

breeze, chanting forth wild snatches from the Indian death song. It was a sight to hush commotion. Far distant they beheld Honwee in a canoe with Oneyuta by his side, swiftly skimming along the surface of the lake towards the falls. — When sufficiently near to prevent the possibility of being intercepted, Honwee rose and flung his oars away. The current was rapidly impelling them forward. The multitude upon the hill by one common impulse shouted forth 'Astonroga!' Honwee stood erect with his face to the falls: — With one arm he fondly pressed the unshrinking Oneyuta to his bosom, whilst with the other he proudly waved defiance to the Mohawks, and exclaimed in the impassioned tones of deep excitement.

'The Mohawks are cowards and slaves? — Honwee is a true warrior of the Turtle? Where are those who would have enslaved Oneyuta? — The knife of Honwee is red with their blood! — The daughter of Hognawah shall never wed the Oneida? Astonroga shall be the bridal bed of Honwee and Oneyuta!' The canoe had reached the Falls. It hung poised and trembling for a moment on the brink — and the next was dashed, with its precious freight, headlong upon Astonroga. The fragments were whirled away by the current, and the waters foamed and boiled high above the final resting of Honwee and Oneyuta. — A fearful yell of mingled rage and consternation, and bitter wailing, burst from the wild group upon the hill — ran along the cliffs — and all was still.'

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIOLENT DEATHS OF DISTINGUISHED WRITERS OF ANTIQUITY.

By a strange fatality, a great proportion of the illustrious writers of antiquity were prematurely cut off from existence. Euripides and Heraclitus were torn to pieces by dogs. Theocritus ended his career by the halber. Empedocles was last in the crater of mount Ætna. Hesiod was murdered by his secret enemies. Archilocus and Ibycus by banditti. Sappho threw herself from a precipice. Æschylus perished by the fall of a tortoise from the claws of an eagle. Anacreon (as might be expected) owed his death to the juice of the vine. Cratinus and Terence experienced the same fate with Menander, who was drowned. Seneca and Lætan were condemned to death by

a tyrant, cut their veins and died repeating their own verses; and Petronius Arbiter met a similar catastrophe. Lucretius, it is said, wrote under the dominion of a philtre administered by his mistress, and destroyed himself from its effects. Poison, though swallowed under very different circumstances, cut short the days of both Socrates and Demosthenes; and Cicero fell under the proscription of the triumvirate. It is truly wonderful that so many men, professed votaries of peace and retirement, should have met with fate so widely different from that to which the common casualties of life should seem to expose them. Philemon died of laughter. Entering a room to eat figs, he found an ass leisurely devouring them one by one; to complete the repast he ordered a slave to present a goblet of wine to his long-cared guest. The ridiculous effect provoked so violent a fit of laughter, that he was suffocated in the struggle.

GRADATIONS OF DRUNKENNESS.

There is a Rabbinical tradition related by Fabricius, that when Noah planted the vine, Satan attended and sacrificed a sheep, a lion, an ape, and a sow. These animals were to symbolise the gradations of ebriety. When a man begins to drink he is meek and ignorant as the lamb; then becomes as the lion; his courage is soon transformed into the foolishness of the ape; and at last he wallows in the mire like the sow.

EXCESS IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

The principal end why we are to get knowledge here is to make use of it for the benefit of ourselves and others in this world: but if by gaining it we destroyed our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if by harassing our bodies, we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch, which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help, which, in a state of wealth, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold and silver and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.