

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
					J						

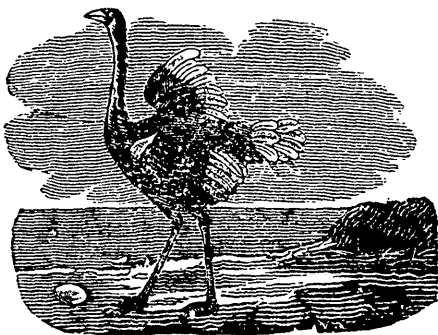
THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. IV.]

MONTREAL, MAY 20, 1835.

[Page 2.]

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE OSTRICH.

The Ostrich is a bird very anciently known, since it is mentioned in the oldest of books. It has furnished the sacred writers with some of their most beautiful imagery, and its flesh was, even previous to the days of Moses, apparently a common species of food, since we find it interdicted, among other unclean animals, by the Jewish legislator.

The Ostrich is generally considered as the largest of birds, but its size deprives it of the power of flying. The medium weight of this bird may be estimated at 75 or 80 pounds, a weight which would require an immense power of wing to elevate into the atmosphere.

At a distance it bears a strong resemblance to that of a camel. It is usually seven feet high from the top of the head to the ground, but from the back it is only four.

The Ostrich is a native only of the torrid regions of Africa, and has never been bred out of that country which first produced it. This bird, so disqualified for society with man, its

habits, from preference, the most solitary and horrid deserts, where there are few vegetables to clothe the surface of the earth, and where the rain never comes to refresh it. The Arabians assert that the Ostrich never drinks: and the place of its habitation seems to confirm the assertion. In these formidable regions Ostriches are seen in large flocks, which, to the distant spectator, appeared like a regiment of cavalry, and have often alarmed a whole caravan. There is no desert, how barren soever, but is capable of supplying these animals with provision; they eat almost every thing; and these barren tracts are thus doubly grateful, as they afford both food and security. The Ostrich is of all animals the most voracious; it will devour leather, glass, hair, iron, stones, or any thing that is given. It lays very large eggs, some of them being above five inches in diameter, and weighing above fifteen pounds; these eggs have a very hard shell, somewhat resembling those of the croco-

dile, except that those of the latter are less and rounder.

It has been commonly reported that the female deposits her eggs in the sand, and covering them up, leaves them to be hatched by the heat of the climate, and then permits the young to shift for themselves. Very little of this, however, is true; no bird has a stronger affection for her young than the Ostrich, and none watches her eggs with greater assiduity. The young ones are not able to walk till they are several days old; during which time the old ones encounter every danger in their defence.

At a single feast the emperor Heliogabalus is said to have been served with the brains of six hundred of these animals. Even at this period some of the savage nations of Africa hunt them not only for their plumage, but for their flesh also, which they consider as a dainty. A single egg is said to be a sufficient entertainment for eight men.

Perhaps, of all varieties of the chase, this, though the most laborious, is yet the most entertaining. As soon as the hunter comes within sight of the prey, he puts on his horse with a gentle gallop, so as to keep the ostrich still in sight, yet not so as to terrify him from the plain into the mountains. His speed would very soon snatch him from the view of his pursuers; but instead of going off in a direct line, he takes his course in circles; while the hunters still make a small course within, relieve each other, meet him at unexpected turns, and keep him thus still employed, still followed for two or three days together. At last, spent by fatigue and famine, and finding all power of escape impossible, he endeavours to hide himself from those enemies he cannot avoid, and covers his head in the sand, or the first thicket he meets. Sometimes, however, he attempts to face his pursuers: and though, in general, the most gentle animal in nature, when driven in desperation, he defends himself with his beak, his wings, and his feet.—Such is the force of his motion, that a man would be utterly unable to withstand him in his shock.

TRAVELS.

JERUSALEM.

(Continued from our last.)

The day had become hot ere I returned to my dwelling, just within the walls. It was the most desirable time of the year to be at Jerusalem, as the feast of Easter was about to commence, and many of the pilgrims had arrived. The streets of the city are very narrow and ill paved, and the houses in general have a mean appearance. The bazaar is a very ordinary one. The Armenian quarter is the only agreeable part of the city; the convent, which stands near the gate of Zion, is very spacious and handsome, with a large garden attached to it, and can furnish accommodations for eight hundred pilgrims within its walls; the poorer part lodging in out houses and offices in the courts, while the richer find every luxury and comfort, for all the apartments in this convent are furnished in the oriental manner. The wealthy pilgrims never fail to leave a handsome present, to the amount sometimes of several hundred pounds. If a pilgrim dies in the convent, all the property he has with him goes to the order. The church is very rich, and ornamented in a very curious taste, the floor being covered, as is the case in all their religious edifices, with a handsome carpet.

The lower division of the city, towards the east, is chiefly occupied by the Jews: it is the dirtiest and most offensive of all. Several of this people, however, are rather affluent, and live in a very comfortable style: both men and women are more attractive in their persons than those of their nation who reside in Europe, and their features are not so strongly marked with the indelible Hebrew characters, but much more mild and interesting. But few passengers, in general, are met with in the streets, which have the aspect, where the convents are situated, of fortresses, from the height and strength of the walls the monks have thought necessary for their defence.—Handsomely dressed persons are seldom seen, as the

Jews and Christians rather study to preserve an appearance of poverty, that they may not excite the jealousy of the Turks.

The population of Jerusalem has been variously stated: but it can hardly exceed twenty thousand; ten thousand of these are Jews, five thousand Christians, and the same number of Turks. The walls can with ease be walked round on the outside in forty-five minutes, as the extent is scarcely three miles.

The circumstance that most perplexes every traveller is, to account for Mount Calvary's having been formerly without the city. It is at present not a small way within; and in order to shut it out, the ancient walls must have made the most extraordinary and unnecessary curve imaginable. Its elevation was probably always inconsiderable, so that there is little to stagger one's faith in the lowness of its present appearance. The exclusion of Calvary must have deprived the ancient city of a considerable space of habitable ground, of which, from the circumscribed nature of its site, there could have been little to spare. But tradition could not err in the identity of so famous a spot, and the smallest skepticism would deprive it of all its powerful charm. Besides that, the disposition of the former Jerusalem appears to have been in other parts sufficiently irregular.

The mosque of Omar, the most beautiful edifice in the Turkish empire, stands, in a great measure, on the site occupied by Solomon's temple. The arch around it is spacious and delightful, and being planted with trees, afford the only agreeable promenade in the city. Christians, however, are never allowed to enter it. Its situation is little elevated above the level of the street, so that Mount Moriah, formerly the highest eminence that joined the city, and where the temple stood, is now shorn of its honours. The loftiest part of the town at present is the western, between the gates of Bethlehem and Zion, where the convents are situated. The sides of the hill of Zion have a pleasing aspect, as they possess a few olive trees and rude gardens, and a crop of corn at this time growing there. On its

southern extremity, a short way from the wall, is the mosque of David, which is held in the highest reverence by the Turks, who affirm that the remains of that monarch, and his son Solomon, were interred here, and that their tombs still exist. In a small building attached to the mosque, and where a church formerly stood, is the room in which was held the last supper of our Lord and his disciples. We looked into it through some crevices; it had a mean and naked appearance.

(To be continued.)

RELIGIOUS.

PRAYER.

Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of our recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest; prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts, it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out quarters of an army. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upward, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and unconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it was a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below; so is the prayer of a good man.—BISHOP TAYLOR.

PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

“The root you set, and watered with your care,

See how it flourishes with blossoms fair—
Mark how those tender shoots their growth display,

As learning lends her light and points the way,
While moral and religious aids combine
To stamp with dignity your good design.”

The reading of books, what is it, but conversing with the wisest men of all ages and countries, who thereby communicate to us their most deliberate thoughts, choicest notions and best inventions, couched in good expression, and digested in exact method?

And as to the particular objects of study, all have their use and pleasure.

The very initial study of tongues and grammatical literature is very profitable and necessary as the inlets to knowledge, whereby we are enabled to understand wise men speaking their sense in their own terms and lively strains; whereby we are especially assisted to drink sacred knowledge out of the fountains, the divine oracles. Luther would not part with the little Hebrew he had for all the Turkish empire.

The perusal of history, how pleasant illumination of mind, how useful direction of life, how sprightly incentives to virtue, doth it afford! How doth it supply the room of experience, and furnish us with prudence at the expense of others, informing us about the ways of action, and the consequences thereof, by examples without our own danger or trouble! How may it instruct and encourage us in piety, while therein we trace the paths of God in men, or observe the method of Divine Providence, how the Lord and Judge of the world in due season protecteth, prospereth, blesseth, rewardeth innocence and integrity; how he crosseth, defeateth, blasteth, curseth, punisheth iniquity and outrage; managing things with admirable wisdom, to the good of mankind and advancement of his own glory.

The mathematical sciences, how pleasant is the speculation of them to the mind. How

useful is the practice to common life. How do they whet and excite the mind. How do they enure it to strict reasoning and patient meditations.

Natural philosophy, the contemplation of this great theatre or visible system presented before us; observing the various appearances therein and inquiring into their causes; reflecting on the order, connexion, and harmony of things; considering their original source and final design; how doth it enlarge our minds, and advance them above vulgar amusements, and the admiration of those petty things about which men care and bicker! How may it serve to work in us pious affections of admiration, reverence, and love toward our Creator, whose eternal divinity is clearly seen, whose glory is declared, whose transcendent perfections and attributes of immense power, wisdom, and goodness, are conspicuously displayed; whose particular kindness towards us men doth evidently shine in those his works of nature.—DR. BARROW.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE CAPTIVE BABES RECOVERED.

At the period of the story which I am about to relate, the Huguenots had been residents of Oxford somewhat more than three years. They had erected a sufficient number of rude dwellings, and had made good progress in clearing and cultivating the earth. The close of autumn was again approaching, and every thicket and copse assumed that variety of hue which gives such beauty and brilliance to the forests of New England. The children of the colonists might be seen bearing towards their homes baskets of those nuts which were to vary the banquet of their winter evenings. Ere the morning sun had melted the white frost from the earth, their little fingers, regardless of cold, were busily employed in separating the chesnut from its armed sheath; and they were delighted to trace in the productions of the hazle bush a strong resemblance to the filbert of their native clime.

It was sweet to hear their pleasant voices chattering to each other, while the more hardy ones climbed the lofty walnut and butternut trees, and shook the loaded branches for those who gathered beneath. It was lovely to see their healthy and innocent faces, like fresh flowers amid those wilds so lately tenanted by the red Indian and the sable bear. Among this happy group were the little children of Mr. St. Maur—Antoine, a boy of eight years of age, with his sister Elise, four years younger. They were peculiarly dear to their father, because he had the sole charge of them; for their mother, who was a delicate woman, and exhausted by the sufferings to which their persecutions had exposed them, died during the voyage to America. She had long been pale and feeble, and their passage was tedious and tempestuous. Once, when a violent storm arose, she sat during the whole night with her infant in her arms, and little Antoine, sometimes sleeping and sometimes moaning, by her side. When the day began to dawn, she kissed the baby for the last time, and laid it in her husband's bosom. Poor Antoine remembered as long as he lived, that she clasped her cold hands upon his head, and said in a faint voice as if she prayed, "The cup that my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" and that in a few minutes she was laid down, motionless and dead.

It was no wonder that St. Maur should regard these motherless children, the companions of his exile, with great tenderness. When he gave them permission to join the nut-gatherers, he said to Antoine, "My son, watch over your sister every moment, and return with her before the sun sets." Delighted with their liberty, and with the healthful toil they were pursuing, Antoine and Elise could not help regretting when they saw the sun decline towards the west.—Yet obedient to their father's command, they took leave of their companions, and turned their steps homewards. They had not proceeded far from the forest, ere they were moved, at considerable distance,

profuse clusters of the purple frost-grape peeping out amid brown rocks and faded foliage. Having still room in their baskets, they hastened to load them with this new treasure, forgetful how widely they wandered from the path, and that the last rays of the sun were vanishing. But as they descended towards a little dell, two Indians rushed from the adjoining thicket, and each caught one of the children in his arms. Antoine struggled violently, and every feature was convulsed with anger. His little sister finding that resistance was vain, became quiet, and he, recollecting to have heard that the natives of this country were soothed by an appearance of confidence, endeavoured to imitate her. But his keen eye took note of every angle in the path, every brook that they forded, every hill that was ascended, determining if possible to effect an escape, and alternately to lead and carry his little sister, until they should reach their home.

He was grieved that night so soon came on, and prevented his observation of the country. The Indians travelled a long time ere they halted, and then kindled a fire in the forest, before they prepared for rest. They offered the children some of the food which they carried with them, but Antoine refused to partake. His heart swelled too high to permit him to think of hunger. Being a bold boy, he began to meditate the conquest of these savages, for he feared that their vigilance would prevent him from rescuing his sister, though he trusted that he might himself steal silently away while they slept.

"There are but two of them, thought he, and if there were twenty, I would save Elise. Henry the great would not have feared to undertake it, and I know his arm was not stronger than mine, when he was eight years old. What is a soldier good for who dare not encounter odds? And I hope to be a soldier like my valiant ancestors, of whom my dear father has told me."

The little girl took the parched corn that was offered her, and the Indian upon whose knee she sat, was pleased when he saw her eat the

kernels, and look up in his face with reproachless eyes. They then lay down to sleep, each with a captive in his arms. Antoine wisely conquered his impatience, and remained perfectly still, until the arm which held him relaxed its grasp, and deep breathings denoted slumber. At first, the repose of the Indian was disturbed, and after partially releasing his prisoner, he would clasp him more closely, muttering and half opening his eyes in broken dreams.

Antoine waited until he slept profoundly, and then scarcely breathing, crept away from his side. He rose up, and looked around him. Nothing was heard, save the sobs of those who slumbered, and the crackling of the fire, which blazed up high and bright in the forest, except now and then the distant growling and snapping of a bear, as if bereaved of her cubs. —The heart of the child, who had never at the hour of midnight been away from his parent's side, might be supposed to shudder at a scene so awful. But a new courage kindled there, when he recollected that the care of his sister had been entrusted to him, and that his father was now miserable for their loss. Little Elise lay sleeping upon the damp ground, her head resting upon the bosom of the dark, red man. She seemed like a rose-bud broken from its stalk, and dropped in some dismal vault, where the bloated toad stares at the strange guest, or the snake, stealing from its nest, enfolds it in a venomous coil. Her tiny hand, pure as wax, was among the long, black locks of the Indian, and her ruby lips were slightly parted by her soft and quiet breathing. Her brother stood near her, and brushing away the thick curls that clustered around his forehead, espied the tomahawks of their captors hanging upon a tree. He climbed up to them, and not being able to ascertain which was the best, loaded himself with both: To descend the tree with these weapons, and yet to preserve that caution and silence which the exigence of the case demanded, was no slight undertaking for a boy of eight summers.

His heart beat strong and painfully as his

foot was about to touch the ground: At that moment one of the tomahawks fell. It struck a stone, and his guard awaked. What was his astonishment at beholding a child whom he deemed incapable of resistance, raising a deadly weapon, with a warrior's spirit flashing from his eyes! He could not but gaze on him for a moment with admiration, for in the sight of the brave he was beautiful, and the son of the forest respects valour even in a foe. He disarmed him, but not till after many a struggle from the bold and disappointed boy, whom he pinioned securely, and again stretched himself upon a bed of turf. Antoine groaned aloud, "My poor father!" and at last, overcome with fatigue and sorrow, mourned himself to sleep. But in his broken dreams he started and complained almost incessantly: Sometimes he vociferated, "Give me my father's sword!" or, "See! see! they have murdered Elise." Then fancying he saw the torches of their friends coming in pursuit of them, he would exclaim, "This way! this way —here are the vile babe stealers!"

(To be continued.)

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR]

MATTER.

The third property of matter is **MOBILITY**. It is capable of being moved, if its inactivity is overcome by sufficient force. The operation of one portion of nature upon another, combined with the application of mechanical force, may be considered as one of the causes which tend to produce a species of perpetual motion upon the earth.

The fourth property is **DIVISIBILITY**.—Matter can never be destroyed by breaking or cutting. The most massy object on earth has no more halves or quarters than the most minute. By mathematical demonstration it may be proved that matter is infinitely divisible; we have also many wonderful instances of the smallness to which it can be reduced:

“If a pound of silver be melted with a single grain of gold, the gold will be equally diffused through the whole silver; so that, taking one grain from any part of the mass, (in which there can be no more than the 5760th part of a grain of gold,) and dissolving it in aqua fortis, the gold will fall to the bottom. Gold beaters can extend a grain of gold into a leaf containing 50 square inches, and this leaf may be divided into 500,000 visible parts; for an inch in length can be divided into 100 parts, every one of which will be visible to the naked eye—consequently, a square inch can be divided into 10,000 parts.” Nature goes still farther in the division of matter. Mr. Leewenhock tells us, “that there are more animals in the nilt of a single codfish than there are men upon the whole earth; and that by comparing these animals in a microscope with grains of common sand, it appeared that one single grain is bigger than four millions of them. Now each animal must have a heart, arteries, veins, muscles and nerves, otherwise it could neither live nor move. It has been found by calculation that the particles of their blood exceed the particles of light as much in bulk as mountains do grains of sand. The velocity of the particles of light is demonstrated to be at least a million times greater than the velocity of a cannon ball; so that if a million of these particles were as big as a single grain of sand, we durst no more open our eyes to the light, than we durst expose them to sand shot from a caannon.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SAD MISTAKE.

The man who thinks that a library neither adds to his farm, to his stock, nor to his merchandise, nor ministers to his appetite, and therefore it is useless to procure it, is sadly mistaken.—Though the perusal of books will not add directly to the increase of these objects, it may indirectly. Some authors give directions as to the best mode of increasing wealth; others show the best way of avoiding loss in

worldly affairs. Books of a more refined kind enlighten the mind—give enlarged views of things—make men acquainted with the world—with literary subjects—with themselves—with God, the Creator of all things; and with what he requires.—Through the perusal of them, persons of both sexes take the most efficient way to promote temporal prosperity, and personal happiness. They will also prepare themselves by reading to be useful citizens of their country, they will obtain a knowledge of the design of the Supreme Being in their creation, and may help to prepare the way for their eternal felicity. The man therefore who thinks every other object must be obtained before he obtains a small library of books, sadly mistakes his best interests.

THE GOOD HUSBAND.

The good husband is one who, wedded not by interest, but by choice, is constant as well from inclination as from principle; he treats his wife with delicacy as a woman, with tenderness as a friend; he attributes her follies to her weakness, her imprudence to her inadvertency; he passes them over therefore with good nature, and pardons them with indulgence; all his care and industry are employed for her welfare; all his strength and powers are exerted for her support and protection; he is more anxious to preserve his own character and reputation, because hers is blended with it; lastly, the good husband is pious and religious, that he may animate her faith by his practice, and enforce the precepts of Christianity by his own example; that as they join to promote each other's happiness in this world they may unite together in one eternal joy and felicity in that which is to come.

PRIDE.—If a proud man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is—he keeps his distance at the same time.

Pride, in a woman, destroys all symmetry and grace; and affectation is a more terrible enemy to a fine face than the small-pox.

POETRY.

A SONG TO THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

Behold the heavens, whose arches rise
Immensely high, extending wide;
Around these vast expansive skies,
Stupendous suns in grandeur ride.

Broad airy regions, trackless space,
Where worlds unnumber'd float along;
Run swift, ye orbs, your wonted race,
Chant through the spheres your lofty song.

Ye stars that beam with brilliant glow,
Extend your fires through midnight skies;
Oceans of flame, your waves shall flow
Round worlds on worlds when nature dies.

Ye blazing comets, sweep along,
Through mighty depths of trackless air—
Wonder and terror press your throng,
While trembling worlds shrink back with fear.

Ye planets, fly on rapt'rous wing,
Through regions vast, immense, profound;
Make heaven's eternal arches ring,
Till heights and depths, and breadths resound.

Thou sun, bright ruler of the spheres,
Exhaustless, boundless source of light—
Your matchless, grand, consuming fires,
Roll round through realms, unclouded,
Light.

THE BLIND BOY.

Ah, mother, whither am I led?
I feel the freshness of the fields—
Oh, that on me one ray could shed
The light and life that summer yields.
Thou glorious nature, fare thee well—
Why can I not forget thy hues—
Forget the green and graceful dell,
And every flower its turf that strews?

My mother, art thou lovely still?
For me, I see thy face no more;
But, through the shades mine eyes that fill
I trace the look thou hadst before.

Amid the wilderness of gloom
That round me spreads where'er I flee,
My dreams thy gentle form assume,
Fair as that morn I ne'er may see.

Feebly he stoop'd and sought a rose,
And, trembling, pluck'd the crimson crown;
He steep'd it in a shower of woes,
And tore its leaves, and flung it down.
He died when died the withering year—
And, 'mid his last and faltering sighs,
He murmur'd in his mother's ear,
"There is no blindness in the skies."

RELIGION.

Like snow that falls where waters glide,
Earth's pleasures fade away;
They melt in time's destroying tide,
And cold are while they stay;
But joys that from religion flow,
Like stars that gild the night,
Amid the darkest gloom of wo,
Shine forth with sweetest light.

Religion's ray no clouds obscure;
But o'er the Christian's soul
It sheds a radiance calm and pure,
Though tempests round him roll;
His heart may break 'neath sorrow's stroke—
But, to its latest thrill,
Like diamonds shining when they're broke,
Religion lights it still.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. E. L. MILLER,

At the low price of TWOPENCE a number,
payable on delivery; or 1s. 8d. per quarter, in
advance. To Country Subscribers, 2s. 4d.
per quarter, (including postage) also in ad-
vance.

Those who intend patronising this work,
and who have not yet given their names, will
much oblige us by doing so with as little delay
as possible. Lists remain at the Union De-
pository, at the Book-store of Messrs. J. &
T. A. Starke, and at the Herald Office.