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THE INSTRUCTOR.

In 7

No. 1.]

MONTREAL, APRIL 28, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

RELIGIOUS.

CHARACTER OF GOD.

BY THE LATE REV. JOHN RYLAND.

GOD IS A SPIRIT,

Incorporeal, invisible, immortal.

GOD IS AN UNCREATED SPIRIT,

Simple and uncompounded; eternal, without beginning or end; immutable, without change; omnipresent, without bounds.

GOD IS AN ACTIVE OPERATIVE SPIRIT:

He has life or self-motion, essential life, eternal life, efficient life, and no death in Him. Almighty in power, and no weakness in Him.

GOD IS AN INTELLIGENT RATIONAL SPIRIT:

He has an infinite understanding and knowledge of all things.

“Thou God seest me.”—Gen. xvi. 13.

He has a will or a power to do a thing or to let it alone. His will has objects, ends, actings, dominion.

GOD IS A SPIRIT:

Of amiable affections—love and joy;
Of awful affections—hatred, anger, zeal and wrath.

GOD IS A SPIRIT:

Adorned with virtues or good qualities;
Wisdom to propose the best ends;
Goodness, or a will to give pleasure;
Love, grace, mercy, patience;
Holiness, or purity of nature;
Justice, or an ardent regard for his dues and rights.

Truth in existence, in conception, in intention, in expression, action or conduct.

GOD IS A SPIRIT,

Self-sufficient for himself, all-sufficient for his people.

GOD IS A SPIRIT,

Of immortal dignity, of eternal pre-eminence, of delicate and correct taste.

GOD IS A PERFECT SPIRIT,

A happy Spirit, a glorious Spirit; an incomprehensible Spirit.

THE SAVIOUR.

The toils and trials of a distressing, but perfect life, follow this illustrious personage to the place of death. Approach his cross, and fix your attention on the prodigies which signalise his sufferings, and stamp divinity on their martyrdom! Think not that I allude to the terrific drapery which in that dread hour was flung around the great theatre of nature. No! 'tis not the darkened sun, the bursting tombs, the quaking mountains, or the trembling world that I allude to! These, indeed, are prodigies; but these vanish before the still greater prodigies of meekness, humility and sin-forgiving goodness displayed in the dying Saviour. When I behold him amidst the last agonies of dissolving nature, raising his dying eyes to heaven, and, forgetful of himself, interceding with the God of mercy, with his last breath, and from his very cross, in behalf of those wretches whose insatiable malice had fixed him there—then it is that the evidence of his claims rise to demonstration, and I feel the resistless force of that impassionate exclamation which burst from the lips of infidelity itself, “If Socrates died as a philosopher, Jesus Christ died as a God!”

And shall a worm, covered with crimes and living on sufferance, in the same world where the agonizing Saviour uttered his dying supplication, and left his dying example for imitation—shall such a worm, tumid with resentment, lift his proud crest to his fellow worm,

and, incapable of mercy. talk of retribution? No, blessed Jesus, thy death is an antidote to vengeance. At the foot of thy cross I meet my enemies, I forget their injuries. I bury my revenge, and forgive them as I also hope to be forgiven of thee.—DR. NOTT.

PARTICULAR PROVIDENCE.

For my own part, I fully enter into the sentiment of an ancient writer, that it would not be worth while to live in a world that was not governed by a Providence. Nothing is so tranquilizing and consolatory, amidst the perpetual shiftings and fluctuations and uncertainties of an inconstant world, as the firm belief that my family and myself are wholly dependent on the sleepless and unremitting care of our reconciled God and Father; that he views with indifference nothing which can affect us either with good or with ill; that every drop in the ocean of means is in his hand and at his disposal; and that he is making all things work together for our good. His eye is upon every hour of my existence, his spirit intimately present with every thought of my heart. His hand impresses a direction upon every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale is drawn in by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which upon the slightest derangement would become the prey of death, or of woful suffering, is now at ease, because he is at this moment warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps me through the whole current of my restless and ever changing history. When I walk by the way he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit has sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of him who never slumbers is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me. And the same Being who is now at work in the remotest dominions of

Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand, to eke out every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings and all my faculties.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

Amidst the exaggerations of modern literature, and the fictions of that exuberant fancy, which in these latter days is tasked to gratify a public taste somewhat vitiated, it is useful to present occasional views of actual existence. Such are contained in the following sketch, which is studiously simple in its language, and every event of which is strictly true. We have this assurance from a source entitled to implicit credit.

KNICKERBOCKER.

There is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are acquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being, and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of sin.

CHAP. I.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L—, no lady

was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. — They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under the conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlour, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterised her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feeling of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness to add new pleasure to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence; and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develop, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment and unremitting diligence. But for this labour does not the mother receive her reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early developement of her genius, the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure, a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attraction and high character as a 'gentleman,' belonged to a class of men, which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality

a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolised all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognised no feeling of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No consideration of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business, and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters, so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honour, can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those acquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement; and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends make atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine there is no remedy, of its fatal consequences there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual developement of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband; but he, blinded by prejudice in favour of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued, and such was the weight of his ascendant power, such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he called unparadonable, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct, that even the lady herself was induced in time to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and, before she was aware of her error, she had drunk freely of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered, reason loses its sway, and a whirlwind of maddening emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name—
THE WIFE OF HIS BOSOM FRIEND!

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

[We shall give the remainder in our next.]

The connexion of religious duties with moral is so very close, that, as the religion of those is always false who think meanly of virtue, so the virtue of those is never uniform, if at all true, who think meanly of religion.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.**FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.**

“There is a tongue in every leaf!
A voice in every rill!
A voice that speaketh everywhere,
In flood and fire, through earth and air:
A tongue that’s never still!”

SIR,—A work such as that which you have undertaken to publish is calculated, in my opinion, to be productive of much good; and I feel confident the object of your little work will be duly appreciated.

As it is expected you will devote a portion of it to an enquiry into the works of the Creator, “for in wisdom hath he formed them all!” I beg to offer the first of a series of brief articles upon select subjects in Natural Philosophy. The generality of people, imagining this to be too deep a science for their comprehension, never make it a study. Without diving into its depths, we may attain, to a great extent, that knowledge, which is not only interesting in the highest degree, but which, as Lord Bacon says, contributes to make men better and happier. From the days of this great man to the time of Newton, it has been cultivated in England; when the latter succeeded in banishing the vague hypothesis to which it was subjected, and bringing it under an entire subjection to experiments and geometry, thereby placing it upon a foundation which will never fail whilst the nature of things remains unchanged. The writings of the philosopher Ferguson I take for my guide, which, together with my own researches, I will endeavour to compress into a form suitable to your work and my purpose. Wishing you every success,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant, W.

MATTER.

The word matter here means every thing that has length, breadth and thickness, and resists the touch.

Its inherent properties are solidity, inactivity, mobility and divisibility.

By SOLIDITY is understood the property of not being easily separated into parts. Two substances, having a third between them, cannot be made to touch. Each body has some shape, and hinders other bodies from occupying the space which it possesses.

INACTIVITY is another property by which matter endeavours to continue in the state it is in, whether of rest or motion. One body containing twice or thrice as much matter as another, has twice or thrice as much inactivity, or will require twice or thrice as much force to give it an equal degree of motion, or stop it after it has been put in such motion. That matter in a state of rest can never put itself in motion is a fact admitted by all; but being unacquainted with the laws of motion, most people are liable to believe that matter in a state of motion has a propensity to fall into a state of rest. A canon ball, put into violent motion, is soon stopped, 1st, by its weight or gravity, which sinks it to the ground, and 2dly, by the resistance of the air. If a ball be propelled with equal force upon a bowling-green it will go a shorter distance, because of the friction of the grassy surface and the resistance of the air; but if the field be made perfectly even, and covered with polished marble, the ball, by the same degree of force, will go still farther, there being less to resist it. If the ball were taken several miles above the earth, and there projected in a horizontal direction with such a velocity as would make it move, if we may use the expression, beyond the boundary of the earth, in obedience to this force propelling it forward, and gravity attracting it towards the earth, and no resisting medium, the ball would not fall to the earth, but continue to revolve round it for ever, in the same manner as the earth revolves round the sun, or the moon round the earth. In the receiver of an air pump, from which the air has been pumped, and a vacuum formed, a common top has been known to spin for many minutes; and if the friction of the top upon the bottom of the receiver could be done away with, it would spin for ever, and thus would

be attained the long-looked-for perpetual motion.

The next chapter will treat of the mobility and divisibility of matter.

TRAVELS.

[The following is extracted from a work entitled "Letters from the East, by John Carne, Esquire, of Queen's College, Cambridge."]

MOUNT SINAI.

"A few hours more, and we got sight of the mountains round Sinai. Their appearance was magnificent; when we drew nearer and emerged out of a deep pass, the scenery was infinitely striking, and on the right extended a vast range of mountains as far as the eye could reach, from the vicinity of Sinai down to Tor. They were perfectly bare, but of grand and singular form.

"We had hoped to reach the convent by daylight, but the moon had risen some time when we entered the mouth of a narrow pass, where our conductors advised us to dismount.

A gentle, yet perpetual ascent led on, mile after mile, up this mournful valley, whose aspect was terrific, yet ever varying. It was not above two hundred yards in width and the mountains rose to an immense height on each side. The road wound at their feet along the edge of a precipice, and amidst masses of rock that had fallen from above. It was a toilsome path, generally over stones, placed like steps probably by the Arabs; and the moonlight was of little service to us in this deep valley, as it only rested on the frowning summits above. Where is mount Sinai? was the inquiry of every one. The Arabs pointed before to Gabel Mousa, the mount of Moses, as it is called; but we could not distinguish it. Again and again, point after point was turned, and we saw but the same stern scenery. But what had the softness and beauty of nature to do here? Mount Sinai required an approach like this where all seemed to proclaim the land of miracles, and to have been visited by the terrors of the Lord. The scenes, as you gaze around,

had an unearthly character, suited to the sound of the fearful trumpet that was once heard there. We entered at last on the more open valley, about half a mile wide, and drew near this famous mountain. Sinai is not so lofty as some of the mountains around it, and in its form there is nothing graceful or peculiar to distinguish it from others.

"At no great distance from the convent is the scene, in the solitudes of Midian, where tradition says Moses kept the sheep of Jethro, his father-in-law. It is a valley at the back of the convent, between two ranges of mountains. A solitary group of trees stands in the middle.

"On the third morning we set out early from the convent for the summit of mount Sinai, with two Arab guides. The ascent was, for some time, over long and broken flights of stone steps, placed there by the Greeks. The path was often narrow and steep, and wound through lofty masses of rock on each side. In about half an hour we came to a well of excellent water; a short distance above which is a small ruined chapel. About half way up was a verdant and pleasant spot, in the midst of which stood a high and solitary palm, and the rocks rose in a small and wild amphitheatre around. We were not very long now in reaching the summit, which is of limited extent, having two small buildings on it, used formerly by the Greek pilgrims, probably for worship. But Sinai has four summits, and that of Moses stands almost in the midst of the others, and is not visible from below, so that the spot where he received the law must have been hid from the view of the multitude around; and the smoke and flame, which Scripture says, enveloped the entire mount Sinai, must have had the more awful appearance, by reason of its many summits and extent; and the account delivered gives reason to imagine that the summit, or where God appeared, was shrouded from the hosts around; as the seventy elders only were permitted to behold 'the body of heaven in its clearness, the feet of sapphire,' &c.



THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

The Niagara channel, about forty miles in length, brings into Ontario the waters of Lake Erie and of all the upper country. On this channel occurs an object the most grand and awful in nature, the Falls of Niagara. The accumulated waters flowing from four mighty lakes and all their tributaries, after being for two miles agitated like a sea by rapids, come to a precipitous rock where they pour down their whole mass in one tremendous plunge of 160 feet high. The noise, tumult, and rapidity of this falling sea, the rolling clouds of foam, the vast volumes of vapour which rise into the air, the brilliancy and variety of the tints, and the beautiful rainbows which span the abyss, the banks, and immense woods, which surround this wonderful scene, have been considered by bold travellers as eclipsing every similar phenomenon. The noise resembles that caused by the discharge of a thousand pieces of ordnance; and it is heard, and the cloud of waters seen, at the distance of thirty or forty miles. The fall on the Canadian side is 600 feet wide, of a semicircular form, that on the American side only 350 feet. The one, called the Crescent or Horse-shoe Fall, is a mighty sea-green wave; the other, broken by rocks into foam, resembles a sheet of silver. Bold travellers have ventured down, amid broken rocks, with the certainty of being dashed to the skin, and with some little danger, to the foot of the fall, and even below it. Others, more daring, venture out in a skiff, and view it in front at the distance of twenty paces; and where there is here little or no danger, so awful is the scene, that few can summon the requisite courage.

There are now excellent inns on both sides of the falls, which are crowded with visitors. On the Niagara frontier are three villages; one, that of Niagara, with about 1500 inhabitants, situated not at the falls, but at the mouth of Lake Ontario, with a fort facing another on the American side; Queenston, twelve miles below the falls, which suffered severely during the late war, but is recovering; and Chippewa, the same distance above, containing several neat houses, and at the mouth of a river, the banks of which are covered with excellent timber.

POETRY.

PROVIDENCE.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet, though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Dr. Brewster has lately written the life of the great Newton, for the English Family Library. Newton is stated to have been a posthumous child—his father dying at the age of 96. The helpless infant thus ushered into the world, was of such an extremely diminutive size, and seemed of so perishable a frame, that two women who were sent to Lady Pakeniam's, at North Witham, to bring some medicine to

strengthen him, did not expect to find him alive on their return. Sir Isaac Newton told Mr. Conduit, that he had often heard his mother say, that when he was born he was so little that they might have put him into a quart mug. So weak and so diminutive was the being, whose fame was afterwards destined to fill the world—the *foremost man of all the earth*. He was very inattentive to his studies and stood very low in the school: but a single spark of honest pride fired the genius which was destined to illuminate the world. The boy who was above him having one day given him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered great pain, Isaac laboured incessantly till he got above him in the school, and from that time he continued to rise till he was the head boy. From the habits of application which this incident led him to form, the peculiar character of his mind was speedily displayed. During the hours of play, when the other boys were occupied with their amusements, his mind was engrossed with mechanical contrivances, either in imitation of something which he had seen, or in execution of some original conception of his own. For this purpose he provided himself with little saws, hatchets, hammers, and all sorts of tools, which he acquired the art of using with singular dexterity. The principal pieces of mechanism which he thus constructed were a windmill, and a carriage put in motion by the person who sat in it. Such was the birth, and such was the first dawning, of the greatest man that has ever lived in the tide of times.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

BY

J. E. L. MILLER,

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