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## NEW AGENTS.

The following gentlemen are appointed agents for the Western Monthly Magazine, in addition to those heretofore announced.

### OHIO.

*New Richmond*, Mark Strickland.  
*Moscow*, Lewis Wilcoxon, M. D.  
*Troy*, John T. Tullis.  
*Bellefontaine*, Isaac S. Gardner.  
*Eaton*, John Vanausdal.  
*Bucyrus*, William Crosby.  
*Tiffin*, Abel Rawson.  
*Lower Sandusky*, R. Dickinson.  
*Urbana*, W. Everett.  
*Marysville*, Silas G. Strong.  
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*Marion*, O. Bowen.

*Norwalk*, M. H. Tilden.

### INDIANA.

*Rising Sun*, William Lanius.

### TENNESSEE.

*Nashville*, William A. Eichbaum.

### KENTUCKY.

*Maysville*, Edward Cox.

### MARYLAND.

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**COREY & FAIRBANK** have in press, and will publish in a few days, a

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with numerous Maps and Engravings, upon an improved plan. By **CATMARINE E. and HARRIET E. BEECHER**, Principals of the Western Female Institute.

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NOTES ON ILLINOIS.

LEGISLATION.

WE propose to notice some of the public acts of the legislature of this state, at its last session, not because we suppose them to be interesting to the general reader, as such, but as showing the temper of the times, and the spirit of the people in this region.

The proceedings of the South Carolina convention, which were received early in the session, caused a greater degree of excitement than we have ever before witnessed. There was on this subject no distinction of party. A general expression of indignation burst spontaneously from every heart, against the arrogant assumptions of our hot-headed brethren in the south. It is equally true, however, that there was blended with this unqualified disapprobation of their public acts of disobedience to the government, a warm-hearted expression of kindness and sympathy for their real or imaginary sufferings. The tariff affects this state but remotely, if at all, and has never been a favorite measure with the people, who have listened to the angry discussions in relation to it, with much indifference. They were, therefore, prepared to give a disinterested opinion upon the matter in controversy, and while they condemned in unmeasured terms, the high-handed proceedings of South Carolina, they expressed an entire willingness that the protective system should be so modified as to relieve the south from oppression, or even abandoned, rather than endanger the harmony of the union. The president's proclamation was hailed with one long, loud, and hearty expression of approbation. The political enemies, as well as the friends of Andrew Jackson, applauded the

spirit, and acknowledged the ability of that admirable state paper. Such was the character of the discussions out of doors; while in both branches of the general assembly, with similar expressions of opinion, there were passed resolutions regretting in respectful terms, but decidedly disapproving the course of South Carolina, and reiterating the sentiments of the president's proclamation.

As usual, a number of memorials were addressed to congress, praying for appropriations in aid of public improvements, or suggesting changes in the mode of disposing of the public lands. These are subjects which occupy much of the attention of the legislature. The people of this country are poor, and chiefly agriculturalists. The great sources of wealth, and of an active circulating medium, namely, commerce and manufactures, cannot be said to have, as yet, any existence. The trade of the country, though considerable, has not settled down into any regular channel, and is, therefore, uncertain and fluctuating. There is no surplus capital available for public improvements, either in the revenue of the state, or the hands of individuals. We are dependent, therefore, on the general government, for any impulse which is proposed to be given to this important branch of political economy; and as she is the great proprietary, whose own domain will be enhanced in value by such expenditures of money, we consider our claim upon her munificence to be founded in justice.

In relation to the sales of public land, it is natural that there should be many opinions. Private holders of property differ widely in their estimation of its value. The seller and the buyer invariably adopt different standards of value; and it would be strange indeed, if there should not be various theories in relation to the public domain. We are, moreover, a very wise nation, and not at all disposed to concede, that all the good sense and ingenuity of the union, is concentrated in the little collection of great men who assemble on the floor of congress; and we indulge a benevolent propensity, which is not peculiar to the west, but pervades the union, of contributing a portion annually, of our own knowledge to the public stock, in the shape of resolutions, instructions, and memorials. The greatest objection to these popular instructions is, that they are not always consistent with each other; and that even the same set of men sometimes recommend conflicting measures. We are not aware, however, that such has been the case during this session.

The memorials adopted by the legislature this winter have been:

In relation to preemption rights, and sales of public lands.

For the improvement of the harbor of Chicago.

For the improvement of the Wabash river.

Relative to the Illinois and Michigan canal; asking the sanction of congress, to make a railroad instead of a canal, with the proceeds of the lands given for the former purpose.

In relation to the national road, west of Vandalia.

For the improvement of the Illinois river.

For preemption rights to actual settlers on the public lands.

For the erection of a marine hospital on the waters of the Ohio.

Praying the survey of certain lands, not yet in market.

And several others recommending private claims to the consideration of congress.

The following are some of the statutes passed at this session.

An act abolishing the office of state recorder. Heretofore, nonresident proprietors of land, might record their title-papers in the office of the state recorder, at Vandalia; they are now to be recorded in the proper county.

Several attempts have been made to appropriate the school fund, and to bring into existence a system of common schools, none of which have proved effective. There is a decided wish to act on this important subject, but there are insuperable objections to any premature action. The population is so thinly scattered at present, as to render it difficult to organise any system, which shall disseminate its benefits even to a majority of those who need them. But the greatest obstacle to any beneficial action at this time, arises from the want of an accurate knowledge of details, in relation to the fiscal and practical parts of such a system. A connected plan of instruction to embrace the whole of a state, is a vast and somewhat complicated machine; and it cannot be expected that those who have never witnessed the operation of such a system, should be able to understand its bearings, or to devise the best measures for its adoption. Our legislature acts wisely, therefore, in delaying this great measure, until the necessary information can be collected. Some public spirited individuals have, during this winter, established an institute at Vandalia, for the purpose of procuring such details, and publishing them for the information of the public. In the meanwhile, the school fund is rapidly increasing, and some provisions have been enacted for its safe keeping, management, and future distribution. The amount of the fund for common schools, for a college, and for the encouragement of learning, collectively, is about one hundred and ten thousand dollars. This fund was created by congress, for the three specific objects above named, and it has been proposed at

this session, to apply to the national legislature, for permission to direct the whole to the support of primary schools; in support of which idea, it is plausibly urged, that colleges may be best supported by private enterprise, and that the whole of this fund may be most usefully employed in sustaining common schools. This proposition failed; but it is altogether probable that some such arrangement will finally be adopted.

Several companies have been incorporated at this session, for manufacturing purposes. These bills were much opposed, and long discussed. There has always been in this state, a great jealousy of corporations. It has been well contended, that by the aggregation of a large capital in the hands of a few individuals, they acquire advantages over the individual trader, which enables them to oppress him, and control the market. This doctrine may be carried too far; for some purposes, corporations are necessary and beneficial, and they should be confined to such cases. There is also, in this country, a great repugnance against allowing such companies to accumulate large possessions in real estate; or giving them any powers under which they might carry on any of the operations properly belonging to a bank, especially lending money, or issuing paper for general circulation, as in lieu of money. The charters granted at this session have been strictly guarded in these, and other respects. They are limited as to the amount of real estate which they may hold, and prohibited from issuing paper for general circulation; they may trade only to the amount of the capital stock actually paid in, and for any debts contracted above that amount, the individual stockholders are personally liable.

Two-thirds of the laws passed at this session, relate to roads, which has induced a wag to say that the legislature is *mending its ways*.

An act has been passed to amend the criminal code, so as to substitute confinement in the penitentiary for the punishments heretofore inflicted.

An act to regulate the interest on money, has been passed, being the first regulation of the kind which has been adopted in this state. For no one feature of our policy, have we received so much praise from enlightened men in other states, as has been bestowed on our wisdom in not enacting usury laws. Nor have we experienced any inconvenience from the absence of such regulations. It has happened, however, that in a few districts of country, where land was greatly in demand, money was loaned at exorbitant interest, to the persons desirous of making purchases. The eagerness manifested by land purchasers, induced persons at a distance to send funds to those points, to be lent on



real security; and the high rate of interest complained of, would soon have been reduced, by the influx of money to a country where it could be used so advantageously. But money-lending is, at best, an unpopular business, in an agricultural community; the people became indignant at what they considered gross extortion, especially those who, having secured their lands, had gained all the benefits anticipated on their own side of the contract; and the legislature was called on to interfere. Six per cent. remains, as heretofore, the legal interest on judgments, and in all cases where interest is properly chargeable, and where the rate of interest has not been agreed upon between the parties; but the parties may, under the new law, contract for a rate of interest not exceeding twelve per cent. per annum.

A private institution of learning, to be called 'Union College,' was incorporated, with an express provision, that no theological department shall ever be attached to it. This is another indication of public sentiment, or at least of the policy of the legislature. There is a great dread among our lawgivers of religious domination, and of sectarian influence. Bills to incorporate religious societies, for the single purpose of enabling them to hold a few acres of ground for their meeting-house and graveyard, have more than once been introduced and rejected. No college, or other institution of learning, in which any one religious sect is known to have a predominant influence, has ever yet received a charter in this state, nor will any such institution ever be incorporated here, unless public sentiment shall undergo a change. This prejudice is to be deplored. If religious denominations think proper to educate their children in their own tenets, they have a clear right to do so, and to establish schools for the purpose; and it is enough for those who object to the exertion of sectarian influence upon the young mind, to withhold their support from institutions which they disapprove. The granting a charter to a literary institution confers upon it no moral power, stamps no authority upon the tenets of the persons who direct it, nor affects, in the slightest degree, any of the rights of conscience. It merely confers on such an institution, facilities for the transaction of its financial concerns. It gives vigor and security to its pecuniary transactions; but adds nothing to its literary reputation. In a country where religious opinions are perfectly unshackled, and men may believe and worship as they please, it seems to be unfair, that they should not be allowed every facility for educating their children, according to the dictates of their own judgment. The truth is, that the best colleges in the United States are sectarian; each of them is under the direct patronage and influence of a religious sect.

No college, from which such influence has been excluded by express prohibition, has been successful. The reason of this seems to be, that the business of education, falls naturally into the hands of the clergy. It comes legitimately within the sphere of their duties. They are fitted for it by the nature of their studies and pursuits; while liberally educated men of other professions, could only become qualified for the business of tuition, by the sacrifice of their other avocations. Those avocations are too lucrative and honorable to be abandoned by men of talents, for the humble and precarious calling of the teacher or professor. If we depend on the clergy to superintend and carry on the education of our youth, we must permit them to divide into sects, for they will not labor harmoniously in any other manner.

An act to establish a state university, was attempted to be passed, but failed.

A bill for an act to establish a state bank, was reported in the senate, and read three times, when it was defeated by the casting vote of the speaker. It proposed that the capital stock to be subscribed by individuals, should be \$400,000, with the privilege to the legislature, to increase the capital to \$600,000, and to subscribe for all, or any part, of the additional \$200,000. The rate of interest to be charged on loans, not to exceed *eight* per cent. per annum, and a *bonus* of \$3,000 a year, to be paid to the state. Thirteen directors, four of whom were to be elected by the legislature biennially, and the remainder by the stockholders. Fraud, speculation, or malconduct in office, on the part of the bank officers, to be punished by confinement in the penitentiary. The directors to have the right to establish branches within the state, where and when they might deem the same to be expedient. Some of the above provisions were necessary, in order to give to this institution the character of a state bank; the state constitution having prohibited the establishment of 'any bank or other monied institution except a state bank and its branches.'

A bill was introduced for an act to create a lottery, the proceeds of which were to be expended in repairing certain parts of the road leading from Vincennes to St. Louis, which require large sums of money to render them conveniently passable in wet weather, and to repair which the state has not, at present, any available means. The objections made to this proposition were, the immoral tendency of lotteries, and the impolicy of introducing into our legislation, a mode of raising revenue, now generally admitted to be inexpedient, and which has been abandoned by some of the older states, which have heretofore sanctioned it. It was well urged, that as this was the first measure

of the kind ever proposed in this state, its adoption would be a precedent which might lead to a series of injurious legislation. For these reasons, the bill was negatived, although its object was universally approved.

A report was received from the canal commissioners, containing detailed statements of the expenses already incurred in the surveys and other measures preparatory to the making of the proposed canal, between Lake Michigan and the Illinois river, with estimates of the probable cost of a canal, a railroad, and a M'Adamised turnpike, respectively, between those points. The cost of a canal is estimated at \$1,601,965 83; a railway, \$1,052,488 19; and a turnpike road, \$1,041,624 84. The cutting of a canal seems to be generally abandoned. The questions now are, between a railway and a turnpike, and as to the mode of effecting the one or the other. A bill was introduced for an act to incorporate a company to make a railroad, giving them ten years in which to complete the same, and transferring to them the land given by the United States for this object, on the completion of the work. There was a majority in favor of placing the work in the hands of a company, but not a majority for giving them the lands. A proposition was made to amend the bill, by making the state a stockholder to the amount of \$275,000 in consideration of the lands, which was adopted in one house, but the bill thus clogged, was not acceptable to its friends. It is not believed that the stock of such a railroad, would yield more than one per cent., if so much; the land, therefore, would be the only inducement by which capitalists could be enlisted in the enterprise. Another amendment proposed was, to sell the land and construct an ordinary turnpike road. Finally, the whole matter was laid on the table, and thus disposed of for this session. There is little doubt, that if a distinct proposition should be made at the next session, by capitalists, the work will be placed in their hands, and the land given them, with perhaps a small reservation to the state.

These are a few of the acts of legislation, at the last session of the general assembly. We make no pretension to give a history of all its proceedings, but only to notice some of the matters which seemed to us to be of general interest.

The legislature of Illinois, at this session, included, as members; clerks, and other officers, ninety persons. Of this number, fifty were farmers, seventeen lawyers, ten merchants, seven mechanics, three physicians, one surveyor, one clerk, and one salt manufacturer; four were natives of South Carolina, seven of North Carolina, two of Georgia, sixteen of Virginia, twenty-six of Kentucky, three of Tennessee, three of Massachusetts, nine of

Pennsylvania, ten of New York, two of Ohio, one of Connecticut, two of Ireland, and *one of Illinois*. Nine of the above gentlemen, are preaches of the gospel.

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#### CRANIOLOGY.

AMONG the many popular notions which obtain among mankind, and are adopted with scarcely a reference to the inquiry, whether they are founded in reason and fact, is the belief, that the shape and contour of the skull, afford indubitable evidence of mental superiority, or mental imbecility. A *spacious* and *arched forehead* is said to be a sure indication of talent; while a small *triangular forehead* as certainly betokens a stupid and shallow intellect. Few philosophers, I imagine, have been at the trouble to test the correctness of these conclusions, by making inductions from a classification of the heads of all their acquaintances, and noting the uniformity or imperfection of the coincidence. The uniformity would require, indeed, to be established independent of any reasonings connected with the subject, or the doctrine must fall to the ground as untenable. It would, in my opinion, be no difficult matter for any one, to point out a skull presenting all the *outward* characteristics of genius, as recognised by those who maintain this doctrine, which, notwithstanding, was never known to emit from within, the slightest coruscations of wit or genius. The doctrine has, in most instances, I apprehend, been taken upon trust, without a sufficient inquiry whether it has reason and philosophy to sustain it. Let us, for once, take up the subject on its merits, and although rather a matter of curious investigation, it may not in the course of our inquiries, be found altogether unprofitable; since, in the words of Bonnet, ‘reason does not know any dangerous or useless truth.’ This early notion of the shape of the skull, as connected with the degree and kind of intellect, is what in the present age, has given rise to the science of *Phrenology*, or as it is sometimes and perhaps more properly termed, *Craniology*—a science which depends for its support, upon a correspondence between certain *protuberances* of the cranium or skull, and the particular capacities or talents of the individual. It has been divided into *Phrenology proper*, and *Craniology*. ‘The first treats of the connection and reciprocal influence of the mind and brain.’ It assumes, ‘*that each original propensity, sentiment, or intellectual faculty, has a specific cerebral organ; and that the situation and functions of many of these being known, when strongly*

developed, they are matter of observation.' The second treats of 'the quantity and figure of the brain, as manifested by the size and figure of the cranium.'

I shall begin with the latter division of the subject, as engaging our attention in the most conspicuous manner; reserving my remarks on Phrenology *proper*, for a future occasion; without, at the present time, offering any comment on the truth or fallacy of its principles. Craniology is that by which the phrenologist judges of the amount and general character of the intellect of individuals from an inspection of their heads. He would persuade us, that the prominences on the exterior of the cranium, are in strict conformity with the surfaces of the brain; but if we inquire into the structure and shape of the skull, as exhibited to us by distinguished anatomists, we shall see reason to controvert this position, on which the whole fabric of his system must rest. The skull is formed for the protection of the brain, and consists of 'two plates of bone, one external, which is fibrous and tough, and one internal, dense to such a degree, that the anatomist calls it *tabula vitrea*.' We shall find that the external plate is not of an uniform and relative thickness, and that this relative thickness as well as its shape, varies in different individuals. That its parts are not necessarily accommodated to the figure of the brain, but to provide against the many accidents to which that organ would be otherwise liable; as it is the most essential of any other in the animal system, and therefore, requires to be especially protected. Those parts which are the most exposed to injury, possess the greatest degree of strength—'the centre of the forehead, the projecting point of the skull behind, and the lateral centres of the parietal and frontal bones.' 'The parts of the head which would strike upon the ground when a man falls, are the strongest, and the projecting arch of the parietal bone is a protection to the weaker temporal bone.'

In the 'Library of Useful Knowledge,' article, *Animal Mechanics*, are the following observations: 'If we look at the skull in front, we may consider the orbits of the eye as crypts under the greater building—and these under arches, are groined, that is to say, there are strong arched spines of bone, which give strength sufficient to permit the interstices of the groinings, if I may so term them, to be very thin. Betwixt the eye and the brain, the bone is as thin as parchment; but if the anterior part of the skull had to rest on this, the foundation would be insufficient. This is the purpose of the strong ridge of bone which runs up like a buttress, from the temple to the lateral part of the frontal bone, whilst the arch forming the upper part of the orbit,

is very strong; and these ridges of bone, when the skull is formed with what we call a due regard to strength and security, give an extension to the forehead.' Different parts of the human frame, in different individuals, are formed with a greater or less regard to strength and security, and why, we may ask, should not the skull exhibit the same varieties in the conformation of its parts? Is every other part of the frame to have its peculiarities of make, in individual diversities of structure, and is the head alone, to possess no characteristics of its own, but it must be interpreted to have reference to the qualities of the mind? It is asserted above, by an able anatomist, that it is the solid arches connected with the building of the cranium, and which are ridges of bone, that give extension to the forehead, in proportion as they are formed with greater strength or security, without, as it appears, bearing any relation to the surfaces of the brain, as craniologists would induce us to believe.

In confirmation of what has been already advanced, I will now extract some passages from Wistar's Anatomy. The following observations occur on the *os frontis*. 'In the middle of the concave internal surface, is a groove, which is small at its commencement, and gradually increases in diameter as it proceeds upwards. This is formed by the superior longitudinal sinus; at its commencement is a ridge to which the beginning of the falciform process of the duramater is attached. At the root of this ridge is a small foramen, sometimes formed jointly by this bone and the ethmoid; it is denominated foramen cæcum; in it a small process of the falx is inserted, and here the longitudinal sinus begins.' 'The frontal sinuses are formed by the separation of the two tables of this bone, at the part above the nose and the internal extremities of the superciliary ridges. In the formation of these cavities, the external table commonly recedes most from the general direction of the bone.' 'The cavities are divided by a perpendicular bony partition, which is sometimes perforated, and admits of a communication between them. Their capacities are often very different in different persons, and on the different sides of the same person. In some persons, whose foreheads are very flat, they are said to have been wanting.' It appears then, from the facts above stated, that, at least some of the *developments* particularized by the craniologist, are mere prominences and extensions of bone—that the coincidences between these and the accompanying features of the mind, are fanciful and accidental. For, agreeably to the principles of Phrenology, which requires correspondency in the surfaces of the brain, these parts, so far as they are concerned, can in no possible way, be indicative of mental qualities or propensities,

unless, indeed, we can believe that intellect may reside in the cranium itself; which the language used in common parlance, might almost seem to imply, when we speak of a '*thick or a thin skulled fellow.*' Martinus Scriblerus, in his speculations, when in quest of the seat of the soul, 'finally located it in the *glandula pinealis*, dissecting many subjects to find out the different figure of this gland, from whence he might discover the cause of the different tempers in mankind. He supposed, that in factious and restless spirited people, he should find it sharp and pointed, allowing no room for the soul to repose herself; that in quiet tempers it was flat, smooth, and soft, affording to the soul, as it were, an easy cushion. He was confirmed in this, by observing, that calves and philosophers, tigers and statesmen, foxes and sharpers, peacocks and fops, cock-sparrows and coquettes, monkeys and players, courtiers and spaniels, moles and misers, exactly resemble one another in the conformation of the pineal gland. He did not doubt, likewise, to find the same resemblance in highwaymen and conquerors; in order to satisfy himself in which, it was that he purchased the body of one of the first species at Tyburn, hoping in time, to have the happiness of one of the latter, too, under his anatomical knife.' The ingenuity of modern Phrenologists, is scarcely inferior to that of 'Martinus,' in the above specimen of artificial philosophising.

Before I take leave of this branch of the subject, I will advert to another argument in addition to those already derived from the anatomy of the skull. It relates to the custom prevalent among some barbarous nations, of flattening the forehead, and otherways disfiguring the head. Dr. Wistar remarks, that 'in North America, the Choctaw tribe of Indians were formerly accustomed to make their foreheads perfectly flat, and sloping obliquely backwards. They have latterly disused this practice; but one of their nation, whose head had this form, was in Philadelphia, about the year 1796. 'At this time, a tribe who inhabit a district of country near the sources of the Missouri river, are in the practice of flattening both the frontal and occipital regions of the head; so that a small part only, of the middle of it, remains in the natural form, between these flattened, sloping substances. In the case of the Choctaw man above-mentioned, it did not appear that his health or his intellectual operations, were any way affected by this form of the head.'

If the theory of the phrenologist have any foundation in reality, this deforming of the skull in early infancy, must greatly modify the character of the mind, and so much so, that it could hardly have failed being observed, even among barbarians. The extraordinary pressure applied upon the cranium, would in

a corresponding degree, alter and compress the brain, so as to destroy the original configuration of its exterior surface. This argument alone, it appears to me, will go far to invalidate the principles of the whole science, independent of other considerations.

But fanciful and extravagant as the positions assumed by the votaries of the science appear to be, their numbers and respectability entitle them to some regard. This system has grown up, like many others, from undefined and obscure notions.

An opinion entertained at first, perhaps vaguely, and without any precision, matures by indulgence, into system and science. A principle is established to suit the peculiarity of the imagined facts; and in this way, the mind is led into inexorable error, which will require a great deal of courage and candor to retract, either to others or to ourselves. The warm admirer of a favorite system, will easily supply facts to give it symmetry in the enthusiasm of his own imagination. It frequently happens, with ardent theorists, that in place of applying the principles to the facts, they make the facts bend to the theory, like the philosopher of whom Condillac speaks, 'who had the happiness of thinking that he had discovered a principle which was to explain all the wonderful phenomena of chemistry; and who, in the ardor of his self-congratulation, hastened to communicate his discovery to a skilful chemist. The chemist had the kindness to listen to him, and then calmly told him that there was but one unfortunate circumstance for his discovery, which was, that the chemical *facts* were exactly the reverse of what he had supposed. Well then, said the philosopher, have the goodness to tell me *what* they are, that I may explain them by my system.' The inductions boasted of by the craniologist are, I imagine, made under the influence of the same fervid zeal that inspired the philosopher of Condillac. The lines and prominences of the cranium, and the varieties of its contour, are defined frequently, with so little distinctness, that an ardent admirer of the science will find little difficulty in adapting them to suit the harmony of his theory. He may easily designate the developments which correspond to the features of mind of an individual, whose character is previously known to him; but when he undertakes, from an inspection of the head, to portray the character of one, whose mental qualities and propensities are entirely unknown to him, the experiment, in its results, will, I am inclined to think, prove very often unsatisfactory. The advocates of the system must, I fear, in this case, as was wont in the occult sciences, rely upon accidental coincidences, or make a new adaptation of facts to suit their theory.



Craniology makes the character of the mind dependent on developments which are primarily and permanently fixed, which would seem to render matter altogether paramount. Lavater, when he systematized the physiognomy, propagated a more rational science. The lines of the face are formed by muscular contractions, which are obedient to the passions and feelings of the mind. Those which predominate, will impress upon the countenance a decided and permanent cast, which, whether strictly defined or not, will always influence us in forming an opinion of individual character. But after all that can be advanced in favor of this, or any other theory for determining the qualities of the mind, we shall still find appearances often deceptive and equivocal. Observation and experience alone, in our intercourse with individuals, will lead to the most certain developments; and even then, the closest intimacy will sometimes prove insufficient to a thorough acquaintance with the human heart. J. O.

*Boonville, Mo., November 1st, 1832.*

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#### THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE HISTORY OF OHIO.

MORE than a century had elapsed, after Columbus had discovered the western continent, before any permanent settlement was made in North America. The first was the colony of Virginia, in 1607, by the English; and in the next year, the French planted their first colony in Canada. The English settlements were confined, for some time, to the vicinity of the coast; while the French gradually extended theirs up the St. Lawrence, and upon the lakes.

It is not known that any white man ever explored what is now called the western country, until the year 1673, when a French missionary, named Marquette, went from Mackinaw, at which place his countrymen had established a post, two years before, by the way of the Wisconsin river, to the Mississippi. After having descended to the mouth of the Arkansas, and being satisfied, from its course, that the Mississippi discharged itself into the gulf of Mexico, he thought it imprudent to proceed further, and returned to the mouth of the Illinois, which he ascended, and passed over to lake Michigan. After his return, he resided among the Indians, until his death in 1675, and his discoveries were lost sight of, until, in 1680, La Salle, who commanded a fort where Kingston now stands, at the foot of lake Ontario, built a vessel upon lake Erie, which he named the

Griffin, and having sailed through the lakes, disembarked somewhere near Chicago. Having sent back the vessel, which was never heard of afterwards, he crossed over to the Mississippi, by the way of the Illinois river, and descended to the gulf of Mexico, and from thence took passage to France. Sometime afterwards, he returned and ascended the Mississippi, and in crossing over towards the lakes, by land, he was murdered by one of his own party, somewhere in Illinois. An account of the expedition was afterwards published by Father Hennepin, a missionary, who accompanied La Salle in his voyage. He and his party probably saw nothing of what now constitutes the state of Ohio, unless it was at some occasional landings on the shore of lake Erie, in the beginning of the expedition. Soon after his voyage, the French missionaries began to traverse the country through which he had passed, and the government established military posts on the lakes. Several settlements were made on the Mississippi, above the mouth of the Ohio, and about the year 1735, one was made on the Wabash, at Vincennes.

Very little notice was taken of the country on the head waters of the Ohio, by either the French or English governments, until about the middle of the last century. Both parties claimed it, but neither took any steps to occupy it. The French, upon good grounds, considered themselves as having the best right to it, because they had been the first to explore it, and it was situated as a kind of connecting link between their possessions in Canada and Louisiana; but satisfied with traversing the country undisturbed by the English, they took no further steps to establish their claims, and made no other settlements in addition to those on the Mississippi and Wabash. The English claim to the country was founded upon the royal charters to the different colonial governments, which included in their grants, all the country westward of the settlements on the Atlantic, within the same parallels of latitude, to the Pacific; but this claim, like that of the French, was not carried into effect by any measures for the formal occupation of the territory. About the year 1749, however, both nations began to be impressed with the importance of the country, and to prepare to establish their respective claims. In that year, the governor general of Canada, sent a party to deposit medals at the mouths of rivers and other important places in the disputed territory, asserting the right of the king of France to all the country watered by the river Ohio and its branches. About the same time, a number of merchants and other persons of note in Virginia and Maryland, and also in England, formed an association under the name of the Ohio Company, and obtained a grant from the crown

of England of six hundred thousand acres of land on the waters of the Ohio, together with very extended privileges as a trading company, which assured them an almost entire monopoly of the traffic with the Indians. This company soon commenced operations, by sending out surveyors and traders, by some of whom a post was established on one of the branches of the Great Miami river, which was the first known establishment made by white men within the bounds of the state of Ohio. This fort was taken in 1752, by the French, who carried the traders prisoners to Presq'Isle, now Erie in Pennsylvania, at which place they had, shortly before that time, built a fort. They also built a fort upon the Alleghany, and began to pursue their design of establishing themselves in possession of the disputed country, with so much vigor, that the governments of Pennsylvania and Virginia became alarmed at their encroachments, and in 1753, George Washington was sent by governor Dinwiddie, with a letter to the French commandant, remonstrating against their proceedings, as an infringement of the rights of the king of Great Britain. The French disregarded the remonstrance, and in 1754, built Fort Du Quesne, at the confluence of the Alleghany and Monongahela, where Pittsburg now stands. The war between France and England then ensued; the French evacuated Fort Du Quesne in 1758; and in 1763, at the conclusion of peace, France surrendered Canada, and renounced all her claims to any part of the country east of the Mississippi.

Between the peace of 1763 and the commencement of the American revolution, the settlements were extended across the mountains, into the western parts of Pennsylvania and Virginia, but none were made in Ohio. Soon after the commencement of the war, questions were started with regard to the unappropriated lands belonging to the different colonies; and in consequence of the different views of the subject taken by congress, and by the government of Virginia, the legislature of that state passed a law to prevent settlements on the northwest side of the Ohio river, in order to obviate any difficulties or jealousies which might arise before the question was finally determined. In congress, it was claimed that, as the lands were alienated from the British government, and the acquisition was to be maintained and defended by the common exertions and at the common cost of the blood and treasure of all the states, they should belong to all the states in common, and should become a fund out of which the expenses of their preservation might be reimbursed. The sovereignty of the crown, and with it, the possessions of the crown, were said to have been transferred to the supreme power of the American commonwealth, which was the congress,

and it would be unfair that any state should receive a larger share of those lands than others which contributed an equal amount towards their acquisition. Virginia resisted this claim on the ground that the territorial limits of the respective states must be the same that were prescribed and defined in their respective charters as colonies, by which alone their boundaries could be determined; and that to deprive any one state of a portion of her territory, would be a subversion of her sovereignty and an infringement of the articles of confederation. She declared her willingness, however, to supply lands in her territory on the northwest side of the Ohio river, without purchase money, to the troops on continental establishment of such states as had no unappropriated lands for that purpose, provided the other states which had such lands would also contribute their proportions in the same manner. At length, after the subject had been much agitated and had excited considerable jealousy and uneasiness, Virginia made a proposition to congress, and terms were finally acceded to, in conformity with which, in 1784, she executed a deed of cession and surrendered to the United States, all her jurisdiction over the country northwest of the Ohio, retaining the right of soil to the district between the Little Miami river and the Scioto, for the remuneration of her own troops. Her claim, under her charter, extended to the forty-first parallel of latitude, and all north of that line, within the boundaries of the present state of Ohio, was covered by the charter of Connecticut, by which state the rights of jurisdiction and soil were surrendered to the general government, in 1786, with the exception of the district known as the Western Reserve, the jurisdiction of which was also ceded in 1800, the right of soil being retained. In this manner the territory became the property and care of the general government.

While the settlements of the country on the north side of the Ohio river was thus prevented and delayed, Daniel Boon and those who followed him were establishing themselves in Kentucky. That country, when first visited by these adventurers, was not inhabited by the Indians, but was a kind of common hunting ground, to which the tribes to the north and south of it resorted in pursuit of game, and which was frequently the scene of their battles, when hostile parties happened to meet. The Indians were not at that time in a state of determined hostility towards the whites; but they soon began to consider them as intruders, and to be alarmed at their advancement into their country and encroachment upon their hunting grounds, the certain consequence of which, they saw, would be the destruction and dispersion of the game upon which they placed so much

reliance for their subsistence. They soon, therefore, showed a determination to oppose the occupation of the country, and to expel or destroy those who were endeavoring to effect it. A war ensued, in which the Kentuckians found the Indians on the north of the Ohio, their most dangerous and determined enemies. Many of the events of this war may properly be considered as constituting a part of the history of Ohio, which, being at the time, inhabited by one of the hostile parties, was frequently the scene upon which those events occurred; for an irruption of the Indians into Kentucky was generally followed by an expedition against their towns in retaliation, and whatever injury was inflicted upon the party on one side of the river, it was revenged by them in reprisals upon the other.

One of the principal Indian towns in Ohio, was Chillicothe, the Shawnese capital. It was situated upon the Little Miami river, being the place now called Oldtown, between Xenia and the Yellow Springs. It was visited in the year 1773, by captain Thomas Bullitt, who was on his way down the Ohio river to the falls, with a party from Virginia, who intended to make surveys and settlements there. He knew that they claimed the country where he wished to settle, as their hunting ground, and that it would be important to procure their assent to the measure, rather than incur their hostility by what they would consider an intrusion. He, therefore, left his party on the river, and proceeded alone to Chillicothe, without sending any notice of his approach, and, without having been met or observed by any one, arrived at the town, displaying a white flag as a token of peace. The inhabitants were surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger among them, in the character of an ambassador, and gathered around him. They asked him, what news he brought—where he came from—and why, if he was an ambassador, he had not sent a runner before him to give notice of his approach? He answered, that he had no bad news—that he had come from the *Long Knife*, which was the common appellation of the Virginians among the Indians, and that his business was, as the white men and red men were at peace, to have a talk with his brothers about living on the other side of the Ohio. He told them he had sent no runner, because he had none swifter than himself, and could not have waited his return if he had had one. He ended by a question after their own manner; whether, if one of them had killed a deer and was very hungry, he would send his squaw to the town to tell the news, and not eat until she returned? This idea pleased the Indians, and he was taken to their principal wigwam and re-

galed with venison; after which, the warriors were convened, and he addressed them in a speech, in which he told them of his desire to settle upon the other side of the river and cultivate the land, which he declared would not interfere with their hunting and trapping, and expressed his wishes that they should live together as brothers and friends. The Indians, after a consultation among themselves, returned him a favorable answer, consenting to his proposed settlement, and professing their satisfaction at his promises not to disturb them in their hunting. The matter being settled to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, captain Bullitt took his leave and returned to his party on the river, with whom he proceeded to the falls, where they selected and surveyed their lands. They then returned to Virginia, in order to make the necessary preparations for commencing their settlements permanently, but Bullitt died before that object was accomplished.

Notwithstanding the pacific disposition of the Indians at the time of Bullitt's visit to them, it was not long until they evinced one entirely different. Early in the next year, some white men murdered the family of Logan, upon the Ohio, near the mouth of the Kenawha; and about the same time, the Indians began to be alarmed at the increasing numbers of adventurers into Kentucky. At length they attacked and routed the surveyors who were engaged in selecting and locating lands, some of whom were killed, and others forced to return to Virginia; and at the same time, a general war ensued along the frontiers upon the head waters of the Ohio and Kenawha. To put a decisive check to the aggressions of the Indians in that quarter, an army was raised in Virginia, consisting of upwards of three thousand men, one division of which, amounting to about one thousand five hundred, under the command of colonel Andrew Lewis, was despatched to the mouth of the Kenawha, while the other, under the command of governor Dunmore, directed its course to a higher point on the Ohio. The division under colonel Lewis, on arriving at the mouth of the Kenawha, was attacked in the point formed by its junction with the Ohio, by an equal body of Indians, consisting of Shawnese, Delawares, Mingoës, and Tawas. The battle commenced at sunrise, on the 10th of October, 1774, and lasted until sunset, when the whites were left in possession of the field by the retreat of the enemy, having had fifty-three men killed, and about ninety wounded. On the evening after the fight, an express arrived from the governor, who was ignorant of the battle which had occurred, with orders to colonel Lewis's division to join that under the command of the governor, in the neighborhood of the Shawnese towns.

Colonel Lewis accordingly crossed the Ohio, and was proceeding according to his orders, when he was met by another express, with the information that a treaty had been concluded with the Indians, who had forever ceded all their lands south of the Ohio river to the whites. It was at that treaty that governor Dunmore received the celebrated speech from Logan, the chief of the Mingoës, justifying the part he had taken in the war, on account of the unprovoked murder of his family by colonel Cresap, which he had determined to revenge.

The treaty made by lord Dunmore did not secure the adventurers in Kentucky from the further hostility of the Indians, who continued to infest the country, murdering or carrying into captivity every one that fell into their power, without regard to age or sex. The white people shut themselves up in garrisons; but being obliged to depend for subsistence, in a great degree, upon the game in the woods, every attempt to procure it, was attended with the risk of life or liberty. Their enemies were constantly prowling and lurking about the forts, so that no one could feel secure in leaving their walls; and sometimes the Indians appeared before them in considerable numbers, and held them in a state of siege for several days, making determined efforts for their destruction. After the revolutionary war commenced, the hostility of the savages was excited and increased by the British, who occupied the posts on the lakes. It was thought that no measure could be more effectual in bringing the colonies into subjection, than that of inflicting upon their long-extended frontier, all the miseries and horrors of a bloody and unrelenting Indian warfare. To make this the more terrible, the Indians were incited by rewards for all the scalps they could take, at the same time that they were reminded of the necessity of making every exertion for the destruction of the white people, whose encroachments were depriving them of their homes and hunting grounds. The British were not content, however, with merely inciting the Indians, but frequently joined them in their incursions, and aided them by their experience, in a different mode of warfare from that to which they were accustomed; and these combinations were frequently more formidable to the Americans than invasions by much larger bodies of Indians would have been, if not aided by their civilized allies. The Kentuckians were, of course, peculiarly exposed to all these attacks. They were in the midst of their enemies, and beyond the efficient aid of their friends.

In the year 1777, the settlements in Kentucky, were only three in number—Boonsborough, Harrodsburg, and Logan's station. In that year the Indians made most determined efforts

to destroy the whole of them—besieging Harrodsburg once, and each of the other stations twice, without effect, however, although the garrisons were reduced to great extremities.

In February, 1778, Daniel Boon was hunting for the purpose of supplying a party who were making salt at the Lower Blue Licks, when he fell in with a party of Indians, amounting to upwards of one hundred, on their way to attack Boonsborough. Being unable to escape, he gave himself up, and also entered into a capitulation for the men who were making salt at the Licks, by which twenty-seven of them became prisoners. The Indians, elated with their success, returned home in great triumph, instead of carrying their meditated attack upon Boonsborough into effect. Boon and his companions were taken to Chillicothe, on the Little Miami, from whence he and ten others were taken to Detroit, in March. The commandant, governor Hamilton, wished to ransom Boon, but the Indians would not agree to it. They had conceived a liking for him, and determined to adopt him; and accordingly they soon returned with him to Chillicothe, leaving his ten companions behind at Detroit. He was there adopted into one of the principal families, and became a great favorite, in consequence of his skill in the use of the rifle, and his judicious conduct in not letting his superiority be too visible. In June, he was sent with a party to the Scioto salt-springs to make salt. When they returned to Chillicothe, he found four hundred and fifty warriors assembled there, armed and painted, and just on the eve of marching to attack Boonsborough. The imminent danger to his friends, and the almost certainty of the capture of the place, if surprised unprepared, determined him to escape and give them warning of the impending attack, at the hazard of his life. Concealing a single meal of victuals in his blanket, he went out, as if to hunt, as he was permitted to do, and shaping his course for Boonsborough, arrived there in about four days, having in that time travelled one hundred and sixty miles, not even taking time to kill an animal for food. On his arrival, he found the place in a bad state of defence; but no time was lost until the proper arrangements were made for the reception of the enemy, who, however, in consequence of the escape of Boon, delayed their expedition for about three weeks. Having learned their determination to postpone their invasion, from a prisoner who escaped from them soon after Boon left them, Boon started with nineteen other men, to attack a town on Paint creek, which also bore the name of Chillicothe, and is now, like its namesake on the Little Miami, called Oldtown. On arriving within about four miles of the place, they met a party of thirty Indians, who were on their way to join the grand



army on its march against Boonsborough. When the parties approached each other, Simon Kenton, whose name is almost as celebrated in the annals of Kentucky, as that of Daniel Boon himself, and who now (1833), resides in Logan county, Ohio, was some distance in advance of Boon's party, acting in the capacity of a spy. Hearing a loud laugh in a thicket in front, he concealed himself behind a tree, and had just taken his station, when he saw two Indians upon one horse, coming directly towards him, talking and laughing in fine humor. When they had approached sufficiently near, he aimed at the breast of the foremost and fired. The ball passed through the Indian, killing him, and wounding the other. Kenton immediately rushed up to tomahawk the wounded one, when hearing a rustling in the bushes, he turned round and saw two others aiming their rifles at him; and as he sprung aside, the balls whistled by his ears. He flew to the nearest tree for shelter, and in a moment saw about a dozen more of the enemy approaching; but at this critical juncture, the Kentuckians came up, and the Indians were soon put to flight, leaving the one that Kenton had killed upon the ground, two of those who fled being wounded. After the rout of the enemy, Boon sent a couple of spies to reconnoitre the town, which was found entirely evacuated. Concluding from this circumstance that the Indian force must be on its way to the attack of Boonsborough, he was aware of the danger of its reaching the place before his return, and the party therefore marched day and night in order to regain the fort in time. On the sixth day of August, they fell upon the trail of the enemy's main body, and taking a circuit to avoid them, arrived at the fort on the seventh, while the enemy did not arrive until the eighth. The garrison did not amount to fifty men, while the Indians numbered between five and seven hundred, and were led by a captain in the British service, from Canada, named Du Quesne. The fort being surrounded, the garrison was summoned to surrender, in the name of the king of England. Boon demanded two days to consider the subject, and immediately called a council of all the men in the fort, who unanimously resolved to defend themselves to the last extremity. Keeping their determination secret, they privately collected their cattle and horses within the fort, and employed the time in strengthening their defences, until the two days had expired, when their answer was given. Du Quesne, on receiving their refusal to surrender, still pressed upon them the advantages of a treaty, and made further proposals. The negotiations were continued for another day, and some terms were agreed upon, and a treaty was signed; but the whole proceeding was only a stratagem on

the part of the enemy, to get Boon and some more of the garrison into their power. The treaty was concluded about sixty yards from the gate of the fort, and after it was signed, two Indians approached each white man, under pretence of shaking hands with him, and seizing him, attempted to drag him off as a prisoner. They all extricated themselves, however, and ran towards the fort, and the garrison opening an instant fire upon their pursuers, enabled them to reach the gate in safety, with the exception of one, who was wounded. The fort was then vigorously attacked, and the siege was kept up for nine days, during which time the enemy made numerous attempts to set the cabins on fire, and also to undermine the wall of the fort, but being unsuccessful, at length abandoned their object, and returned home with the loss of thirty-seven killed and a considerable number wounded. The Kentuckians had two killed and four wounded.

J.

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 TO COLERIDGE,

AFTER READING SOME OF HIS DARKER WRITINGS.

THE sorcerer of the olden time,  
 Enwraipt in fantasy sublime,  
 Bade ocean heave and swell;  
 And as he howled his Runic rhyme,  
 The peasant heard the bell,  
 As moved by spirit hands, from the dark turret chime.

And thou, great wizard of to-day,  
 Whom countless CAPITALS obey,  
 And algebraic signs,  
 Stunned by thine all as mystic sway,  
 Poor intellect resigns  
 Her throne, and reason dares her birthright put away.

Oh! it is strange and sad to tell  
 That thou, who chanted Christabel;  
 Whom a world paused to hear,  
 When rose with sweet and fitful swell  
 The Ancient Mariner,  
 Should now so deign to prose, when thou canst sing so well.

Yet, like a beacon by the sea,  
 Thou'lt bid the youthful reasoner flee  
 The metaphysic rock,  
 Lest he might strike unwillingly,  
 And dizzied by the shock,  
 With transcendental cant be choked and drowned like thee.

## EVENING MUSIC AT SEA.

BY A QUONDAM SAILOR.

If music be the food of love, play on,  
 Give me excess of it.                   \*                   \*  
 \*           \*           \*                   \*                   \*  
 That strain again; it had a dying fall.

*Shakspeare.*

ON one of the delicious afternoons of February, peculiar to the West Indies, as the sun was declining below the western horizon, the beautiful *Hornet* lay in a calm near the island of Cuba. The sea was uncommonly smooth, imparting hardly sufficient motion to the buoyant ship, to disturb the sails as they hung listlessly against the masts. I had never, until then, fully realized the oft-repeated comparison of the bosom of the ocean to a mirror; but now, the truth of it came home to me, and I felt that there was sublimity, even in the calm of the 'vasty deep.' I could not gaze on it without being reminded, by contrast, of the tempests that at times sweep over it; and thus was its stillness associated with its commotion, its quiet with its power.

But though no breath raised a ripple on its surface, there was a ceaseless, but gentle swell, as if amid the coral beds beneath, some lonely water-spirit slumbered, while the waters above rose and fell with its steady breathing. Occasionally, a 'sorrowing sea-bird' would flit by unheeded, or descending, kiss the wave, and soar aloft again till lost in space. Then would a shining dolphin rush in pursuit of the terrified flying-fish; and anon, glisten in the far depths, almost shedding light through the waters with the gloss of his silvery sides.

The sun was setting. How glowingly came upon me the force of those lines—

'Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,  
 But one unclouded blaze of living light!'

The whole ocean seemed of liquid gold; and the sky, far up, glowed as if some blazing spirit hovered in the void. The rays of the sun penetrating the water horizontally, looked like gilded cords, so distinct and brilliant was the refraction. It was a scene to inspire emotions of a lofty character. Before us, was the glorious orb of light and life, sinking, as it were, to rest, in the wave-washed caverns of the deep; beneath, rolled the limitless ocean—fit emblem of the eternity over which we hovered; and above, spread the viewless ether, reflecting the deep blue of the wave beneath, unmarred by a single cloud.

At this hour, a few of the officers assembled on the fore-castle to contemplate the scene; and recalling the joys of other days, to hold that converse, which, in a small degree, alleviates the privations of a seaman's life. With characteristic versatility, they passed from topic to topic, seldom dwelling long on one, till as the shades of twilight fell around, their feelings assumed a congenial hue, and graver themes were touched. The pall of night, thick set with stars, was thrown about the expiring day, and the moon shaking off her watery panoply, rose full and clear, shedding a broad stream of silver light as far as the eye could reach.

Then it was, the remembrances of the past crowded up like odors from a bed of flowers, lulling the feelings to that delicious calmness, which pleasant memories always inspire, and which none feel more sensibly than the tempest-tost mariner. The father dwelt in tenderness on his distant family; the brother recalled the unbidden assiduities of a sister's love; and the son, as he leaned against the mast, his features set in the sedateness of sober reflection, felt his heart softened by the recollection of a mother's care. But few remarks were made. All felt that the silence which reigned above, beneath, and around, should not be disturbed. Each one had retired to the recesses of his own heart—a sanctuary too sacred to be violated.

Such was the state of feeling, when a clear melodious voice, slowly poured forth the first line of that exquisite song,—*'Home, sweet home!'* As the words, *'Mid pleasures and palaces,'* swelled upon the air, a single exclamation of pleasure escaped the hearers, and they again relapsed into silence. We had often heard the song, but never had it come so thrillingly as then. Had it been sung by even an ordinary performer, its effect would have been great; but breathed, as it was, with a fervor and feeling I have never known excelled; in a voice, full, manly, and touching, it could but produce a powerful impression. As the singer proceeded, the circle was augmented. The sturdy seaman seated himself with calm gravity, and by the side of the youthful midshipman, listened with enthralled attention. The man whose locks were whitened, equally with the boy whose features were unmarked by the furrows of time and care, seemed to drink in the beautiful words as a healing draught.

Oh, how magical is music at such an hour! It comes to the heart like a flood of sunshine, dispelling its gathered mists, and causing high aspirations to spring into strength and beauty. The whole man is elevated above the narrowness of earth, and

he seeks in thought to commune with the intelligences of a higher world, and with that Being,

‘Who plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.’

Thus were the feelings of the listening group, when the performer, at the close of the first verse, eloquently burst forth with the words, ‘There’s no place like home!’ An emotion was visible in all. There was a slight tremor in his voice, showing that he felt the influence of the line; and when he concluded it, his pause was longer than usual, and a deep sigh escaped him.

When he recommenced,—‘An exile from home,’—the agitation in those around, was merged in attention to the song, but his increased. His face was slightly averted, and the rays of the moon as they fell upon it, and glistened in the tear that rested on his cheek, gave additional effect to the expression almost of agony, stamped upon his features. He was, indeed, as I knew, ‘an exile from home,’—though from what cause, I never could discover,—and the smothered grief of years was now loosed, and flowed in unrestrained power over him.

He continued. As the song drew to a close, his emotion increased, with that of every one who listened. At length, as the line, ‘There’s no place like home,’—rose on the stillness of the hour, the last time, a rush of feeling was evident, which, in many, showed itself in tears! The man, who, from childhood had braved ‘the foaming brine,’ and had stood without fear on the brink of eternity; and he, who, an outcast from the society of the virtuous and the good, knew no ‘home;’ alike with the being of turbid passions and unhallowed deeds, gave a tribute to him, who had so well timed, and so feelingly executed, one of the most grateful songs that ever greets a seaman’s ear. Oh! it was good to look on men I had considered hardened in iniquity, thus throwing open the floodgates of long pent affections, that they might once more gladden and purify the soul! I could not think such men entirely lost; I could but look on human nature in a fairer and more pleasing aspect.

No one spoke; and after a few moments, in which all else was banished by the one dear thought of the distant home we had exchanged for our ‘home upon the deep,’ each one sought his pillow, I do not doubt, a purer and a better man.

C. D. D.

## A SCENE IN 'THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.'

JAMES MORGAN, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled himself near Bryant's station, in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, deadened the timber, enclosed a field with a worm-fence, and planted some corn.

It was on the 15th day of August, 1782; the sun had descended, a pleasant breeze was playing through the surrounding wood, the tall cane bowed under its gentle influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn proudly waved in the air; Morgan had seated himself in the door of the cabin, with his infant on his knee; his young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning-wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the frugal meal. That afternoon, Morgan had accidentally found a bundle of letters, which he had finished reading to his wife, before he took his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they had acknowledged an early and ardent attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy on the countenance of both; the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings, by its cherub smiles, its playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another, and another, followed in quick succession. Morgan sprang to his feet, his wife ran to the door, as they simultaneously exclaimed, 'Indians!' The door was immediately barred, and the next moment all their fears were realized, by a bold and spirited attack from a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be *successfully* defended, and time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt, soon decided. A puncheon was raised; while Morgan was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her, she arose, seized her infant, but was told that its cries would betray her place of concealment. She hesitated, gazed silently upon it. A momentary struggle between affection and duty, took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom again and again, and kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck, and wept aloud. 'In the name of Heaven, Eliza, release the child, or we shall all be lost,' said the distracted husband, in a soft imploring tone of voice, as he forced the infant from the arms of his wife, hastily replaced the puncheon, took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, ran up the ladder that led to the garret, and drew it after him. In a moment the door was burst open, and the savages entered. By this time,

Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back, then throwing off some clapboards from the roof of the cabin, resolutely leaped to the ground. He was instantly assailed by two Indians. As the first approached, he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun, and *closed in*. The savage made a blow, missed his aim, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child, now became warm and fierce, and was carried on with knives only. The combatants thrust and plunged their deadly instruments into each other, with desperate fury. The robust and athletic Morgan, at length got the ascendancy. Both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stabs of the white man were better aimed and deeper. The Indian now became frantic with rage and disappointment. His teeth were clenched together, the veins in his neck swollen, his eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire, as he grasped Morgan by the hair, elevated himself on tip-toe, and raised his bloody knife. It descended with desperate intent, but Morgan, watchful as he was brave, took advantage of the moment, made a quick and violent thrust at the side of the Indian—the blood gushed out, the savage gave a feeble groan, and sunk to the earth. Morgan hastily took up his child and gun, and hurried off. The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard, until the one that had been knocked down, gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was discovered, immediately pursued, and a dog put on his trail. Operated upon by all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved onward with the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible either to outrun or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he halted, waited until it came within a few yards of him, fired and brought it down, reloaded his gun, and again pushed forward. Bryant's station was not far off—firing was heard—he stopped for a moment, and again advanced. Fires could now be distinctly seen, extending for some distance on both sides of Elkhorn creek. The station was in view; lighted arrows fast descended on the roof of the cabins; it was no longer doubtful; Bryant's station was besieged by a large force, and could not be entered at that time. He paused—the cries of his infant, that he had again lashed to his back, aroused him to a sense of his own danger, and his wife's perilous situation. Another effort was made, and he in a short time, reached the house of a brother, who resided between the station and Lexington, where he left the

child, and the two brothers immediately set out for his dwelling. As they approached the clearing, a light broke upon his view—his speed quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. He emerged from the cane-brake, beheld his house in flames, and almost burned to the ground. 'My wife!' he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand to his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other, to support his tottering frame. He gazed for sometime on the ruin and desolation before him, advanced a few steps, and sunk exhausted to the earth. Morning came; the bright luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand, he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name of Eliza on the ground—his left was thrown over his favorite dog, that lay by his side, looking first on the ruin, and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose; the two brothers now made a search, and found some bones, almost burned to ashes, which they carefully gathered, and silently consigned to their mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of a venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections. One of the most interesting pages in the annals of Tacitus, is that in which he so eloquently and so feelingly describes the return of Agrippina, to her country and her home, bearing the urn that contained the ashes of her murdered husband, surrounded by her weeping children, and mourning friends. There is an awakening interest in deep-rooted sorrow, that calls into action all the kind feelings and tender sympathies of our nature; and the heart can, no doubt, be as warmly operated upon in the wild plains of America, as on the classic grounds of Italy. There is something peculiarly touching in the performance of the last sad duty of burial, whether encompassed by the proud and lofty towers of imperial Rome, while the cries of mourning thousands ascend to heaven, or surrounded by the tall green trees of republican Kentucky, where the stricken heart silently pours forth its sorrows.

On the evening of the 16th of August, Morgan, his brother, and a number of men from Lexington, gallantly threw themselves into the besieged station, and saved the fortress. After a bold, spirited, and unsuccessful siege, Simon Girty drew off his men on the morning of the third day, and marched in the direction of the Lower Blue Licks. By this time, the whole neighborhood had risen in arms, and with the aid promptly given by Harrodsburg and Boon's station, one hundred and sixty-six mounted men mustered under the command of colonels Todd and Trigg. The line of march was immediately taken up, and the pursuit commenced. After marching a short distance, colonel



Daniel Boon, and some others, watchful and experienced, and well acquainted with Indian *sign*, discovered strong evidences of tardiness and ostentation, that seemed to invite an attack. The trees were chopped for the purpose of pointing out the *route*, while they took pains to conceal their number, by marching in single file, stepping in each other's track, and contracting their camps. As the van arrived on the south bank of Licking river, at the Lower Blue Licks, a few scattering Indians, were discovered, *slowly* and *carelessly* retiring over the hills, on the north side of the river. A halt was immediately called, and a consultation took place. Neither of the commanding officers being much acquainted with Indian warfare, they asked the opinion and advice of the soldier and woodsman, colonel Boon, who was well acquainted with the situation of the ground. He, in his plain, frank, and impressive manner, stated, that in his opinion, the enemy invited an attack; their number might probably vary from three to five hundred, owing to the ambiguous nature of the sign; the main body was near, and prepared for action, and the ground was well calculated for *ambuscade*. The river wound in an irregular ellipsis, near the centre of which, and on the top of the hill then in view, passed the great Buffalo road, leading to Limestone; two ravines made up in different directions, about one mile in advance, and terminated near each other, on the right and left of the road; both ravines were covered with small oak and underwood, while the ground between the river and the ravines, was uneven and barren; the Indians would be able to fight under cover, while the Kentuckians could scarce be protected by a single shrub. It was, therefore, most advisable to wait for the reinforcement hourly looked for, under the command of colonel Logan, and in the meantime, the surrounding country could be examined, and the position of the enemy reconnoitred; but in the event of an immediate attack being resolved on, the troops ought to be divided; one division to march up on the south side of the river, cross near the mouth of a small creek, and fall upon the outside of the ravines, while the other division should place itself in a position to take advantage of circumstances, cooperate with the first division in the event of an attack, and make an effort to take the enemy in their *own snares*, should they be in *ambuscade*. Already had Boon gained over to his opinion, a large portion of those who heard him, when the rash and impatient M'Gay applied the rowels to the sides of his horse, and plunged into the stream, crying out at the same time, in a loud voice, 'Those who are not cowards, will follow me, and I will show them where the Indians are!' A confusion, so common and so fatal

among undisciplined troops, now took place. One followed, another followed, some doubted, others wavered, a few were determined, and a part stood firm. But unfortunately, the prompt and authoritative word of command, '*halt*,' was not given, and the council was broken up. Morgan, together with some others, who had attentively listened to the advice of Boon, were convinced of its correctness, and opposed to crossing the river, but at length suffered themselves to be carried along in the crowd, until the whole force was on the northern bank. No order was observed, no command was given. The narrow strip of bottom-ground, in which the salt-spring is situated, was soon passed, and the hill ascended. Here they were led, by the reappearance of the few Indians first discovered, to a ridge on the left, which terminated near the two ravines, and at its termination, was covered with small oak. The distance from the spring to the ravines, was about one mile, and the intervening ground uneven and barren; for ages back, it had been stripped of its foliage by the tread of the innumerable herds of deer and buffalo that resorted to the lick, and presented an almost unbroken pavement of rocks, through which a few scattering scrubby oaks, had here and there forced their way. M'Gay and M'Bride, at the head of the party in front, that first reached the woods, were instantly attacked by the Indians that lay concealed, and waiting for them. The action now commenced, and soon became warm and bloody; a constant and destructive fire was kept up. The savage war-whoop, that burst from both ravines, filled the air with loud and increased peals of discordant yells. It was soon discovered that the two ravines, which concealed the enemy, extended beyond the whole line of the Kentuckians, and now poured forth a countless horde of hungry cannibals prepared for slaughter, and thirsting for blood. Todd and Trigg rushed forward, and fearlessly fronted the enemy; they fought, they bled, and fell in the early part of the action, nobly evincing that they were brave in the field of battle, as amiable in private life. The patriot Harland was also slain, bravely defending himself, and proudly sustaining his country's honor. The gallant and youthful Boon fell by the side of his heroic father, who hewed his way through the enemy, and laid every opposing warrior low. All that could be accomplished by patriotism, effected by bravery, won by a disregard of death, or gained by a love of country, was now performed. Arm to arm, breast to breast, they had struggled with the enemy, but all in vain. A force of three to one, and that in ambuscade, was overwhelming and irresistible. Pressed in the front, assaulted on the right, attacked on the left, and

about being surrounded; many of the best and ablest slain, and others fast falling in every direction, a retreat was attempted under the edge of the tomahawk. When the firing commenced, the greater portion of the troops had dismounted; some regained their horses, others retreated on foot. The victorious enemy pursued with deadly and untiring perseverance. The retreating Kentuckians hurried over the rocks, rushed down the precipice, and the victors and the vanquished plunged together in the stream; some were slain before they reached the bank, but the river presented a scene bloody as it was destructive. The day was warm, the retreat rapid; the unarmed and exhausted Kentuckians fell easy victims to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and in a short time, Licking ran streams of blood. The few who had gained the southern shore on horseback, halted and fired; this caused a momentary check, but after a short pause, the pursuit was again renewed, and safety only found in Bryant's station, thirty-six miles from the field of battle. Here the defeated Kentuckians met the van of colonel Logan's command, about four hundred strong. The colonel halted until the rear came up, and the next day marched in pursuit of the enemy. The battle ground was reached the second day after the action, and presented a scene that agonized every bosom, pained every heart, and moistened every eye. The dead bodies, exposed to the rays of a scorching sun, were so much swollen and mangled, that the father, brother, and friend, who had come to perform the last sad rites of burial, were denied even the melancholy satisfaction of knowing whether those for whom they sought, were killed or taken prisoners. The aged parent, in hopes of recognizing a favorite son, turned, anxiously turned body after body, but all in vain; the tear rolled down the furrowed cheek, yet it fell upon he knew not whom.

James Morgan was among the last that had crossed the river, and was in the rear until the hill was ascended. As soon as he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge, he felt anew his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his early affections. He urged on his horse, and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from his saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh, and he fell; an Indian sprang upon him, seized him by the hair, and applied the scalping-knife. At this moment, Morgan cast up his eyes, and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp, hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms.

Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground, a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle. It was now midnight. Girty and his savage band, after taking all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak, its trunk supporting his head. The rugged and uneven ground, that surrounded him, was covered with the slain; the once white projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that had warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. But a few hours before, he had seen the gallant Todd, Trigg, Harland, Boon, and many others, in all the pride of life, flushed with hope, glowing with zeal, and burning with patriotism—now cold and lifeless as the rocks that lay scattered over '*the dark and bloody ground;*' friends and enemies, the red man and the white man, side by side, quietly slumbered in eternal repose. The pale glimmering of the moon, occasionally threw a faint ray of light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness, and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few, still lingering in the last agonies of protracted death, rendered doubly appalling by the coarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wild-cat and panther, feeding on the dead and dying. Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward with the apathy of despair, to his own end. A large and ferocious looking bear, covered with blood, now approached him; he threw himself on the ground, silently commended his soul to Heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The satiated animal slowly passed on without noticing him. Morgan raised his head, was about offering thanks for his unexpected preservation, when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and again awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony again awaited his fate. He heard a rustling in the bushes—steps approached—a cold chill ran over him. Imagination, creative, busy imagination, was actively employed—death, the most horrible death, awaited him; his limbs would, in all probability, be torn from his body, and he devoured alive. He felt a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over—the cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud, a faint ray beamed upon him—his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who, in a scarce

audible voice, exclaimed, 'my husband!' and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned from his wife, that after the Indians had entered the house, they found some spirits, and drank freely; an altercation soon took place, one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her; believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud, and betrayed her place of concealment. She was immediately taken and bound. The party, after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's station. On the day of the battle of the Blue Licks, a horse with saddle and bridle, rushed by her, which she knew to be her husband's. During the action, the prisoners were left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, and left the battle ground, she, with some other persons that had escaped with her, determined to make a search for their friends, and if on the field and living, save them if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him. The party of colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.

*Mason county, Kentucky.*

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TO A LADY,

WHO WONDERED WHY SHE WAS LOVED.

It is not learning's borrowed gleam,  
It is not beauty's holier light,  
It is not wealth, that makes thee seem  
So lovely in our sight.

The worth may leave Potosi's ore,  
Golconda's diamond lose its sheen,  
But thine is the exhaustless store  
Of innocence serene.

The beauty of the eye must fade,  
The beauty of the cheek decay,  
But from thy spirit, guileless maid,  
No charm shall pass away.

The learning of the gifted mind,  
Its gathered wisdom, may depart,  
But in thy ignorance, I find  
The wisdom of the heart.

And that, nor earthly change nor ill,  
Nor time nor malady can blight;  
And it is that, that makes thee still  
So lovely in our sight.

## MISSIONARY ADVENTURE.

MOST of the following facts are known to the writer of this article. At the time of their occurrence, they made a deep impression upon his mind, and they will probably be interesting to others. To some, perhaps, they will afford instruction. Those who are accustomed to consider the mysterious ways of Providence, will read this simple narrative with a feeling of deep solemnity. Death is always solemn; it is always deeply affecting when the young are its victims, or when the hand of God suddenly terminates a career began in virtue, and giving a bright promise of useful exertion. It is then that the heart spontaneously yields its testimony to that decree of the judgment which pronounces, that the reward of the virtuous is not in this world; that there is—there *must be*, 'a better country.'

In the fall of the year 1829, the reverend Stiles Hawley, a young missionary of exemplary piety and ardent zeal, came from Connecticut to Illinois, in the employment of the American Sunday School Union. It is said that he left home, under circumstances of touching interest. He had but just reached the years of manhood, and had recently assumed the duties of the sacred office. His parents were aged; their other sons had left the parental roof to engage in the active business of life in distant places, and they had fondly hoped to retain this son near them, to solace their declining years by his society, perhaps to support them by his exertions. But his affections had become ardently enlisted in the noble enterprise of disseminating truth and knowledge, by the instrumentality of Sunday schools; and he longed to become a laborer in a field so boundless and so inviting. He had heard of wilds where the sound of the gospel was seldom heard—of wildernesses even in our own land, where the kindred minds of his own countrymen, were ripening without instruction, and he longed to become to them, the messenger of glad tidings. It was a noble ambition; it was a holy ardor in the cause of learning and religion. If ever ambition is a virtue—if ever the high aspirations of the soul can be truly said to be warmed and lighted up by an ethereal spark from heaven, it is when the energies of a pure mind are thus directed by a disinterested benevolence to promote the best interests of man. Actuated by this high sense of duty, this young gentleman left his father's house, with a slender constitution, and a slight acquaintance with the great world, in whose concerns he was now to mingle, to engage in the toilsome and complicated duties of the office which he had chosen.

Arriving in Illinois in the early part of the winter, or late in the

autumn, he was at Springfield, in Sangamon county, in January, making arrangements to commence a tour of duty. Having determined to cross the country, from Springfield to the settlements on the Wabash, he set out on the morning of the 17th of January. If we did not believe firmly in the superintending guidance of Providence, we should be disposed to lament this decision. The distance to be travelled to reach his field of labor, was somewhere about one hundred miles, the country a wide uninhabited prairie, interspersed with narrow strips of timber, and intersected by streams, over which, bridges had not yet been thrown, and which might, at this season, be swelled by floods. To any one acquainted with the country, with the difficulties of the way, and with the expedients usually adopted by travellers, there would have been no danger, and but little inconvenience. To a stranger, the journey was hazardous.

Mr. Hawley, after a short day's ride, spent the first night at the house of a Mr. Wilson, where he was hospitably entertained. The next day he proposed to go to the house of Mr. James D. Shaw, twenty-eight or thirty miles further. He was kindly dissuaded from making this attempt, on account of the inclemency of the weather, the probability of losing his way, and the difficulty of passing two branches of the Kaskaskia river, usually fordable, but now probably difficult to cross. He thought that his duty urged him forward, and proceeded. His way lay across a prairie twelve miles in width, then over a stream and through a narrow strip of timber, then over another wide prairie, to the second and larger stream, about one mile beyond which, is the house of Mr. Shaw. The day was excessively cold, and the plain, covered with snow, exhibited a vast and dreary expanse, as cheerless and savage to the eye, as the deserts of Siberia.

From this time he was heard of no more; but as the settlements towards which he had gone, were detached from those he had left, and the intercourse between them not frequent at this season, his friends entertained no alarm, until his silence, long protracted, awakened fears, which began to be confirmed by a report which reached them late in the month of March, that a horse resembling that which he rode, whose rider was supposed to have been drowned, had been found near the larger branch of the Kaskaskia, about the time of his disappearance.

The reverend Theron Baldwin, then residing at Vandalia, was at Jacksonville when this rumor reached that place, and determined to proceed immediately to the fatal spot to investigate its truth. He went to Springfield, where he was joined by Mr. Andrew Moore, and on the morning of the 29th of March, they set out on their melancholy duty. On Tuesday

morning they reached the house of Mr. Wilson, where they ascertained the facts which we have stated. Here they were joined by two other persons, and the party thus augmented, proceeded to Mr. Shaw's. This house, Mr. Hawley had expected to reach, the day he left Mr. Wilson's; and by the route he pursued, he would have passed no other house during the day. On inquiry, they were entirely satisfied that no such man had ever been there, and not a doubt remained, that death had arrested the young missionary in the solitary waste. But what was the *manner* of that death? Had he become benumbed by cold, and fallen from his horse? Had he strayed from the path and been lost in that interminable wilderness? Had the murderer waylaid this man of peace, or had the wolf preyed upon his body? In vain do religion and philosophy suggest how unimportant is the mode in which the soul becomes disengaged from its clay tenement, and how valueless are the lifeless remains of our friends—especially when we feel assured that the spirit is happy. On this occasion, the intense anxiety felt by the friends of the lamented Hawley, pervaded the bosoms of the residents of that lonely region. They were plain unlettered men, but their hearts were true to the sympathies of nature, and with one accord they tendered their services to Mr. Baldwin, to assist in the search; and he has assured the writer, that during the several days he spent among them, he was treated with a kindness and hospitality, and saw displayed towards himself, and in relation to the fate of his friend, a degree of considerateness and tender feeling, which will never be effaced from his memory. Every house was open to him, and in no instance was any pecuniary compensation asked or accepted, either for his entertainment, or the laborious services performed by the people in aid of the object of his visit.

A number of persons collected and proceeded to the search. It was necessary to traverse an extent of country embraced in a circle, whose diameter might have been twenty miles, and within which, not more than half a dozen families resided. For this purpose, the company now assembled—about twenty in number—was divided into small parties, mounted on horseback, who traversed this region in every direction, being provided with horns, which were to be sounded in case of any discovery. In their search they frequently passed the remains of Indian encampments, in which a large hunting party of Kickapoos and Pottawatamies, had spent the winter; and although the inhabitants of the vicinity declared that these Indians would not molest a traveller, suspicions were entertained by some, which induced a party to visit an encampment still further off,



which was supposed to be now occupied by parts of these tribes. They found the remains of many wigwams, but all evacuated. The intelligence, however, reached the Indians, that they were suspected, and they took the pains to send a deputation to assert and prove their innocence. Before their arrival, circumstances had fully acquitted them.

The search commenced on Wednesday, and on Saturday night no discoveries had been made, although the intervening time was laboriously employed in riding. On Sunday, a congregation of these rude pioneers collected around Mr. Baldwin, and spent part of the day in worship. On Monday, the search was resumed at an early hour; but Mr. Shaw, having the day before, *accidentally* found *the saddle* of the lost missionary, not far from his house, but on the opposite side of the creek, the investigation was now narrowed within smaller limits. At last, on Monday afternoon, the sound of the horn was heard ringing through the forest. The scattered horsemen gathered to the spot from which it issued, as rapidly as their horses could carry them, and found that the *body* had been discovered lying in the river.

Solemnity clothed every countenance, and sorrow filled every heart, as the body was elevated to the surface of the water; but still there was a melancholy pleasure in having found the object which had been sought so many days, with severe toil and intense anxiety. As it had lain in the water *eleven* weeks, it was not, of course, to be expected, that an acquaintance could recognise the features. But the individual was at once identified by his books and papers. The rest of this narrative must be told in the eloquent language of Mr. Baldwin, the invaluable friend of the deceased, through whose affectionate zeal, and high sense of christian duty, the successful result was accomplished. The following is an extract from his letter to the parents of Mr. Hawley.

‘No one did or could hesitate for a moment, that he came to his end by drowning. The river at the time, was past fording, and frozen on each side of the channel, but open in the centre. The body was found about thirty rods down the stream from the main road. A canoe is kept for the convenience of travelers, but unless the state of the atmosphere is peculiarly favorable, it is impossible to make one’s self heard at the house of Mr. Shaw. He doubtless reached the river near night, and whether he rode his horse into the stream and was thrown off, or dismounted and attempted to lead, or cross without, his horse, cannot be determined with certainty; though I have but little

doubt, that the first of these suppositions is true. In that case, the horse evidently left his rider in the stream, and went out himself at the same spot where he entered; for himself and the saddle were both found on that side of the river. Almost every thing remained exactly as he would naturally have ridden in the prairie, on that excessively cold day.

‘The hat was, of course, gone, but a handkerchief was carefully tied around his ears, his surtout was buttoned around him, a glove and buckskin mitten on each hand, socks over his boots, &c. &c. His portmanteau was lying by his side, lodged in a drift of wood—in this, among other things, we found some food done up in a paper. We took away the watch, a pocket-book, wallet, testament, &c., and it being near night, as we were afraid of exposure to the atmosphere, the body was lowered again till morning. A sufficient number of our company to accomplish the burial, agreed to stay till the next day—the rest were *compelled* to leave us, to attend to their own affairs. I then expressed to the company, the gratitude which I felt for the part they had acted, and assured them that I should tell it with delight to the distant friends of the deceased. “It is the cause of humanity; we have engaged in it with the greatest pleasure,” was, in substance, the universal reply, and we dispersed.

‘The evening was spent in drying books and papers. The morning rose, but it was dark and rainy.

‘At a very early hour, however, we repaired to the river, selected a spot for the grave, on the bank of the stream, elevated entirely above high-water mark. A part then commenced digging, and the others prepared a coffin, the best that the place and circumstances would afford. The body was taken from the water, wrapped in a winding sheet, and in other respects apparelled just as we found it—for its condition was such, that we thought it not prudent to disturb any thing—committed to the dust. The rain still continued, but I made a few remarks on the striking dispensation of Providence, which had called us together—pointed to that heavenly rest, where I had no doubt, our departed friend was then rejoicing—to the consolations of the righteous in a dying hour—spake of the importance of preparation for our own approaching dissolution, and closed the solemn scene with prayer. Spake, did I say? To whom? Not to a circle of weeping relatives, it is true; for neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, were there! Nor did I speak to those in whose breasts no chord of sympathy could be made to vibrate. The solemn circle that stood around that grave was composed of those, though strangers, who knew how to feel. We did not stand in an ancient grave-yard, where

the signs of mortality were around us in thick array—then, for the first time, doubtless, the narrow house was opened *there*, to receive the remains of civilized man—but then we still committed the body to its *native dust*. We were within no enclosure which had been erected and beautified by art—nor were we surrounded by weeping branches, bowing in the breeze. The tall forest trees stood above us—a sluggish, turbid river flowed at our feet, and all around was wildness. But then, why cannot those remains sleep as sweetly alone in those desert shades, as in the midst of some vast congregation of the dead? And when the trump of God shall sound, who can doubt whether that “corruption” will “put on incorruption,” and that “mortal, immortality?” The silence of that spot, perhaps, had never been broken by the voice of prayer—but then, that God who “is rich in mercy unto all them that call upon him,” was there. He was there when the spirit of him whom we mourn, took its flight—and his grace could cheer the departing soul, as well as if it had ascended to its rest, from some crowded city, or the splendor of a palace. What are the *circumstances* under which our friends leave the world, compared with higher considerations—whether they die on the field of benevolent enterprise, in the very act of wielding the weapons of the christian warfare, and depart to a glorious inheritance in the skies? *Let the christian die with his armor on.* Then, what if he is called to meet the king of terrors, in a land of strangers, in the solitudes of a wilderness? Will this subtract a single item from the happiness of the regenerated spirit, as it bows before the throne of God, or drinks at the river of life?

‘I should do violence to my own feelings, were I to close this communication without bearing testimony to the generous feelings and hospitality of the people in that region. Wherever we went, their doors were thrown open to us, and their tables, with the greatest apparent pleasure, spread with the best that the country would afford. They were called upon to assist in the search, and with scarcely a single exception, that assistance was cheerfully and promptly rendered. To Mr. Moore—as well as to *many* others—for the readiness with which he undertook the arduous service; for his untiring perseverance and deep sympathy, the warmest gratitude is due from the friends of the deceased. He was with me through the whole, and frequently expressed his willingness to continue his labors for a month, if we were unsuccessful.’

## EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.

IN every country, there exists a number of human beings who are by nature, deficient in some faculty, or some one of whose faculties, has been extinguished or impaired, by disease or accident. Of these casualties, blindness is by no means the least common, or the least distressing. On the contrary, there is scarcely a community, in which one or more individuals may not be found, who are afflicted with the privation of sight. And it is asserted, that the proportion of these is, at all times, about the same in the same countries; for the number of those who are born blind, is regulated by the immutable decrees of God, and the number who become so by casualty, is as infallibly and invariably fixed. Blindness is one of the evils inflicted upon man, but like most other evils, it may be removed or mitigated by art.

We have before us a very interesting pamphlet on this subject, from the trustees of the New England institution for the education of the blind, from which we shall abstract a few statements.

It has been ascertained by evidence collected in different nations of Europe, that the number of blind is fearfully great; and that, although they are screened from the public eye, they exist in almost every town and village. In middle Europe, there is one blind person to every eight hundred inhabitants. In some Austrian provinces, it has been accurately ascertained, that there is one to every eight hundred and forty-five inhabitants; in Zurich, one to seven hundred and forty-seven. Farther north, between the 50th and 70th degrees of latitude, they exist in smaller proportions; in Denmark are found one to every one thousand. In Prussia, there are one to every nine hundred. Egypt is more afflicted than any other country that we have any account of; the proportion there is said to be, one blind to every three hundred seeing persons.

In our own country, we have no means of ascertaining with exactitude, the number of the blind. It has been attempted to gain the information by census, but the returns have been found to be erroneous. These unfortunate beings sit and while their long night of life away within doors, unknown to the world, and their number is not fully appreciated. But there is no reason to suppose, that the laws, which act in the same latitudes in Europe, should be inoperative here, and judging from these, and from some facts which are known, it is undoubtedly true, that there are more than *eight thousand blind persons*, in the United States. The fact that so many of our fellow creatures

are shut out from the light of heaven, condemned to live in perpetual helplessness, useless to themselves and a burthen to their friends, appeals to the benevolent heart with irresistible force. We are happy in living in an age, when such appeals are seldom made in vain. That active principle composed of the united energies of piety, benevolence, patriotism, and generosity, which has been for some years so actively employed in our land, has become enlisted in the work of giving 'eyes to the blind.' It has already been ascertained in other countries, and confirmed by experiments in our own, that much can be done for them. Instead of condemning the blind man to stand at the corner of the street, and ask for charity, or to be shut up in an almshouse, or to mope away his solitary existence among his happier friends, saddening their joys, of which he can partake only in part; the means may be given to him of becoming an enlightened, happy, and useful member of society. The lamp of knowledge may be lighted up within him, and the means extended to him of earning his own subsistence.

All this can be done by the establishment of institutions for their education. We need not detain our readers by an attempt to prove that this is practicable. The reasoning faculty is developed as strongly in the blind, as in their fellow men; and it is a matter of common observation, that where one sense is extinguished, the others that remain, are apt to acquire a higher degree of excellence. Acting upon this hint; attempts have been successfully made to teach them through the senses of feeling and hearing.

Nothing was done for their education, until about forty years ago, when the humane Abbe Haüy, undertook to educate some blind children in his house, and his success was so great, that the government of France employed him to establish an institution in Paris. This he did, and it became so interesting an object, that he was called by the emperor of Russia, to St. Petersburg, for a similar purpose; and after successfully putting his system into operation there, he laid the foundation of a school for the blind at Berlin. He invented the method of printing in raised characters, made tangible and sensible to the blind. Similar institutions have since been founded, and are in successful operation at Amsterdam, Vienna, Dresden, London, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, and other places, some of which are supported by the governments, and others by individuals; the latter are said to be by far the most useful.

Dr. Samuel G. Howe, superintendent of the institution for the education of the blind, at Boston, mentions several inter-

esting facts in a late report to the trustees. Among others, he mentions 'Mr. Paingeon, the celebrated professor of mathematics, at the university of Angiers. This interesting young blind man, came forward as a candidate, in the public controversy for the prizes in mathematics, at Paris; and after carrying them all off, was named to the professional chair at Angiers.'

'It may be safely said, that none are so well fitted for teaching the blind, as the blind themselves; nay, more, the blind can become the most excellent teachers of seeing persons. I have seen a blind person manage a class of twelve seeing boys, to perfection; and what was astonishing, he had sufficient moral influence over them to keep them in the greatest order, and prevent them from playing those tricks, which boys will do when their master does not see them.'

'In the Berlin institution, as always must be the case in well regulated ones, great attention is paid to instructing the blind in music.'

'Blind persons can become as well qualified, as seeing persons, for many employments which are generally thought beyond their powers; they can teach languages, history, geography, mathematics, and many other sciences, perfectly well; I know not why they should not make first-rate counsellors, and think it possible they might fill the pulpit ably and usefully.'

'I have the pleasure of calling my friend, M. Rodenbach, member of the Belgian congress; a man who possesses great influence, and who often makes that house ring with original and *naïve* speeches; he is an agreeable orator, an active business man, and a graceful member of society, and yet has been stone blind from his childhood.'

'The Liverpool school, is remarkable for the very great degree of attention which is paid to the cultivation of the musical talents of the blind, and for their astonishing success in it. An idea may be had of their proficiency from the fact, that the product of their concerts, is about three thousand five hundred pounds annually.'

'I have often observed with a delighted eye, the movement of the blind boys in Paris, as they leave the institution to go to play; each grasps a cord held by a seeing boy, and follows him rapidly and unhesitatingly through the narrow streets, until they enter the immense "garden of plants," when, quitting the string, they run away among the trees, and frolic and play together, with all the zest and enjoyment of seeing children. They know every tree and shrub, they career up one alley and down another, they chase, catch, overthrow, and knock each other about, exactly like other boys, and to judge by their laughing

faces, their wild and unrestrained gestures, and their loud and hearty shouts, they partake equally the delightful excitement of boyish play.'

'It appears to me very probable, that the delicacy of health, so often the lot of the blind, is owing to the want of proper circulation of the blood; they being much of the time in a state of physical and mental rest.'

The New England institution, was incorporated by the legislature of Massachusetts, four years ago, and has lately gone into operation at Boston.

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MISS BETSEY B——.

I SAW lately, in a newspaper, the death of 'Miss Elizabeth B——.' The history of this singular individual was so extraordinary, that I cannot forbear communicating such portions of it to the ladies of my acquaintance, as come within my recollection. It has the advantage of being authentic, if not interesting—for the facts which I shall relate are notoriously true.

If you have ever stopped at the little old anterevolutionary city of A——, on your pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, perhaps I can recall her to your recollection, by her small, light, perpendicular form, her tasteful dress, her girl-like trip, her laughing blue eye, golden ringlets, smooth, delicately tinted cheek, coral lips, pearly teeth, rounded neck, small hands and feet, slim waist, beautiful bust, graceful motion, perfect mouth, and—in short, I have no doubt, you fell in love with her. I think I saw you one day, standing upon Newton's steps, watching her little form as it flitted in and out of the shops on King-street, and heard you say she was more like a real sylph, than any thing you had ever seen.

Well, sir, if I had told you that this little fairy was seventy-five years old, you would not have believed but that I was joking; but nevertheless, I should have spoken nothing but the naked truth. Long before the revolutionary war—oh, she must have been older, for at that time she was the belle of Williamsburg, the toast of Norfolk, and the barbacue of all that part of Virginia. Colonel H., whom Mrs. H. allows to be sixty-five years old, told me that when a boy, his uncle, old William H. of King and Queen, was near getting into a duel on her account, with major S. who died some years ago, of old age. In fact, there is no telling how old she was; her origin is not recorded. Like that of the pyramids, it rests solely upon tradition. My good sir,

she must have been more than seventy-five when you fell in love with her.

At the time of the capture of Cornwallis, she was in love with a young midshipman of the British navy, by the name of Gimbold, who made a narrow escape, by jumping into James river. After this, she remained single, in spite of various offers from several generations of men, down to the present time. Many are the hearts and souls, which, like Haji Baba's, have become roast-meat, for her sake. But the citadel of her affections remained firm. In vain was the raw recruit and the old veteran brought against it; the wall was closed up with the 'English dead.' Her heart was in the bottom of James river, with Thomas Gimbold.

But the most melancholy part of her death is, that the mystery of perpetual *rejuvenescence* has died with her. The whole case clearly proves, that a woman can keep a secret; and it establishes beyond a doubt, that she can make scientific discoveries. Nay, more, it proves that a woman can act upon principle, for had she disclosed her secret of eternal youth, the world would have been turned upside down. In the history of woman, an epoch, dreadful to imagine, would have arisen. We should not, thenceforth, have been able to distinguish our grandmothers, whom we may not marry. We should have fallen in love with our great-aunts. The old ladies, having more art than the young, would have had a decided advantage over them. A queen of May, might have had her great-great-grandmothers, for maids of honor. We should have had no respect for the aged. A bachelor, who had no particular fancy for octogenarians, would have been obliged to pray to the gods for help to enable him to distinguish them, and strength to resist their charms. When he thought himself the happy bridegroom of blooming nineteen, he would suddenly have found himself the unfortunate stepfather of five successive generations. But I will not dwell on the picture. It is sufficient, that Miss Betsey had the skill to discover, the constancy to preserve, so dangerous a secret; and she had her reward. She flourished in eternal youth. But like all great public benefactors, her motives and character were misunderstood, her memory was bitterly execrated by the old maids of the Old Dominion. Even when alive, she did not escape persecution. I have, when a boy, seen very respectable ladies of my aunt Abigail's acquaintance, work themselves up into a perfect agony, in speaking of her. 'She paints,' said Miss Coldcream; 'she powders,' observed Miss Starch; 'she has a false face,' exclaimed Miss Looking-glass; 'she sleeps in kid gloves,' shouted Miss Whale-



bone; 'she blankets herself,' shrieked Miss Magnesia; 'but her lips,' said Miss Vermillion; 'and her neck,' said Miss Powder-puff. Here Miss Whalebone fell into hysterics, and Miss Cold-cream began to foam at the mouth; and Miss Starch fainted. At length Miss Looking-glass, after a little reflection, spoke up; 'I'm determined,' said she, 'to find it out, if key-holes will serve my purpose; she shall come to my house and take the blue room, and keep it a fortnight; and then,' said she, while a buzz of applause went round the room, 'then we shall be mistresses of the greatest invention, that female ingenuity ever discovered. Then shall the whole army of bachelors yield, and the glorious company of unmarried men be subdued. Then shall our sex be respected, admired, adored!' Her enthusiasm was contagious. Miss Starch forgot her dignity, and clapped her hands. Miss Vermillion absolutely colored; Miss Powderpuff, for the first time in her life, showed her teeth, and Miss Whalebone, to my astonishment, capered about the room like a frolicsome child. But the secret was never discovered. Miss B. always dressed and undressed within the bed-curtains. At last, the opinion was advanced by Dr. Brown, that she changed her skin every spring, and that further inquiry was useless. Many thought this a *ruse* of the doctor's to keep his professional faith inviolate. But as he happens to be still alive, I will say no more upon that subject. 'He knows all about it!' said Miss Looking-glass, 'the vile wretch, he attended her through her last sickness. But he is an old bachelor, what can you expect of him?'

Alas, poor Miss Betsey! she fought long and manfully against time, but the old tyrant has conquered her at last. Peace to her shades! If I ever go back to Virginia, I shall surely make a visit to the spot, to see what the stone-cutter has put upon her tombstone.

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 CHANCE.

Lo! cries the sceptic, it is chance;  
 Still, still, it hovers o'er me;  
 And not a step can I advance,  
 But Fate trod there before me.

## ANSWER.

By Fortune may the straws be given  
 Wherewith the archway must be built  
 That alone leads to heaven;  
 But if the power you have's unused,  
 The precious privilege abused,  
 The opportunity refused,  
 Yours was the will, be yours the guilt.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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 EMIGRANT'S AND TRAVELLER'S GUIDE, THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI. Philadelphia: H. S. Tanner. 1832.

THIS work ought to have been noticed sooner, but it escaped our attention. The author, who has not disclosed his name, is known to us by reputation, as a gentleman of talent, ardently devoted to the best interests of our country; and he has certainly discharged his duty in the present undertaking with great fidelity. In selecting facts from a long list of writers, some of whom, by the by, are of rather doubtful authority, he has shown much research and discrimination. His compilation shows more care and accuracy than any other on the same subject, that we have examined, and may be safely recommended to those for whose benefit it was prepared. We are glad to see such a work from a man of genuine piety and honorable feelings, who has examined our country with benevolent views, and calmness of investigation, and describes it with frankness and honesty. A chapter on the climate and diseases of the 'great valley,' from the pen of Dr. Drake, of Cincinnati, is particularly valuable, as coming from a professional man of unquestionable talent and long experience.

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 ANNALS OF THE JEWISH NATION DURING THE PERIOD OF THE SECOND TEMPLE. New York: J. Leavitt.

A NEAT volume with the above title, has been laid on our table. It is enough to say that it is written by Dr. Alexander, of Princeton college. The object of the writer is, to furnish a chronological account of the Jewish nation, during the period embraced in his work. It will be found to be a valuable aid to the student of biblical history.

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 PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY ON THE MORE NORTHERN COASTS OF AMERICA. By PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, Esq.

THIS volume forms the fifty-third of Harpers' Family Library, and is one which we should suppose would be very acceptable to American readers. It is not precisely what its title indicates; but contains, in addition to an account of the 'progress of discovery,' a variety of information connected with the geology and natural history of that region, and of some parts of the United States, not lying upon 'the more northern coasts of America.' The volume, however, is fraught with valuable and entertaining matter, of a kind which ought to be familiarly known to every American citizen.

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 LIVES OF BANDITTI AND ROBBERS. By C. McFARLANE. Philadelphia: Key and Biddle.

WE particularly recommend this little volume to such of our friends as may happen to feel too comfortable, and desire to vary the monotony of quiet life, by a wholesome banquet of horrors. It is a neat, well-printed, bloody production, handsomely got up, and horribly interesting, containing biographical sketches of illustrious brigands, throughout the world. Here is a choice assortment of Calabrian, Spanish, Neapolitan,

Roman, Sicilian, German, English, Hungarian, East Indian, and Chinese cut-throats and buccaneers. A precious set of rascals! And why should not their histories be told, as well as those of Alexander and Cæsar, Napoleon and Wellington? If the latter, who shed oceans of blood in the prosecution of ambitious schemes for personal or national aggrandizement, deservedly occupy a splendid page in the great history of human crime, why should not the former be elevated to a similar, though it be a lower place, in the temple of fame? Some of these robber chiefs imitate the strut and language of the hero, with remarkable fidelity. We find one of them saying to a nobleman that he was about to plunder, 'You have nothing to fear, Signor Manchese, you are *in the hands of gentlemen*, faithful subjects of his majesty Ferdinand IV;' another assures his victims, while he is picking their pockets, that they may *depend on his honor*. Richard Sawkins, an English buccaneer, who shrunk from no deed of murder or rapine, 'once threw the dice overboard,' because his people used them on Sunday—an example worthy the imitator of better people; and John Watling, one of his successors, 'had a glimmering of devotion in his composition.'

One of the most instructive lessons to be gathered from such recitals as we find in this volume, is, that of gratitude to Providence for the peace and security that blesses our own country. Let any candid reader, after perusing this volume, turn his eyes to the placid scene of American society, and he cannot but feel a thrill of patriotic exultation—a joyous thrill of mingled content, love, and admiration. Throughout the whole of Europe and Asia, except a few favored spots, the people, besides being subjected to governmental cruelty and extortion, to the hollow mockery of religious establishments, and to the horrors of public wars, sweeping with desolating footsteps over their fairest regions, are continually harassed by lawless depredations and the most cruel deeds of violence, perpetrated by robbers. Let the American citizen read of the pickpockets, thieves, and highwaymen of Great Britain, and of the assassins of Italy, Spain, Naples, and Hungary, where a traveller pursues his journey at the peril of his life, and even the poor cottager sleeps in continual terror of the knife and the firebrand, and he cannot but rise from the perusal with renewed love for our republican institutions. Let it be remembered that we owe these blessings to the virtue and intelligence of the people; and that we have the power to make them perpetual by cultivating the social virtues, the useful arts, and gentle refinements of life—by raising up a high standard of patriotic duty and christian principle—by being loyal towards ourselves.

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A STATISTICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND POLITICAL HISTORY OF OHIO, with Sketches of its distinguished Pioneers, and Notes on the State of Society and Manners. By JOHN H. JAMES, of Urbana.

THE above is the title of a work in preparation, and which we are authorised to announce as forthcoming. Mr. James is favorably known in the literary circles of this city, as a gentleman of talents and industry, and one in whose fidelity the greatest confidence may be placed. The unexampled rapidity with which this state has advanced from a mere wilderness, to population and wealth, renders its history interesting and instructive; and it ought to be written now, while many of the pioneers are yet upon the scene. A more acceptable book could not be given to the public, than such a history, prepared with accuracy, and written with taste and vigor.

We publish in this number, a chapter of the history of Ohio, the writer of which has

promised to continue the subject. Having announced Mr. James' book, it is proper to say that he is not the writer of the sketches which have been politely furnished to us for publication, and which are from a highly gifted, but to us, unknown correspondent:

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FAMILY CABINET ATLAS. Philadelphia: Carey & Lea.

THIS is an American reprint from an English book, and is one of the most beautiful works that we have seen lately. It contains nearly one hundred maps, splendidly engraved and colored; and the representation of each country is accompanied by a table containing an alphabetical list of places, with the latitude and longitude of each:

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EXPOSITION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. By JAMES BAYARD.  
Philadelphia: Hogan & Thompson.

ALTHOUGH several works have been written on this subject, by men of great learning and ability, which are highly useful to professional men, and to those who have leisure and disposition to engage in this important study, it is believed that nothing has been attempted in the way of a short and simple exposition of the principles of the constitution, for the use of young persons, and others who may not have time or inclination for more extended study. Mr. Bayard has attempted to supply this want, and seems to have acquitted himself with success.

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PAMPHLETS.

A NUMBER of valuable and interesting pamphlets have reached us, which we have not room to notice in this number. But we are not the less indebted to the politeness of those from whom we received them. We have read with particular pleasure, two addresses of Dr. Lindsley, president of Nashville university, an eloquent and unwearying laborer in the great cause of education. We wish success to him, and all others who labor in this glorious field. It is the cause of patriotism, of benevolence, of humanity. It is supported by the dictates of nature, reason, and religion; and it *must* flourish.

As an evidence of the diffusion of knowledge, we mention with pleasure, that there arrived lately at Maysville, Kentucky, in one of the mail bags, thirty-five volumes, franked by members of congress, 'Free—Public Documents,' which, on inspection, proved to be a choice collection of history, novels, poetry, law, and cookery. It is obvious that some of the representatives of the people intend to spend the vacation in laying up a stock of literature, and in teaching their wives the valuable mysteries of the culinary art.

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## RECOMMENDATORY NOTICES.

### *From the National Banner.*

*Western Monthly Magazine.*—We have received the second number of this new periodical, and we cordially greet its punctual appearance. It is embellished with a spirited lithographic print, representing the western pioneer, DANIEL BOON, and contains a brief sketch of the character and history of that eccentric and remarkable adventurer. The other articles in this number are appropriate, judicious, and interesting. There is among them a very just commentary on the prevailing misapprehensions of the true character of the population of the west. We once more recommend this creditable work to the patronage of the reading portion of our community. We are happy to learn that it is rapidly gaining circulation, and is likely to be established on a permanent and successful basis. It is published in neat monthly numbers of convenient size, at the moderate and reasonable price of three dollars a year, in advance.

### *From the Louisville Herald.*

We have received the first number of the Western Monthly Magazine, published by Corey & Fairbank, of Cincinnati, and conducted by James Hall, Esq. In point of mechanical execution, it is equal to any similar work published in the eastern states, and its literary character such as to recommend it to the favorable consideration of the citizens of the west. The editor has long been known as one of our most accomplished writers, and one whose labors have been unceasingly directed to advance the reputation, and promote the interests of western literature. We trust his undertaking will be sustained by the liberality of the west.

### *From the Cleveland Advertiser.*

This work is intended to be a continuation of the Illinois Magazine, although from its situation, it will possess a greater advantage in acquiring an additional quantity of the talent and history of the western country. The two numbers before us are replete with interesting and instructive matter—such reading as comes within the comprehension of the western people, and that is calculated to give them a knowledge of passing events, with a history of the first settlement of the country, of the incidents that befel the pioneers, and the bloody scenes that ended eventually in the subjugation of the aborigines.

The western people have now a chance of sustaining a Magazine of the first order, located in the heart of the country, and just such an one as has long been wanted. If it fails for the want of support, the charge that has been preferred by our eastern brethren, that literature was at too low an ebb to warrant the establishing of a Magazine in the western country, will have been justly incurred.

### *From the Western Weekly Review.*

This is decidedly the best executed periodical hitherto got up west of the mountains, and with a gentleman of such unquestionable ability as Judge Hall for its conductor, it can hardly fail of meeting with the ample success it so abundantly deserves.

### *From the Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette.*

This work has not heretofore been noticed in the Gazette, because it was esteemed as an effort at home, which we might be prompted by our locality, to puff into notice. The two first numbers have gone abroad, and have been well received, and generously commended by those whose localities subject them to no imputation of favoritism. It gives me pleasure to bear testimony to the commendations it has received. Its literary matter is excellent; its mechanical execution every way respectable. The literati of the west—all in the west who would read and improve by reading, ought to patronize it; not so much for the work, as for themselves and their country.

### *From the Illinois Advocate.*

The typographical part of the work is quite as well executed as similar works from 'beyond the mountains,' and the matter, in our humble opinion, quite as well selected and interesting to the reader.

### *From the Hillsborough Gazette.*

So far as we have examined this number, it appears excellent, and will not suffer when placed in comparison with any of the eastern Monthlys. The printing is very neat.

## RECOMMENDATORY NOTICES, CONTINUED.

*From the Nashville Republican.*

The Illinois Monthly Magazine, of which the present work is a continuation, has been long and favorably known as a periodical creditable alike to the taste and ability displayed by its editor, and to the literature of the west, of which, we believe, it is the *sole* representative in the great world of reviews and magazines. In the January number, now before us, we recognize remarkable and unusual beauty and neatness of typographical execution, with a variety of articles which would amply reward the attention of the general reader. An agent is now in this state, soliciting subscribers to the work, and we can without hesitation recommend it to public patronage. Its intrinsic merit well entitles it to a liberal patronage, independent of its claims as a *western* publication.

*From the Classical Advertiser, Boston.*

The January number of this periodical has just reached us, and presents increased attractions. Although it has changed its name from 'The Illinois Monthly Magazine,' to 'The Western Monthly Magazine,' and has been transplanted from Vandalia to Cincinnati, we are happy to observe that it has not, and it need not change its editor—it is still conducted by the Hon. James Hall. Its new publishers, Corey & Fairbank, have given it a dress and style of typography, approaching the claims of its literary character; and we know not how the friends of taste and improvement can better expend three dollars per annum, than by purchasing the twelve times forty-eight octavo pages, offered in the Western Monthly.

*From the Independent Citizen, Belle Air, Md.*

We are called upon to pay a passing tribute to this very neat work, published at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Corey & Fairbank, and edited by James Hall, Esq. It is in continuation of the 'Illinois Monthly Magazine,' which had attained a high rank among the periodicals of our country, and stood foremost among those of the west.

*From the Cincinnati Daily Herald.*

The Western Monthly possesses a quality not always found in eastern periodicals. Whilst they are filled with light, airy, and useless matter, this work has nothing in it from which cannot be derived some useful instruction.

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## NEW ARRANGEMENT.

The continual increase of subscribers to this work, having rendered it difficult to supply *back numbers*, we have determined to divide the series for the year into two volumes, one to commence in January, and the other in July, to each of which we will supply a *title-page* and *index*. The advantage to new subscribers will be, that they will not be obliged to commence as far back as the January number, in order to get a complete volume. Our agents are requested to take subscribers hereafter, to commence with the next July number, unless the subscribers prefer taking the earlier numbers.

The liberal patronage of the public has induced us to contemplate some further improvements, which will be announced at an early period.

The stationary agents for this work will be allowed seventy-five cents for each new subscriber they obtain, and become responsible for; and ten per cent. for all money collected from other subscribers, and remitted to us. Any person who will procure four subscribers, and pay for them in advance, shall receive a copy gratis.

We take this opportunity to remind our subscribers, that the price of this work is three dollars, *if paid in advance*, or three dollars and fifty cents, at the close of the year. Intending to issue the numbers *punctually*, and to comply faithfully with our engagements to the public, we shall in all cases, *without exception*, insist on these terms, and require the additional fifty cents, whenever payment shall be delayed until the close of the year. We give this notice in time, in order that such of our subscribers as may choose to pay in advance, may do so, and that none may hereafter complain of us for adhering strictly to the terms announced in the prospectus, and on the covers.

In all cases where money is remitted to us by mail, *and the postage paid*, we take the risk of the mail on ourselves.

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Gaylord Bros.  
Makers  
Syracuse, N. Y.  
PAT. JAN 21, 1908

