



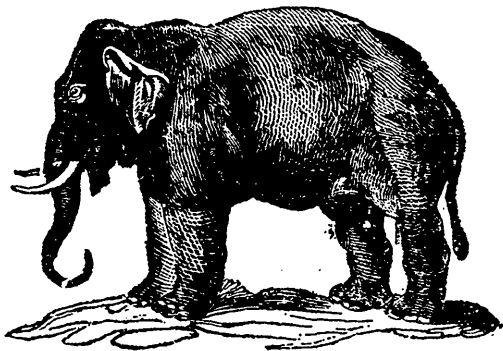
# THE INSTRUCTOR.

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## NATURAL HISTORY



THE ELEPHANT.\*

The human race excepted, the elephant is the most respectable of animals. In size he surpasses all other terrestrial creatures, and in understanding he is inferior only to man. Of all the brute creation, the elephant, the dog, the ape, and the beaver, are most admirable for their sagacity; but the genius of the dog is only borrowed, being instructed by man in almost every thing he knows; the monkey has only the appearance of wisdom, and the beaver is only sensible with regard to himself, and those of his species. The elephant is superior to them all three; he unites all their most eminent qualities.

He is susceptible of gratitude, and capable of a strong attachment; he uses himself to man without reluctance, and serves him with zeal, intelligence, and fidelity. Every being in nature has his real price and relative value; to judge of both in the elephant, we must al-

low him at least the judgment of the beaver, the dexterity of the monkey, the sentiment of the dog, and to add to these qualifications the peculiar advantages of strength, size, and longevity. We must not forget his arms, or his defence, with which he can pierce through and conquer the lion. We must observe, that he shakes the ground at every step; that with his trunk he roots up trees; that with the strength of his body he makes a breach in a wall; that being terrible by his force, he is invincible by the resistance only of his enormous mass, and by the thickness of the leather which covers it; that he can carry on his back a tower armed in war, with a number of men; that he alone moves machines and carries bur-

\* We are indebted to the kindness of a friend for the above excellent representation, engraved by him expressly for the INSTRUCTOR.

thens, which six horses cannot move. To this prodigious strength he joins courage, prudence coolness and an exact obedience; he preserves moderation even in his most violent passion; he is more constant than impetuous in love; in anger he does not forget his friends, he never attacks any but those who have given him offence; he remembers favours as long as injuries; having no taste for flesh, and feeding chiefly upon vegetables, he is not naturally an enemy to other animals; he is beloved by them all, since all of them respect him, and have no cause to fear him. For these reasons, men have had at all times a veneration for this great, this first of animals. The ancients considered the elephant as a prodigy, a miracle of nature; they have much exaggerated his natural faculties; they attribute to him, without hesitation, not only intellectual qualities, but moral virtues.

Notwithstanding the weight of their body, they walk so fast that they easily overtake the lightest man in running; they pierce him through with their tusks, or tread him under their feet; but it is only when they have been provoked, that they become so furious, and so implacable. It is said that when they have been once attacked by men, or have fallen into a snare, they never forget it, and seek for revenge on all occasions.

The common colour of the elephant is ash-grey, or blackish. The white are extremely scarce; some have been seen at different times in the Indies, where also some are found of a reddish colour.

The elephant has very small eyes, comparatively with his enormous size, but they are sensible and lively; and what distinguishes them from all other animals, is their pathetic, sentimental expression.

The largest elephants of the Indies, and the eastern coasts of Africa, are fourteen feet high; the smallest, which are found in Senegal, and in the other western parts of Africa, are not above ten or eleven feet; and those which have been brought young into Europe were not so high.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### SHIPWRECK

OF THE CHILDREN OF HENRY THE FIRST,  
OF ENGLAND.

The details of the following interesting narrative are given, we believe, for the first time, in an English dress to the public. It is compiled in part from an old chronicle contemporaneous with the period of which it treats, and from an ancient record deposited in the Abby of Fontervault. History is silent as to these details; it merely relates the fact that the children of Henry the First, with a considerable boy of the most illustrious persons of the realm, were lost on the passage from Normandy to England. We are therefore indebted to the industry of the ancient chroniclers for the relation of an event full of incidents of a most affecting and interesting character.

The close of the year 1120 also saw the close of a long and sanguinary war, which was waged between Henry the First, King of England, and Louis le Gros, of France. The peace which the belligerents then concluded, guaranteed to the English monarch the undisputed possession of the fertile duchy of Normandy, while on the other hand a marriage which his son William, the heir to his throne, consummated with the beautiful Matilda of Anjou, also secured to him this rich and populous province. Thus his power was augmented, and ambition itself seemed satisfied. He saw himself master of England, and he gave law to a large portion of France. He was in the zenith of his power and glory, and he made preparation to return to Albion, surrounded with such symbols of splendor and glory as were indeed well calculated to exhibit the march of the conqueror and the triumphs worthy of a king.

He was accompanied in his journey from the interior to the coast of France by his family, and a numerous host of his chivalry. Having arrived at Barfleur, in Normandy, he found several vessels all anxious for the honor of conveying him to his paternal dominions.

When about to embark he was accosted by a mariner, by name Thomas, who having approached the king, presented him with a handsome gift, and thus addressed him:—“Sire, my name is Thomas, the pilot, and my father Stephen also followed the same occupation. He has served your Majesty well and long.—When William the conqueror sailed from this port, it was he who conducted the ship which bore your illustrious father across the sea; he fought under his banner; he aided him in the conflict, and under the blessing of heaven helped to achieve the victory. Permit me, then, oh gracious king, to have the same post which the good King William bestowed upon my father. I have at your royal service a brave ship; she is stout, newly built, and manned by fifty vigorous and expert seamen.” The king answered him—“Friend, I have already chosen a ship, and cannot change it; but, in order to testify our sense of your loyalty, and of the fidelity of your family to our royal house, we will confide to you the charge of transporting to our kingdom our two sons William and Richard, and our dearest daughter Adele. Guard them as you would ourselves—they are dearer to us than our life! You will likewise have a number of our principal nobility and courtiers, and the bulk of my treasure. Go now—be vigilant and be careful!”

The gallant bark which carried the monarch of Britain shortly after got under weigh. She was soon out of sight, and reached Northampton in safety early next morning.

The *Le Blanche Nef* unhappily remained behind; the sailors overjoyed at their good fortune in having so rich a freight, gave themselves up to all kinds of merriment, and to expressions of extravagant joy. Unfortunately a large quantity of wine was distributed among them. They surround the young princes, and testify their attachment and their pleasure by dancing and singing. At length the princes retire to rest, but the revelry and mirth continued on deck for some time after.

The signal for departure is given, and the ill-fated vessel is seen at last to sail. She shoots like an arrow through the water. She grows less and less distinct, and is lost at length in the receding distance. Besides the two princes and their sister Adele, she had likewise on board as passengers eighteen ladies of the court, the wives or daughter of the most considerable of the nobles and learned men, and other distinguished persons, one hundred and four barons and chevaliers, the flower of the armies of Normandy and England, in all about three hundred persons.

There were many, however, more provident and wise, who absolutely refused to embark in the *Le Blanche Nef*. They would not consent to commit their lives to the keeping of men who were either insensible to the calls of duty, and seemed deprived of their reason—who, said the historian, instead of attending to the adjusting of the sails and trimmings of the ship, listlessly lolled upon the benches or took possession of the coffers that incumbered the deck.

At the given signal she starts with ardor from the quay. The *Le Blanche Nef* recedes rapidly from the shore, amidst the acclamations of the people: but in the moment of entering the bay of Catte, now Gatteville, whilst the rowers, in a state of complete intoxication, employed all their strength to overtake the king, which they made it a point of honor to do, the left side of the ship struck against a rock with such force that the sea immediately entered and covered a great part thereof. The rock was called *Quillebœuf*; the summit of it was round and white, and could be seen at the ebbing of the tide. A cry of distress was uttered the same moment from all the passengers. It rose over the waters—it was heard on the shore—but no succor came, because none could divine its cause. Dismay took possession of every mind, the stoutest heart was appalled, darkness brooded over the scene, and the utmost confusion prevailed on board. Thomas the pilot, the ill-starred author of this great disaster, sought for the princes; he hurries them into a boat—he is about to has-

ten from the scene of distress, when the young Adele, standing on the deck, perceiving them, cries out "Oh, my brothers will you abandon me!" At these words, Prince William, forgetful of the danger of venturing with a small launch to a vessel crowded with so many persons held out his trembling arms towards his sister, and approaches her. On the instant, the whole crew precipitated themselves into his frail bark, and it sank with the ship. All disappeared with the bark, but two men, one a young knight, son of Geoffrey de le Aigle, the other a butcher of Rouen named Berold. These kept themselves above the water by holding on to one of the masts. Thomas the pilot reappeared for a moment above the water—he sees these two persons—his strength and reason appear renewed: "Are the king's sons safe?" "They are lost with the others," was the answer he received, "Oh, woe is me!" cried the pilot, and he sunk forever beneath the waves. It was one of those dreary cold nights of November, when the weather was calm and the sea was serene. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the bright, the deep and awful solitude that now brooded over its bosom; the moon shone forth in cloudless splendour, and revealed to the sufferers the full extent of their danger: they gave up all hopes of safety, and committed themselves to the care of God! In vain they cast their eyes to the shore; in vain they lift their voices for assistance: the one is lost in immeasurable space, the other is drowned amidst the deep murmurs of a boundless ocean: Mysterious Providence! Unsearchable are thy ways! How different was the fate that awaited these unhappy men. By a strange destiny made equals in misfortune, they for some time bravely combat with their fate; companions in peril, they encourage each other by the most kind and affectionate words; united by the ties of calamity, the butcher is now engaged in cheering on his fainting friend; and again the young count, with the heroism becoming his blood, essays the like kind offices to his humble but faithful attendant. But who can resist the power of

fate! The youthful heir of Geoffrey is seen to sink—he yields to the pressure of woe; his constitution being more delicate, and his limbs less vigorous than those of the peasant Berold, become exhausted: his strength fails him—his hands are benumbed with cold—and letting go that wood which he is no longer able to grasp, he abandons himself to the sea. With a prayer to God for the salvation of his soul, and for the safety of his companion, he sinks beneath the water. One sigh from the victim, one single murmur from the passing wave, and all was over for the high hopes of a devoted mother!

The butcher of Rouen, of all that lofty and gallant host, alone escaped—to relate these details to the chroniclers of Fontervault, for the information of posterity. Some fishermen passing that way, clad in sheep skins, the dress at that time of their class and country, heard his moans and came to his assistance. They brought him to land, and resuscitated him with cordials and by their hospitality. On the next day, the sea cast on the coast of Barfleur the bodies of the shipwrecked passengers.

In the mean time Henry, ignorant of the events of that terrible night, waited impatiently for their arrival. He was alternately the subject of hope, and the victim of anxiety and expectation. The fatal news was spread by evening; but who would undertake to inform the miserable king, the wretched father, of the frightful affliction? Who would break to him the revelation of a catastrophe, that must forever plunge him into the dark abyss of suffering and of woe? All those around him were partners in his grief; each had to mourn over a dear relation or a cherished friend. They employed a child, who, casting itself at the feet of the sovereign, told him all. Ah who now can tell the father's grief? who now will paint the parent's heart? Henry fell to the earth pierced with anguish. His gallant sons dead! his beautiful Adele no more! He turned in disgust from glory, his hopes were blighted, the sunshine of his life was gone, and a dark night of gloom closed over him for

ever. His children were snatched from him by the tyrant in the very hour of happiness, of triumph, and of honor. He shed not a tear for many days; he abandoned himself to despair; he called upon his children by name, and he would chide them for their delay. He would then awaken to his loss: tears came to his relief, and in this mood he would find an alleviation of his pain in dwelling upon their virtues and their many good qualities. He would frequently recur, also, to the brave men who perished with them, and seemed to experience a melancholy pleasure in recounting their heroic deeds, and in the relation of acts of valor which made his knights the flower of chivalry, and illustrious before the armies of Europe. From that terrible day, continues the ancient MS. Henry the First of England, one of the greatest monarchs in Christendom, was never seen to smile.

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## RELIGIOUS.

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### FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—The following 'hints' are from a few leaves of an old book put into my hand by a friend. They are worth preserving.

H:

#### HINTS TO SCEPTICS.

The Scriptures must be what they profess—the revealed will of the Creator, or blasphemous fables. Let those who disbelieve them, unveil the imposture, and convince the world of the delusion.

Divesting their cause of all insinuation, sophistry, and ridicule, let them, with calm, benevolent arguments, scatter the mists which the Sacred Writings have so long spread upon the earth; and after they have chased away every shade of error, let them enlighten the world with information more just, and irresistible, respecting their Maker and themselves.

Let them discover a Deity, more pure, wise, powerful, and gracious; account for the origin and connection of created beings with greater probability; and shew us, on more

consistent principles, why we are placed in this mysterious state of existence.

Let them publish laws more calculated to civilize and govern society; sanctioned with more powerful and rational motives. Let them vindicate the ways of God to man, and direct those, who "drag guilt's" horrid chain "to certain peace." When all these glorious ends are effected; when the rays have, with meridian lustre, diffused the cheering views, through every nation, and kindred, and tongue; when kings on thrones, and slaves at the oar, are made free from perplexity and sorrow by force of their arguments; let them add one glorious discovery more—unveil futurity; shew us life and immortality, or shew us, that "death is nothing, and nothing is after death." Disarm that monster of his sting, bruise him beneath our feet; convince us, we are not the captives of this "king of terrors."

Here, ye lovers of the human race! here unfold the astonishing benevolence of your designs, place yourselves as in the centre of the sun, "best image here below of his Creator," and with the rays he "pours wide from world to world" contemplate myriads of beings shivering on the verge of a dark futurity—see the tremendous misgivings of their minds, and let the sight move you to tears more genuine than those shed over a devoted city.

Proclaim to a listening world the wondrous theme. Let every ear hear, every heart understand, that "death is swallowed up in victory." When this is done, the Gospel of Jesus Christ will disappear as stars before the rising sun. Truth and peace will spread over the earth. The advocates of Revelation will no longer perplex the world with their foolishness; they will become your witnesses; they will publish your glad tidings to the ends of the earth; they will not count their lives dear unto them, if by any means they may spread truths so full of consolation to their fellow-creatures. They wait, then, for this pleasing system; but till it be clearly known, till it is attended with undeniable evidence, they must

cleave to Moses and the Prophets, to Christ and his Apostles; they must make known their sentiments with zeal proportioned to the greatness of their views, and the opposition they engage.

### PHRENOLOGY.

The operation of Intoxicating Liquor upon the animal frame, in producing Intoxication, phrenologically explained.

In one of the articles upon phrenology, which appeared in the Instructor, we proved that the heart is not the seat of the mind, but that the brain is the medium through which the mind acts, and that if there was no brain there would be no manifestation of the feelings. The heart is a strong muscle, which by expanding and contracting, impels the blood through the veins to all parts of the body, more especially through every particle of the medullary substance of the brain. For particulars regarding the nature of phrenology we refer our readers to the three articles contained in the Instructor on the subject. Intoxicating drink not only makes impressions upon the stomach, but it heats and rarifies the blood, causing it to expand or enlarge the veins by which it is conveyed through the frame. By this distention of the ducts which convey the blood through the various and minute ramifications of the brain, it (the brain) is compressed, and an impediment is thus offered to the free exercise of its functions, viz., the organ of the mind being affected, so is the mind itself. Whatever portion of the brain is most strongly developed will of course be most affected, and the passions not being duly governed, the individual will indulge in ridiculous absurdities and inconsistencies. A prostration of the faculties sometimes takes place, and the individual becomes insensible.

W

The souls of men expire not with their bodies—they resemble the lamp in Gideon's pitcher; the latter must be broken to render the former visible:

### ASTRONOMY.

#### THE FORMATION OF THE COMET.

By far the greater number of comets appear to be mere masses of vapour, totally divested of all concrete or solid matter. So prevalent is this character, that some observers hold it to be universal. Seneca mentions the facts of stars having been distinctly seen through comets. A star of the sixth magnitude was seen through the centre of the head of the comet of 1795 by Sir William Herschel; and, in September, 1832, Sir John Herschel, when observing Biela's comet, saw that body pass directly between his eye and a small cluster or knot of minute telescopic stars of the sixteenth or seventeenth magnitude. This little constellation occupied a space in the heavens, the breadth of which was not the twentieth part of the breadth of the moon; yet the whole of the cluster was distinctly visible through the comet. 'A more striking proof,' says Sir John Herschel, 'could not have been offered of the extreme translucency of the matter of which this comet consists: The most trifling fog would have entirely effaced this group of stars, yet they continued visible through a thickness of the cometic matter, which, calculating on its distance and apparent diameter, must have exceeded fifty thousand miles, at least, towards its central parts.' It is plain, therefore, that in this case, whatever may be the nature of this substance, it possesses no perceptible power either of absorbing or refracting the light which passes through it; and, therefore, according to all probability, of a density bearing a proportion which, in popular language, may be said to be infinitely small compared with the density of atmospheric air. 'If any man should assert that the largest comet ever seen, including its million of miles of tail, contained no more matter than is to be found in the New River Head, he might justly be blamed for asserting more than he knew. But certainly any one who would positively deny the fact, would deserve the same censure.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE CREATOR.

“Who but the Omnipotent could have formed the sun, could have marked out its course, suspended it without support in the blue vault, saying, ‘this be thy station, and this thy brilliant seal?’ Could any power, save that of the Eternal, have created the earth, the moon, and all the planets? these undeviatingly perform their course within the orbits he has prescribed them.”

### MORNING.

At the morning’s dawn, when nature, refreshed by the dews of night, smiles around & revives afresh, she cries aloud—“O, mortal! Why art thou a prey to care and anxiety? Is not God thy father? Shall he who made thee forsake his child? The term of thy existence is not confined to thy pilgrimage on earth, it extends to eternity!”

### TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

“The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter; and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart, cannot be frozen by adversity.”

Agessilus was asked: “What ought children to be taught?”

His answer was: “They ought to learn that which it will be proper for them to practice when they reach mature age.”

What is this but the most concise and the most excellent description that ever was given of a right education?

### TO THE EDITOR OF THE QUEBEC MERCURY.

SIR,—Those who are not engaged in avocations which impose the necessity of living in large cities or towns, can form but an imperfect idea of the joyful sensations with which an operative, who for six days in the week, toils for ten hours each day, in a close apartment, hails the arrival of Saturday night. On that night I joyfully buckle on my wallet, grasp my

staff, and walk off to ‘the country,’ and I trust, Sir, that I shall not be deemed an irreligious man, when I confess that my Sabbath is, during the summer months, generally kept in the green wood, near a village in which there happens to be no protestant place of worship. and that my greatest delight is to enjoy some moral or instructive work under the shelter of the forest trees, or by the shady banks of the “brook that babbles by.” In such a situation I find my mind insensibly led to serious thoughts and religious musings, and, though I may be condemned by the acetose saints of Sir Andrew Agnew’s school, I think no person of a really Christian feeling will condemn a man who, whilst he enjoys his Sabbath in quiet and rational recreation, is neither unmindful of the duties he owes to his Creator or to the sacred character which is due to the Lord’s day. Last Sunday evening, by the banks of a gurgling stream, in one of the romantic glens which are to be found in the neighbourhood of this city, I composed the lines which I herewith transmit, and which are at your service if you think them worthy of a place in your journal.

I am Sir, your obedient servant, O.

### SUNDAY CONTEMPLATIONS, BY AN OPERATIVE.

By limpid brook whose rippling stream  
Is silvered by the moon’s mild beam,  
There let me stray far from the strife  
And turmoil of a city life;

To Heaven there raise my thoughts, and  
own

That blessings flow from God alone.

Or resting in some tranquil glade.  
’Neath the dark forest’s tangled shade,  
I breathe the perfumes of the flowers,  
Sheltered by high o’er arching bowers,  
That shield me from the noontide heat—  
In such sequestered still retreat,

Oh let me silent pray, and own

That peace is found in God alone.

When with the busy working train,  
I’m forced to join in toil again:



When leisure, ease and solitude  
I must forego—yet in this mood,  
I'll not forget that Power, above,  
Whose fostering care commands my love,  
But, whilst I toil, still pray and own  
That mercy rests with God alone.

### POETRY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

#### TO THE ROSSIGNOL.

Welcome ! thrice welcome to thy home,  
Sweet harbinger of spring ;  
Long have I waited thy return,  
Come now and sweetly sing.

Was it cold winter's stormy blast  
That drove thee far from hence ;  
And made thee seek in foreign climes  
A place were thou couldst rest—

Until again mild spring returned,  
In emerald robes arrayed,  
And woods and fields, with one accord,  
Delightful perfume shed ?

Yes, little wanderer, thou hast been  
A stranger for a while ;  
Since then mild spring has graced our plain  
And made the earth to smile.

While every plant and flower combine,  
In all their rich perfume,  
To welcome thee, my pretty bird,  
To this thy native home.

'Tis thy sweet voice can charm the gale,  
The mountain, wood and plain ;  
And make them all re-echo back  
Thy sweet small voice again.

And oft when Sol's resplendent rays,  
Pierce through the dappled cast,  
And gorgeous in his rich attire,  
Sinks in the lowly west ;

Dost thou, sweet little warbler, with  
Thy notes so clear and bright,

Teach us to raise our thoughts on high,  
In holy, pure delight,  
To Him who placed yon brilliant orb  
In heaven's vast concave sphere,  
And bids the raging waves be calm,  
Nor dare again appear :

Such is the love, the power, the truth,  
Of Him who reigns on high,  
That even sparrows cannot fall :  
His hand is ever nigh.

E. B.

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the public generally, that no exertions shall be  
spared on our part to render it increasingly  
interesting. Our friends would confer a fa-  
vour by using their exertions to increase our  
list of subscribers. An extra number of co-  
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