

is also referred to, and with more respect we imagine than it deserves, as a well authenticated performance. Extracts are made from De Witt Clinton's Discourse before the New York Historical Society. This holds an important rank in the history of the Indians, particularly of that remarkable confederacy, the Five Nations ; it indicates a very thorough examination of the subject, and comprises a mass of knowledge rarely to be found in any single work of the same extent. Mr Duponceau's Essay on the Languages of the Indians, and Dr Jarvis's on their Religion, are both printed entire. Of Mr Duponceau's treatise it is enough to say, that it bears the strong marks of his copious and powerful mind, and if his enthusiasm and profound attainments in this department of study carry him farther than he can be followed by his less adventurous readers, it must be confessed, that he has thrown a charm over the subject, and opened a field of inquiry not less curious in itself, than flattering in the results, which it promises to the ardor of future research. Dr Jarvis's essay is valuable for its learning, for the novelty of its inquiries, and for some just and discriminating views which it contains. But the author is trammelled by a theory, which embarrasses rather than elucidates his subject ; he strives to find analogies between the religion of the Israelites and of the Indians, and by this slender thread he traces back their origin so far as to convince himself, that 'they must have been among the earliest emigrants of the descendants of Noah.' If he had omitted his theory, and been contented with plain facts, judiciously arranged as they now are, the value of his performance would have been in no degree diminished. The three abovementioned treatises by Mr Clinton, Mr Duponceau, and Dr Jarvis, as far as they go, are among the best accounts now extant of the North American Indians. A philosophical history of this singular people, drawn from all the materials which can be obtained, would supply a new link in the broken chain of human knowledge, and carry the mind one step farther in the great study of man.

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4.—*Private Correspondence of William Cowper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends.* 12mo. pp. 312. Wells and Lilly. Boston. 1824.

WE hardly know in what terms to add our expression of the satisfaction we have felt in the publication of this volume, to that which has been so generally uttered. It is an acquisition to our stores of entertainment and instruction at once so unexpected and delightful, that if we should follow our inclination alone, and the fertility of the subject, we should not soon be weary of remarking

upon it. We do not know that the letters in this volume are any of them superior, in their peculiarly engaging manner, to those which have been formerly published; but they can hardly be thought to fall below them, and will be found full of the same exquisite ease and unrivalled playfulness, which gave the predecessors so great a charm. Those to Mrs King especially possess an unequalled fascination, and are of themselves sufficient to ensure a hearty welcome to the book, and to confirm the author's claim to the first place in the catalogue of epistolary writers.

The letters to Mr Newton, sometimes quite as sportive and humorous, are generally more grave, sometimes melancholy, always free and frank, letting us more intimately into the recesses of his feelings, and introducing us to the real state of his soul. These letters are frequent in the deepest and most touching pathos; and more instructive to the student of human nature and human character than all the others; painful from the disclosures they make of the miserable servitude and tremendous terrors in which his spirit dwelt, harassed by the most appalling doubts, which sometimes drove him to despair, and kept him always covered in a dismal darkness, from the midst of which his pleasantry and wit break forth in perpetual flashes, that startle you from a sense of their incongruity with his situation, while yet they charm you from their nature and truth; delighting you with the loveliness and frankness they exhibit, while you weep that so fair and beautiful a soul should be so enveloped in wretchedness. Some of these were necessary to enable us fully to understand the character and effects of his malady; and some of them had probably been suppressed by Hayley, because they exhibit proof of a galling dominion held over his timid spirit by Newton, who seems from several passages here not to have had that forbearance and tenderness, in the exercise of his spiritual guardianship, which the peculiar situation of his friend demanded; but rather to have aimed at increasing the sensitiveness of a conscience already tender to insanity, and to have sought to maintain by spiritual severity that influence, which other keepers exert over their unfortunate patients by blows and chains. This was a great error in Newton, into which we can hardly understand how such a man could fall. It doubtless had its effect in aggravating the malady, which nothing probably could have cured, and which nothing but the most indulgent kindness could alleviate.

There is probably now no man of letters, not even excepting Dr Johnson, whose history and character are more intimately and minutely known than those of Cowper. Johnson has been portrayed to the world in all his dimensions of greatness and littleness, in his own familiar conversation reported by his 'faithful chronicler' Boswell. Cowper has been no less faithfully made known by his own

letters, which open to us, with the most obvious and unsuspecting frankness, his opinions, his feelings, his whims, his history, and his whole heart. All his writings indeed speak of their author. He is identified with them. They disclose his features on every page. The poet and the man are one, and are seen to be one. This is one cause of the interest with which his works are read, as if they were a collection of anecdotes respecting the man's feelings and the operation of his mind, a sort of autobiography. This imparts to his verse the charm of truth and personality, which belongs to his letters, and again throws over his letters the fascinating beauty of poetry. They are but different modes of expressing the same soul; and while the language lasts they will be read with similar interest and delight, as twin productions of the same mind.

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5.—*Sketch of Connecticut Forty Years since.* 12mo. pp. 278.  
O. D. Cooke and Sons. Hartford. 1824.

THE great and incurable fault of this novel is the want of a story. The incidents are neither few nor badly conceived, but they are hung together so loosely and disjointedly, that he must be a patriotic lover of Connecticut and its scenery, of its rocky shores and proverbial habits, who can go resolutely through the whole volume without misgiving or weariness. With the best disposition to be pleased, and no common feelings of attachment to a part of the country, which no one can once have known without desiring always to cherish the remembrance of its peculiarities, we confess that we have found the entire perusal of the book by no means a lightsome task. And yet there are good things, and these not a few; but they are too often crudely imagined, and unskillfully assorted.

It does not seem to us, that the author's descriptions apply to Connecticut forty years ago, any more than at present. The scene of some of the tales of war and woe are laid back at that time, but everything which impresses the characteristic features of a people bears the stamp of a more modern date. The sailor's wife, Mrs Rawson, and Farmer Larkin, are the best drawn characters, and give the truest representation of the humbler classes of society in Connecticut. The episodes about Arnold and Champé want the indispensable requisite of novelty to give them interest. They are common events of history, and better told in other places. There is much value in the author's remarks on the now scattered tribe of the Mohegan Indians, which have the air of historical accuracy, and which communicate a melancholy pleasure to the mind, whose musings are on the mutability of the human condition, and the fragile thread by which are sustained the power, and fortunes, and