory won, which contributed in any degree, to the success of that war, to which Southern councils and Southern valor did not largely contribute.'

MOORE'S LIFE OF BYRON.

In the following we give, as we have received. When we receive a sensible and well written article, from an orthodox source, we desire to bless the founder of the benefaction, and ask no questions. We need enter no protest for the consistency of our journal. All, who have done us the honor to read, know, that a uniformity of principles and inculcation has marked it from the commencement. The reviewer cannot go beyond us in his abhorrence of profligacy, both of principle and practice. We doubt, however, whether Moore's ridicule of the commonly received notion of the personality of the devil, with horns, tail, cloven foot, and the other attributes, by which he is pictured, be sufficient proofs, that he is censurable in this way; nor have we before heard him charged with actual immorality, whatever may be thought of the tendency of his writings. With the reviewer before us, we did not estimate very highly Moore's Life of Sheridan. We are entirely in sentiment with him, in regard to the smooth and plausible and unrepining phrase and manner, in which the biographer slides over the vice and profligacy of his herd, as will appear from our own reflections which occur after his.

We beg leave still further to suggest, whether the cause of morals is likely to gain from the high key of sweeping denunciation, with which some have treated the great poet. Many a good thing from the pulpit is rendered unavailing, by the harsh and ungracious manner in which it is said. It is high time that moralists and divines should understand, that men can neither be scolded, nor frightened into good morals. Reason, persuasion, and gentleness, ought to be the only allowable, as they certainly are the only efficient weapons of their warfare. No one can fail to have seen, what effect harshness and terror have, when adopted, as the only expedients of domestic education. One reason, beyond question, which contributed to render the works of lord Byron so popular, was the overcharged denunciations, which were at first rung against them. The public mind, urged too strongly in one direction, reacted, and began to hold him innocent, where he really was guilty.

Letters and Journal of Lord Byron: with Notices of his Life. By THOMAS MOORE. 2 vols.

BIOGRAPHY, according to Lord Bacon, excelleth in profit and use, all other kind of history. Possessing great advantages in point of unity, over the histories of nations, it is thereby more easily comprehended, and by being personal, it excites a deeper interest. As our intimacy with the subject of a memoir increases with the progress of perusal, we contract a friendship for him. And in the spirit of friendship, we rejoice in his good fortune, and are chagrined at his failures. This is succeeded by a propensity for imitation. It is the duty of a biographer, by a judicious display of the virtues of his hero, to render this disposition beneficial to the reader; or on the other hand, if his subject be unamiable, he should by painting it in its true features of deformity, hold forth an object of aversion. As the latter is by far the more difficult task, it seems to require a man, who to a profound knowledge of human nature, should unite the purest and most fervent piety. Not a single chord should be left unstruck, whose vibrations would be in concert with the harmony of virtue; not a single vice should go unscathed, that a darling passion, or vulnerable spot in him who inflicts the castigation, may escape unrebuked or unimpeached.

The superior facilities for information, of a cotemporary biographer, are counterbalanced by his liability to the influence of the party spirit of the day, which materially affects the moral reputation of great men. So that what the account gains in copiousness, it loses in impartiality. And if the biographer have been the warm and intimate friend of his hero, it would be just as reasonable to expect an unbiassed history from him, as from an enemy.

If we are correct in these opinions, it will appear, that the author of the work, whose title page is at the head of this article, is one of the last men who should have undertaken the task. Belonging to that class of writers, who to the dishonor of the age, and country, have prostituted genius to immorality, and tried to cloak their disregard to religion, with a contempt for hypocrisy, Thomas Moore has attempted to deify in his poems that sensuality, which is the reproach of his private life. He cannot with any grace, denounce the evil deeds of another, when he is himself a criminal. He would not bestow censure which would rebound to his own condem-

nation. On the contrary, he has the strongest inducement, to palliate the vices of Lord Byron, or overlook them in the blaze of his intellectual glory. For by this course he hopes to secure for his own character an immunity from reproach, and whilst he is endeavoring to give Lord Byron an honorable station in the temple of fame, provides another for himself by the side of it. If we are to forget the vices of Lord Byron in our admiration of his genius, then may Thomas Moore, confessedly not so conspicuous for either, hope for a similar though humbler honor.

The habits of intimacy which subsisted between Byron and Moore, and the warm professions of friendship for each other, which they mutually and constantly expressed, would be sufficient, without any thing else, to make us strongly suspect the impartiality of the biographer. Friendship, like love, makes us blind to the minor frailties, and indulgent to the more flagrant faults of others. Pride, operating insidiously and insensibly, will not permit us to believe, that those who have our esteem, are unworthy the like sentiment from the world. And in defending or applauding our friends, we seem to be following, rather than vindicating our own judgment.

Versatility of genius is rarely united with vigor. The greatest authors have always been sufficiently unequal in their productions, to show us, for what labours they were best qualified. 'Nature,' as Mr. Moore observes, 'seems to set herself against pluralities in fame.' The regions of literature have their provinces, in which aliens do not flourish. And none are more widely different than those of fiction and fact. No two talents of high order, are less similar than those for biography and poetry. Sheridan, whose extraordinary and eventful life presented one of the most admirable subjects for biography, ever known, was unable by the splendor of his eloquence, the beauty of his writings, the sparklings of his wit, and the vicissitudes of his fortune, to inspire his biographer with an adequate idea of his character. And those who have been disappointed in the perusal of that work, will hardly find that 'this time hath made amends.' If we were to select a biographer from the poets, we should seek one whose works display a more intimate acquaintance with human nature, than the author of *Lallah Rookh*. A poem which deserves indeed all the celebrity, which is due to the most beautiful imagery and luxuriant fancy;—but is the veriest antipode of a biography.

Mr. Moore himself does not appear to estimate his powers in this line very highly, as the present work bears a very unpretending title, and contains but little matter from the pen of the author—perhaps not a tenth part of the book. Nor has he bestowed that attention to the style, which the brevity of his labors might very well allow. The choice of words is far from being fastidious; harmony is often neglected, and unity frequently violated. For instance, page 22. 'But, notwithstanding this, and other such unruly out-breaks—in which he was but too much encouraged by the example of his mother, who frequently, it is said, proceeded to the same extremities with her caps, gowns, &c. there was in his disposition, as appears from the concurrent testimony of nurses, tutors, and all who were employed about him, a mixture of affectionate sweetness and playfulness, by which it was impossible not to be attached; and which rendered him then, as in his years, easily manageable, by those who loved and understood him sufficiently to be at once gentle and firm enough for

the task.' Indeed we are strongly inclined to believe, with many others, that the author was actuated in writing this work, more by pecuniary considerations, than a zeal for Lord Byron's reputation, or an expectation of increasing his own.

The morality is such as we might expect from a sceptic. It is quite common for such men to make themselves merry with the popular belief in the agency of the devil, as where in law crimes are said to be committed by his instigation. Lord Byron himself, in one of his letters observes, that men are too apt to lay their sins to the charge of the devil, when the fault is purely their own. A sentiment too superficial to be of any weight. But if Lucifer is relieved of the odium of our misdeeds, it is only to saddle it upon some other being, certainly as innocent and equally imaginary: such as Fate, Chance, Destiny, &c. Or a resort is made to that unintelligible subterfuge of false philosophers, the force of circumstances. To those also the dispensations of Providence are ascribed. The following extract from one of Moore's letters to Lord Byron, upon the separation from his wife, develops pretty clearly the writer's belief in the force of circumstances, and notices the event which proves that belief unfounded.

'Most sincerely do I grieve at what has happened. It has upset all my wishes and brings as to the beneficial influence of marriage on your life; for instead of bringing you, *as I expected*, into something like a regular orbit, it has only cast you off again into infinite space, and left you, I fear, in a far worse state than it found you.' Byron himself entertained a similar belief, as to the beneficial influence of marriage in controlling uncontrollable passions, and correcting incorrigibly bad habits. 'I believe,' said he, 'that marriage would be the salvation of me.' The opinion, in fact, is too prevalent—to the disappointment of many a rake, and the sorrow of many a virtuous wife. Byron's marriage is a striking instance, among many, of its falsity as a general principle. Miss Milbank, who became his bride, was a paragon of virtue and good sense. Blessed with the choicest gifts of nature, and adorned with almost every accomplishment, she had all the advantages of high life to command admiration, united with those charms which are calculated to inspire love and affection. Her conduct as a wife was applauded by Lord Byron, immediately after the separation. And Moore, rather than acknowledge ingenuously the incorrectness of his opinion, or the faults of his friend, resorted to the pitiful subterfuge of saying that she was 'too precisely perfect for a wife,' and then blundered into a contradiction by an elaborate attempt to prove that genius is inimical to conjugal happiness.

In vain do we look in this work, to see those flagrant outrages upon morals and decorum, of which the subject was so often guilty, denounced with that indignation which every virtuous mind must feel, and the most charitable man might utter. On the contrary, repeated violations of a most sacred obligation are spoken of with the most notable equanimity, and only censured for their tendency to injure the reputation or interfere with the convenience of the perpetrator. Thus page 118. 'An amour (if it may be *dignified* with such a name) of that sort of casual description which less attachable natures would have forgotten, and more prudent ones, at least, concealed, was by him converted, at this period, and with circumstances of most unnecessary display, into a connection of some

continuance—the object of it not only becoming domesticated with him in lodgings at Brompton, but accompanying him afterwards, disguised in boy's clothes, to Brighton.'

And again, speaking of the reasons for Lord Byron's marriage, his biographer says:—'It was under this conviction, which not only himself but some of his friends entertained, of the *prudence* of his taking timely refuge in matrimony, from those *perplexities* which form the sequel of all less regular ties, that he had been induced about a year before to turn his thoughts seriously to marriage.' And—'Fully concurring with the opinion not only of himself, but of others of his friends, that in marriage lay his only hope of salvation from the sort of perplexing attachments into which he was now constantly tempted, I saw &c.' How deplorably devoid of virtuous feeling must be that heart, which could unmoved allow a strain like this. A style, a language, only less detestable than the shocking depravity it portrays.

The author's faith in the force of circumstances, is a great help to him in accounting for the direful passions and degrading vices of his hero. Nature is first introduced to bear the requisite share of blame. Thus:—'That as a child his (Byron's) temper was violent, or rather sullenly passionate, is certain. Even when in petticoats he showed the same uncontrollable spirit with his nurse, which he afterwards exhibited when an author, with his critics. Being angrily reprimanded by her, one day, for having soiled or torn a new frock in which he had been just dressed, he got into one of 'his silent rages,' (as he has himself described them) seized the frock with both his hands, rent it from top to bottom, and stood in sullen stillness, setting his censurer and her wrath at defiance.' Next comes his mother's infirmity of temper, which had a tendency to blight the filial love he bore to her. Then his juvenile disappointments in love, the scepticism of his acquaintances, the want of friends; his high station, pecuniary embarrassments, and the severe treatment of his first works in the Edinburgh Review. This is the ill-starred conjunction of circumstances, which fashioned the dark direful destiny of Lord Byron. Even were we to adopt the false philosophy of the biographer, we have the vanity to believe that we could take his own horoscope, and by calculating the force of benign as well as malignant planets, arrive at a different result. As for Byron's passionate temper when a child, it is a circumstance of little weight. Half the children who are born have a similar disposition, and can notwithstanding be very pious christians, and very good citizens. Besides, his biographer is anxious to show, and we are quite willing to allow, that he was friendly and affectionate in early life. The capricious and violent temper of his mother, was an evil to which he was but little exposed, having been sent to school at a very early age, and continuing either there or at college, with but little intermission, until he entered into active life. But notwithstanding the irregularities of his temper, she had a warm affection for him, and this deserved reciprocity. His early disappointments in love, might have been expected, from the age of his fair one, which exceeded his own by two years. And although it was long remembered, yet we cannot believe, that it was a painful reminiscence; by celebrating it in verse, he showed (to use an expression of Mr. Moore's,) that it had passed from the heart into the fancy. To counterbalance the

scepticism of his acquaintances, he had the testimony of all good men in particular, and mankind in general. If he was afterwards without the company of friends, the more time was left for reflection; and if the benefit of their example in the pursuit of virtue was wanting, he was not seduced by them into vice. True, a high station had a tendency to foster pride and arrogance, but it was also calculated to inspire his breast with a love of country, and unite him by the attractions of a laudable ambition, to labor for the welfare of mankind. His pecuniary embarrassments were produced by extravagance. And to console him for the satire of the Edinburgh reviewer, he had the homage of his acquaintances for his talents, and the favorable opinion of the public. What then is the reason, that Byron, with all these inducements was not a good man? Because, to use the expressive language of our Saviour to the people of Jerusalem—he ‘would not.’ This is the only reason, why men are wicked, that can be given, and it is the true one. The influence of circumstances, in bringing forth the talent, good or evil, which lurks in the mind—in showing that sinfulness to the world, which otherwise could only be known to the searcher of hearts—or in disclosing that virtue, which vaunteth not, so far from denying, or despising, we readily acknowledge, and freely appreciate. And whatever weight this might have in restraining us from denouncing with too much severity, those sins, which under similar circumstances we ourselves might commit, it should not be extended into an immunity for the crimes of those, who have rendered themselves conspicuous by their talents, and pernicious by their example. It is the price, which genius pays for eminence, that her actions must be brought to an impartial tribunal, which will nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice. We could not deprive any man of the benefit of that charity, which covers a multitude of sins. And the sons of Genius are not less entitled to it, than any other class of our fellow beings. For ‘the tree of knowledge is not that of life.’ But let evil actions be forgiven, not justified; let not sophistry be substituted for charity. Let not the distinction between virtue and vice be confounded, by ascribing both to the influence of circumstances. Let not the salutary influence of evil be lessened by treating it with unconcern.

In tracing the workings of genius, in delineating the poet, Mr. Moore is far more correct, and more successful, than in describing the man. It is here that the experience of a brother poet is available. And accordingly we here find the beauties of the work. The following extract affords perhaps one of the best specimens, which the work contains, and is the last we shall make.

‘Unpromising, however, as was his youth of the high destiny that awaited him, there was one unfailling characteristic of the imaginative order of minds—his love of solitude—which very early gave signs of those habits of self-study and introspection, by which alone the ‘diamond quarries’ of genius are worked and brought to light. When but a boy, at Hanover, he had shown this disposition strongly; being often known, as I have already mentioned, to withdraw himself from his playmates, and sitting alone upon a tomb in the church yard, give himself up, for hours, to thought. As his mind began to disclose its resources, this feeling grew upon him; and had his foreign travel done no more than, by detaching him from the

distractions of society to enable him solitarily and freely, to commune with his own spirit, it would have been an all important step gained towards the full expansion of his faculties. It was only then, indeed, that he began to feel himself capable of the abstraction, which self-study requires, or to enjoy that freedom of other's thoughts, which alone leaves the contemplative mind master of its own. In the solitude of his nights at sea, in his lone wanderings through Greece, he had sufficient leisure and seclusion to look within himself, and there catch the first 'glimpses of his glorious mind.' One of his chief delights, as he mentioned in his 'Memoranda,' was when bathing in some retired spot, to seat himself on a high rock above the sea, and there remain for hours, gazing upon the sky and the waters, and lost in that sort of vague reverie, which however formless and indistinct at the moment, settled afterward, on his pages, into those clear bright pictures, which will endure forever.

'Were it not for the doubt and diffidence that hang around the first steps of genius, this growing consciousness of his power, these openings into a new domain of intellect, where he was to reign supreme, must have made the solitary hours of the young traveller one dream of happiness. But it will be seen that even yet he distrusted his own strength, nor was at all aware of the height to which the spirit he was now calling up would grow. So enamoured, nevertheless, had he become of these lonely musings, that even the society of his fellow traveller, though with pursuits so congenial to his own, grew at last to be a chain and burthen on him; and it was not till he stood, companionless, on the shore of the little island in the *Ægean*, that he found his spirit breathe freely. If any stronger proof were wanting of his deep passion for solitude, we shall find it, not many years after, in his own written avowal, that even when in company of the woman he most loved, he not unfrequently found himself sighing to be alone.

'It was not only, however, by affording him the concentration necessary for this silent drawing out of his feelings and powers, that travel conduced so essentially to the formation of his poetical character. To the East he had looked, with the eye of romance, from his very childhood. Before he was ten years of age, the perusal of Rycant's History of the Turks had taken a strong hold of his imagination, and he read eagerly, in consequence, every book concerning the east he could find.

'In visiting, therefore, those countries, he was but realizing the dreams of his childhood; and this return of his thoughts to that innocent time gave a freshness and purity to their current which they had long wanted. Under the spell of such recollections, the attraction of novelty was among the least that the scenes, through which he wandered, presented. Fond traces of the past—and few have ever retained them so vividly—mingled themselves with the impressions of the objects before him; and as among the Highlands, he had often traversed, in fancy, the land of the Moslem, so memory from the wild hills of Albania, now carried him back to Morven.'

But notwithstanding this and a few other pieces of fine writing, that are scattered through the work, we will hazard the opinion, that the fame of Thomas Moore, either as a biographer, a writer, or a moralist, will not be much increased by the Life of Lord Byron. Nor will the character of that great genius derive much benefit from all that his friend has advanced

to excuse and palliate. His letters, which constitute so large a portion of the book, disclose a being which it is beyond the power of

'Florid prose and honied lines of rhyme'

to consecrate. And it is with sorrow, rather than anger, that we contemplate the melancholy fate and disastrous influence of that mind which was formed for the enjoyment and advancement of all that is high and holy in man.

Since the reception of the above, we have ourselves found time to look over the first volume of Moore's Life of Byron; and beg leave to put down some of the thoughts excited in us by reading it.

It seems to be an exceedingly full and faithful view of the life of the great poet, being almost altogether made up from his letters, and such extracts from his writings, as serve to throw light upon the unconnected statements and indications made in them, with only occasional remarks of the biographer, thrown in to arrange the order of the matters touched upon in a chronological synopsis. The style is not *recherche*, it is true; but there is an ease in it, to our taste, preferable to the buckram and pedantry of mere dry faultless accuracy, made up from a dictionary, a grammar and an old school rhetoric. We find fault—and we wish to make it emphatic—with the indifference and *sang froid*, with which the biographer speaks of the vices of his friend. Away with all softening upon such points. Atheism and adultery and seduction and prostitution and drunkenness and gambling and gin and 'the fancy,' and domestic quarrelling and the discharge of poker and tongs back and forward, between mother and son, and separation of husband and wife—are not at all less reprehensible in the upper, than in the lower walks of life; but a thousand times more so—inasmuch, as the fortunate inmates have a thousand more motives and restraints, and in the same proportion, less temptations. May the public vision in the United States never become so far perverted, as to call light darkness, and darkness light, or allow an American to speak, either with complacency, or even softening extenuation, of such crimes, as were woven into the very woof and tissue of Lord Byron's life. No matter how such crimes are viewed by the *haut ton* of England. Death is death, though patricians may choose to call it decease; and drunkenness and gin and adultery and fighting remain the same things, however lords and fine ladies may phrase them by more palliating and fashionable terms. We desire, however, not to adopt the cant of prudish and affected sanctity, which defeats its own purpose by the use of an overcharged vocabulary of fault-finding. But there is a real and positive evil influence, likely to flow from an affected softening, in speaking of the follies and crimes of such a man, as the person, we are considering. It is much easier to copy the profligacy of Lord Byron, than to acquire his genius and talents. Many a weak and silly Roman advocate walked with his neck awry, because Cicero had a wen, and was physically obliged so to walk. We have known more than one fool fancy himself a genius; and to create the same illusion in others, quarrel with his wife, and part from her, to become more like Byron. Men are sufficiently prone to gratify their propensities, without the example of the rich and titled and talented and admired, to bear them out in doing it. And there is a ridiculousness of ineffable degradation, in

copying the follies and deformities of those above us in the endowments of nature and fortune, too likely to be endemic, unless every trait of this sort is set forth in its true light, and called by its unsoftened and unsophisticated name. This is all we deem necessary to remark, in regard to the execution of this volume, until we shall see the remainder of the work, and the winding up of the plot.

We remark, in the character before us, another exemplification of the saying of the philosopher, *nature brings forth all her productions complete and entire in themselves*. As certainly as the future size, flavor and quality of the apple, with the seeds of other generations, *ad infinitum*, are all involved in the bud of the yet unformed apple blossom, so clearly we discern, with the first developments of thought and character in the child Byron, the distinct germ of all, that he afterwards evolved. There are the rudimental compounds, the distinct elements of the mule, the blood-hound, the voluptuary, the unequalled poet, the author of the Prisoners of Chillon, the seducer, the husband of Miss Milbanke, the lover of the 'fancy,' and the hero of modern Greece. In no case have we been so struck with the miniature identity of the boy with the mature man, to the end of his career of celebrity. Do we, in saying this, tend to un hinge the master principles of moral obligation? Not at all. The value of the apple depends on the suns and rains, the position, training, and culture of the tree. Nature gives the rudiments; and whatever after is developed, it is always identical, distinct—marked with her own unchangeable seal, and no more to be altered, than mineral of lead can by any process be smelted into gold. Moral training and education will never produce their adequate and just results, until their power, and *modus operandi* are rightly understood. They can modify, and remould, and render what would otherwise have been useless, of the highest value. But they cannot change original acidity into sweetness. Where endowments are not given, they cannot create them. Moral training and education, when their efficiency is justly estimated, are seen in this light to be more important, than in that, in which they have generally been viewed.

To return. There was no original material of thought and power ever after in Byron, which was not there, the first time his bosom swelled with the view of the blue mountains of Scotland. In the head and heart of the shy, silent, murky, proud, invincible boy, with his silent rages, lay, in tegument within integument, all, that he ever afterwards evolved. There the seeds of those explosions of the passions and the intellect were germinating, and concocting, preparatory to all their after manifestations, as the eruptions of Etna are preparing under the stillness of its vine-clad hills.—Within his own teeming mind were not only the primordial and chaotic elements of all the insatiate cravings of his passions, and interminable aspirations of his ambition; but all those glorious images, all those creations, infernal and celestial, to which he afterwards gave birth.

He would probably have been, under any circumstances, however favorable, a man to whom a good and considerate father would not have dared to trust the keeping of the happiness of his daughter; with whom no judicious friend would have wished to have made a voyage round the world in the same cabin. But under better training, and more fortunate circumstances, he would have been in the main a good and respectable man;

subject to alternations of predominant good feeling and purpose, and bad; to compunctious meltings and repentance, to transient reforms, and transitions down the proclivity of his propensities. But a deep sense of self-respect, and the necessity of the observation of the conventional morals and opinions of society—along with the influence of the moral sense, and the persuasion of a retributive existence in the world to come, would have formed him such a man, as the world would not only have called good, but perfect. His column would have been as lofty, as the means and the pride of his descendants could have supplied—and it would have been all scored with eulogy from apex to base. His poor widow would have walked amidst the supporters of her train, remembering a hundred things, of which she would not wish to recount one; and receiving to the truth of the letter condolence and tears for her irreparable loss. High talent, real genius never existed, without some inward consciousness from the first felt germination of the seeds. He had a presentiment from a child of his future fame. But by no means the self-confidence, and the weak and overweening estimation of it, that clearly mark the vanity of a fool. Byron felt, he knew not what, laboring and fermenting within him, like the throes of the head of Jupiter, before the armed virgin issued from his cleft brain. But so far from inspiring vanity and confidence, it made him shy, diffident and distrustful. It was not until long after public opinion had been in accord, in regard to his poetry, that he caught confidence and self-reliance. Hence his early fondness for solitude; and that love of dreamy imaginations, in retirement, which, more or less conspicuously, have marked high talent and endowment in all time.

Poor Byron! He may be pitied, if not excused. He was born with the transmitted germ of talent on his father's side; but accompanied with pride, voluptuousness and self-will, in the highest degree. From his mother he inherited capriciousness, an ungovernable tide of passion, and the most violent extremes of temper. The combination was labelled with a broad seal of his own individuality—uniting all these fierce extremes of temperament by concentration—stubborn perseverance in his purpose, and a certain perverse self-control, producing as singular a commixture, as original and non-descript a whole, as perhaps ever had been called by the complex term man.

His father had obtained his first wife by seduction, adultery and elopement. A professed and beggared profligate, he married the mother of the poet, avowedly for her money; and soon, also, beggared her. They quarrelled, and separated; though Mrs. Byron most unequivocally loved the abandoned and heartless wretch, to the end of his career. Under such auspices, with such a temperament, and under the influence of such examples, he was born. The trainings of the latent and unfolding mischief of his nature were constantly modified by the weak fondness of a mother, as uncontrollable, as a lioness licking her cubs; vibrating from the extreme of maternal tenderness to that of fury and rage, without apparent motive or cause. Add, that both were equally proud and poor, and withal impressed, that the world owed them much on the score of their birth and ancestry; and we see some of the malign and adverse influences, under which his rudimental impulses were fostered, and the germ of his character developed. Before eight, and long before the excitement of sexual sen-

sation, he was most violently and unequivocally in love with Mary Duff, a pretty child of his own age;—a proof, that physical love can exist wholly independent of sensual appetite. We have no doubt, that most precocious children, of similar endowment, could make the same confession, were it necessary. Shyness, pride, stubbornness, a hatred to labor, as such, and as imposed by his masters, but a devouring fondness for reading, that fell in with his own propensities, marked his early years. He learned little, as was exacted by the routine of the schools; but more than all his fellow-students, as he loved to read at the dictation of his own wayward humors. The first in an insurrection or a fight, he often manifested astonishing generosity and Spartan capability of endurance.

Such he had been, the nursling of chance, poverty, capricious and misguided fondness, under one master to-day, and another to-morrow; floating at the direction of his passions, without pole-star, or haven, when he succeeded to a title and the estate of Newstead Abbey, with an example transmitted along with that inheritance, of an influence as malign, as that from his father. His mother, for reasons, that do not appear, received a royal pension of 300£. a year; and influences, directly opposite to those of his former poverty, and still more pernicious, those of wealth, and pride of birth, and the cringing homage of dependants, and the more seductive, because more concealed, homage and flattery of the world, began to breeze in the sails of the young adventurer.

We pass over the indiscretions of his wild and ungovernable, though doatingly fond mother, over his quarrels and reconciliations, over his letters and early poems; all, however, marked with his distinctive character, and containing palpable indications of what he was one day to be; only observing, that 'he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came;' and that his early letters, and his letters throughout, strongly stamped with his headstrong, impetuous, witty, and original character, are as decided testimonials to his mental powers, as his after verses.

Another epoch in the history of his passions, is marked at the age of sixteen, when he became desperately smitten with Mary Chaworth, an heiress, and a beautiful girl of eighteen, in the vicinage of Newstead Abbey. There were deeper combinations and other elements in this love, than in the childish one of eight. Had he married her, and had she been a spirited and sensible woman, disposed to take the trouble to train her husband, and understanding how to accomplish it, this might have been the balanced moment of his destiny. But she had no such thought.—Judging him, as is common with the great portion of her sex, by his externals, she saw nothing in him, but a somewhat informed lad, with shy and no ways prepossessing manners, and withal lame. The laboratory of worlds, which imagination had never visited before—the teeming operations of his original and powerful mind, were silently going on within, and under a brow, which to a common eye showed no traces of the intense interior elaboration. A kindred and an equal mind would have been necessary, to make the discovery. A single answer of her's proves, that pretty, and clever, and graceful as she may have been, she had no such mind. When her maid jested with her, touching the manifest passion of the poet, 'do you think,' said she, 'that I have any thought of that lame boy?'

From this time to that of his majority, spent at Harrow and Cambridge, at his studies, and at Southwell, where he sometimes tasted the pleasures of domestic intercourse and the charm of female society, there appears enough of the attraction of generosity and truth, and the brilliance of talent thrown over his character, to interest us strongly; and enough of the dawning of what he was shortly to become, to inspire us with pity and disgust.

We seize from the mass of recorded traits but one, as peculiarly indicative of his shy and retiring character. He had stood aloof from the young ladies at Mrs. Pigo's, where he had been visiting with his mother. They might have parted with mutual sentiments of indifference, if not of aversion. But, as the mother and son one morning were taking their leave, one of the young ladies playfully addressed him by a name in a play, which she had recently seen enacted. His proud heart was thawed out. A confidential acquaintance immediately ensued.

About this time a scene is recorded between him and his mother, equally burlesque, and disgusting. She had allowed something in his deportment to work her temper up to a perfect phrensy. She had before interfered between him and his masters, to the extreme of unmanageable folly. She had before, in her paroxysms, spoken of him by the appellation 'the lame brat.' She now 'threw the poker and the tongs at him,' and was in a perfect fury. He eloped, and fled to London; and in a witty letter describing the scene, shows himself to us in a light as unamiable, as in any other epoch of his life. That is an admirable precept of the Jewish code, which forbids children by implication to disclose the failings and follies of their parents. That child must already be on the declivity towards the abandonment of all good, who exposes the weaknesses and vices of a parent, be the circumstances of provocation what they may. The relation is so sacred, and the obligations of such a peculiar delicacy, that the moment we hear a child speak slightly of a parent, under any circumstances, we instantly sink him many degrees in the scale of our estimation.

But from this time the peculiar character of the great poet, which had so long existed interiorly, in its entireness, becomes distinctly manifest to others; his proud spirit of defiance, his shy holding back from all, who have not made the first step towards his acquaintance, his misanthropic views of human nature, his love of witnessing boxing, his fondness for theatricals, his wasting his time in the haunts of dissipation, and, more than all, his addictedness to that vice, which, beyond all others, palsies all that holds back from vice, and gives headlong impulse to all, that leads to it—a vice, which whosoever practises, it has been said with equal truth and justice, will soon find it the least sin, of which he is guilty. For this vice he soon became infamously famous; and all the accustomed train of quarrel, ill-health, satiety, disgust, brutification of character, and contempt of the other portion of the species, the instruments and the victims of his downward course, followed, as links of an inseparable chain.

He collected, and published a volume of his poems, many of which had already been published in detail, and in various periodicals. Never was work received with more bitter and caustic criticism. The Edinburgh put forth all its wit, causticity and ridicule. It counselled him to renounce poetry, and said, that being from a lord, his nonsense must be received

thankfully, and no questions asked; and followed up the criticism by a series of remarks, of which this was the index. A more unjust criticism could not have been imagined. For, although much of the poetry was crude and immature, and some of it even dull—a conclave of asses, so that they had walked upon two legs, could have seen enough to redeem the whole work; and must have been struck with the promise of his future harvest. But the conductors of that work had probably never read the volume. At any rate, they manifested the heartless arrogance of trampling on what they thought could never rise. But they reckoned, as often happens to those who practice on such principles, without their host; and in his 'British Bards and Scotch reviewers' he inflicted the most terrible retaliation, with which unjust criticism was ever visited; and in going beyond his fair measure of retributive vengeance, he transcended the mark of equity, as far as they had, and punished one species of injustice, by another equally wanton, and only wanting the shade of aggression.

It is a curious fact in literary history, that all men in every age, with minds of his stamp, have been barked at by all the little fry of all the literati of the time. In looking over many thousand distinguished writers, we have found this circumstance, in a greater or less degree, invariably attendant upon every one. Homer had his Zoilus, who led a whole band of Zoilii; Virgil had his Mævius; Boileau had his Chapelain; Milton had his hundred revilers. Voltaire was hoary, before he could gain admission to the French academy; and his chief object, in his earnest efforts to obtain that favor, was to get rid of the hundred curs, who were snapping at his heels, the members of the academy having a protecting law in their favor against libels. Every one is acquainted with the immortal heroes of Pope's *Dunciad*. Never was poor author so baited, as Byron. Innumerable of the little English oracles of taste proclaimed him any thing, rather than a poet. Some curious examples of their carplings and decials are preserved in this work; and whole volumes might be filled with them. We speak not of those, who condemned his writings, on account of their moral tendency; but of those, who found his poetry weak and indifferent. Some mistakes of the same sort, by persons with as fair claims to be oracular, as any other, were made on this side of the Atlantic; and in view, we believe, of no other work than his inimitable 'Prisoners of Chillon.'

But there is a felt grandeur and power in real talent, which, coming from the same source with the electric stroke of heaven, like that pursues its course regardless of opposition, and strikes down whatever comes in resistance. One flash came after another. The little cynic carpers gathered themselves together, and crawled into the shade; and according to their nature, when they next came forth, were ready to join in the cry of acclamation. The poet journeyed in the sunny climates of Spain, Italy, Constantinople and Greece, where his heart and his earliest imaginings had already preceded him. In these wanderings, where all his dreams were out; where he saw mountains white with unmelting snows, mountains, which have been rendered immortal in the song of the elder and younger bards, broken columns, mouldering temples and ruins, the memorials of the gone-by world of memory and history,—saw them in the brilliant sun, or voluptuous shade of Italy and Greece, where pleasure and youth and money and

imagination and nature imposed no reins. He there painted his sensations and his inner man; and we have the bride of Abydos, the Giaour, the Siege of Corinth, and, more than all, the first cantos of Childe Harold.

There was no mistaking, or resisting the testimony of these works. He had triumphed over envy with his glory. His critics had become his friends. His works alone would have made him rich. Perhaps no man ever enjoyed more substantially and fully, the triumph of the acknowledgment of talent of the highest order.

We have only space to advert to the second great epoch in his life, that of his marriage. No lady in England could be ignorant of his character, nor of the nature of his frequent *connections*, of which Moore speaks with such a polite and well bred whisper. He offered himself to Miss Milbanke, an heiress, of sufficient wealth to retrieve his fallen fortunes, though he affects to view that circumstance as a matter about which he made no enquiry, and had no concern. He had been told, when dragging himself like a ship-wrecked and water-logged vessel from the winds and waves of the ocean of debauchery, in which he was plunged, that 'marriage alone could save him.' First thoughts are said to be best, and they generally are so. Miss Milbanke was well, and was afraid to risk the chances of not being better. She was a paragon—an heiress and a beauty. She was an only child; and was every thing to her parents. She refused the great poet; but it was a shrinking kind of refusal, leaving future chances open, by granting him the privilege of a correspondence; and they corresponded. But, no doubt, in such a heart as that of Byron, the shaft of refusal rankled. We question, if ever mortal was refused, who had any of the customary measures of human nature in him, who did not remember it, without the necessity of putting the incident in his calendar.

Byron cooled his rage and his passions, by plunging once more into the slough; and the escape valve of his burning thoughts was in song. Another and another of the hard dilemmas of transgressors followed; and he veered his harrassed and hackneyed nature once more towards the harbor of matrimony. There can be no doubt, that he was aware, just what influence his overwhelming reputation, as a poet, had upon the mind of Miss Milbanke. No doubt, he had keenly analyzed, with but too deep an acquaintance with the subject, the motives, which lead ladies, and these paragons of virtue in particular, to look with an eye of favor upon those polluted wretches, called rakes. He knew well how mixed motives deceive us all; and make us put actions to the credit side of our balance with virtue, that really belong to the other side of the ledger. He could not but suppose, that the daughter and the mother had discussed, and weighed him in the privacy of their dressing room. Although they may have had but very inadequate ideas of the general irritability of poets, and of the particular fierceness of his temper and passions, and his want of self-control and amiability, yet it is hardly supposable, that they had not heard of some of the most memorable passages between him, his mother and friends, which must have thrown light, or rather darkness, upon their estimates of him. Certain it is, they must have known him an abandoned and notorious rake. To partake the renown, and to *share the title*, and to reform the rake; *hoc nomine pretegit culpam*. These were probably the avowed motives for inducing the daughter, on a second application, to relent. He had

been refused by another lady, whose name does not appear; and to a friend he remarked, as he renewed his successful suit, 'you see it is to be Miss Milbanke after all.' Before one particle of pity is bestowed upon this lady, to all appearance a coldly virtuous, and most accurately clever, discreet and decorous personage, let it be remembered, that every mother, and every daughter, who consents to such a proposition, instead of having a right to lay the unction to their souls, that their chief motive is the Christian one to reform a rake, ought to put it to a very different motive, which we choose not to name; and, at any rate, according to all human chances, they ought to have calculated, that there was scarcely another alternative, than that of misery for life, and a reduction of the wife to the husband's scale of morals, or a quick separation, like that, which retrieved, as far as it might be retrieved, the guilty error of Miss Milbanke. Reform a rake! It were, as if a lady in her pride should fasten her skiff to a steam-boat, and expect to guide it against steam and current by her single rowing. Every mother and every daughter, who put themselves in this glorious arena of reformation, have a right to calculate the result, which followed in the case of this marriage, as the most fortunate, that can befall them.

The beautiful heiress, the learned paragon, consented to wed him, in the specious and avowed hope of reforming a rake; and Byron writes like a fool, about his terrors of a blue coat, which, as a lord, he must wear at the bridals, and omens, and the like. But not a word appears on either side, indicating the slightest incipient spark of affection. They do not see each other. The lawyers are the chief mediators; and the poet jokes about her, who is to be the Gracchi of his children.

An innocence, the necessary result of industry and humble life, the natural and calm and onward course of the affections, thank God, are the portion of the million. It is for heiresses, who have nothing to do, but to extinguish every natural feeling in the bosom, to give themselves up to idleness, ennui, and gloom; it is for lords cursed with genius, money and fame and want of employment, to marry together, torment each other and be wretched. If the fair lady in question had been a milliner, or a school mistress, and the lord a lawyer at a country bar, we might not, perhaps, have had these fine songs for our money. But they would sometimes have been kind, and at others sullen, like the rest. They would have had sons and daughters in privacy, if not in peace; and Mr. Moore, wanting the subject of this biography, would have had ten thousand dollars less in his pouch. Such is the advantage of idleness and wealth; and such the fruits of having no time, in which to quarrel and be miserable.

They were married. The veil of *bienseance* falls over their intercourse. The lady will say nothing, because she will not violate propriety. The husband will say nothing, because he is too proud, and too stubborn to speak out. When they separated, just as many rumors and falsehoods were originated in the case, and not one more, than might have been expected. They both concur in admitting, that she thought him mad; and that he was unconsciously under the *surveillance* of physicians on that supposition. In a letter, which every one has read, drawn forth by the publication of this volume, she states distinctly, that she thought him mad, that she consulted physicians on the subject, and that, on the supposition

of his insanity, she had written him the kind letters, and used at their parting the playful and affectionate words, which her husband wrested, as proofs of her inconsistency and duplicity. She says, that simple humanity would have dictated such words to a person in such a predicament, and that her physician charged her to soothe him, and that as soon as she was convinced that he was not insane, she made up her mind, without bias from father or mother, to leave him, and never return to him more. Such was the issue of this incompatible and ill-fated union. Every thing in the case of each was as adverse to their chances of being happy, as can well be imagined. Abominable must have been his deportment to her, during the short time of their residence together, if the fair inference, which follows from her letter, is warranted, that the only extenuation, which it admitted, was his supposed insanity.

With his departure from England, after his separation from his wife, this very ample, and to us very interesting volume, closes.

The letters are the brief, witty, hurried, lazy, careless and cursing letters of a profligate lord. They are full of stars, breaks, inuendoes, initials, and the *cognoscenti* and slang style of high life, and the 'fancy,' and the knowing ones. We are perfectly aware, how many American noodles and literary dandies will strive to imitate Lord Byron in these ridiculous particulars. We prophecy, that within the year fifty thousand letters will be written, full of short and hurried passages, very flippant, and dull and lazy and full of stars and initials, and the *cognoscenti and slang style of the fancy*—under a full impression, that to do this, is to become Lord Byron the second.

For us the letters are witty, show great quickness, and happiness of imagery and upulence of invention; and there is an intense interest in them, for a hundred reasons. His poetry, we would repeat, in our view, stands alone. But his letters, merely as samples of epistolary writing, fall far below those of Gray, Pope, Swift, and the charming models of Cowper. They want dignity, continuity and grace. They want that ever-watchful carefulness, which is imposed by the self-respect of conscious talent.

But it is time for us to relinquish this article, whose length has already transcended our original purpose. Byron wants but one attribute to have made his verses inimitable and immortal. Lamartine, with less genius and less invention, and less interior resources, thrills the heart with the holy influences of religion, added to his other resources. There can be no enduring and immortal verses, which do not take immortality and eternity, and the hope of another life, and the affections, which are generated by that hope, and which run out towards it, into the account. The ancient theogony assigned to the muses an origin from Jove. Milton has proved what cords sound from the lyre, which is tuned with the songs of Zion. Byron is all of the earth. No hope of holier intimacies, purer affections, and more elevated modes of existence, open for him a vista into the eternal regions of those, who truly and greatly live in a better world. What songs would have been those of Byron, if he had possessed the endowment of Milton, superadded to his own.

Another striking circumstance, disclosed in this volume, marks the concentrated self-esteem of the poet. He has generally been supposed to have

been careless, and to have struck off every thing by inspiration. Here we see the evidence of that extreme care and caution, with which he elaborated his writings, often sending a third alteration of a word, or a phrase to the printer; and cursing, as was his wont, when the demons after all, as will often happen, marred him. Though to us it is a painful discovery, to mark by what slow degrees, and the alteration of word after word, those beautiful lines were filed out, which in the reading showed so like the continuous impulse of inspiration.

Lastly, we remark the palled appetite, the craving, satiated with praise, of the over-be-praised poet, morbidly turning to the fancy of another sort of food. We find him sick of poetry, and literary fame. It is with him all miserable stuff. Like our McDuffie, he would none of your scholar's laurels. Give him action. And this panting after a diverse fame, that of a fighter and a hero, was, no doubt, the essence of that motive, that induced him to find his death in Greece.

Translations from the Dictionnaire Biographique Classique.

(CONTINUED.)

CHRISTOPHE (HENRY) negro king of Hayti (St. Domingo) under the name of Henry 1st; born, according to the Haytian biographers, Oct. 8, 1767, in the island of Grenada, one of the Antilles, served in the war of American independence, and thence went to St. Domingo, where he made himself conspicuous during the insurrection of 1790, by a boldness and activity which soon procured him a command among the men of his color. Appointed gen. of brigade by Toussaint Louverture, he rendered him signal services. After having taken by surprise the young negro M. ses, an insurgent, whom the generallissimo put to death without pity, although connected with him by ties of blood, he succeeded him in the command of a northern province, and dispersed the numerous partisans of his ambitious predecessor, who, it is said, wished to exterminate all the whites in the insurgent colony. Christophe had obtained command of the Cape, when, 1802, the expedition conducted by gen. Leclerc disembarked before that place. Compelled to give way to numbers, after a vigorous resistance, he set fire to the city, and rejoined Toussaint Louverture, leading 3000 men, the remains of the garrison. He afterwards united his forces to those of gen. Dessalines, became commander in chief of the blacks, and contributed by the success of his arms to the abandonment of the island by the French. He soon acquired new importance in the state, by aiding in the elevation of the commander in chief to the *imperial throne of Hayti*. The overturn of this new sovereign was yet more favorable to him. He did not hesitate to seize this occasion to elevate himself in his place. Proclaimed *president and generallissimo of the state of Hayti*, Christophe appointed the mulatto Pethion his lieutenant. This man was one of the principal agents in the movements, to which he owed his dignity, and he bestowed upon him in addition the government of the southern part of his dominions. Meanwhile the states general, under the name of the *national*

assembly, having been convoked at the Cape, a misunderstanding broke out between the two chiefs. Pethion rose against the pretensions of Christophe, who aspired to supreme power. Finally, Christophe contending that the authority belonged to the strongest, declared Pethion guilty of rebellion, and compelled him, by force of arms, to confine himself, in his exercise of supreme authority, to Port au Prince, with the simple title of *President*. Disembarrassed from all fetters, Christophe had the ceremony of his coronation performed in the city of the Cape, 1811. He was consecrated by the name of *Henry 1st*. Surrounding himself immediately with all the show of European courts, the new monarch sought, also, to ape their etiquette and ceremonial. He struck out several feudal institutions, which appeared grotesque, from the circumstance that they showed without the aid of the prismatic colors, through which they are viewed in the old countries. The re-establishment of the French monarchy gave lively inquietude to the Haytian monarch, and paralyzed the ambitious projects he meditated in regard to the part of the island governed by Pethion. The death of the latter, 1818, seemed notwithstanding to offer a favorable occasion for the execution of these designs; but he failed in his efforts against the republican troops, commanded by gen. Boyer, their new president. A short time after, an insurrection produced by the rigid despotism of Christophe, united perhaps with the suggestions, or the example of the neighboring republic, began among the garrison of St. Marc, and extended rapidly throughout the kingdom. Abandoned by the people, the army, and even the courtiers whom he had loaded with honors and riches, in vain he made courageous efforts to defend his throne; and, despairing of success, put himself to death, 1820. The prince royal, eldest son of Christophe, and the greater number of dignitaries, who remained faithful to the royal cause, were massacred in Fort Henry, where they had taken refuge.

CLOOTS (John Baptiste du Val de Grace) a Prussian baron, b. Cleves, 1755; took a very active part in the French revolution, and styled himself *the orator of the human race*. After having changed his first names for that of Anacharsis, he besieged the national assembly with his petitions, felicitations and discourses of all sorts, and was a member of the convention, voting for the death of Louis 16th, adding, 'I condemn the infamous Frederic William to death also.' At the time, when the Jacobins subjected their party to a purifying scrutiny, the Prussian baron declared, that *his heart was French, and his soul sans culotte* (without breeches.) Robespierre apostrophised him, saying, that he distrusted a pretended *sans culotte*, who had 100,000 livres of rent. Cloots was excluded, accused a short time after, and ascended the scaffold, 1794. He published pamphlets, in which he attacked all powers, professed atheism openly, and preached the doctrine of a universal republic. His principal work is entitled *Certainty of the proofs of Mahometanism*. London. 1780. in 12mo.

CORREGGIO (Ant. Allegri) so called from his natal city, Correggio of Modena, a celebrated Italian painter, founder of the Lombard school, b. 1494, was the creator of the beautiful tint of the *clear obscure* and the *raccourcis*. He will ever be one of the first models in the mild and graceful style of painting, which he made the principal aim of his observations and studies. It is not known, from what master this great artist received

his first lessons; but it is certain, that he owed his superiority principally to the genius, with which he was endowed by nature. Attached in some sort to his natal soil by the wants of his family, of which he was the sole support, he saw neither Rome nor Florence; and painted only in Parma and Lombardy. He exacted, or rather obtained, but a moderate remuneration for his immortal labors; whence it is inferred, that he was not himself aware of their value. But how can such an opinion be reconciled with the words, that history has preserved, which escaped him, after a long ecstasy before a painting of Raphael, '*Auch 'io son pittore.*' And I also am a painter! This exclamation proves at least, that he felt the full extent of his genius; and if he lived in indigence, the cause must not be attributed entirely to his willingness to lighten others from the reproach of the weight of misery, under which he groaned himself; but it must be remembered, that he found in his country no other Mæcenases, than monks as avaricious, as they were opulent. After 10 years of assiduous labor, he finished the *cupola* and *dome* of St. John. The sum, that had been promised him for these *chef d'œuvres* amounted only to 9884 francs. He was nevertheless compelled to solicit long for the last payment of this moderate compensation, and when his debtors, wearied with his importunate visits, finally consented to pay him, they gave him, in copper money, a sum equal to 200 francs. Impatient to carry it to his family, he set forth with his charge, and had hardly arrived at Correggio, when he was seized with a violent fever, of which he died, aged 70. Besides the *chef d'œuvres* mentioned, he produced a multitude of others, the most noted of which are the *picture of the Holy family*; a *St. Jerome*; a *Christ taken down from the cross*; a *Madelaine* in the gallery of Dresden; the *Infant Jesus*, and an *Antiope asleep*. The two latter ornament the French museum.

D'JENGUYS KHAN TEMANDJYN, the true name of a famous Mogul sovereign, whom European authors, before the learned M. Langles, have called Genghiz Khan, was son of a chief of a Mogul horde, a tributary of the khan of Nien-Tche Tartars, then masters of Oriental Tartary, and all the northern portion of China, b. 1164, and received the name of Temandjyn. At the age of fifteen, he signalized his astonishing career by a complete victory over the tributary rebels; and by the horrible punishment of the chiefs of the insurrection, he gave a prelude of the innumerable butcheries, with which he was to astonish Asia and the world. Protected by the grand Khan of the Kerait Mogols, who gave him his daughter in marriage, he was not slow to aggrandize his estates by new successes, gained over the neighboring princes who had leagued against him. After having conquered successively the Naimans and the Oigours, he resolved to invade that portion of China, occupied by the Nien-Tche. He passed over the great wall, 1209; took the capital at present called Peking by assault, and returned to Tartary, leaving his generals in pursuit of the Emperor Nien-Tche. The conquest of Turkistan and Khairzim followed that of Northern China.—The cities of Bochara and Samarcand were pillaged and burnt, and their inhabitants murdered or reduced to slavery. All Transorana, Khorassan, Irac Adjessig, and the other Oriental provinces of Persia, underwent the same destiny. After having threatened India, penetrated by himself, or his lieutenants, into the heart of China, reduced Nien-Tche to the last extremity, and multiplied for his kind all sorts of torments and deaths, he

died peaceably in the bosom of victory, 1227, surrounded by affectionate relatives, devoted subjects, and numerous tributaries, entirely resigned to his yoke, and absolute master of a territory more than 1500 hundred leagues in extent, reaching from Tauris on the Caspian sea to Pekin. 'His existence, his elevation and his furies,' says his judicious biographer, M. Langles, 'must have cost the human race from five to six millions of human beings, without speaking of the annihilation of an immense quantity of the monuments of the arts, and precious Mss. which Balkh, Samarcand, Pekin, and other cities of 'Eastern Asia,' celebrated for their literary establishments, contained.' It is nearly in the same manner, that conquerors in all countries and in all times have concurred for the progress of light, and the increase of population, and the happiness of humanity. A great part of his estates passed to Koublay, (v.) one of his nephews, who is regarded as the founder of the Mongolian dynasty of China.

Translations from the Dictionnaire Historique d'Education.

(CONTINUED.)

We have room from these interesting volumes but for a few more extracts; and they are from the chapter on *Taste*, where the object is to bring to its observation a copious collection of instances of different kinds of writing in bad taste.

Good taste, says the author, is a mental sensation, by which the mind is attached towards whatever possesses the truly beautiful; and through which it discriminates the false traits, with which unregulated imagination invests objects. Nature gives it; labor forms it; and excellent models unfold it. Nothing tends more strongly to preserve its strength and purity, than to expose such examples to the young, as that they shall feel the barbarous want of taste in former periods. It is the method we shall pursue in this article. In the pursuit, the author produces a great number of examples, sufficiently whimsical and amusing—for which we have no place. We select one from specimens of exaggerated eulogy of great men, from the discourse of the Sieur de l'Hostal upon Sully. 'Pillar of iron, firm column of state, two edged sword for combats, head doubly charged with brain for counsels, mouth of torrent for persuasion, hands and feet of wind for execution, Sully, one of the fibres of the heart of his prince, one of the feet of the tripod of his oracle, and certainly worthy of the most showy titles of honor, since thou art found worthy to serve so great a prince—a monarch, who makes a *conserve* of all the virtues into the honey of wisdom,' &c.

The preachers of the fourteenth century in France, affected to cough, as a circumstance, which gave grace to their declamations. Olivier Mailhard, a preacher of the Cordeliers, much in fashion in his time, and who enjoyed a brilliant reputation, has not failed, in a sermon of his, printed at Bruges about the year 1500, to mark in the margin by *hem! hem!* the passages, where he had coughed. All the audience responded to this eloquence of the breast in a manner still more eloquent. It is thence, perhaps,

that the usage has been derived, of blowing the nose at each division of the sermon.

A preacher, in speaking of the dissoluteness of the priests, cried out—
 O poor city (the church,) deplorable Sion! how wretchedly art thou guarded! How cowardly and maimed is thy garrison! Thou art defended by a soldiery, who know not how to ply the sabre of justice, nor the sword of virtue, nor the blunderbuss of faith, nor the rifle of hope, nor the musquet of charity, nor the hammer of tribulation, nor the scissors of penitence, nor the broom of confession.'

A Cordelier, preaching on the festival of St. Nicholas in a village, drew a parallel between that great saint and the virgin. Among other things, he said, 'She was chaste; he was pure. Let us cut off his beard. We shall then have him an entire virgin.'

They still recollect in Paris the witticisms, and comic taste of *little father Andrew*, a famous preacher of the last century, and a monk of the convent of Augustine fathers at Paris. He was a man of extremely holy life and great austerity of manners; but of an eloquence sometimes rather ridiculous, as would seem from the following specimens. A bishop had called him *the little lantern*. Preaching in presence of that prelate, he avenged himself in this way. His text was '*vos estis lux mundi*,' ye are the light of the world. 'My lord,' said he, addressing the bishop, 'you are the great lantern of the church, but for us, *pauvres diables*, we are only little farthing rush lights.' He was one day in his sermon, when queen Anne of Austria entered the church. The ceremonial of the time was, on the coming in of such a personage, to begin the sermon anew. 'Welcome, madam,' said he, 'we will not put the great pot on to the fire;' and he continued his discourse without resuming it from the beginning.

He once preached before a bishop, and the prelate fell fast asleep. Father Andrew said to the Sexton of the church, 'close the doors; the shepherd is asleep; the sheep will be off. To whom, then, shall I preach the word of the Lord?'

He had been notified to announce a contribution, to make up a portion for a young lady, who wished to take the veil. He gave out, before commencing the sermon, 'brethren, we commend this day to your charity a young lady, who lacks sufficient money, with which to take the vow of poverty.'

He had preached lent in a city, where no person had invited him to dinner. He said in his *adieu*, 'I have preached against all the vices, except good cheer; for I know not how they here treat that matter.'

He preached in a convent, and wished to excite charity in his audience towards the religious. 'I propose to you,' he said, 'a strong motive. The lightning of heaven fell upon their house. But, thanks to the Omnipotent, the thunder-stroke took the library, where there was not an individual. Ah! if *par malheur*, it had fallen on the larder, they would all have perished.'

One day, pouring forth bitter denunciations against libertines, he closed his climax with vehemence; 'you flatter yourselves, wretched sinners, that at the hour of death a convenient *peccavi*, (I have sinned) will settle every thing. Stupid souls! you deceive yourselves. You will only have time to utter *pec* (pickled herring) without the chance of adding—*cavi*; and there is a soul friccasseed in a fashion, that I have no taste for describing.'

At the close of our third volume, we return our cordial thanks to our generous patrons, and inform them, that this work will henceforward be continued in a quarterly form—the first number to issue in September. We have long experienced the inconvenience of a monthly periodical. The trouble is great. The necessary limit of the articles cramps scope and freedom. The labor that ought to have told on the subject, is spent in efforts to condense it. We can enjoy neither the colloquial freedom of a newspaper, nor the grave consideration and deference exacted by a quarterly. These, among many other considerations, have induced us to make one further appeal to the good feeling of the Western people. We hope they will award, that we shall not be compelled, as heretofore, to contend merely for the honor of the flag, without fee or reward. As we have been paid, the *W. M. Review* has as yet hardly supported itself.

We shall strive, that our work shall contain as much matter, and be as well executed, as the three other quarterlies—and be delivered free of postage for the same price, to wit, five dollars per annum. As regards the capability of the conductor of this work, it would be both superfluous and improper to speak. We have a degree of pride in relation to the west, which, we hope, will excite us to redoubled exertions, that it may sustain *an* honorable competition with the other quarterlies. We think, that we have a clear estimate of the arduous character of our enterprize, and are prepared accordingly. We flatter ourselves that we shall be aided by the hearty co-operation of a few ripe scholars. Our articles will be of course more extended and scientific. We intend them, also, to be more miscellaneous, and less restricted to the form of simple review, than those of the other quarterlies. But after all that we could say on this occasion, the public would still test us by the actual inspection of our work. We assume one degree of merit, deserving it or not, that we have never yet fallen short of our promise, in appearing before the public. Our labors so far have availed us nothing. If the western people shall continue to say by their patronage, that we have deserved nothing at their hands, we are well aware, that repining and complaint, if we were disposed to indulge them, would fall innocuous and unappropriated upon the increasing millions, that spread from Pittsburgh towards the western sea. We have learned to endure patiently those evils, which no exertions can remedy.

We once more solicit the active interference of those friends, who have so often cheered us with their encouraging voice. All our present subscribers, who do not write us a discontinuance, will be considered as subscribers to the work.

TERMS—It will be published in Cincinnati, quarterly, in two volumes a year, comprising at least 1000 pages. The work will be forwarded to subscribers, who enclose five dollars by the mail in advance without postage. To those who desire it, and warrant the conveyance and pay the postage, it will be sent by mail. Any person subscribing for five copies will receive a sixth gratis.

Communications are to be directed to E. H. FLINT, publisher, No. 156, Main street, Cincinnati.
Cincinnati, June, 1830.