

THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. II.]

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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

CHAP. II.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of colour. The daughter appeared to be labouring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half-opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire, except that which was furnished by a handful of tan, or covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree from the 'nipping and eager air,' would be a charity for which they would be for ever grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighbouring ally, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand, every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation of

benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the coloured man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighbouring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and the daughter, lately ejected from a place destitute of the comforts of life, introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years; but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome; but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face, anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight the girl awoke from a disturbed and unre-

refreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raising her hand to her mother's face, 'Mother,' said she, in faltering accents, 'are you here?'

'Yes, child: are you better?'

'No, mother—I am sick, sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart, my blood grows cold, the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!'

'In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.'

'Do not thank Heaven, mother; you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!'

'Be composed, daughter; you need rest!'

'Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred, oh God! fatally erred, and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, my mother, for laying the snare by which I fell, for enticing me from the house of virtue, the home of my heart-broker father, to the house of infamy and death; but oh, I implore you repent, be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.'

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half stifled sigh.

'Promise me, then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavour to make peace with Heaven.'

'I do—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me?'

'God is merciful to all who ——'

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of

daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the coloured woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled, the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIAC!

The coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the booby of that humane and charitable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded, LETITIA L*****.

THE WELSH MARTYR DOG—CILIART.

At the base of Snowden, the highest mountain of Wales, is a stone standing at this day, called Bedd-Ciliart, or the grave of Ciliart. There, many centuries ago—for the last Welsh king was slain in 1283—was buried a favourite dog of Llewellyn, the Great, of which and his end we have the following pitiful story:—

Llewellyn had come to this place, with his wife and family, to spend the hunting season, of which sport he was passionately fond. He had among his pack a favourite dog, of the name Ciliart; or, as it sounds in English, Gelert. He missed him one day in the chase, and was much vexed to be obliged to return without his usual success, on account of the absence of his dog. His wife had been with him, as it was the custom of the time for females to engage in such exercises. As he dismounted, and entered the door of his house, followed by his wife, the first object he met was Ciliart, who came wagging his tail, and expressing all the welcome characteristic of that faithful and affectionate animal. Llewellyn would have rebuked him for his absence from duty that day, and for the subtraction he had occasioned from their pleasures; but his mouth, and head, and parts of his body

were stained with blood! "What!" exclaimed Llewellyn, raising his hand, and at the same moment his wife leading the way, they both rushed into the nursery; and, as they saw the floor marked with blood, they hastily snatched the curtain from the cradle, and their infant babe was gone! The mother cast one glance at the savage animal, that came following after them, screamed with horror, as she pointed her finger to the cause, rolled her eyes wild and madly to heaven, and fell backwards. The father drew his sword, and with one thrust transixed the monster, which fell at his feet, still wagging his tail, and looking duty and affection, as if in mockery of the deed he was supposed to have done! He howled out the expression of his own agony, moaning piteously, and expired—his eye, even in death, still fixed on his master.

Llewellyn, in his distraction, upset the cradle, and underneath it safely lay, sleeping, with a smile on his countenance, the infant babe! In another part of the room he found the body of a wolf, torn, mangled, and dead! He turned his eye to Ciliart, and he too was dead! What would he not have given to restore him to life? The instinct of the faithful animal had discerned the way-laying and near approach of the wolf, and withdrawn him from following his master to the chase; he had watched the movements of his adversary, and found that he had scented human flesh in his master's habitation; his sagacity had contrived to remove the babe, and to deposit it safely beneath its cradle, in anticipation of the coming fight; he had obtained the victory; and he waited for his master's return, to deliver up his charge, and be caressed for his fidelity.

The following is an extract from the journal of a traveller who visited this place:

"While I was at Bedd-Gelert I found myself one evening almost void of employment, and the moon shone so beautifully bright that I was tempted to ramble alone as far as Pont Aberglaslyn. The scene was not clad in its late grand colours, but now more delicately

shaded, and arrayed in softer charms. The darkening shadows of the rocks cast a gloom around, and the faint rays, in some places feebly reflected, gave to the straining eye a very imperfect glimpse of the surface it looked upon, while in others the moon shot her silver light through the deep ravines, and brightly illuminated the opposite rocks. All was solitude, serene and mild. The silence of the evening was only interrupted by the murmuring of the brook, which lulled to melancholy, and now and then by the shrill scream of the night owl fitting by me. I hung over the battlements of the bridge, listening to the hoarse fall of the water down the rocks, and watching, as the moon ascended the heavens, the decreasing shadows of the mountains."

It was here that Llewellyn the Great slew the faithful Ciliart in the phrensy of his supposed bereavement.

RELIGIOUS.

TRUST IN GOD.

The grandeur of religion appears more conscious, it attains a sublimer attitude, and shines with a surpassing majesty all its own, when employed in solacing and sustaining the Christian under distress and personal bereavement. When his family are torn from him by the cold, rude hand of death, or a valued friend drops into the grave without any intimation of the change, and deprives him of all he loved below, he appears a wanderer, a sort of solitary detachment of humanity, to himself, disconsolate, unknown, were it not for that blissful assurance, that the separation is only temporary, and that there is a time coming, which will usher in a resurrection of the just, by Him, who on earth declared, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Religion, which abounds with precepts for his entire trust in God, enables him also to bear with patience and pious resignation, the troubles and perplexities of life. While it in-

culcates adherence to duty, constancy in virtue and dependence upon God, it no less frequently expresses in animating strains, the immortality of reasonable natures, and the future inheritance of the righteous. This has been the joy and solace of good men in every age, their constant light in darkness, their unfailing comfort in adversity, their perpetual support under persecution. The most apparently insurmountable obstacles and formidable difficulties, have dwindled into insignificance and empty shadow, equally unsubstantial, when brought into competition with everlasting life and the promised crown. The hope of a future state, and the cheering certainty of its near approach, have, in every land, and in every period of time, when this celestial beam of consolation had dissipated the horrible darkness by which reason is enveloped, and through which it ineffectually essays to pierce and penetrate beyond, made captivity freedom, slavery liberty, and thrown around the exile the attractions and endearments of domestic life.

In the present day, this is the humble Christian's steadfast succour, his exhaustless fount of consolation, when distressed and forlorn, when deprived of his dearest relations, and nearest ties of affection and consanguinity; for what else can strengthen and revive him? "When friends have vanish'd from their view
less home,
And he is left companionless to roam,
O! What can cheer his melancholy way,
But hopes of union in the land of day!"

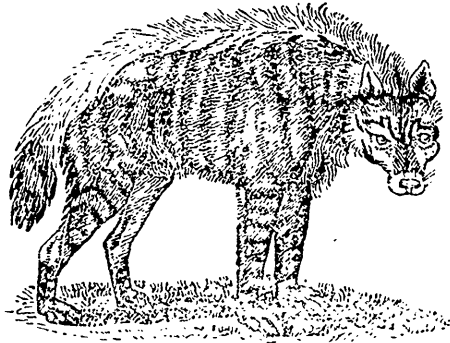
When surrounded by complicated difficulties, and encompassed by dangers while traversing this "vale of tears," the thorny wilderness of time, the pious Christian is assured in the word of God, "that all things work together for good, to them that love God."

OUR THOUGHTS.

Guard well thy thoughts, for they are heard in heaven. All the elementary principles of moral conduct may be found in the thoughts; they are the seeds of action, the faint lineaments of good or evil, the ground work of the

whole picture of human life. The whole current of morality flows from these little fountains which retire inwardly, until lost in the secret chambers of the mind and perception. The wretch that trembles before the bar of insulted justice, who is horror-struck while faithful witnesses are developing his turpitude, and while he expects from the lips of the judge the sentence of the law, which has no ears to listen to his supplications may trace back all his guilt and wretchedness to his thoughts. The murderer, whose hands have been stained with the blood of his fellow man, who pitied not the cries of his victim when about to strike the last fatal blow, and who survived his deed of death only to die more hideously, first by the gnawing of his own conscience, and then by the stern hand of retributive justice, may thank his thoughts for all this horrid consummation. He, who has linked crime with crime, making one enormity necessary to cover another, until he has passed a concatenation of revolting atrocity, may lay the first link of the chain his thoughts. The apostate from his God, who once carried a high profession, and seemed to outstrip the foremost in zeal and diligence, but who now grovels in vice, and finds his companions among the groundlings of sensuality, the scandal of his profession, and the grief of his friends, may find the commencement of his infamy and defection in his thoughts. Ye candidates for immortality, "How long shall your vain thoughts lodge within you!"

All young people, I think, set out in life with good-nature, generosity and benevolence, with a ray, at least, from the whole constellation of virtues; but in their passage through the world, they meet with such frequent instances of baseness, dishonesty and perfidy, that, like Brutus, they are at length brought almost to think Virtue itself but a name; and if not strongly imbued with Religion, grow lukewarm in its practice; or are tempted, like dupes at play, to deal back again upon others those deceits and frauds which they have themselves been bubbled by.



THE HYENA.

The Hyena has been an object of so strong aversion to mankind, that it is difficult to overcome our prejudices. We have been wrought upon by the strongest fancies of the poet, the wonderful tales of the traveller, and the absurd theories of former naturalists, till we are scarcely disposed to believe our senses, and to look upon the beast as destitute of those miraculous powers of old ascribed to him. One writer has affirmed that the Hyena's neck consisted of but one jointless bone, which was of great efficacy in magical invocations; another asserted that he could imitate every note of the human voice, from the lowest note to the 'top of the compass.' A third declared that he had power over the shepherds to charm and render them motionless, and then to pursue the females, cause them to forget their flocks, &c.

But since the ingenuity of man has contrived to imprison alive, and to bring them directly under our inspection, we are able to correct our ridiculous notions, and still find much in the animal to wonder and admire. In the collection of Messrs. Welsh, Macomber & Co. in Boston, there are two spotted, one striped, and a pair of laughing Hyenas, in three cages, affording a greater variety of the species than can be found in any other menagerie in this country. They possess striking and peculiar characteristics. Unlike all our

quadrupeds, they have but four toes to either fore or hind foot; there is no perceptible difference in size, form and temper, between male and female; and they are continually in a state of rage, defying all human power to soothe their passions and reduce them to comparative gentleness.

The striped Hyena is the largest of the five, with ears straight, long and nearly bare, head more square, and shorter than that of the wolf, hair and mane of a rusty brown, with transverse dark brown stripes covering the body. This species is more rare in Africa, where this one was taken, than in Egypt, Nubia, Syria and Persia. He is constantly in motion, driving up and down the cage, fretting and growling, as much after eating as when in hunger. He has as great an antipathy for his keeper, who constantly watches and feeds him, as for the merest stranger that walks past his cell, and is the only kind of animal we have ever seen that is never at rest, and never for a moment abates his savage ferocity.

The spotted and laughing Hyenas are nearly allied in species, being smaller than the striped, with shorter muzzle, ears short and broad, and of a slightly yellowish brown colour, with spots of a darker hue covering the whole body. Their jaws are of enormous strength, enabling them to break the hardest bones, and to

never a staff of the toughest wood, when put to the test. These were all taken in different parts of Africa, and one of the proprietors, who is now on his way to that quarter of the globe for the third or fourth time, assured us that it was no uncommon sight among the hunting parties of the interior, to be aroused in the night by the whining, and to see the fierce eye of the Hyena glowing in upon them. They are attracted to the tents by the smell of meat, oil or candles, and manifest no fear at the sight of man. Nevertheless, it is difficult in the night to take them alive, and they are commonly shot down on the spot.

BLACK AND PRAIRIE WOLVES.

Wolves are very numerous in every part of the state. There are two kinds: the common or black wolf, and the prairie wolf. The former is a large fierce animal, and very destructive to sheep, pigs, calves, poultry, and even young colts. They hunt in large packs, and after using every stratagem to circumvent their prey, attack it with remarkable ferocity. Like the Indian, they always endeavour to surprise their victim, and strike the mortal blow, without exposing themselves to danger. They seldom attack man, except when asleep or wounded. The largest animals, when wounded, entangled, or otherwise disabled, become their prey; but in general they only attack such as are incapable of resistance. They have been known to lie in wait upon the bank of a stream which the buffalo were in the habit of crossing and when one of those unwieldy animals was so unfortunate as to sink in the mire, spring suddenly upon it and worry it to death, while thus disabled from resistance. Their most common prey is the deer, which they hunt regularly; but all defenceless animals are alike acceptable to their ravenous appetites. When tempted by hunger they approach the farm houses during the night, and snatch their prey from under the very eye of the farmer; and when the latter is absent with his dogs, the wolf is sometimes seen by the females lurking

about in mid-day, as if aware of the unprotected state of the family. Our heroic females have sometimes shot them under such circumstances.

The prairie wolf is a smaller species, which takes its name from its habit of residing entirely upon the open plains. Even when hunted with dogs, it will make circuit after circuit round the prairie, carefully avoiding the forest, or only dashing into it occasionally when hard pressed, and then returning to the plain. In size and appearance, this animal is midway between the wolf and the fox, and in colour it resembles the latter, being of a very light red. It preys upon poultry, rabbits, young pigs, &c. The most friendly relations subsist between this animal and the common wolf, and they constantly hunt in packs together. Nothing is more common than to see a large black wolf in company with several prairie wolves. I am well satisfied that the latter is the jackall of Asia.

These animals, though still numerous and troublesome to the farmer, are greatly decreased in number, and are no longer dangerous to man. We know of no instances in late years of a human being having been attacked by them.

TRAVELS.

ROCK OF MERIBAH.

“ We now descended to the desolate monastery in the glen, and taking each an Arab pipe, solaced ourselves in the abodes of the fathers, till the sultry heat was passed, and then proceeded for about two hours till we came to the celebrated rock of Meribah. It still bears striking evidence of the miracle about it, and is quite isolated in the midst of a narrow valley, which is here about two hundred yards broad. There are four or five fissures, one above the other, on the face of the rock, each of them about a foot and a half long, and a few inches deep. What is remarkable, they run along the breadth of the rock and are not rent downwards they are more than a foot asunder, and there

is a channel worn between them by the gushing of the water. The Arabs still reverence this rock, and stuff shrubs into the holes, that when any of their camels are sick they may eat of them and recover. Two of the holes at this time were filled with reeds for this purpose, and they believed it to be endowed with a peculiar virtue. The rock is of a beautiful granite, and is about five yards long, five in height and four yards wide.

“This narrow valley soon opened into a plain, capable of containing a large number of people, where they probably stood, as well as around the rock and in the valley, to receive the water that poured down.”

MOUNT PARAN.

“Being all mounted on camels, we set off; towards evening we proceeded at a brisk trot, and entered the wilderness of Paran. The sun was setting, and we passed, at no great distance, Mount Paran. Its form was most singular, yet indescribably grand; it had three sharp and pointed summits, and its side toward the wilderness was formed of perpendicular precipices of rock; between its three summits, which rose like towers, were cast the declining beams of the sun. It brought to mind the fine passage in the prophet, ‘The glory of God shined from mount Paran,’” &c.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON—(CONTINUED.)

The social character of Sir Isaac Newton was such as might have been expected from his intellectual attainments. He was modest, candid, and affable, and without any of the eccentricities of genius, suiting himself to every company, and speaking of himself and others in such a manner that he was never even suspected of vanity.

The modesty of Sir Isaac Newton, in reference to his great discoveries, was not found on any indifference to the fame which they conferred, or upon any erroneous judgment of their importance to science. The whole of

his life proves that he knew his place as a philosopher, and was determined to assert and vindicate his rights. His modesty arose from the depth and extent of his knowledge, which showed him that a small portion he had been able to examine, and how much remained to be explored in the same field in which he had himself laboured. In the magnitude of the comparison he recognised his own littleness; and a short time before his death he uttered this memorable sentiment: ‘I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.’ What a lesson to the vanity and presumption of philosophers—to those who especially have never even found the smoother pebble or the prettier shell!—What a preparation for the latest inquiries, and the last views of the decaying spirit, for those inspired doctrines which alone can throw a light over the dark ocean of undiscovered truth!

The habits of deep meditation which Sir Isaac Newton had acquired, though they did not show themselves in his intercourse with society, exercised their full influence over his mind when in the midst of his own family. Absorbed in thought, he would often sit down on his bed side after he rose, and remain there for hours without dressing himself, occupied with some interesting investigation which had fixed his attention. Owing to the same absence of mind, he neglected to take the requisite quantity of nourishment, and it was, therefore, often necessary to remind him of his meals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHO IS A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN?

Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form and proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists...of which every nation

has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart, which insures to man the greatest portion of happiness.

Wherever there is most bosom tranquility, most domestic happiness, there beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage; there is a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of honeysuckle perfume us as we pass at the door. Enter and behold that English woman out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek, contented man, well fed, clean lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly and with protracted delight, the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now, that

is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? She is beautiful, because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honeysuckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight.

POETRY.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour? it is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless—
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;
Go thou and succour him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis that weary man,
Whose years are at their brim,
But low with sickness, cares and pain;
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbour? 'tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left;
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour? yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave;
Go thou and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favor'd than thy own,
Remember, 'tis thy neighbour worm,
Thy brother or thy son.

O pass not, pass not heedless by,
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery—
Go, share thy lot with him.

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☞ We beg leave to inform our readers, that, owing to circumstances beyond our controul, the Instructor will appear for the future on Wednesday morning instead of Tuesday.