

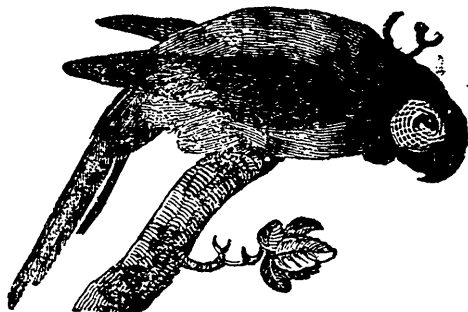
THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXIV.]

MONTREAL, OCTOBER 7, 1835.

[PRICE 2d.

NATURAL HISTORY.



THE BLUE AND YELLOW MACCAW.

This large and interesting bird is a native of the tropical regions. They are very abundantly diffused through their native country, from whence many of them are imported into Europe; where, on account of their elegance, they are very highly esteemed. This species is said scrupulously to avoid locating itself among the congenerous species, and when they accidentally encounter, a determined battle ensues.

These birds are quite at their ease in a domesticated condition, and have frequently been bred in France—but we are not aware of their having propagated in Great Britain:

In common with its tribe, this species, in its native woods, lives chiefly upon fruits and seeds—and they invariably prefer such as are provided with a hard and shelly covering—these they crack with much dexterity, carefully rejecting the outer coat, and swallowing only the internal nut.

The colours of this bird are remarkably distinct, and are more vivid in the female than in her mate; and the tail is also a little

longer in proportion to the size of the body, which is a trifle less than that of the male.

RELIGIOUS.

EXCELLENCIES OF THE SCRIPTURES.

How extraordinary, how interesting, the work, that begins with Genesis, and ends with Revelations—which opens in the most perspicuous style, and concludes in the most figurative. May we not justly assert, that, in the books of Moses, all is grand and simple, like that creation of the world, and that innocence of primitive mortals, which he describes; and that all is terrible and supernatural in the last of the prophets, like those civilized societies, and that consummation of ages, which he has represented?

The productions most foreign to our manners, the sacred books of the infidel nations, the Zendavesta of the Parsees, the Vidam of the Bramins, the Koran of the Turks, the Edda of the Scandinavians, the Sanscrit poems, the maxims of Confucius, excite in us no surprise

—we find in all these works the ordinary chain of human ideas; they have all some resemblance to each other both in tone and ideas. The Bible alone is like none of them; it is a monument detached from all others. Explain it to a Tartar, to a Caffre, to an American savage—put it into the hands of a bonze or a dervise, they will be all equally astonished by it,—a fact which borders on the miraculous. Twenty authors, living at periods very distant from one another, composed the sacred books—and, though they are written in twenty different styles, yet these styles, equally inimitable, are not to be met with in any other performance. The New Testament, so different in its spirit from the Old, nevertheless partakes with the latter of this astonishing originality.

But this is not the only extraordinary thing, which men unanimously discover in the Scriptures—those, who will not believe in the authenticity of the Bible, nevertheless believe, in spite of themselves, that there is something more than common in this same Bible. Deists and atheists, small and great, all attracted by some hidden magnet, are incessantly referring to that work, which is admired by the one, and despised by the others. There is not a situation in life, for which a text, apparently dictated with an express reference to it, may not be found in the Bible. It would be a difficult task to persuade us, that all possible contingencies, both prosperous and adverse, had been foreseen, with all their consequences, in a book formed by the hand of man. Now, it is certain, that we find in the Scriptures, the origin of the world, and the prediction of its end; the groundwork of all the human sciences;—all the political precepts from the patriarchal government to despotism; from the pastoral ages to the ages of corruption;—all the moral precepts applicable to all the ranks and to all the incidents of life; finally, all sorts of known styles—styles which, forming an inimitable work of many different parts, have nevertheless no resemblance to the styles of men.

TRAVELS.

MARSHALL'S PILLAR.

It is a matter of surprise that so little has been said and written about the wild and picturesque scenery found in the western portions of Virginia. The amateur may here find united the wildness of Highland with the sublimity of Alpine scenes. Were these regions better known, they would scarcely fail to become the favourite resort of the lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature, and it is probable would not be deemed inferior, in point of variety and sublimity of objects, to the scenery along the Hudson or the St Lawrence. The most prominent as well as stupendous object presented along the course of New river, is a cliff, a few miles above the junction of that stream with Gauley river, and known as Marshall's Pillar, a name commemorative of the arduous and successful exploration of that stream, by Chief Justice Marshall, in 1812. The same spot has sometimes been individualized as the Hawk's Nest.

Marshall's Pillar is situated in a curve of the river which flows at its base, and is one of the highest and most rugged points of Gauley Mountain. It is one unbroken battlement of rocks, rising from the water's edge to the stupendous height of eight or nine hundred feet. Its position at the point being somewhat insular and prominent, it very justly merits the appellation of Pillar.

From the verge of this dizzy height, the river may be seen above and below through the vista formed by its rugged sides, for a considerable distance, and until its agitated current seems lost in the contraction of the mountains. Along the deep and narrow channel, at a velocity almost unequalled, and with a deafening tumult, flows something more than one half of the water forming the Kanhawa river. Seldom does Nature present a grander or more variegated spectacle to the eye, than is afforded from the summit of this cliff. The tumultuous rush of water, with its surface crested with foam, the frowning and

embattled cliffs that rise on either side, and delineate its course, the deep verdure of the evergreen that overhangs the precipices, and crowns the summit of the adjacent mountain, form a tout ensemble, which, for beauty and sublimity, is not easily surpassed. None approach it without a feeling of indescribable awe, or leave it without emotions of deeply gratified feeling.

THE LOCUST.

The locust is one of the most terrible scourges with which the incensed Majesty of Heaven chastises a guilty world. Not fewer than ten different names are given to this creature in the sacred volume, every one of which, after the manner of the Hebrew nouns, marks some distinctive character or peculiar effect. The inhabitants of Syria have observed that locusts are always fostered by two mild winters, and that they constantly come from the deserts of Arabia. When they breed, which is in the month of October, they make a hole in the ground with their tails, and having laid about three hundred eggs in it, covered them with their feet, expire, for they never live above six months and a half. Neither rains nor frosts, however severe and long, can destroy their eggs; they continue till spring, and, hatched by the heat of the sun, the young locusts issue from the earth about the middle of April.

Wherever these innumerable bands direct their march, the verdure of the country, though it resemble before the paradise of God, almost instantaneously disappears. The trees and plants, stripped of their leaves, and reduced to their naked boughs and stems, cause the dreary image of winter to succeed in an instant to the rich scenes of spring. In a few hours they eat up every green thing, and consign the miserable inhabitants of the desolate regions to inevitable famine. Many years are not sufficient to repair the desolation which these destructive insects produce.

One of the most grievous calamities ever inflicted by the locust, happened to the regions

of Africa, in the time of the Romans, and fell with peculiar weight on those parts which were subject to the emperor. Scarcely rescued from the miseries of the last Punic war, Africa was doomed to suffer, about 123 years before the birth of Christ, another desolation as terrible as it was unprecedented. An immense number of locusts covered the whole country, consumed every plant and every blade of grass in the fields, without sparing the roots and the leaves of the trees, with the tendril on which they grew. These being exhausted, they penetrated with their teeth the bark, however bitter, and even corroded the dry and solid timber. After they had accomplished this terrible destruction, a sudden blast of wind dispersed them into several portions, and, after tossing them a while in the air, plunged their innumerable hosts into the sea. But the deadly scourge was not here at an end: the raging billows threw up enormous heaps of their dead and corrupted bodies upon that long extended coast, which produced a most unsupportable & odious stench. This soon brought on a pestilence, which affected every species of animals, so that birds, and sheep, and cattle, and even the wild beasts of the field, perished in great numbers—and their carcases being soon rendered putrid by the foulness of the air, added to the general corruption. The destruction of the human species was horrible; in Numidia, where at that time Micipsa was king, 80,000 persons died—and in that part of the sea coast which bordered on the region of Carthage and Utica, 200,000 are said to have been carried off by this pestilence.

This statement will show that the locust is one of the most terrible instruments in the hands of incensed Heaven—it will show the reason that the inspired writers, in denouncing his judgements, so frequently allude to this insect, and threaten the sinner with its vengeance. It accounts, in the most satisfactory manner, for the figures which the prophets borrow, when they describe the march of cruel and destructive armies, from the character and habits of this creature.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

POOR ROSALIE.

CHAP. III.

At first Rosalie stood motionless and bewildered; but, the next moment, conviction of a most important truth flashed upon her mind. She well remembered when, elated by vanity, she had uttered these memorable words. It was when she believed herself alone and on the night of the murder! But they had been overheard! He, therefore, who had just repeated must have overheard them—must have been concealed in the room in which she had spoken them, and must consequently have seen her, himself unseen. Then, no doubt, she had beheld, in the man who had just quitted the garden, the murderer of her benefactress! Never was there a more clear and logical deduction; and, in Rosalie's mind, it amounted to positive conviction; but was it sufficient to convince others? There was the difficulty; but Rosalie saw it not. And, in a transport of devout thankfulness, she fell on her knees, exclaiming that the hand of the Lord had led her thither, that she might avenge her murdered friend, and clear herself. But how should she proceed? It was evident that the man was going to leave that spot. What could she do?—and Madelon was not at home to advise her. No time was to be lost; therefore, throwing a veil over her head, she hastened to the house of the chief of the municipality, which was on the road in the town mentioned before. Fearfully did she go, as she run the risk of meeting the ruffian by the way, and she thought he might suspect her errand. But she reached the house unseen by him, and requested an immediate audience. It was not till she had sent in her message, and was told the magistrate would see her in a few minutes, that she recollected in what a contemptible light, as the utterer of self-admiration, she was going to appear; but she owned it was a humiliation which she had well deserved, and which she must not shrink from.

When she was summoned into the presence of the magistrate, she was so overcome that she could not speak, but burst into tears.

‘What is the matter, my poor girl?’ said he; ‘and who are you? Come, come, I have no time to throw away on fine feelings; your business, your business!’

Rosalie crossed herself devoutly, struggled with her emotion, and then, though with great effort, asked him if he recollected to have heard of the murder of an old lady, in such a village, and at such a time.

‘To be sure I do,’ said he, ‘and a young girl who lived with her was tried for the murder.’

‘Yes—and acquitted!’

‘True; but I thought very wrongfully, for I believe that Rosalie, somehow or other, was guilty.’

Again the poor Rosalie crossed herself; then, raising her meek eyes to his, she said, in a firm voice, ‘She was innocent, sir; I am Rosalie Mirbel.’

‘Thou!—then looks are indeed deceitful,’ replied the magistrate, fixing his eyes intently and severely upon her.

‘Not so if I look innocent,’ she answered.

‘But what can be thy business with me, young woman?’

I am sure I have discovered the real murderer; and I come to require that you take him into custody on my charge.’

‘He! what! ho, he is thy accomplice, I suppose, and you have quarrelled—so thou art going to turn informer—is that the case?’

‘I am innocent, I tell you, sir, therefore can have no accomplice—and I never saw this man in my life till three days ago.’

‘Girl, girl! dost thou expect me to believe this? What is he?’

‘A carpenter.’

‘What is his name?’

‘I do not know.’

‘And where is he?’

‘In the neighbourhood.’

‘But where could I find him?’

‘I do not know.’

'Then how could I take him up?—and on what ground? On mere suspicion? On what dost thou rest thy charge? But thou art making game of me. Away with thee, girl!'

'Not till you have heard me.' Then rendered fluent by a feeling akin to despair, she told what even to herself began to seem an improbable tale. Though Rosalie expected to feel considerable mortification while relating her own weakness, the effect on the magistrate was such as to overwhelm her with shame; for, repeating over and over again, 'Oh, the pretty arm!—Oh, the pretty arm!' he gave way to the most immoderate laughter,—but, when he recovered himself, he asked Rosalie, in the sternest voice and manner, how she could dare to expect that, on such trumpery evidence as this is, he should take up any man, and on such an awful charge as the one which she presumed to bring; and against a man, too, of whom she knew neither the name nor the abode. Rosalie, now, for the first time, seeing how slight to any one but herself the proof of the man's guilt must be, sunk back upon a seat in an agony of unexpected disappointment and despair.

'And you do not believe me?—and you will not take him up?' she exclaimed, wringing her hands.

'Certainly not. Recollect thyself. What? is a man's telling a young girl she has a pretty arm, a proof that he has committed a murder?'

'But you know that is not all.'

'No—but even supposing some one was concealed in the room, and heard thyself praise—heard thee?—here he laughed again in so provoking a manner that Rosalie exclaimed 'Do not laugh—I cannot bear it. You will drive me out of my senses.'

'Well, well, I will not. But suppose that this man did knowingly repeat thy own words to thee, does it follow that he must himself have heard thee utter them? Some other person might have heard thee, and repeated them to him, and recognising thee.'

'But I never saw him in my life till now.'

'Indeed—recollect thyself. He must have known thee, personally at least; that thou canst not deny.'

Certainly not—and he saw and heard me also that fatal night; and I tell you again he is the murderer.'

'But listen, young woman—art thou prepared to assert that on that night, only, thou wast ever betrayed into praising thy own beauties?'

'I am—it was the first and only time.'

'And dost thou expect me to believe this?'

'I do.'

'Why, girl, it is most unnatural and most improbable.'

'But it is true; and even then I was only repeating the praises I had overheard.'

'Well, then, art thou desirous of making thyself out to be a paragon of perfection?—and that will not help thy suit at all. I can assure thee. Besides, in this case the poor man might only be expressing his own admiration of thy arm, as seen at the window.'

'Impossible! In the first place, he did not see it, and, if he had, it has lost the little beauty it once possessed. See,' she cried, baring her own meagre arm. 'Is this an arm to be praised? It tells the tale of my misery, sir; and, if you refuse to grant me this only chance of clearing my reputation and avenging the death of my benefactress, that misery will probably destroy me!'

'Young woman,' he replied in a gentler tone, 'I see thou art unwell and unhappy, and I would oblige thee if I could conscientiously, but recollect, the charge is one affecting life.'

'So was the charge against me: but, being innocent, I was acquitted; and, if I cannot establish my charge against him, so must he be.'

'But then a stain will rest on the poor man's character.'

'So it does on the poor girl's, as I know from fatal experience,' replied Rosalie, in the voice of broken-heartedness. 'Oh, sir! had you seen this man, and heard him, as I did, mimicking both the voice and manner of

a girl, after having looked at me with an expression so strange, so peculiar and so sarcastic, you could not have doubted the truth of what I say.'

'I now do not doubt that thou art sure of his guilt, yet there is not ground sufficient for me to bring him to trial.'

'But cannot he be confronted with me?'

'Surely—here Rosalie started and uttered a faint shriek, for she heard the well remembered song—and, trembling in every limb, she drew near to the magistrate as if for protection, exclaiming, 'There he is! Oh, seize him—seize him!'

'Where, where?' cried he running to the window. Instantly Rosalie, doubling her veil over her face, pointed him out as he staggered along the road to the town.

'What! that man with the scarlet handkerchief tied round his hat?'

He instantly called in one of his servants, and asked him if he should know that man again, pointing to him as he spoke.

'Know him again, sir—I know him already!' replied the servant. His name is Caumont, and he is the carpenter whom I employed to mend our window shutters.'

'And what sort of a man is he?'

'A very queer one, I doubt. He never stays long in a place, I hear—and is much given to dinking—but he is a very good workman, and he is now on his way to do a job in the town to which I have recommended him.'

'So, so,' said the magistrate, thoughtfully, (while Rosalie hung upon his words and looks.) 'A queer man—does not stay long in a place—given to drinking. You may go now, Francois: but do not be out of the way.'

The magistrate then examined and cross-examined Rosalie, for a considerable time, in the strictest manner—and, he also dwelt much on the improbability that this man, if conscious of being the murderer, should have dared to repeat to Rosalie words which must, without difficulty, lead to his conviction.

'Without difficulty!' said Rosalie, turning on him a meaning though modest glance—'have I found no difficulty in making these words convict him?'

'Well put, young woman,' replied the magistrate, smiling: 'perhaps the man confided in the caution and conscientious scruples of a magistrate; but, what is more likely to be the real state of the case, guilty or not guilty, the fellow was intoxicated, and cared not what he said or did—and at all events, I now feel authorized to apprehend him.'

Immediately, therefore, he sent his officers to seize Caumont, and his servant to identify him—while Rosalie, agitated but thankful, remained at the house of the magistrate.

The officer reached the guinguette, or public house, at which Caumont had been drinking, just as he was waking from a deep sleep, the consequence of intemperance; and was, happily for Rosalie, experiencing the depression consequent on exhaustion. The moment that he saw them enter, he changed colour; and, subdued in spirit, and thrown entirely off his guard, he exclaimed, in a faltering voice, 'I know what you are come for, and I have done for myself. But I am weary of life; then, without any resistance, he accompanied the officers, who very properly, took down his words. When he was confronted with Rosalie she looked like the guilty, and he like the innocent person, so terribly was she affected at seeing one who was, she believed, the murderer of her friend.

Her testimony, but more especially his own words, were deemed sufficient for his commitment; and the unhappy man, who now preserved a sullen silence, was carried to prison, to take his trial the ensuing week. The heir of the old lady was then written to, and the usual preparations were made. Caumont was, meanwhile, visited in prison by the priest—and Rosalie passed the intervening time in a state of agitating suspense. At length the day of trial arrived, and the accuser and the accused appeared before their judges,

With what different feelings did Rosalie enter a court of justice now, to those which she experienced on a former occasion. Then she was alone, now she was accompanied by the generous confiding Madelon—now she was the accuser, not the accused, and her mild eye was raised up to heaven, swelling with tears of thankfulness.

(To be concluded.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HUMAN MIND.

It is through mind, that man has obtained the mastery of nature and all its elements, and subjected the inferior races of animals to himself. Take an uninformed savage, a brutalized Hottentot, in short any human being, in whom the divine spark of reason has never been kindled to a flame—and place him on the sea shore, in a furious storm, when the waves are rolling in, as if the fountains of the great deep were broken up. Did you not know, from actual experience, that man, by the cultivation of his mind, and the application of his useful arts, had actually constructed vessels, in which he floats securely on the top of these angry waves, you would not think it possible that a being, like that we have mentioned, could for one moment resist their fury. It is actually related of some of the North American Indians, a race of men, who are trained, from their infancy to the total suppression of their emotions of every kind, and who endure the most excruciating torments, at the stake, without signs of suffering, that when they witnessed, for the first time, on the western waters of the United States, the spectacle of a steambot under way, moving along without sails or oars, and spouting fire and smoke, they could not refrain from exclamations of wonder. Hold out a handful of wheat, or Indian corn, to a person wholly uninformed of their nature, and ignorant of the mode of cultivating them, and tell him, that by scattering these dry kernels abroad, and burying them in the cold damp earth, you

can cause a harvest to spring up, sufficient for a winter's supply of food, and he will think you are mocking him, by vain and extravagant tales. But it is not the less true, that in these, and in every other instance, it is the mind of man, possessed of the necessary knowledge and skill, that brings into useful operation, for the supply of human wants, and the support and comfort of human life, the properties and treasures of the natural world, the and of inferior animals, and even *our own physical powers.*

LORD BACON ON ATHEISM.

I had rather believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Koran, than that this universal frame is without a Mind. And therefore God never wrought a miracle to convince Atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes, scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther, but when it beholdeth the chain of them, confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity.

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility—for, certainly, man is akin to the beasts by his body; and if he is not akin to God by his spirit he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity and the rising of human nature. Man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favours, gathereth a force and faith which human nature of itself could not obtain—therefore as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this—that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty.

The imagination is a good servant, but a bad master.

It is impossible to imagine a chaster language than that of the Bible; and this is because every thing is mentioned there with great simplicity.

THE FEMALE.

The following natural and true description of the parental comfort derived from female children, is from a speech of Burrows, an eminent Irish lawyer—"The love of offspring, the most forcible of all our instincts, is even stronger towards the female, than the male child. It is wise that it should be so—it is more wanted. It is just it should be so—it is more required. There is no pillow, on which the head of a parent, anguished by sickness, or by sorrow, can so sweetly repose, as on the bosom of an affectionate daughter: Her attentions are unceasing. She is utterly incapable of remaining inactive. The boy may afford occasional comfort and pride to his family—they may catch glory from his celebrity, and derive support from his acquisitions—but he never communicates the solid and unceasing comforts of life, which are derived from the care and tender solicitude of the female child: She seems destined by Providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Even after her marriage, her filial attentions are unimpaired. She may give her hand and heart to her husband, but still she may share her cares and attentions with her parents, without a pang of jealousy or distrust from him. He only looks on them as the assured pledges of her fidelity and the unerring evidences of a good disposition."

POETRY.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

The little brook that softly steals
 Along the sheltered vale,
 Whose placid bosom seldom feels
 The tumult of the gale—
 Apt emblem, in its course so even,
 Pourtrays the Christian's path to heaven.

To steal along through life,
 Remote from war and crime,
 Superior to the vulgar strife,
 That stirs the tide of time—

'Tis God alone, thus calm and even,
 Can lead the Christian on to heaven.

Yet many to that land of rest,
 Through fire and wave have gone,
 And mine may be a troubled breast,
 With sorrows yet unknown :
 But joy or sorrow, rough or even,
 Oh, let my final rest be heaven.

ON IDOLS.

What is an idol ? Every breast
 Has idols of its own—
 Sometimes of gold and silver bright,
 Sometimes of wood and stone.

And there are idols—sins I mean—
 Which old and young adore ;
 O God of mercy, in thy love
 Destroy them evermore.

If there be aught the world contains,
 Which I love more than thee ;
 That sinful love, within my heart
 Idolatry must be.

Then take that sinful love away,
 And place thy love within :
 And break down every image there
 That bears the shape of sin.

O give me, with a contrite mind,
 To bend before thy throne,
 And offer humble prayer and praise
 Through Jesus Christ alone.

Deeply inscribed upon my heart
 Let thy commandments be—
 That there may live within my heart
 None other God but thee.

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 advance.

Subscriptions received by Messrs. J. & F. A. Starke, M'Leod, and by the publishers of the Herald office.