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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. XXII. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea.—This is a good number. Those who think it indispensable that an American Review should only or mainly treat of American topics, will consider it a very good number,—for of the nine articles it contains, all but two are domestic subjects. *Art. I*, on "the public domain," discusses in a brief and popular manner the title of the federal government in this domain, and examines and rejects the proposition of the Secretary of the Treasury, for the division, after the payment of the debt, of the public lands among the several states. It is a sound article, right in its reasonings and right in its conclusions. *Art. II* is devoted to "Flint's history and geography of the Mississippi Valley," and deservedly extols that work, not the least among the valuable products of the teeming West. It has reached a second edition, and it will, we may hope, become better known on our Atlantic border by the discriminating notice taken of it in this Review. To those unacquainted with Mr. Flint's style we offer the following extract as a favorable specimen, and as presenting at the same time a bright and cheering picture of the future prospects of the great country he is describing—the Mississippi Valley:

From the general fertility of the soil, and the abundance with which it yields all the supplies of life; from the comparative rareness and small proportion of sterile, mountainous and marshy lands, that cannot be easily brought into cultivation; no thinking mind can have failed to foresee, that this country must and will ultimately sustain a great and dense population of farmers. Taking into view soil, climate, and the means of easy communication, the most material and natural elements upon which to calculate, in regard to future increase of population, and no country can be found which invites increase more strongly than ours. In half a century, the settled parts of it will, probably, have become as healthy as any other country. In that lapse of time, it can hardly be sanguine to calculate, that by improving the navigation of the existing rivers, by the numerous canals which will be made, in aid of what nature has already done, in a region where there are no mountains and few high hills, and no intermixture of refractory granite; where the rivers, which rise almost in the same level, interlock, and then wind away in opposite directions; where from these circumstances, and the absence of granite hills, canals can be made with comparative ease; that the country will be permeated in every direction, either by steamboats or sea vessels towed by them, or by transport conducted by Railroad power. No country, it is generally supposed here, can be found, which contains so great a proportion of cultivable and habitable land, compared with the whole extent of its surface. Humboldt, so well qualified to judge by comparison, has pronounced it the largest valley in the world. It has a less proportion of swamps, sterile plains, and uncultivable mountains, than any other region of the same extent. When it shall have been inhabited as long as Massachusetts and Virginia, what limit can imagination assign to its population and improvement?

No one can fail to have foreseen, at this time of the day, that the period is not far distant, when the greater mass of the population of our country will be on this side the mountains. We would not desire, in anticipation, to vex the question, where the centre of our national government will then be? We are connected already with the Atlantic country by noble roads. We shall shortly be connected with the Hudson, Delaware, and Chesapeake bays, by navigable canals. A Railroad between Baltimore and the Ohio is in rapid progress, and thousands have traveled on the first completed section. Our different physical conformation of country, and the moral circumstances of our condition, have assigned to us, as we think, agriculture as our chief pursuit. Suppose manufactures to flourish among us to the utmost extent, which our most honest and earnest patriots could desire, and we should still, as we think, find ourselves bound by the ties of a thousand wants, to the country north and east of the mountains. The very difference of our physical and moral character contributes to form a chain

of mutual wants, holding us to that region by the indissoluble tie of mutual interest. At present, the passage of the mountains, formerly estimated by the Atlantic people something like an India voyage, and not without its dangers, as well as its difficulties, is no more than a trip of pleasure of two or three days. We shall soon be able to sail, at the writing desk, or asleep, from New Orleans, Fort Mandan, or Prairie du Chien, through the interior forests to the beautiful bay of New York. The time is not distant, when the traveled citizen of the other side the mountains will not be willing to admit, that he has not taken an autumnal or vernal trip of pleasure, or observation, from Pittsburg to New Orleans. The landscape painter and the poet will come among us to study and admire our forest, river and prairie scenery, and to derive ideas from contemplating the grandeur and the freshness of our nature.

For us, as a people, we look over the mountains, and connect our affections with the parent country beyond, by the strong ties of natal attachment; for there, to the passing generation at least, was the place of their birth. There still live our fathers and our brethren. There are the graves of our ancestors; and there are all the delightful and never forgotten remembrances of our infancy and our boyhood. We have hitherto been connected to that country by looking to it exclusively for fashions, models and literature. The connexion will remain, not as we hope, a slavish one; for duty, interest, and self-respect imperiously call upon us to set up for ourselves, in these respects, as far as possible. But as younger members of the family, thrust into the woods, to give place to those who had the rights of primogeniture, and obliged to find our subsistence by cutting down the trees, we have as yet had but little leisure to think of anything beyond the calls of necessity, and the calculation of immediate interest and utility. As soon as we have the leisure for higher purposes, we shall be unworthy of our family alliance, if we do not immediately institute a friendly rivalry in these respects, which will be equally honourable and useful for each of the parties. We know our rights, and we are able to maintain them. It is only the little uneducated and puny, that allow themselves to indulge in a causeless and fretful jealousy. There must be a real, palpable and continued purpose to undervalue us, and curtail our rights, and arrest our advancement and prosperity, before we would allow ourselves to remember our great chain of mountains, and our world by itself. Our patriotism has been tampered with, more than once, even in our infancy. We came forth with honor from every trial. Every link of the golden, and, we hope, perpetual chain of the Union, will be grasped as firmly by the citizens of the West, as of the Atlantic. We flatter ourselves, that we have had uncommon chances to note the scale of the western thermometer, in this respect. We have every where seen and felt a spirit, which has given us the assurance of conviction, that the popularity of that demagogue would be blasted, and would wither forever, who should for a moment manifest the remotest incipient wish to touch the chain of this Union with an unhallowed hand. The interests and affections of the western people hold to that, as strongly, and as proudly, to say no more, as those of the East. From time to time, demagogues will spring up, and atrocious and unprincipled editors will be found, to meditate any thing, and to dare to inculcate, and write, and publish what they meditate. But the strength and virtue of the community will never bear them out.

Wherever attempts may be made to disaffect, alienate, and sever one section of this great Union from the rest, may God avert the omen! that attempt will not commence with us. They may reproach us with being rough, untrained, and backwoods men. But as a people we are strong for the Union, and the whole Union. Every true son of the West will join in the holiest aspirations, "*esto perpetua.*" May it last as long as the sun and moon shall endure.

Art. III, on Lord Dover's life of Frederick the Second, is well written and interesting, and without discriminating in its praise and its censure of the biographer and his hero, though, perhaps—and we say even that with hesitation—a little too excessive in its admiration of the abilities and achievements of Frederick. His was undoubtedly the great spirit of the Eighteenth Century, and as a statesman, a scholar, a warrior, and a king, he had then no equals, and possibly has had no superior. His career, however, is familiar to most readers; we pass on, therefore,

after making a single extract, which enhances at once the abhorrence all must feel at the insane barbarity of Frederick's father, and our opinion of the warm and generous attachments of Frederick himself. *Katé*, referred to in the extract, was the friend and confidant of Frederick, of great promise and accomplishments, and not more than 22 years of age. Detected in having co-operated with Frederick in the attempt of the latter to escape from his father's brutal tyranny, by flight to England, he was condemned to death as Frederick himself had previously been. The life of the Prince was saved by the intercession of Austria, but he was imprisoned at Custring, and that fortress was, with fiendlike malignity, selected for the scene of *Katé's* execution, which, by his father's positive command, Frederick was to be compelled to witness.

The story is thus told by Lord Dover:

Katt arrived at Custring on the evening of the 5th of November, and early the next morning he was led to the scaffold. On the preceding day, Frederick, having been first dressed in a coarse prison dress, similar to that which had been given to *Katt*, was transferred by the General Lepel, the governor of Custring, and the president Munchow, who had the charge of him, from the apartment he had previously occupied, to one on a lower floor, looking into the court of the fortress, where he found his bed prepared. At his first entrance the curtains of the windows were let down, so as to prevent his seeing into the court: but at a signal given they were drawn up, and discovered to the astonished and agitated Frederic, a scaffold hung with black, and on a level with the window, which had been enlarged and its bars removed. Upon beholding this preparation, Frederic became convinced that his own death was determined upon, and passed the night under this delusion in a very agreeable manner.—Nor were his feelings much relieved, when early in the morning, Lepel and Munchow returned to him, and undecieved him with regard to himself, but informed him that, according to the peremptory and express orders of his barbarous father, he was to witness the execution of his friend.

In the meanwhile Schenk had also informed *Katt* of the trial that awaited him. 'Try,' said he, 'to preserve your firmness, my dear *Katt*. A dreadful trial awaits you; you are now at Custring, and you are about to see the prince royal.' 'Say rather,' replied *Katt*, 'that I am going to have the greatest consolation that could be given to me.' So saying, he mounted the scaffold, while four grenadiers were employed in holding the unhappy Frederic with his face towards the window. He wished to cast himself out of it, but was kept back by those about him. 'I conjure you,' said he, 'in God's name, to retard the execution. I will write to the king that I am ready to renounce all my rights to the crown, if he will pardon *Katt*.' He would have said more upon this subject, but Munchow stopped his mouth with his handkerchief. When he was again permitted to speak, he cried out, 'It makes me most miserable, my dear *Katt*, to think that I am the cause of your death. Would to God that I were in your place?'—'Ah sir,' replied *Katt*, 'if I had a thousand lives I would willingly sacrifice them for you.' The executioner now attempted to put a bandage over the eyes of *Katt*, which the latter resisted; then lifting up his eyes to heaven, he cried out, 'My God, I render up my soul into thy hands!' At the same instant his head, which was cut off at a single blow, rolled upon the scaffold, while his arms mechanically stretched themselves towards the window where the prince royal had been stationed; but he was there no longer, having fallen in a deep swoon into the arms of his attendants. Upon recovering from this after some hours, he found himself still at the window, and in full view of the gory corpse of his friend! Such had been the express orders of a father, who was so but in name. A second swoon was the consequence of the sight.

Art. IV on the Tariff Question, is an able exposition of the Free Trade argument. *Art. V*, treats of high literature; and in reviewing the *Oxford Prize Essays*, discourses, in scholarlike terms, of the unfading attractions and advantages of classical literature. *Art. VI*, taking Colonel Bouchette's topographical and statistical work on the British North American Colonies, and the papers officially communicated by the President to Congress, on the subject of the disputed territory in Maine, as its