

THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. V.]

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CAPTIVE BABES RECOVERED.

(Concluded.)

When it was discovered in the colony that the children of St. Maur had not returned to their home, the alarm and sympathy became general. Every spot where it was probable they might have lingered, was explored. Lights were seen in every direction to rise and vanish like the lamp of the fire fly, and for hours the woods echoed with the names of Antoine and Elise. But when far beyond the limit of their usual walks their little baskets were found overturned, and the contents scattered in disorder, one terrible conclusion burst upon every mind, that they must have been captured by the Indians. With the dawn of morning the colonists assembled at the door of St. Maur. Some of them bore arms, anxious to go immediately, and rescue his children by force. They found their excellent minister already there, consulting with the agonized father. They observed that the gestures of St. Maur were strong, as if he argued earnestly, but the countenance of the sacred teacher was fixed, like one who prevail. Father Daille, as he was called by his people, at length came forward, and said, "My sons, it is decided that St. Maur and myself go, and require our lost babes of the savage king: If it be true, as we have heard, that some germ of goodness dwells in the heart of this fierce people, they will listen to a sorrowing father, and to a man of God. Go to your homes, and pray that we may find favour in their sight. We give you thanks for your sympathy; but the resistance unto blood which some of you have meditated,

might end in the destruction of our colony. It might not restore the lambs who are lost, but it would enrage the wolves to lay our fold desolate. Return to your homes, my children. Not by the sword or the bow can ye aid us, but by the lifting up of humble hearts and faithful hands."

The two ambassadors to the Indian king pressed the hands of their friends, and departed towards the valley. They continued their journey until the sun passed the meridian.

They then fortunately met an Indian pursuing the chase, who had occasionally shared their hospitality, and readily consented to become their guide. After travelling until they became weary, they met a party of natives led by one who appeared to exercise the functions of a chief.—His stature was lofty, but his head declined like one addicted to melancholy thought, and as he slowly raised it, they perceived deep furrows of age and sorrow. His eye fixed sternly upon them, as if it unexpectedly encountered an object of dislike or hatred. Resting upon his musket, he seemed to await their approach.

"This is our prophet," said their guide, while he bent in reverence. "He understands your language. Our people fear him. He interprets the will of the Great Spirit."

Father Daille came forward, and spoke with the mildness which distinguished his character.

"Prophet of the Great Spirit! we come in peace. We hear that thou canst reveal hidden things. Canst thou tell us of two wandering babes? When last the sun sank behind the mountain, we gathered our lambs into the fold; but these came not. If, in thy visions, thou hast heard the cry of the lost ones, we pray thee to guide a mourning father where he may once more shelter them in his arms."

The old Indian did not answer for several minutes, and then said in a hoarse, hollow tone—

“What should the red man know of the offspring of his mortal enemies? What! but to appoint to the sword such as are for the sword; and to cast such as are for the burning, into the flame.”

Father Daille replied firmly, “Hath the Great Spirit, whom you call good, any delight in the blood of babes? The God whom we worship hath declared that he hath no pleasure in the death of him that dieth.”

“Go your way,” said the hoary prophet, and teach white men not to swear falsely, and not to steal from the forest children the lands which their fathers gave. Go, and when thou hast taught them these things, come tell me the words of thy God, and I will hear them. The Indian hath had no rest since the eye of the pale race looked upon him. He asks only to hunt in his own woods, to guide his canoe over his own waters, as he had done from the beginning. But he flies, and you pursue him, until he hath no place ever to spread out his blanket. If he hide in the grave, even there his bones are found and cast out. Why say ye that your God hath made all men brethren? Your words and your ways are at war, like the flame and the waters. One rises up but the other comes down and quenches it.”

The meek Christian answered, “All white men obey not the truth. Sometimes when they desire to do good, sin overtakes them, and their hearts are found weak. So are some of your red men evil. Yet we do not condemn thy Great Spirit because some of his followers are false.”

While he was speaking to the stern prophet, St Maur perceived a man of noble countenance approaching, who, from his coronet of white feathers, and the train that surrounded him, appeared as a monarch.

He drew near, and said, “Thou seest, king of the red men, a father in pursuit of his babes. He trusts himself fearlessly among your people, for he has heard that they will

not harm the stranger in distress. In our native land the king who should have sheltered us, sought to tear from us the comforts of our religion. We could not forsake the God of our fathers, so we gave up the dear land of our birth. The ocean waves brought us to this new world. We seek to take the hand of our red brethren; for we are a peaceful race, pure from the blood of all men. Of my own kindred none inhabit this wilderness save two little buds of a stem that lies buried in the earth. Last night sadness was on my sleepless pillow, because I found them not! If thou knowest, O king, where thy people have concealed them, I pray thee to restore them unto me. So shall the Great Spirit shed his dew upon thy tender plants, and put strength into thy heart when it weigheth down heavily in thy bosom.”

The Indian monarch surveyed the speaker with a keen eye, and inquired, “Knowest thou this brow? Look in my eyes, and answer me—is their glance that of a stranger? St. Maur, regarding him attentively, replied, “I have no knowledge of thy countenance save what this hour bringeth to me.”

“The white man,” he answered, “seeth not like the Indian, through the disguise of garments. Where your ploughs wounded the bosom of the earth, I have stood and watched your people at their toil. There was no coronet upon my brow; but I was a king, and they knew it not. I saw among them neither pride nor violence. I came as a foe, but I returned a friend! To my people I said, Do these men no harm—they are not of the bands who waste us. The prophet of the Great Spirit rebuked me. He said that the shade of my father thirsted for the blood of white men.—Again I sought the spot where thy brethren dwell. And thou knowest not this brow! I could read thine at midnight, if but a single star trembled through the thick cloud. My ear would have known thy voice, though the loud storm was abroad with its thunders. I came to thy home hungry, and found bread; beaten by the tempest, and

hou badst me lie down beside thine hearth ; thirsty, and thy son, for whom thou mournest, gave me drink ; heavy in spirit, and thy little daughter, whom thou seekest, sat on my knee, as the lamb turneth to the shepherd. My heart yearned over her, for she smiled when I told her how the beaver buildeth his house in the forest. Now, why dost thou fix on me such a terrible eye ? Believest thou I could tear one hair from their innocent heads ? Thinkest thou that thy red brother can forget a kindness ? Thy children are sleeping in my tent. No hand should have been lifted against them ; and had I but one blanket, it should have been their bed. But I will not hide them from thy eyes, for I know the heart of a father. Take thy babes, and return in peace unto thy people."

He waved his hand, and two of his attendants ran towards the royal tent. In a moment Antoine and Elise were in the arms of their father. The twilight of the next day bore upward from the rejoicing colony a prayer for the heathen of the forest, and that hymn of devout thanksgiving which mingles with the music of heaven.

RELIGIOUS.

FEMALE INFLUENCE ON RELIGION.

The promotion of religious feeling is one of the greatest blessings of female influence. Yet the more qualified women are to adorn and recommend piety, the more important is it that they should not mistake or misapply their power. They may be really useful,—they may, by their gentle persuasion, enforce truth,—they may cause religion to be loved for their sake ;—how necessary, then, is it that they should study the means by which they may be the honoured instruments of doing so much good ? How unhappy that they should ever mistake their line, bring a prejudice on their profession, and mar their own acceptance.

Religion is peculiarly their province ; and never is their influence so well employed as in recommending it. Never is woman so

truly delightful as when she is the advocate of piety, and when, by a consistent and holy conversation, she exemplifies the principles which she wishes to enforce.

Her influence, indeed, is chiefly in example. This is her best persuasive. By witnessing the effects of religion in her, men learn to appreciate its value. If it makes her more domestic, more self-denying, more kind, more contented, and more agreeable, they will, at least, respect it:

Experience proves the efficacy of this silent appeal. How often has it prevailed when a more direct one has been unsuccessful. And it is peculiarly appropriate to woman. None can blame her because she is more meek, more forgiving, more benevolent, more courteous, than others who are less religious. On the contrary, these graces secure to her an influence, and often pave the way for the reception of her opinion. If, in the early dawn of Christian light, woman was often honoured as its harbinger—if, even in the imperial palace, the apostle found in her no feeble advocate, and, at the semi-barbarous court, the missionary hailed her as his kind and fostering friend,—was it not by her personal character that she mainly recommended truth, and advocated the doctrines she had herself learnt to prize ?

And so it is now. Women may often outlive prejudice. They may be so exemplary in their discharge of social duty, so pious towards their parents, so affectionate to their husbands, so devoted to their children ; they may so grace and enliven the family circle, that their religion which at first might have been considered their only defect, is at length valued, and, perhaps, even adopted. Many a pious son has recorded his debt of gratitude to a Christian mother,—many a Christian mother has sown, like Monaca, the seed in sorrow, and, like Monaca too, has had reason to rejoice when it has returned sevenfold into her bosom.

And the influence of a religious woman may extend far beyond her own home. She may

be the Priscilla, or the Lydia, or the Dorcas, of a village, sympathising with the necessities of the poor, denying herself to relieve them, and availing herself of the access thus obtained to their affections, to lead them to the one only source of consolation.

A MADAGASCAR PRAYER.

In Flacourt's History of this Island, the following sublime prayer is said to be in use amongst the aborigines there: "O Eternal! have mercy upon me, because I am passing away—O infinite! because I am but a speck—O Most Mighty! because I am weak—O source of life! because I draw nigh to the grave—O Omniscent! because I am in darkness—O All-bounteous! because I am poor—O All-sufficient! because I am nothing."

TRAVELS.

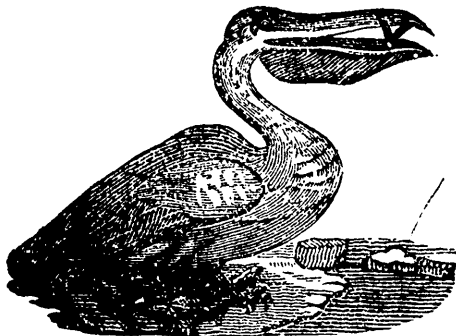
JERUSALEM.

Having agreed with father G. to visit the church of the holy sepulchre, we went there in the evening, and, passing through the court, entered the first lofty apartment. There was a guard of Turks in a recess just within the door, to whom every pilgrim is obliged to pay a certain sum for admission; but we were exempted from this tax. In the middle of the first apartment is a marble slab, raised above the floor, over which lamps are suspended. This is said to be the space where the body of the Redeemer was anointed and prepared for the sepulchre. You then turn to the left, and enter the large rotunda, which terminates in a dome at the top. In the centre of the floor stands the holy sepulchre: it is of an oblong form, and composed of a very fine reddish stone brought from the Red Sea, that has quite the appearance of marble. Ascending two or three low steps, and taking off your shoes, you enter the first small apartment, which is floored with marble, and the walls lined with the same. In the centre is a low shaft of white marble, being the spot to which the angel rolled the stone from the tomb

and sat on it. You now stoop low to enter the narrow door that conducts you to the side of the sepulchre. The tomb is of a light brown and white marble, about six feet long, and three feet high, and the same number in breadth, being joined to the wall. Between the sepulchre and the opposite wall the space is very confined, and not more than four or five persons can remain in at a time. The floor and the walls are of a beautiful marble. The apartment is a square of about seven feet, and a small dome rises over it from which are suspended twenty seven large silver lamps, richly chased, and of elegant workmanship—presents from Rome, of the courts, and religious orders of Europe. These are kept always burning, and cast a flood of light on the sacred tomb, and the paintings hung over it, one Romish and the other Greek, representing our Lord's ascension, and his appearance to Mary in the garden. A Greek or Romish priest always stands here with the silver vase of holy incense in his hand, which he sprinkles over the pilgrims.

Wishing to see the behaviour of these people, who come from all parts of the world, and undergo the severest difficulties to arrive at this holy spot, we remained for some time within it, and the scene was very interesting. They entered, Arminians, Greeks, and Catholics, of both sexes, with the deepest awe and veneration, and instantly fell on their knees, some lifting their eyes to the paintings, burst into a flood of tears; others pressed their heads with fervour on the tomb, and sought to embrace it; while the sacred incense fell in showers, and was received with delight by all. It was impossible for the looks and gestures of repentance, grief and adoration, to be apparently more heartfelt and sincere than on this occasion. Yet other feelings were admitted by some, who took advantage of the custom of placing beads and crosses on the tomb, to be sanctified by the holy incense, to place a large heap on it of these articles, which, being sprinkled, and rendered inestimable, they afterwards carried to their native countries, and sold at a high price.

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE PELICAN.

The great white pelican of Africa is much larger than a swan, and something of the same shape and colour. But that singularity in which it differs from all other birds is in the bill, and the great pouch underneath, which are wonderful, and demands a description.

This enormous bill is fifteen inches from the point to the opening of the mouth, which is a good way back behind the eyes. The base of the bill is somewhat greenish: but it varies towards the end, being of a reddish blue. To the lower edges of the under-chap, hangs a bag, reaching the whole length of the bill to the neck, which is said to be capable of containing fifteen quarts of water. This bag the bird has a power of wrinkling up into the hollow of the under-chap; but, by opening the bill, and putting one's hand down into the bag, it may be distended at pleasure.

Tertre affirms, that this pouch will hold as many fish as will serve sixty hungry men for a meal: Such is the formation of this extraordinary bird, which is a native of Africa and America.

They are all torpid and inactive to the last degree, so that nothing can exceed their indolence but their gluttony. It is only from the stimulations of hunger that they are excited to labour; for otherwise they would continue always in fixed repose. When they have rais-

ed themselves about thirty or forty feet above the surface of the sea, they turn their head, with one eye downwards, and continue to fly in that posture. As soon as they perceive a fish sufficiently near the surface, they dart down upon it with the swiftness of an arrow, seize it with unerring certainty, and store it up in their pouch. They then rise again, though not without great labour, and continue hovering and fishing, with their head on one side as before. This work they continue, with great effort and industry, till their bag is full; and then fly to land, to devour and digest, at leisure, the fruits of their industry.

Gessner tells us, that the emperor Maximilian had a tame pelican, which lived for above eighty years, and which always attended his army on their march.

With all the seeming indolence of this bird, it is not entirely incapable of instruction in a domestic state. Father Raymond assures us, that he has seen one so tame and well educated among the native Americans, that it would go off in the morning, at the word of command, and return before night to its master, with its great pouch distended with plunder; a part of which the savages would make it disgorge, and a part they would permit it to reserve for itself.

“The pelican,” as Fabre relates, “is not destitute of other qualifications. One which

was brought alive to the Duke of Bavaria's court, whence it lived forty years, seemed to be possessed of very uncommon sensations. It was much delighted in the company and conversation of men, and in music, both vocal and instrumental; for it would willingly stand (says he) by those that sung or sounded the trumpet; and stretching out its head, and turning its ear to the music, listen very attentively to its harmony, though its own voice was little pleasanter than the braying of an ass."

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR]

THE WATERSPOUT.

The waterspout, one of the most wonderful phenomenons of nature, has long been made a subject of description; but, although it has excited much curiosity, we have no very satisfactory elucidation of the CAUSE.

The waterspout is an immense column of water, of a conical shape—which, in violation of the law of gravitation, rises perpendicularly in the air, forming a connexion between the waters of the ocean and the clouds. Two currents of wind, blowing from opposite points, happen to meet, and, at their point of coalition, are interposed by a cloud, or collection of dense moisture, it will, from the two currents taking effect on the opposite extremities of each side, be propelled round with such velocity, that the particles will necessarily divulge from the centre, leaving in it an unoccupied space. This may be illustrated by the spinning of a top. If it be immersed in water, and put in motion, the particles of moisture will be perceived to fly off in all directions—which is to be attributed to the tendency which matter has to fly from the circle in which it revolves. This vacuum being formed in the cloud, the water beneath rushes upwards to fill it, as water rushes up a common pump, to replenish the space left by the exclusion of the air by the piston.

Thus is the waterspout produced; but if air be admitted, the tube will fall to pieces, and be impelled, by the force of gravity, to its original source.

Mariners, fearful of coming in close contact with it, endeavour to effect this by the firing of a cannon. As sound travels with an amazing velocity, by striking it the air will gain accession.

W:

MISCELLANEOUS.

“WHY WON'T YOU ASK PA' TO BE STILL WHILE I AM DYING?”

She was a lovely girl of fourteen, the oldest and the favorite of a once happy family. When the school hours were over, she would hasten home, and sit with her needle work by her mother to tend her little brother yet in the cradle; or do whatever else was required of her, so kindly, so uncomplainingly, that her presence in the family was like an angel visit. When she was about house in her pleasant and quiet manner, her mother's brow of care would often be lighted up with hope and joy. She would sometimes sit and fondly gaze upon her daughter, after having listened to the sweet tones of her voice, while she narrated some little occurrence, some passing event, and as she looked upon her in the loveliness of her young and unembittered existence, she felt all the affection of a maternal heart. And yet her eyes grew dim with the rising tear, as she thought of the future; as she more than anticipated the woes which might in coming years be the portion of her beloved child. But only a short time from the period of which I am now speaking, a change came over the spirit of the mother; for a change had passed upon the lovely daughter. Ellen became penitive and languid. Her eye was sunken; her cheek was pale; her form was emaciated; and she lay languishing upon her couch, over which her mother watched, by night and by day, till the evening to which I refer.

It was the hour of twilight. The streets were getting still. All was hushed around the dwelling of —, where lay the wasted form of Ellen. She had been raised up in her bed, that she might see the sun go down in the west. She watched his rays as they lingered upon the distant hills, till she grew tired with looking. She had just been placed in a more reposeing posture, when the very room where she lay became the scene of strange confusion. From the hoarse throat of the drunkard were poured forth a volley of oaths and horrid imprecations. The room was filled with the stench of his sepulchral breath. The care-worn and heart-broken wife was rudely driven from the bedside of the dying Ellen. The younger children were driven together in one corner of the room, pale with fear and their eyes red with weeping. The senseless babbling and noisy violence of the drunkard still continued. The breath of Ellen grew fainter and shorter. She raised her little skeleton hand beckoned her mother, who stood weeping the other side of the room, to come to her. She came. The poor child had only strength to say, "Why wo'nt you ask p. to be still while I am dying?" These were the last words of Ellen; but they were in vain. With the last sigh of her gentle spirit, there went up to heaven also the inhuman ravings of the drunken father. This story is not a fiction; not a matter of imagining, but of real occurrence.

TRUTH.

Truth is the unclothing of all disguises, unveiling all defects; it is a proper regard to virtue—a proper disregard to vice. Truth is the criterion that regulates society, assigning to its members their proper situation, and considers their importance under every circumstance. Truth is the only road to improvement, to happiness, and to perfection: It can perform no second part in the drama of life, for upon it the success of the representation depends; we must judge every thought, action, and event by truth alone. Aristides the Athenian, and Petrarch the Italian, knew its value, and guided their lives by it; for this

noble homage to the majesty of truth, their names have become immortal!

What is Truth? was the question of a Roman Governor; and who would not wait for an answer? Truth may be likened to a spring of water covered with snow, which, though deep and solid, gives way to its silent and almost imperceptible influence; again, truth may be considered as a planet careering through the illimitable expanse of space, and diffusing a resplendent lustre over its chaotic gloom.

PREJUDICE.

We hate some persons because we do not know them; and we will not know them because we hate them: Those friendships that succeed to such aversions are usually firm, for those qualities must be sterling that could not only gain our hearts, but conquer our prejudices. But the misfortune is, that we carry these prejudices into things far more serious than our friendship: Thus there are truths which some men despise, because they have not examined, and which they will not examine because they despise: There is one single instance on record, where this kind of prejudice was overcome by a miracle;—but the age of miracles is past, while that of prejudice remains:

GENIUS.

Genius is vastness of conception, originality of thought, brightness of ideas, and the application and concentration of these to useful purposes. Genius paints every thing it touches, elucidates every thing it examines, and in letters of gold, impresses its image upon its productions. Genius is of no country; the world is its native home, and the mind is the throne of its temple. Ignorance retreats, superstition vanishes, and misery in its thousand forms, is disarmed and vanquished, when genius is seconded by industry. Genius is as a river rushing over a precipice, bold, rapid, beautiful, and sublime in its descent, and, like its rolling stream, disseminates blessings in its course.

POETRY.

(From "English Songs and other Poems,"
by Barry Cornwall.)

Dawn, gentle flower,
From the morning earth—
We will gaze and wonder
At thy wond'rous birth.

Bloom, gentle flower,
Lover of the light—
Sought by wind and shower,
Fondled by the night.

Fade, gentle flower,
All thy white leaves close—
Having shown thy beauty,
Time 'tis for repose.

Die, gentle flower,
In the silent sun!
Now, all thy pangs are over,
All thy tasks are done.

Day hath no more glory,
Though he soars so high;
'Thine is all man's story—
Live—and love—and die.

DEATH OF THE YOUNGEST CHILD.

"Why is our infant sister's eye
No more with gladness bright?
Her brow of dimpled beauty, why
So like the marble white?"

My little ones, ye need no more
To hush the sportive tread,
Or whispering, pass the muffled door—
Your sweetest one is dead.

In vain you'll seek her joyous tone
Of tuneful mirth to hear;
Nor will her suffering, dove-like moan
Again distress your ear.

Lost to a mother's pillowing breast,
The cold grave's now her bed,
Her polish'd cheek in earth must rest—
Your sweetest one is dead.

Returning spring the birds doth call
Their happy task to take—
Vales, verdant trees, and streamlets, all
From winter's sleep doth wake;

Again your cherished flowers doth bloom,
Anew their fragrance shed;
But she, the darling, will not come—
Your sweetest one is dead.

THE CHRISTIAN.

There is a heart—a tender heart,
That softens down at human wo;
That sees with pain another's smart,
And flies to share the threat'ning blow.

An eye there is which shows the tear,
'The tender tear for sorrow shed,
That sheds it free when woes appear,
But beams with joy when woes have fled.

A voice there is that oft is heard
In concert with the mourner's sighs,
The notes of which the poor regard,
They mingle with their orphan's cries:

That heart the humble Christian's is,
His is that tearful, joyful eye;
His is the voice so swift to bless,
'Tis he that weeps at sorrow's sigh.

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