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# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XLIII.]

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 27, 1836.

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## TRAVELS

### ILLUSTRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread Paul preached unto them, ready to depart on the morrow: and continued his speech until midnight. And there were many lights in the upper chamber, where they were gathered together. And there sat in a window a certain young man named Eutychus, being fallen into a deep sleep: and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead. Acts. xx. 7-9.

The house in which I am at present living, says Mr Jowett during his residence in Greece, gives what seems to be a correct idea of the scene of Eutychus's falling from the upper loft while St. Paul was preaching. According to our idea of houses the scene is very far from intelligible; and, besides this, the circumstance of preaching generally leaves on the minds of cursory readers the notion of a church. To describe this house, which is not many miles distant from the Troad, and perhaps, from the unchanging character of oriental customs, nearly resembles the houses then built, will fully illustrate the narrative. On entering my host's door, we find the first floor entirely used as a store; it is filled with large barrels of oil, the produce of the rich country for many miles round. This space, so far from being habitable, is sometimes so dirty with the dripping of the oil, that it is somewhat difficult to pick out a clean footing from the door to the first step of the staircase. On ascending, we find the first floor consisting of an humble suite of rooms, not very high. These are occupied by the family for their daily use. It is, on the next story that all their expense is lavished. Here my courteous host has appointed my lodging. Beautiful curtains and mats, and cushions to the divan, display the respect with which they mean to receive their guest. Here, likewise, their splendour, being at the top of the house, is enjoyed by the poor Greek with more retire-

ment, and less chance of molestation from the intrusion of Turks. Here, when the professors of the college waited upon me, to pay their respects, they were received in ceremony and set at the window. The room is both higher and also larger than those below. It has two projecting windows: and the whole floor is so much extended in front beyond the lower part of the building, that the projecting window considerably overhangs the street. In such an upper room, secluded, spacious, and commodious, St. Paul was invited to preach his parting discourse. The divan, or raised seats, with mats or cushions, encircles the interior of each projecting window and I have remarked, that when the company is numerous, they sometimes use large cushions behind the company seated in the divan; so that a second tier of company, with their feet upon the seat of the divan, are sitting behind higher than the front row. Eutychus, thus sitting, would be on a level with the open window; and being overcome with sleep, he would easily fall out from the third loft of the house, into the street, and be almost certain, from such a height, to lose his life. Thither St. Paul went down, and comforted the alarmed company by bringing up Eutychus alive. It is noted, that 'there were many lights in the upper chamber.' The very great plenty of oil in this neighbourhood would enable them to afford many lamps; and the heat of these and so much company would cause the drowsiness of Eutychus, at that late hour; and be the occasion, likewise, of the windows being open.

### ALGIERS.

As the great charm to a stranger is the picturesque variety of its population, you must put up with my describing its diverse races. Of these, the Jews are a race that are surpassed by no other in usefulness and industry. Their appearance and dress are so familiar to us in Europe, that I need not portray them

particularly.—Most of the richer, and even some of the middling class dress like Europeans; the poorer men retain their scriptural beards, with a vest and small clothes like that of the Moors, and a calot in place of a turban. The Rabins and other persons in authority among their brethren also retain the Israelitish costume. Their women are not veiled like the Moresses, but surpass them in affectation of finery. A gilt wire cap, slanting back from their heads to the length of at least a yard gives them the appearance of dragon-flies. The Moresses, I am told, spare the black beauty of their eye-brows; but the Jewesses stain theirs, like their hair, with hanna, to the frightful resemblance of a red cow's tail. At the end of last week was concluded a great festival of the Jews, which is celebrated here with more joyousness than in Europe. It is a fete—so I was told by one of the Rabbin—in commemoration of the passage of their forefathers through the wilderness. On the flat roofs of their houses they construe temporary arbours with boughs of trees, and there, by candle-light, they sup for seven evenings consecutively, on the best fare they can afford, dressed out, men, women and children, in all the silks, brocade, and finery they can muster. From Mr Descousse's terrace, that commands a glorious view of the country for fifty miles around, I have looked with pleasure for several evenings on the feasting children of Israel.—The light through the green boughs shows every dish that is on their table, and even their dresses and countenances. Their gorgeous apparel often forms a ludicrous contrast with other symptoms of poverty in their circumstances. I observed the other night a youthful Hebrew with a pair of petticoat small cloths that were remarkable for their 'loop'd and window'd raggedness;' yet his jacket was of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold, and his sash of embroidered silk. A woman on the same house-top, had no stockings on her feet, but a brocaded hoodice, and a splendid piece of cloth of gold floating from her head.

#### SALT.

There are many countries on the habitable globe where salt has never yet been found, and whose commercial facilities being extremely limited, the inhabitants can only occasionally indulge themselves with it as a luxury.

Thus is particularly the case in the interior of Africa. It would, says Mungo Park, appear strange to an European to see a child suck a piece of rock-salt as if it were sugar; this, however, I have frequently seen: although the poorer class of inhabitants are so very rarely indulged with this precious article, that to say that a man eats salt with his provisions, is the same as saying he is a rich man. I have suffered great inconvenience myself from the scarcity of this article. The long use of vegetable food creates so painful a longing for salt, that no words can sufficiently describe it.'

### ORIGINAL DEPARTMENT.

#### FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

#### ON THE NECESSITY OF DIVINE REVELATION.

It has been the aim of infidels of every age to disprove the fact, that God has made a revelation of his will to man by communicating a knowledge of that will to chosen individuals, and by them to mankind in general. Some, who for the sake of argument have admitted the existence of a deity, have asserted that it was impossible to have made such a communication. For these we have here no argument; we leave them to their daring doubts, with the earnest exhortation to look around them, and see if they cannot discover on the earth's surface alone sufficient to convince them that some being of infinite power and wisdom has planned and guides the whole, and whose capabilities are not to be circumscribed by the limits of human reason. But others there are who, with sincerity, acknowledge a God, and yet deny the necessity of revelation, asserting that his works are sufficient to give to men a knowledge of his nature and character adequate to the purposes for which he was created. It may not be considered fair in the discussion of this proposition, to draw our arguments from that book which professes to be a revelation of the will of God; we shall, therefore, bring forward such as history furnishes us with—commencing with Persia, a favored and happy land: Here all the beauties of nature seemed collected together, and all that could gratify the senses was produced in abundance, and the proud Persian felt all this, and he looked around and knew that what he saw must have an author; and he looked

further, and he saw what? the sun—and so he bows in adoration to the glorious object; but Reason whispers not he who created those created this. Then let us turn to the Greek, with all his boasted wisdom, learning and refinement. What are the character and attributes of his numerous gods—Revenge, Malice, Envy, Lust, Debauchery, whatsoever is odious in the sight of good men and hurtful to society, was said to be patronised by them. What was the Grecian's hope in death? to wander a discontented ghost in stygian gloom; and this was reason's master piece! this is her most glorious achievement! hide your eyes, ye advocates of unaided reason, confess her inadequacy to convey to man a correct knowledge of God. But lest this should not suffice, let us contemplate those of our own day who have not received a divine revelation; view the idol Juggernaut—behold the horrors attendant on the worship of this god of reason—see its deluded worshippers cast themselves beneath its ponderous wheels, and welcome in their infatuation a cruel death. Hear the testimony of all who have witnessed their religious rites—all agree in declaring that they are of to revolting a nature for repetition; and what does all this prove? what, but that 'man by reason knoweth not God'?

'That there is a God, reason, uninfluenced and suffered to speak out, tells every man; but reason tells not man that he is by sin fallen from God—it tells him not that to rescue him from eternal death the Son of God was veiled in humanity, and offered himself a sacrifice—it tells him not that after death every work shall be brought to judgment and every secret thing, whether it be good or evil. Reason, from the scenes which daily pass before him, may inform him that his body must return to the earth as it was; but it is silent on what is of infinitely greater moment, that his spirit must return to God who gave it. Man may frequently behold virtue its own reward, and vice its own punishment, but he will also often see the wicked flourish like a green bay tree, and the righteous in affliction, and will not be able to reconcile this with infinite justice, until, like one of old, he goes into the sanctuary, and there learns what their end shall be—(Psalm 73, 12-19.)

The works of nature every where bespeak a divine author; but we can no more behold these manifestations without the aid of the

sun of revelation, than we can behold the landscape in the absence of the sun of nature:

A. S. T.

Montreal, Feb. 25, 1836.

## ASTRONOMY.

### ASTRONOMY.

Contemplated as our grand whole, astronomy is the most beautiful monument of the human mind, the noblest record of its intelligence. Seduced by the illusions of the senses and of self-love, man considered himself, for a long time, as the centre of the motion of the celestial bodies, and his pride was justly punished by the vain terms they inspired. The labours of many ages has at length withdrawn the veil which covered the system. Man appears upon a small planet, almost imperceptible in the vast extent of the solar system, itself only an insensible point in the immensity of space. The immense results to which this discovery has led may console him for the limited place assigned him in the universe. Let us carefully preserve, and even augment, the number of these sublime discoveries, which form the delight of thinking beings. They have rendered important service to navigation and astronomy; but their great benefit has been the having dissipated the alarms occasioned by extraordinary celestial phenomena, and destroyed the errors springing from the ignorance of our real relation with nature—errors so much the more fatal, as social order can only rest on the basis of these relations. Truth, Justice; these are its immutable laws. Far from us be the dangerous maxim, that it is sometimes useful to mislead, to enslave, and to deceive mankind, to ensure their happiness. Cruel experience has at all times proved, that with impunity these sacred laws can never be infringed.

Truth and reason never cause revolutions on the earth; they are the fruit of experience, which can only be exercised when the passions are at rest; they excite not in the heart those furious emotions which speak empires to their base. Truth can only be discovered by peaceful minds; it is only adopted by kindred spirits. If it change the opinions of men, it is only by insensible gradations—a gentle and easy descent conducting them to reason.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## ASTONROGA,

## AN INDIAN TALE.

'Let us go on deck, Father,' said a sprightly young lady to an aged gentleman with whom she was sitting in the cabin of a packet boat, bound eastward on the Erie Canal. Passing her arm thro' his, they ascended. It was a lovely day in the month of June, 1835. The boat was then a short distance above the upper lock at Little Falls.

'Father, what a romantic village!'

'It is indeed a pleasant place.'

'Pleasant did you say? It is delightful! What wild and fanciful scenery! How strikingly these mountain ranges converge to the east! See to what a dizzy height this bluff point rises on our right? What a beautiful circular sweep we have in view upon the opposite side of the Mohawk river? What is this village called?'

'Little Falls; it takes its name from the rapids in the river.' 'I see them here at the left. How the water chafes and foams along its rocky channel.—But the buildings, how finely they rise to view, stretching up yonder northern ascent, and along the eastern slope? Look, Father! what is that queer shaped edifice upon that lofty hill away there at our left?'

'That is the old Octagon church.'

'I wish the boat would not move so fast. How sweetly those dwellings cluster up that little ravine northward, and then along the brow of the first ascent eastward!—and then the dense range of buildings stretching east and west through the centre of the village—and still nearer, there are one, two, three new churches; Father, where are we going?'

'Not to church.'

'But—'

'There is no danger, child.'

'O! This is a fearful place! What huge masses of perpendicular rock on either side! Ah, as we pass the bank in the Canal the mystery is solved—it is an island upon our left. Here the branches of the Mohawk again unite.'

'Do you perceive that low isolated rock lying near the middle of the northern channel and a few rods above the confluence of the waters?'

'I can discover a dark mass apparently lying on the surface of the water.'

'That is the rock named in Indian tradition 'Astonroga'—Anglice 'the rock of thunder.'

'And what of it, Father?'

'The passage through these rocks which we have just traversed, as well as the northern channel of the Mohawk, and the one we are about to enter, have undoubtedly been cleft through and enlarged to their present dimensions, by the action of the elements.'

'But what has that to do with the Astonroga?'

'You shall hear.—the valley of the Mohawk a thousand years ago—'

'A thousand years ago, father? Who can tell us of the valley of the Mohawk a thousand years ago?'

'And why not? Indian tradition furnishes us with many interesting facts, —'

'But quite too uncertain for any reliance as matters of history.'

'Uncertain? How much of ancient history have we that is more veritable? A single instance.—What know you in truth of ancient Troy but from early traditions collected, freshened and moulded into the exquisite verse of the immortal Homer? Again, Who was it that recently (after the lapse of eighteen centuries) stood and waved his magic wand over the crumbling ruins of Mount Moriah, until Jerusalem, that was, and her matchless temple, resplendent with gold and living sapphires, stane's again before us?—aye, and the dense mass of her mighty population is also revealed madly rushing to and fro, under the impulse of passions fiercely sweeping round and round their own flaming circle of fire? And yet in after times, this creation of fancy may become an accredited portion of history. Believe me—tradition is the rough material.—Genius is the Sculptor; drawing largely upon probabilities, he chisels forth the due proportions, and the mystic drapery of time completes the tout ensemble of oracular history.'

'Proved to a demonstration—ha, ha.—Well, tradition is history, and Indian tradition of all traditions the most veritable; I yield the point, for I am dying to hear about Astonroga.'

'Listen, then. Indian tradition says that egs ago, the valley of the Mohawk, from Little Falls westward was covered by one of those beautiful inland lakes, so common in our country. That to form this lake a solid barrier of granite rock was thrown across the

entire gorge at Little Falls, over which the surplus waters of the lake were precipitated in a cataract little inferior in point of grandeur and scenic effect, to that of Niagara. The same tradition further states that by the gradual action of the waters, a huge mass of rock was detached from the exterior surface of the barrier, and in falling nearly buried itself in the chasm below. Almost the entire surplus waters of the lake were thenceforth discharged at this point, plunging with headlong force into the abyss upon three sides of the half-buried mass, and boiling and chafing around it with the ceaseless roar of a mighty cataract. Only a small portion of the fallen rock remained visible, and even that portion was usually obscured by a column of mist and spray wreathed around and rising high above it.—The Indians bestowed upon it the fanciful but highly graphic appellation of ‘Astouroga,’ or the Rock of Thunder. The peculiar mode of inflicting capital punishment practised by the Aborigines of the country, gave to the rock a still greater notoriety, by throwing an artificial terror over the imposing sublimity of the scene. The victim of arbitrary law was compelled to sit down upon the bottom of a birchen canoe, with his face towards the stern. In that position he was firmly bound until all power of motion was lost. The hapless wretch was then launched upon the bosom of the lake far above the Falls, and left to drift backward often four hours, ere the lazy current brought him to the fatal brink and dashed him headlong upon the rugged rock below. Astouroga thus became to the offending Indian what the Tarpeian Rock was to the Roman malefactor.—A thrilling incident of Indian history connected with Astouroga has been the principal means, however, of perpetuating the name and identity of the rock. long after the causes which produced that name had ceased to exist.

\*The Mohawks, a numerous and warlike tribe, of the Agoneaseah nation, were at the time of which I speak in the undisputed possession of the rich tract of country bordering upon the lake, and the Mohawk valley eastward. Hognawah, their principal chief, had established the grand council fire of the tribe upon the brow of Fall Hill, overhanging Astouroga from the south and commanding from its elevation an extensive view of the lake. He had been a fearless and successful

warrior, and having firmly established his authority over his native tribe, now sought to extend his rule over the central portion of the state of New York, subsequently known as the country of the five confederated Nations. Foiled in every attempt to induce his tribe to engage in a war for conquest, the crafty chief next determined to carry out his design by means of a matrimonial alliance. A runner was secretly dispatched to the Oneidas to sing in the ears of their chief the beauty and attractive charms of Oneyuta, the daughter of Hognawaga. The lure thus artfully thrown out was eagerly seized, and a deputation was sent by the Oneida chief with powers to stipulate the terms and ask the hand of Oneyuta in marriage. The innocent victim of this ‘state necessity’ was the favorite of her tribe. She was a beautiful, laughter-loving princess, timid as the fawn, yet possessing, in an eminent degree, the dignity and graceful movements peculiar to the native Indian.

‘The Mohawk Chiefs were proud to be ranked among her admirers, although their addresses had been severally rejected as soon as seriously made. I say rejected, all save one. Hoo-wee, the chief of the Nowadaga clan of the Mohawks, a youth of dauntless bearing and noble mien, was the favored lover. Between them an ardent attachment had long subsisted. Hoo-wee sought to distinguish himself in the perils of the chase, and upon the war path of the enemy, before he ventured to ask the hand of Oneyuta from her haughty father. Matters were thus situated when the deputation from the Oneida chief arrived.

The Grand Council fire was immediately lighted and the warrior chiefs were assembled. Hoo-wee as a chief was invited and attended, although by an inflexible rule of the council his youth prevented him from participating in their deliberations. The proposition was made with due solemnity by the deputation. The negotiation was opened, discussed and settled in a manner the most favorable to the covert designs of Hognawah. The wampum belts and other trinkets were produced for exchange in token that the treaty was concluded and the bride in readiness to depart. Hoo-wee had hitherto remained silent and motionless, hoping that some untoward event would break up the negotiation. His keen penetration enabled him to fathom the object of Hognawah, and when he found the deputation readily ac-

ceding to the terms proposed, hope died within him. He saw that a single act remained, and then Oneyuta was lost to him forever. The burning agony of that fierce moment was too intense for human endurance. With a single bound he leaped from his seat into the centre of the council. Every eye was fixed upon him in wonder. There was a moment of silent suspense. Not a limb was moved—no word was uttered—not a breath was heard. In that brief moment Honwee became calm and collected again. Fixing his eye upon the father of his beloved, he spoke in the soft musical tones of the Indian in his moments of endearment.

‘Shall the voice of the sweet-rookling bird of the Mohawks no longer fall upon the ears of their chief? Shall Hognawah deaf in darkness, that the eyes of his daughter may light up the wigwam of the Oneida? Will he curse the hopes, the affections and the happiness of Oneyuta, without consulting her wishes, or listening to her entreaties? Will he pluck the fair blossom of love from his bosom, to make room for the fondling of ambition?’ He paused:—a scorching glance of the eye was his only response. Turning to the warriors of the tribe the speaker continued in more deep and manly tones.

‘How long is it since our Fathers determined to pay tribute to the Oneidas? Do the warriors of the Turtle counsel us to purchase, at this monstrous price, the friendship of a tribe whom we might easily conquer?’ He paused again. There was no reply. His searching glance was thrown around the council. The volume of his own fate was open, and in that glance he read it truly. The useless restraints of policy were laid aside. Rising himself proudly erect, he stood with expanded chest, dilated nostrils and uplifted arm. The pent up fire of his soul glowed fiercely from his eye, and fell in burning words from his tongue.

‘The Mohawks are cowards and slaves! The scalps of any enemy are not in their wigwams,—their arrows are blunted, and their tomahawks are bloodless! Honwee is no longer a Mohawk—he is a man, and will die for Oneyuta? Send the heart-stricken exile on her journey—the warwhoop of Honwee will be heard on the trail. The daughter of Hognawah shall never wed the Oneida.’ Thus saying he strode from the council.—Business was

at once resumed without the slightest allusion to the unexampled interruption which they had experienced. The negotiation was concluded, and the deputation, composed of three Oneidas, with a like number of Mohawks as an escort, received the bride from the hands of her father, and commenced their journey, intending to strike the lake at a point about one mile west, where the canoes were lying.

‘The Mohawk council prolonged their sitting, but the subject of their deliberations was now entirely changed. It was a case of life or death, but the accused was not present. The forms of savage law did not permit a chief to be arrested, until sentence was solemnly passed. Then indeed the arrest and execution followed, almost as rapidly as death upon the lightning’s stroke. The consultation was brief, the verdict unanimous, and Hognawah, rising in his place, pronounced the sentence.

‘The Nowadagas must elect a chief. It was a lie that Honwee was a warrior of the Turtle.—His name is already forgotten. Honwee is not. Let my young men see it is done. Twenty warriors sprang upon their feet, swift messengers of fate to the condemned. But in the present case time was not allowed for their departure from the council, before a shrill cry was heard from the bosom of the forest. It was the herald of some dire disaster, and was immediately succeeded by the hum and wail of many voices approaching. Next came one of the Mohawk escort, springing into the centre of the council panting and breathless. His intelligence was of a startling import. Honwee, true to his word, had waylaid the path of the deputation; his onset was that of the famished tiger. Two of the Oneidas fell beneath his blows without the chance of resistance. An instant more and his knife was in the heart of a prostrate Mohawk. The two survivors made but a feeble stand against him, whilst the messenger escaped to bear the intelligence.

‘Coward,’ said Hognawah, ‘dare you tell me that Honwee is yet alive? Die!’ There was a circular sweep of his arm, and the unfortunate messenger fell with the tomahawk of his chief deep in his brain. A fearful tide of excitement was now swaying the multitude to and fro, when the sweet but constant tones of a female voice came upon the

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.



## INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS.

Newfound Land, in 1533, was first permanently settled by the English, under Sir Thomas Grey Gilbert, by letters patent from Queen Elizabeth.

In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh entered Roanoke Bay, and took possession in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England.

In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold arrived from England, discovered and named Cape Cod.

England was not successful in founding a permanent colony in Virginia, until the arrival of Lord Delaware, in 1610.

Quebec was founded in 1603.

Lake Champlain was discovered in 1609, by Samuel Champlain. It before had the Indian name of Telegous lake.

In the third voyage of Henry Hudson to discover a northern passage to India, he was employed by the Dutch. He left the Texel, April 6th, 1609, in a small ship, called the Half Moon, with a crew of twenty men. Having failed to find a passage, he steered for North America, made Newfoundland, sailed along the eastern coast, and finally reached Chesapeake Bay. After visiting Delaware Bay, he arrived at Sandy Hook, which he entered September 3d, 1609, and anchored.—He sounded the bay, was visited by the Indians from Jersey, Long Island, and Manhattan Island, (now city of New York.) He went to Albany, returned, and put to sea 4th October, and arrived at Dartmouth, England, 7th November. On entering the bay of New York, Hudson is said to have landed first on Coney Island. Whilst his ship, the Half Moon, was in the Hudson, between Peekskill and Weehawken, he had a sea-fight with the Indians. Hudson lost one man, and the Indians ten men.

In 1610, Henry Hudson sailed in English employ, in the ship Discovery, to discover a northern passage to India. He was unsuccessful. His crew mutinied, and Captain Hudson, his son, and seven men were placed in a shallop and left by the ship in the northern seas. The mutineers took the ship to England. The shallop and crew were never heard of; it is supposed they perished in the ice.

Francis Lewis, the father of Morgan Lewis of New York, was a native of Wales.

## POETRY.

## THE WIDOW'D MOTHER.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,  
A widow'd mother sat and wept  
O'er years of love gone by;  
And as the sob's thack-ga horing came,  
She murmur'd her dead husband's name  
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be said,  
For not one single friend she had  
On this cold-hearted earth;  
The sea will not give back its prey—  
And they were wrapt in f'reign clay  
Who gave the orphan birth.

Sedfastly as a star doth look  
Upon a little murmuring brook,  
She gazed upon the bosom  
And fair brow of her sleeping son—  
\*O, merciful Heaven! when I am gone,  
'Thine is this earthly blessing!

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke  
Into the room;—the babe awoke,  
And from his cradle smiled;  
Ah me! what kindling smiles methere!  
I know not whether was more fair,  
The mother or her child.

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,  
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,  
And to her bosom leapt—  
All tears at once were swept away,  
And said a face as bright as day—  
\*Forgive me! that I wept!

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,  
Laz hath not heard, or Poet's tongue  
May venture to declare;  
But this as Holy Writ is sure,  
\*The griefs she bids us here endure,  
She can herself repair.'

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