

ruffian character—they first demanded their money, and then murdered them), *we will thoroughly exterminate them*, and settle your excellency in the country." The extermination was conducted to the letter, as agreed, as far as was in their power. The Rohillas defended themselves most gallantly; but were overpowered,—and their chief, and upwards of a hundred thousand people fled to the mountains. The whole country lay at the mercy of the allies, and the British officers themselves declared that perhaps never were the rights of conquest more savagely abused. Colonel Champion, one of them, says in a letter of June 1774, published in the Report alluded to below, 'the inhumanity and dishonour with which the late proprietors of this country and their families have been used, is known all over these parts. A relation of them would swell this letter to an enormous size. I could not help compassionating such unparalleled misery, and my requests to the Vizir to show lenity were frequent, but as fruitless as even those advices which I almost hourly gave him regarding the destruction of the villages; with respect to which he always promised fair, but did not observe one of his promises, nor cease to overspread the country with flames, till three days after the fate of Hafez Ramet was decided.' The Nabob had frankly and repeatedly assured Hastings that his intention was to *exterminate* the Rohillas, and every one who bore the name of Rohilla was either butchered, or found his safety in flight and in exile. Such were the diabolical deeds into which our government drove the native princes by their enormous exactions, or encouraged them in, only in the end to enslave them the more.—pp. 234—236.

Every Englishman is familiar with the names of Lord Clive, Warren Hastings, and the present Marquis Wellesley. These are the great heroes of our Indian wars, of whose military enterprises and political sagacity we are accustomed to hear so much. Our nefarious system attained its maturity under the administration of the last of these governors, and has been characterised in every stage of its progress by an utter disregard of human happiness and life. It has been a compound of ambition and of avarice,—of the lust of riches and the lust of power. The merchant and the soldier, the needy adventurer and the crafty statesman, have combined to enrich and dignify themselves at the cost of the suffering millions of India. But we must not dwell on this topic. The subsequent chapters of Mr. Howitt's volume (excepting the twentieth, the twenty-fourth, and the twenty-fifth, the first of which reviews the conduct of the French, and the other two, that of the United States) are devoted to a review of our procedure towards the Indians of America, the Hottentots and Caffres of South Africa, and the Aborigines of New Holland, and of the Islands of the Pacific. As we purpose shortly directing the attention of our readers specifically to the case of South Africa, we shall not dwell on these concluding chapters. We cannot, however, dismiss the volume without expressing our deep sense of its value, and of the service its publication will render to the cause of humanity. Its appearance at this critical moment is most opportune. It is just such a volume as was needed, such as the existing state of the public mind called for, and as is adapted,—eminently adapted—to make a deep and lasting impression. It breathes the healthful tone of the pure English spirit, ennobled in its character, and widened in its sympathy, by the influence of the Christian Faith. The following passage in which honorable testimony is borne to the labors of Christian missionaries in South Africa is not more eloquent than just:—

'Let our profound statesmen, who go on from generation to generation fighting and maintaining armies, and issuing commands, look at this, and see how infinitely simple men, with but one principle of action to guide them—Christianity—outdo them in their own profession. They are your missionaries, after all the boast and pride of statesmanship, who have ever yet hit upon the only true and sound policy even in a worldly point of view; who, when the profound statesmen have turned men into miserable and exasperated savages, are obliged to go and again turn them from savages to men,—who, when these wise statesmen have spent their country's money by millions, and shed blood by oceans, and find troubles and frontier wars, and frightful and fire-blackened deserts only growing around—go, and by a smile and a shake of the hand, restore peace, replace these deserts by gardens and green fields, and hamlets of cheerful people; and instead of involving you in debt, find you a market with 200 to 500 per cent. profit!

'It was apparent,' says Captain Stockenström, 'to every man, that if it had not been for the influence which the missionaries had gained over the Griquas we should have had the whole nation down upon us. What a humiliation to the pride of political science, to the pride of so many *soi-disant* statesmen, that with so many ages of experience to refer to, and with such stupendous powers as European statesmen have now in their hands, a few simple preachers should still have to show them the real philosophy of government, and to rescue them from the plundering and ruinous positions in which they have continually placed themselves with uneducated nations! 'If these Griquas had come down upon us,' continues Captain Stockenström, 'we had no force to arrest them; and I have been informed, that since I left the colo-

ny, the government has been able to enter into a sort of treaty with the chief Waterboer, of a most beneficial nature to the Corannas and Griquas, themselves, as well as to the safety of the northern frontier.'—pp. 440, 441.

SHE LIVED IN BEAUTY.

BY W. T. MONCRIEFF.

She lived in beauty, like a flower
That blooms uncult'd in some lone bower,
Breathing around a fragrance rare
To charm and sanctify the air.

She lived in beauty, like some gem
Set in a monarch's diadem,
Shedding around a radiance bright,
At once to dazzle and delight.

But as the flower, when plucked, is gone,
And as the gem, struck, in its pride,
Is crushed, though late so bright it shone—
So she, alas! in beauty died!

She lived in beauty, like some star
That shines in summer-night afar,
As if it loved those realms of peace
Which bid all earthly turmoils cease.
She breathed in beauty, like some song,
Oft heard the greenwood shades among—
A gladness formed to charm—to cheer—
To fancy and to Memory dear!

But as the meteor falls to earth,
And as the song, to heaven allied,
Fleets in the moment of its birth,
So she, alas! in beauty died!

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THE QUAKERS AND THE INDIANS.

'While the Friends retained the government of Pennsylvania it was governed without an army, and was never assailed by a single enemy. The Indians retained their firm attachment to them; and, more than a century afterwards, after the government of the state had long been resumed to England, and its old martial system introduced there, when civil war broke out between the colonies and the mother country, and the Indians were instigated by the mother to use the tomahawk and the scalping-knife against the children, using—according to their own language, which so roused the indignation of Lord Chatham—"every means which God and Nature had put into her power," to destroy or subdue them,—these Indians, who had laid waste the settlements of the colonists with fire, and drenched them in blood, remembered the treaty with the sons of Onas, AND KEPT IT INVOLATE!—They had no scruple to make war with the other colonists, for they had not been scrupulous in their treatment of them, and they had many an old score to clear off; but they had always found the Friends the same,—their friends and the friends of peace, and they revered in them the sacred principles of faith and amity. Month after month the Friends saw the destruction of their neighbours' houses and lands; yet they lived in peace in the midst of this desolation. They heard at night the shrieks of the victims of the red men's wrath, and they saw in the morning where slaughter had reached neighbouring hearths, and where the bloody scalp had been torn away; but their houses remained untouched. Every evening the Indians came from their hidden lairs in the woods, and lifted the latches of their doors, to see if they remained in full reliance on their faith, and then they passed on. Where a house was secured with lock or bolt, they knew that suspicion had entered, and they grew suspicious too. But, through all that bloody and disgraceful war, only two Friends were killed by the Indians; and it was under these circumstances: A young man, a tanner, had gone from the village where he lived to his tan-yard, at some distance, through all this period of outrage. He went and came daily, without any arms, with his usual air of confidence, and therefore in full security. The Indians from thickets beheld him, but they never molested him. Unfortunately, one day he went as usual to his business, but carried a gun on his arm. He had not proceeded far into the country, when a shot from the bush laid him dead. When the Indians afterwards learned that he was merely carrying the gun to kill birds that were injuring his corn, 'Foolish young man,' they said; 'we saw him carry arms, and we inferred that he had changed his principles.'

'The other case was that of a woman. She had lived in a village which had been laid waste, and most of the inhabitants killed, by the Indians. The soldiers, from a fort not far off, came, and repeatedly intreated her to go into the fort, before she experienced the same fate as her neighbours. For a long time she refused, but at length fear entered her mind, and she went with them. In the fort, however, she became wretched. She considered that she had abandoned the principles of peace, by putting herself under the protection of arms. She felt that she had cast a slander on the hitherto inviolate faith of the Indians, which might bring most disastrous consequences on other Friends who yet lived in the open country on the faith of the Indian integrity. She therefore determined to go out again, and return to her own house. She went forth, but had scarcely reached the first thicket when she was shot by the Indians, who now looked upon her as an enemy, or at least as a spy.

These are the only exceptions to the perfect security of Friends through all the Indian devastations in America; for wherever there were Friends, any tribe of Indians felt bound to recognize the sons of Father Onas: they would have been ashamed to injure an unarmed man, who was unarmed because he preserved peace as the command of the Great Spirit. It was during this war that the very treaty made with Penn was shown by the Indians to some British officers, being preserved by them with the most sacred care, as a monument of a transaction without a parallel, and equally honourable to themselves as to the Friends.—William Howitt.

INDIAN SCALP DANCE.—The following description of an Indian scalp dance is extracted from Mr. Schoolcraft's *Journey to the Source of the Mississippi*:—

Among the mixed group of men, women, and children, who, from the Indian village, thronged our encampment, I observed a widow of a Chippewa warrior, who was killed a few weeks previous, in the fray of the Leech Lake war party, in the Sioux country. She was accompanied by her children, and appeared dejected. I asked one of the Indians who her husband was, and where she resided; in answer to which he said, that she resided at the village; and that her husband, who was a brave warrior, went, on the call of the Leech Lake Chief, with a number of volunteers, to join a party consisting of about a hundred, led by the Gouille Plai. Having met the enemy south of the head of Leaf River, an action took place, the result of which was, that they took three scalps on the field, and lost but one, who was the husband of the widow. After the action had continued some time, with frequent changes of position, the enemy having fled to a village for a reinforcement, the Chippewas took this opportunity to retreat: and, after a consultation, returned, bringing back the three scalps, as memorials of their prowess. These trophies, having been exhibited in the customary dances at Leech Lake, one of them was forwarded to Oza Windibs' band, to undergo a like ceremony, after which it was presented to the widow. It was now exhibited by the young men on her behalf, for the purpose of soliciting alms. It was exhibited with all the circumstances of barbarian triumph. Shouts and dancing, intermingled with the sounds of the rattle and the Indian drum, formed the conspicuous traits of the scene; while short harangues terminated by a general shout, filled up the pauses of the dance. On a neighbouring eminence, near some bark enclosures, which marked the locality of a Chippewa burial-ground, was erected a sort of triumphal arch, consisting of bent and tied sapplings, from which depended an object that was said to be the remains of decaying scalps, which every time it waved, seemed to give a new impulse to the shouting of the crowd that surrounded it. The widow and her children, as well as the whole group of spectators, Canadians, and Indians, appeared to regard the ceremony with much interest. During the brief pause which separated each dance, presents were thrown in for the benefit of the widow.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.—A blind man having contracted a violent passion for a certain female, married her, contrary to the advice of all his friends, who told him that she was exceedingly ugly. A celebrated physician at length undertook to restore him to sight. The blind man, however, despised his assistance. "If I should recover my sight," said he, "I should be deprived of the love I have for my wife, which alone renders me happy." "Man of God," replied the physician, "tell me, which is of the most consequence to a rational being, the attainment of happiness, or the attainment of truth?"

SPINSTERS.—Some of our fair readers, perhaps, are ignorant of the origin of this term: will they allow us to enlighten them? Among our industrious and frugal ancestors, it was a maxim that a young woman should never be married until she had spun herself a set of body, table and bed linen. From this custom, all unmarried women were termed spinsters—an appellation which they still retain in all law proceedings.

IMPORTANCE OF ECONOMY IN TRIFLES.—Two commercial men were lately disputing about the extent and importance of the houses which they represented, when one adduced as an instance of the extent of the correspondence of "his house," the fact that they saved two hundred pounds a year in ink by not putting strokes across the t's. "Oh," said the other, "that is nothing; our house saves upwards of three hundred pounds a year by not putting dots over the i's."

BURNS AND WOMEN.—Burns was a sort of male coquette, his desire to please women, and to gain their notice, never slept, and on this subject he betrayed too much vanity in his conversation. He found beauty in many of those to whom he paid attention, which was solely created by his own imaginations. His earnestness of manner, and the power of his eye, made him a general favourite with females. Many of his songs were on the lips, and in the heart of every Caledonian nymph. The knowledge of this fact seemed to please him more than any other subject of his ambition.