

danger from her shores; and a national and domestic force, like the National Guard of France, if afterwards established, as it is desirable it should be, would not only quell all tumults and disorders within, but would make the project of invading this country from without the most hopeless of chimeras.

This country appears to be intended by Providence for the enjoyment of perpetual peace. But there is no peace to the wicked, where men are not at peace with God through Christ, who is our peace as well as our righteousness; the arm of Divine Justice will reach them, however well secured, and however placed remote from the causes of strife. Unless nations repent, the sword, the pestilence, and the famine will be their ultimate portion. But if God will make the light of his countenance to shine upon us, and cause us to forsake those sins, on account of which he has a controversy against us, there is everything in our situation favourable for the permanence of our tranquility, and for persevering uninterrupted amity with every other country. If we would give up that vain idol, the preservation of the balance of the power in Europe, that Moloch which we have been besmearing for a century past with human blood, we might sheath the sword for ever, as far as Europe is concerned. God has decreed that the papal kingdoms shall be broken; will we madly undertake to uphold them? If so, we must be crushed in the struggle with Almighty power. Let us leave them to their fate, and all will be well.

A certain number of changes are necessary in Europe: no arm of flesh can prevent them; but these changes, if we remain quiet, will turn out for our benefit, and for the advantage of the world. England is perpetually haunted with imaginary dangers. Our ancestors thought their country was ruined, because Dunkirk continued to have walls. Now Antwerp has become the bugbear. Napoleon, who always spoke the truth, and whose words were oracles, has himself said, that the possession of Antwerp by France would be fatal to Britain. But Bonaparte himself possessed Antwerp, and Amsterdam, and Hamburgh, and yet Britain still exists, and had he possessed St. Petersburg and Kamtschatka, the case would have been much the same. It is evident that Bonaparte considered the invasion of Britain a hopeless attempt. We may give all these imaginary fears to the wind. They only become real dangers when we plunge into an ocean of boundless debt to avoid them. France, do what we will, will sooner or later find her way to the barrier of the Rhine. An addition to our debt, equal to its present amount, would not long support the dissolving empire of Austria, whose mortal fragments will return to the elements from whence they arose, what is German to Germany, and what is Italian to Italy, and the Slavonian and Hungarian portions will have a government of their own. Europe is divided into unnatural sections by the force of its existing governments. When that foreign and hostile force is removed, the sections will reunite with the masses from which they were originally separated. The mind of Germany is one, though the Governments are many. The governments are tottering, and Germany, free and independent, will form one powerful and enlightened empire. This change must be for the advantage of Britain. Our alarms about the power of France are unnecessary; but Germany, united into one body, would at all times form a sufficient counterpoise to any aggressions from the other side of the Rhine. Italy, when it formed one kingdom, would be sufficient to defend its natural barrier of the Alps; and the Slavonian provinces of Austria, confederated as free states with Poland, would form an advanced guard against the conquests of Russia in Europe. It is only because the states of the continent are composed of such ill-assorted materials, and governed in a spirit so hostile to the welfare of each nation, that the power of France is viewed with suspicion and dread. It is to be the advantage of Europe, if its states were free, that France should be powerful and prosperous. They may want such an ally in the centre of civilization to protect them in half a century from the colossal empire of Russia. What appears politic at the time is not always permanently so, and our fears with respect to the greatness of France might be transferred with more propriety to the growth of Russia. Not that the Russian empire could naturally be injurious to England; the obvious path of its ambition lies at a distance from us and our concerns. If left to itself it will gradually swallow up one province after another of the kingdoms of the east. It may have the invasion of India in distant perspective, but this is a mere threat, at least for the present, held up to deter us from meddling with its concerns. Its vast bulk is slow of movement, and any distant and costly enterprise, the failure of which would also be hazardous to some of its possessions, could scarcely be seriously entertained at St. Petersburg. But if we always cross the path of Russian ambition, we shall at last impress her with the belief that the prosperity of Britain is incompatible with her own.

The greatness of Russia must be considered as a decided advantage to Britain. It places France in a defensive, instead of an aggressive position, and it diminishes the inducements of Britain to take part in any future continental war; since the ultimate result of all the changes of the continent must issue in a final struggle between the liberated states of the south of Europe and the immense empire of Russia, a struggle which turns the arms of all parties to a distance from our shores, and keeps them remote from the sphere of our interests and influence. Britain, as a free country, ought undoubtedly to sympathize with other free states; but her disposable army is too small, and her situation too insulated, to afford them any effectual succour. The most sacred of all the causes of war would be to protect a state like Poland against the invasion of tyrants and barbarians, but any aid which Britain could afford would only excite fallacious hopes. Britain has not been able to make any impression on the continent, except by subsidizing the forces of other powers; and all wars conducted by mercenaries will afford little glory, and terminate, as they begin, in fruitless expense.

The true policy of Britain is peace, and it is only by her office as peace-maker that she can be of benefit to the nations of the continent. By intermeddling in all their concerns she has brought herself to be generally suspected and disliked, but, by acting for a time with a real and impartial neutrality, she may be able to offer her interposition without suspicion of partiality, and, in some cases, be successful in persuading other states to follow their true interests.

LESSON TO POLITICIANS.—Strang public feeling, when matured in its growth and righteous in its principle, cannot be effectually suppressed—check it, and it rages immediately; whilst, if its fair course be not hindered, it may only make sweet music.—Blunt's Sketch of the Reformation in England.

## TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK.

The following is from a volume just published by Mr.

Thomas Moore:

'Some mortals there may be so wise or so fine,  
As in evening's like this no enjoyment to see;  
But, as I'm not particular, wit, love, and wine  
Are, for one night's amusement, sufficient for me.  
Nay, humble and strange as my taste may appear,  
If driven to the worst I could manage, thank Heaven,  
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here.  
And with wine such as this is, six days out of seven.  
So pledge me a bumper! your sages profound  
May be blest, if they will, in their own patent plan;  
But as we are NOT sages, why, send the cup round,  
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offered, we're told,  
To whoever could invent a new bliss for mankind;  
But talk of NEW pleasures!—give me but the old,  
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.  
Or should I, in quest of new realms of bliss,  
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,  
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,  
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!  
In the meantime a bumper—your angels on high  
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;  
But as we are NOT angels, why, let the flask fly,  
We must only be happy ALL ways that we can.'

Mr. Hone, the well-known author of the *Every Day Book*, has just published the following on the other side of the question:

'Fill the cup, the bowl, the glass,  
With wine and spirits high;  
And we will drink, while round they pass,  
To—Vice and Misery!

Push quickly round the draught again,  
And drain the goblet low;  
And drink in revelry's swelling strain,  
To—Reason's overthrow!

Push round, push round, in quickest time,  
The lowest drop be spent  
In one loud round, to—Guile and Crime,  
And Crime's just punishment!

Fill, fill again! fill to the brim  
To—Loss of honest fame!  
Quaff, deeper quaff! while now we drink—  
Our wives' and children's shame!

Push round, and round, with loudest cheers  
Of mirth and revelry!  
We drink to—Woman's sighs and tears!  
And—Children's poverty!

Once more! while power shall yet remain,  
E'en with its latest breath,  
Drink—To ourselves Disease and pain,  
And Infamy and Death!

## DESTRUCTION OF THE TONQUIN.

The following very interesting account is given by Mr. Cox, in his *Adventures on the Columbian River*, of the destruction of the Tonquin, the vessel that took out the first cargo of settlers in Columbia, as the agents and representatives of the Pacific Fur Trade Company; and we present it to our readers, not only as a specimen of the style in which the work is generally written, but as it illustrates the treacherous and cruel cunning of savages:—

Early on the morning of the day previous to that on which the ship was to leave New Whitty, a couple of large canoes, each containing about twenty men, appeared alongside. They brought several small bundles of furs; and as the sailors imagined they came for the purpose of trading, were allowed to come on deck. Shortly after, another canoe, with an equal number, arrived also with furs; and it was quickly followed by two others, full of men, carrying beaver, otter, and other valuable skins. No opposition was made to their coming on board; but the officer of the watch perceiving a number of other canoes pushing off, became suspicious of their intentions, and warned Captain Thorn of the circumstance. He immediately came on the quarter-deck, accompanied by Mr. McKay and the interpreter. The latter, on observing that they all wore short cloaks, or mantles of skins, which was by no means a general custom, at once knew their designs were hostile, and told Mr. McKay of his suspicions. That gentleman immediately apprised Captain Thorn of the circumstances, and begged of him to lose no time in clearing the ship of the intruders. This, caution, however, was treated with contempt by the Captain, who remarked, that with the arms they had on board, they would be more than a match for three times the number. The sailors, in the mean time, had

all come on the deck, which was crowded with the Indians, who completely blocked up their passages, and obstructed the men in the performance of their various duties. The captain requested them to retire, to which they paid no attention. He then told them he was about going to sea, and had given orders to the men to raise the anchor; that he hoped they would go away quietly; but if they refused, he should be compelled to force their departure. He had scarcely finished, when, at a signal given by one of the chiefs, a loud and frightful yell was heard from the assembled savages, who commenced a sudden and simultaneous attack on the officers and crew, with knives, bludgeons, and short sabres, which they had concealed under their robes.

Mr. McKay was one of the first attacked. One Indian gave him a severe blow with a bludgeon, which partially stunned him; upon which he was seized by five or six others, who threw him overboard into a canoe alongside, where he quickly recovered, and was allowed to remain for some time uninjured.

Captain Thorn made an ineffectual attempt to reach the cabin for his fire-arms, but was overpowered by numbers. His only weapon was a jack-knife, with which he killed four of his savage assailants, by ripping up their bellies, and mutilated several others. Covered with wounds, and exhausted from the loss of blood, he rested himself for a moment by leaning on the tiller wheel, where he received a dreadful blow from a weapon called a pautumagan, (a species of half sabre, half club,) on the back part of the head, which felled him to the deck. The death-dealing knife fell from his hand, and his savage butchers, after extinguishing the few sparks of life that still remained, threw his mangled body overboard. On seeing the captain's fate, our informant, who was close to him, and who had hitherto escaped uninjured, jumped into the water, and was taken into a canoe by some women, who partially covered his body with mats. He states, that the original intention of the enemy was to detain Mr. McKay a prisoner; and, after securing the vessel, to give him his liberty, on obtaining a ransom from Astoria; but, on finding the resistance made by the captain and crew, the former of whom had killed one of the principal chiefs, their love of gain gave way to revenge, and they resolved to destroy him. The last time the ill-fated gentleman was seen, his head was hanging over the side of a canoe, and three savages, armed with pautumagans, were battering out his brains.

In the mean time, the devoted crew, who had maintained the unequal conflict with unparalled bravery, became gradually overpowered. Three of them, John Anderson, the boatswain, John Weekes, the carpenter, and Stephen Weekes, who had so narrowly escaped at Columbia, succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in gaining possession of the cabin, the entrance to which they securely fastened inside. The Indians now became more cautious, for they well knew there were plenty of fire arms below; and they had already experienced enough of the prowess of the three men while on deck, and armed only with handspikes, to dread approaching them while they had more mortal weapons at their command. Anderson and his two companions, seeing their commander and the crew dead and dying about them, and that no hope of escape remained, determined on taking a terrible revenge. Two of them, therefore, set about laying a train to the powder magazine, while the third addressed some Indians from the cabin windows, who were in canoes, and gave them to understand, that if they were permitted to depart unmolested in one of the ship's boats, they would give them quiet possession of the vessel, without firing a shot; stipulating, however, that no canoe should remain near them while getting into the boat. The anxiety of the barbarians to obtain possession of the plunder, and their disinclination to risk any more lives, induced them to embrace this proposition with eagerness, and the pinnace was immediately brought astern. The three heroes, having by this time perfected their dreadful arrangements, and ascertained that no Indian was watching them, gradually lowered themselves from the cabin windows into the boat, and having fired the train, quickly pushed off towards the mouth of the harbour, no obstacle being interposed to prevent their departure.