

directed to be published by Canon Huber Walter, in the year 1200.

SOMNAMBULISM.

A curious case of somnambulism appears in the English papers: A young lady rose from her bed, traversed different rooms in the house, and in a remote apartment raised the cover of a large chest, got in and closed the lid on herself. However, want of air soon awoke her—and terrified at finding herself entombed, as she conceived, she called lustily for help. Her cries awoke her parents, who commenced a search, under great alarm. After some time they came to the chest, where they found the young woman almost dead from fright and suffocation.

A pigeon alighted on the roof of a house at Flushing, and afterwards took shelter in the infirmary of the barracks. Being exhausted with fatigue it was easily taken—and on examination, was found to have under its wing a small piece of English newspaper, containing the price of stocks at London, on September 23d. The conjecture is that the winged messenger had been destined for Antwerp, but was driven out of its course by some bird of prey.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Hear you the mournful and deadly hum
Of the lifeless soldier's funeral-drum,
Pouring its wail on the breeze of the morn,
Like the dying blast of a hunter's horn—
Onward they bear him, with measured tread,
To lay him down in his cold, damp bed,
And fire a volley of musketry o'er
The grave of him who shall speak no more.

O'er the coffin lid his cockade flies,
And motionless there his bayonet lies:
Which once sent fear to the hearts of those
Who haughtily nam'd themselves Briten's foes,
And his voice which but lately resounded so
free,

Is as silent and hushed as a calm on the sea.

But the soul of the brave is no longer in
chains—

For 'tis soaring away mid the silvery domains,

Where the sun in his grandeur walks proudly
along,

Where the moon in her glory glides silently
on—

Where streamers are flying, and banners unfurled,
Shedding lustre and light o'er the loveliest
world.

Heep not for that soldier—tho' nameless, unknown,
He fought for his King, for his country's
throne—

He traversed o'er Egypt—the spear and the
lance

Of the conquerors of kingdoms recoiled at his
glance,

As the dark, lowering armies of mist, which
at night

Muster strong in their safety but fly with the
night:

No steel of Damascus—the truest the best—
Could shield from his weapon the proud foe's
man's breast—

The weapon from whose bosom the hot bullets
flew

To the heart of the foeman at stern Waterloo—
Which helped him to parry the thrust of the
lance,

And to tear from its standard an eagle of
France.

Then why should you weep at the death of
the brave,
Or why should you sigh o'er his newly made
grave—

He died but the death which we all have to die,
He sleeps in the earth where we all have to lie,
And methinks that he slumbers as peacefully
and sound

As the noblest of monarchs, embalmed under
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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY

J. E. I. MILLER.

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered
town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid
advance—or Six Shillings and Eightpence
if paid quarterly in advance. To Copy
Subscribers, 8s per annum, including post.
Subscriptions received by Messrs
and J. & 1. A. Starke, and by the publisher
at the Herald Office.