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# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XLVI.]

MONTREAL, MARCH 26, 1836.

[PRICE 2s.]

## TRAVELS.

### ASCENT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

From what I have said about the eruption of 1832, you may perhaps feel an interest in hearing an account of a journey which I took up to the very summit of Ætna, only fifteen months prior to this. All was then perfectly still, nor was it until I arrived at the top that any traces of recent fire were visible. It was in the middle of August that I undertook this adventure.

I started from Riposto, where I took measures for my journey. Being the height of summer, it was rather difficult to believe that, even in the regions of Ætna, we could suffer from cold. However, as all travellers agreed that the cold of Ætna was the most piercing they ever endured, I preferred their report to any of my own theories; and it was well for me that I did. A good travelling requeleure cloak, and a suit of winter clothing, which I put on at Nicolosi, were accordingly what I provided myself with. A gentleman of Riposto, at whose house I was kindly entertained and who had several times before visited the mountain, accompanied me—which was a very fortunate circumstance, as I do not know any journey in which the company of one conversant in the roads and mazes of the path is so advantageous, I might say necessary as in this—independent of our guide, whose sole business it is to show us our way.

We chose our time to a nicety. First, I had contrived matters so that I might have the benefit of the moon, which was very nearly full—and although accidents seldom happen from the careful manner in which the mule pick their way, in the thickest obscurity, among the roughest & vilest roads imaginable, yet, from what I saw, I cannot say that I should prefer to go up Ætna in the dark, while it was possible to go in the light. And yet the day time is inconvenient, as one of the great objects is to reach the summit at sunrise.

Some manage to get up to the "English house," as it is called, at sunset, sleep there, and proceed up the cone at twilight the following morning. Against this plan I have heard very strong objections on the score of health. The 'English house' is in a region of perpetual frost; or at least where, if the heat of the sun in July and August thaw the snow during the day, the moment night comes on it again congeals. So sudden a transition from the plains to this has been productive of serious effects. To avoid this, we set out from Riposto about mid-day. We got to Nicolosi about sunset. Here we took some refreshment and rest. The moon rising about ten o'clock at night, we started, and kept on our way, halting a few minutes in the wood to give bait to our animals, and finally arriving at the English house an hour before sunrise. We put the mules into the stable, proceeded on foot, reserving ourselves for breakfast on our return.

Setting off from Riposto, the country over which we have to travel, to judge from its productions, would consist of the richest soil I ever saw; and this is the case where it is not covered by the lava, which has evidently remained many centuries, and upon which vegetation has partially returned. The way that ground destroyed by lava regenerates has been accounted for as follows: there are frequent flaws in it which attract the dust, which in course of time forms a shallow layer of earth producing weeds, which, when rotted, become the means of attracting more soil. The crevices and interstices are thus filled up with soil which is as rich as any other, and sometimes of great service; for the fibres of vines and many other trees, the roots of which shoot deep into the earth, will be found to have entered these cracks, or crannies, and there to have taken such a hold, that they cannot be torn up by heavy rains, or carried away by torrents. The time, however, required for this must be at least several centuries. The whole of the road from Riposto to Nicolosi is

over lava, in many places so compact as not yet to be servicable; but where there were plantations, none surely ever looked more beautiful and flourishing.

The road to Nicolosi is certainly the worst I ever travelled over: nor do I see how it is likely to be mended. The rise, however, is so gradual up as high as Nicolosi, that you are quite insensible of it.

Until our arrival at Nicolosi we were in our summer clothing. The temperature there is certainly cooler, but not to any very considerable degree, and, I hear, it is seldom they are visited with snow. The vineyard, however, do not continue much higher, for the woody region commences within three or four miles. I was here surprised to see none but large forest-trees, principally oak and elm, but no bushes or jungle. I noticed this more particularly on my descent the following day, and that the ground was overspread with fern and long grass only. I also observed that every one of these trees (some of them noble ones) were rotten at the core. There is a great sameness in the road through the forest, which may be from six to eight miles across. This has a beautiful appearance in looking at *Ætna* from a distance—a perfect ring being formed, which circumscribes it on all sides so exactly, that it much more resembles the work of art than of nature. The ascent became here considerably steeper, and before we had cleared the wood, we began to feel the cold. We got into the desert region about one o'clock in the morning.

The desert region we found in every respect worthy of the name. Here was a dead void—not only neither tree nor shrub, but not a weed to give us a sign that we were going over ground that had ever been trod by man, or inhabited by the living. There was not even a bird to cross our path. The bat and the owl had never probably been here—and what must be the depth of a solitude shunned even by these? We saw before us nearly ten long miles of black uneven surface, never varying but from loose cinders to rough lava-stone. It was indeed a dreary road. Our horses' hoofs rung with a melancholy sound on our ears. We spoke but little, and felt no inclination to converse. We wrapt our cloaks around us, and shut ourselves up in a "shroud of thoughts." This continued till we arrived at the "Casa Inglese," or English

house, which is a hut useful to travellers who visit *Ætna*, standing at the foot of the cone, and most conveniently situated, inasmuch as the road at this part becomes so bad as to make it scarce passable for any animal. Visitors are obliged to dismount, and pick their way on foot, which they must do very carefully. We encountered a species of lava like nothing we before had passed. This resembled that substance which is thrown out of blacksmiths' shops, vulgarly called 'clinkers.' Our boots here suffered most wofully, nor do I think that the strongest would have lasted half a mile of such a road.

(To be continued)

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## NATURAL HISTORY

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### THE ORANG-OUTANG.

Two species of African orang-outang seem to have been described by the earlier writers. These were probably the young and old of the same species seen apart at different times, for later researches do not lead to the belief of there being more than one.

'The greatest of these two monsters,' says Battell, 'is called pongo in their language—and the less is called engeco. This pongo is exactly proportioned like a man—but he is more like a giant in stature—for he is tall, and hath a man's face, hollow-eyed, with long hair upon his brows. His face and ears are without hair, and his hands also. He differeth not from a man but in his legs, and carries his hands clasped on the nape of his neck when he goeth upon the ground. They sleep in the trees, and build shelters from the rain. They feed upon fruit that they find in the woods and upon nuts; they eat no kind of flesh. They cannot speak, and appear to have no more understanding than a beast. The people of the country, when they travel in the woods, make fires where they sleep in the night—and in the morning, when they are gone, the pongos will come and sit about the fire till it goeth out—for they have no understanding to lay the wood together, or any means to light it. They go many together, and often kill the negroes that travel in the woods. Many times they fall upon the elephants which come to feed where they be, and so beat them with their clubbed fists, and with pieces of wood, that they will run roaring away from them.

Those pongos are seldom or never taken alive, because they are so strong, that ten men cannot hold one of them—but yet they take many of their young ones with poisoned arrows.

Purchas informs us, on the authority of a personal conversation with Battell, that a pongo on one occasion carried off a young negro, who lived for an entire season in the society of these animals—that, on his return, the negro stated they had never injured him, but, on the contrary, were greatly delighted with his company—and not only brought him abundance of nuts and wild fruit, but carefully and courageously defended him from the attacks of serpents and beasts of prey.

It is indeed singular, that when the history of animals inhabiting New-Holland, or the most distant island of the Indian Ocean, are annually receiving so much new and correct illustration, the most remarkable species of the brute creation, inhabiting a comparatively neighbouring country, should have remained for about 2000 years under the shade of an almost fabulous name, and that the 'wild men of the woods,' should express all we yet really know of the African orang-outang in the adult state.

## RELIGIOUS.

### THE WAYS OF RELIGION.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Prov. iii. 17.

The ways of religion lead from this vale of destruction and land of sorrows, to the region of ineffable delight and empyrean peace and tranquillity.

Though poor and weary pilgrims traveling in them are scorched by the torrid beams of persecution's sun, yet they go on their way, rejoicing in the hope of the gospel with a joy unspeakable and full of glory—and by sipping the consolatory stream of life murmuring near, their strength is regenerated, and they are enabled to travel with redoubled alacrity towards the desired goal.

Though her ways are directly through a waste and howling wilderness, yet the seasons of the Christian's intercourse with his God, like so many verdant spots, lie interspersed here and there, and cheer the prospect and enliven the scenery.

Here, in spontaneous profusion, are the blessings of God showered. Here, too, are

many superb edifices, ambrosial arbours, flowery couches, and heavenly resting places made by the King of Zion for the refreshment of his pilgrims, and with them a stranger intermeddled not.

Fruits grow here uncontaminated by the influence of corruption—and which prove to be, when tasted, not like the pernicious fruits perdition's road engenders, but real substantial food, more to be desired than honey or the honey-comb.

O my soul, seek to have a right to taste these trees of life, to repose on the soft couch of Jesus' love, to be the recipient of his particular and spiritual blessings, and to be cheered with the thought that thou thyself hast no continuing city here, but art seeking one to come.

And, Oh, infinitely holy and ever blessed God, grant that when life is over I may stand in thy presence, crowned with glory and immortality—so will I ascribe all the praise to the indissoluble Trinity throughout eternity. Amen.

### PRACTICAL RELIGION.

Suppose poverty come with its train of calamities; or suppose detraction points its barbed arrows against a blameless character; or suppose bereavement cast a withering shade upon the best earthly hopes and joys; or suppose disease, which racks the highest efforts both of friendship and of skill, impress itself upon the countenance and make its lodgment in the very seat of life;—or suppose, if you please, that this whole tribe of evils come marching in fearful array to assail an individual, at once, I am sure that I do not say too much for practical religion, when I declare to you that it will enable its possessor to meet them all in serenity and triumph.

Oh! when I have stood amidst such scenes and witnessed the sweet aspirations of hope, and seen the bright beams of joy irradiate the countenance over which sorrow had thrown her deepest shades, just as the brow casts its brilliant hues upon the dark cloud in the going down of the sun, I have looked upon religion as a bright angel come down from heaven to exercise a sovereign influence over human calamity; and if I have formed a wish or offered a prayer in respect to you at such a moment, it has been that this good angel may be your constant attendant through the vale of tears.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

## IN TWO CHAPTERS.

## CHAP. I.

'I wish I could find a solution for one mystery,' said Mary Moore to her mother, as during the last hour of the last night of 1835 they sat together, not over the inspiring embers of a nutwood fire, as in good old times, but within the circumbient atmosphere of a grate glowing with Schuylkill coals.

'Is there but one mystery in life that puzzles you, Mary?' asked her mother.

'One more than all others—and that is, why Lizzy Percival is so tormented?'

'Lizzy tormented! she seems to me to be the happiest girl of all our acquaintance.'

'Mother! did she not begin with the greatest of all earthly plagues—a step-mother.'

'A step mother, my dear child, is, not of course a plague.'

'But Lizzy's was, you know, mother.'

'A plague to herself, undoubtedly, but the greatest of all blessings to Lizzy.'

'A blessing to Lizzy! what do you mean, mother?'

'I mean that the trials of Lizzy's childhood and youth developed and strengthened her virtues. Lizzy's matchless sweetness of temper was acquired, or at least perfected, by the continual discipline which it required to endure patiently the exactions and indolence of her step mother. In short, Mary, Lizzy has been made far better by her relation with her step mother. She has overcome evil and not been overpowered by it. I wish, my dear Mary, that you could realise that it is not the circumstances in which we are placed, but the temper in which we meet them; the fruit we reap from them, that makes them either fortunate or unfortunate for us.'

'Well, mother, I suppose if I was as old, and as wise, and, above all, as good as you are, I should think as you do—but, in the meantime, I must account such a step mother as Lizzy Percival's the first and chiefest of all miseries. And then, when it pleased kind heaven to reward Lizzy's virtues by the removal of this gracious lady, you know, she left behind her half a dozen little pledges, to whom poor Lizzy has been obliged to devote and sacrifice herself.'

'And this devotion and self-sacrifice has made her the exemplary and lovely creature she is. Her youth, instead of being wasted in frivolity, has been most profitably employed. Duty is now happiness to her, and she is rewarded a thousand fold for all her exertions by the improvement of her character and the devoted love of her little brothers and sisters.'

'Well, mother, you are very ingenious, but I think it will puzzle you to prove that there is more profit than loss to Lizzy in being thwarted in her affections. Never were there a truer, a deeper, or better merited love than Lizzy's for Harry Stuart; never any thing more unreasonable, nor more obstinate, than Mr. Percival's opposition to their engagement, and if I were Lizzy'—she hesitated, and her mother finished the sentence—

'You would take the matter into your own hand!'

'I do not say that; but I would not submit implicitly, as she does, toiling on and on for that regiment of children, and trying while she is sacrificing her happiness to appear perfectly cheerful, and what provokes me more than all, being so, the greater part of the time in spite of every thing!'

'Ah, Mary, a kind disposition, a gentle temper and approving conscience, an occupation for every moment of a most useful life, must make Lizzy happy, even though the current of true love does not run smooth.'

'But Lizzy does flag, sometimes; I have seen her very sad.'

'For any length of time?'

'Oh, no! because she has always something or other to do.'

'True, Mary, 'tis your idlers that make the most of misery, and create it when it is not ready made for their hands. Lizzy will finally have the reward of her virtue; her father will relent.'

'Never—never, mother. You hope against hope. Mr. Percival is as proud and obstinate as all the Montagues and Capulets together. He is one of the infallibles. He prides himself on never changing a resolve, nor even an opinion—on never unsaying what he has once said, and you know he not only said, but swore, and that in Lizzy's presence, too, that she should never marry a son of Gilbert Stuart.'

'Yes, I know. But continual dropping wears the rock, and the sun, if it were to shine long enough, would melt polar ice. Mr.'

Percival's heart may be hardened by self-will, but he cannot forever resist the continual unintermitting influence of such goodness as Miss Percival's. He is not naturally hard-hearted. His head is soft enough, if you can penetrate the crust of pride that overlays it.'

'Oh, mother, you mistake, it is all crust.'

'No, Mary, the human heart is mingled of many elements, and not, as young people think, formed of a single one, good or evil.'

The scene changes to Mr Percival's house. The clock is on the stroke of twelve. A lovely creature, not looking the victim of sentiment, but, with a clear, serene brow: her eye, not 'blue and sunken,' but full, bright and hazel: and lips and cheeks glowing like Hebe's—is busied with a single handmaid preparing New-Year's gifts for a bevy of children. Miss Percival's maid Madeline, a German girl, had persuaded her young mistress to arrange the gifts after the fashion of her father land, and accordingly a fine tree of respectable growth had been purchased in market; though when it entered the house it looked much like the theatrical representation of 'Birman woods coming to Dunsinane', the mistress and maid had contrived, with infinite ingenuity, to elude the eyes of the young Arguses, and to plant it in the library, which adjoined the drawing room, without its being seen by one of them.

Never did Christmas tree bear more multifarious fruit; for St Nicholas, that most benign of all the saints of the calendar, had, through the hands of many a ministering priest and priests, showered his gifts. The sturdiest branch drooped with its burden of books, chessmen, puzzles, &c. for Julius, a strapping of 13. Dolls, birds, beasts and boxes, were hung on the lesser limbs. A regiment of soldiers had alighted on one bough, and Noah's ark was anchored to another, and to all the slender branches were hung cherries, plumbs, strawberries and fine peaches, as tempting and at least as sweet as the fruits of paradise.

Nothing remained to be done, but to label each bough. Miss Percival was writing the names, and Madeline walking round and round the tree, her mind, as a smile on her lip and the tear in her eye indicated, divided between the present pleasure and the recollection of bygone festivals in the land of her home when both were startled by the ringing of the bell.

'It is very late,' said Miss Percival, with a look at Madeline which expressed, 'it is very odd that any one should ring at that hour. 'Close the blinds, Madeline,' she added, for the first time observing that they were open. The ring was repeated, and, as at first, very gently.

'Whoever it is, is afraid of being heard,' said Madeline, but bristling up with a coward show of courage, 'there is nothing to fear, Miss,' she added, 'and if you'll just come with me into the entry, I'll find out before I open the door who it is.'

'You hold the lamp, Madeline, and I will open the door,' replied Lizzy, who had a good deal more courage than her domestic.

'Oh no, that would shame me too much, dear Miss Lizzy.'

'But I am not afraid, Madeline;' so giving Madeline the lamp, she sprung forward, and with her hand on the bolt, asked, in a tone that might have converted an enemy into a friend, 'Who is there?' A voice low, anxious and trilling, answered, 'Lizzy.'

Now indeed, her cheek paled and her hand trembled, and Madeline, naturally inferring that these signals betokened fear, said, 'Shall I scream for your father?'

'Oh, no, no, not for the world; stand back, wait one moment,' and while she hesitated whether she might turn the bolt, an earnest, irresistible entreaty from without prevailed.

'For heaven's sake open the door, Lizzy—I will not even speak to you.' The bolt was turned, and Lizzy said, with the frankness that characterised her, 'If I might ask you in, you know I would, Harry.' Stuart seized her hand and slipped into it a note, and impressed with his lips the thanks that, true to the letter of his promise, he dared not speak, and then hastily retreated, and the door was immediately reclosed.

'It was Mr Stuart, Madeline.'

'Yes, Miss Lizzy, I saw it was, but I promise you I shall not tell'—

'No, do not, Madeline, for I shall tell papa, who is the only person who has any right to know.'

'You are quite different from other young ladies,' said Madeline, with an expression of honest wonder. But entirely different was Lizzy, for she forgot to finish the little that remained undone, and hastily dismissing Madeline, she hurried to her apartment, and opened

ed the twisted note Stuart had given her. It enveloped a ring, and contained the following in pencil—'Dear Lizzy, I have been walking before your window for the last hour watching your kind preparations for those who are every day blest with the brightest and softest of all lights—the light of your countenance. Your very happy face has made me sad; for my selfish thoughts tell me this happiness is quite independent of me. Shame, shame to me! There is my Lizzy, I have said, giving gifts and receiving them, making others happy, and made happy herself, and bestowing no thoughts on me! I have wrapped up this little ring, on which is enamelled a forget-me-not, and bade it speak to your heart the cravings of mine.

'FORGET ME NOT, dear Lizzy! The ring is indeed too true an emblem of the endless circle of my sorrows. No beam of light is there in the parting,—none in the dawning year for me!'

Lizzy read and re-read the note—very like all lover's notes—but as she thought, peculiar and most peculiarly heart-breaking. The ring she put on her finger, and went to bed holding it in the palm of her other hand, and before morning she had dreamed out a very pretty romance with a right pleasant and fitting conclusion. The morning came, New Year's morning, with its early greeting, its pleasant bustle, its noisy joys, and to Lizzy its cares; for there is no play-day in the calendar of an American mistress of a family, be she old or young. Lizzy, 'the genius loci' was the dispenser general of the bounties of the season. The children waked her at dawn with their kisses and cries of 'Happy New Year, sister;' the servants besieged the door with their earnest taps and their heart-felt good wishes, and each received a gift and a kind word to grace it.

After breakfast the library door was opened and the promise revealed to the little expectants. Then what exclamations of surprise! What bursts of joy, and what a rush as each sprang forward to pluck his own fruit from the laden tree! Each, we said, but little Ella, youngling of the flock, clung to Lizzy, and leading her to the extremity of the room uncovered a basket, containing various souvenirs, saying, 'papa said we might all div something to the one we loved best, and so we div'd this to you, sister.'

And now in the happy group around the tree was apparent the blossoming of that fruit which the sister had planted and matured in their heart. 'Thank you, sister, said Julius, taking from his branch a nice book, filled with copies for him to draw after—how much pains you must have taken to do this for me! how much time and trouble you have spent upon it—I hope I shall never feel tired of doing any thing for you.'

'O, sister Lizzy,' exclaimed little Sue, 'I did not know when I spilt all your beads that you was knitting this bag for me—but you was so good-natured that I was sorry as ever I could be.'

'Sister, sister, did you paint these soldiers,' cried Hal; 'kiss me—you are the best sister that ever lived.'

'O, Anne, your doll is dressed just like mine—sister has even worked their pocket handkerchiefs. But you have a paint box—I am glad of that.'

'And you have an embroidered apron, and I am glad of that—oh, papa, does not sister do everything for us?'

'She does, my dear children,' said Mr Percival, who, though not of the melting order, was affected into tears by this little scene. 'Come here to me, Lizzy,' he said, drawing her aside and putting his arm around her, 'tell me, my dear good girl, what shall I give you?'

Lizzy held her blushing face for a moment on her father's bosom, and then courageously drawing back her head and rising her hand, and pointing to the ring, she replied, 'Give me leave, sir, to wear this gift from Harry Stuart?'

Mr Percival's brow clouded. 'How is this, Lizzy? did I not command you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts.'

'Yes, papa, but I could not obey you.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, Lizzy.'

'I tried sir, indeed I did—but the more I tried the more I could not.'

'And so by the way of aiding your efforts you wish to keep this gewgaw with a forget me not engraven on it?'

'With your leave, sir, I would wear it. It will make no difference, papa. Harry has engraven the forget me not on my heart. There it is cut in, as the engravers say.'

Lizzy's frankness and perseverance astonished her father. 'There was something kin-

dred to his own spirit in it. He felt it to be so—and this it was, perhaps, that mitigated his displeasure as he paced the room, his hands behind him, as was his wont when perplexed. 'I must not be fooled out of my resolution,' he thought; 'it was very presuming in Harry Stuart to give this ring to Lizzy, when he knows my determination is invincible.' He turned to claim the ring, when Madeline, who had a few minutes before entered with a little packet to him, caught his eyes. He opened it, and found it contained a pair of slippers. Lizzy's 'new year's gift to him, beautifully wrought by her own hand. This was not all—there were several pairs of fine woollen hose she had knit for him, in her intervals of leisure. They were just such as he liked, just such as he could not buy, just such as no one but Lizzy could knit, at least so he thought, and thanking and kissing her, he said, 'Well, Lizzy, wear the ring to-day, and after that'—

'I may still wear it, papa?'

'I'll consider of it, my child.'

'C'est le premier pas qui coute?' thought Lizzy: and with a light heart and joyous face she bounded away to perform her next duty. Lizzy's duties were so blended with pleasure, that she no more separated them, than the naked eye separates the twisted rays of light.

'Come with me, Madeline,' she said. Madeline followed, marvelling at the young lady—who, even in her love passages, dared to walk in light. 'These humble persons are prompt to discern truth and rectitude, and to imbibe its influence from their superiors in station.'

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### FEMALE INFLUENCE.

Of the varied checks imposed by Providence upon the degrading passions of our nature, the highest in the scale is religion, the next is female influence. It was their combination which gave to chivalry its poetical, and which gives to true civilization its actual grace. As a chastener of the morbid propensities of humanity, the love of woman, using the word in its most exalted sense, is a moral agent of surpassing power—and as it often exists without the other element of our constitution to which we have just referred, so it may often

without its aid effect the most salutary restraint. The lover who invests his mistress, if not with the attributes of perfection, at least with the charm which approach nearest to them, and who looks to the forfeiture of her pure affections as the severest of misfortunes, has a motive of virtue which rarely fails. The husband who regards the wife of his bosom not only with love, but with pride, has the same impulse in a different, but not less persuasive form. Where the level of female influence is low, where it is acknowledged only as a minister of sensual appetite, and where the female character is divested of the romantic purity which belongs to it, and made, like Don Juan's successive heroines, only the object of licentious passions, we despair of witnessing moral beauty in any form. Domestic society has been beautifully described by a contemporary writer as 'the seminary of social affections, the cradle of sensibility, where the first elements are acquired of that tenderness and humanity which cement mankind together.'

### POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

A late number of the London Missionary Register contains an estimate of the population of the globe, from a work by M. Adrian Balbi. From this it appears that there are subject to Protestant states 190,000,000; and to Roman Catholic states 135,000,000. Of the Greek church, there are 60,000,000.

### ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

I.—Having selected your profession, resolve not to abandon it: but by a life of industry and enterprise to adorn it. You will be much more likely to succeed in the business you have long studied, than in that of which you know but little.

2.—Select the best company in your power to obtain: and let your conversation be on those things you wish to learn. Frequent conversation will illicit much instruction.

3.—Obtain a friend to select for you the best books on morality, religion, and the liberal arts, and particularly those which treat on your profession. It is not the reading of many books that make a man wise, but the reading only those which can impart wisdom: Thoroughly understand what you read: take notes of all that is worth remembering; and frequently review what you have written.

4.—Select for your model the purest and



greatest characters: and always endeavour to imitate their virtues, and emulate their greatness.

5.—Serve God; attend to his worship; and endeavour to set an example of piety, charity and sobriety to all around you.

6.—Love your country, respect your rulers, treat with kindness your fellow apprentices, let your great aim be usefulness to mankind.

7.—Get all you can by honest industry—spend none extravagantly; and provide largely for old age.

8.—In a word, think much, act circumspectly and live usefully.

#### RICHES.

Every man is rich or poor according to the proportion between his desires and enjoyments—any enlargement of wishes is, therefore, equally destructive to happiness, with the diminution of possession; and he that teaches another to long for what he shall never obtain is no less an enemy to his quiet, than if he had robbed him of his patrimony. The rich lose all gratifications, because their wants are prevented; and, added to the lassitude which follows satiety, they have a pride proceeding from wealth, which makes them impatient at the loss of pleasure, though they have no enjoyment from the possession of it. The odour of ten thousand roses pleases but for a moment—the pain occasioned by one of the thorns is long felt. One hardship in the midst of luxuries is to the opulent, a thorn amongst flowers. To the poor, on the contrary, one indulgence, in the midst of hardship, is a flower amongst thorns. They have a lively sense of it—the effect of every thing is increased by contrast. Riches are of no value in themselves: their use is discovered only in that which they procure. They are not coveted, unless by narrow minds, which confound the means with the end, but for the sake of power, influence, and esteem; or by some of less elevated and refined sentiments, 'tis necessary to sensual arguments. It almost always happens that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new standard, and from flying the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavours to overtake the poor, on he sees before him. Wealth cannot confer greatness: for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little—the

bramble may be planted in a hotbed, but never become an oak.

#### CURIOSITY TO BE ENCOURAGED IN YOUNG PERSONS.

Curiosity is a useful spring of knowledge; it should be encouraged in children, and awakened by frequent and familiar methods of talking with them. It should be indulged in youth, but not without a prudent moderation. In those who have too much, it should be limited by a wise and gentle restraint or delay, lest by wandering after every thing, they learn nothing to perfection. In those who have too little, it should be excited, lest they grow stupid, narrow-spirited, self-satisfied, and never attain a treasure of ideas, or an aptitude of understanding.

#### POETRY.

##### ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

She died in beauty!—like a rose  
Blown from its parent stem;  
She died in beauty!—like a pearl  
Dropp'd from some diadem.  
She died in beauty!—like a lay  
Along the moonlit lake;  
She died in beauty!—like the song  
Of birds amid the brake.  
She died in beauty!—like the snow  
On flowers dissolved away;  
She died in beauty!—like a star  
Lost on the brow of day.  
She lives in glory!—like night's gems,  
Set round the silver moon;  
She lives in glory!—like the sun  
Amid the blue of June!

##### THE MIND.

Wo for those who trample o'er a mind,  
A deathless thing. They know not what  
they do,  
Or what they deal with!—Man perchance  
may bind  
The flower his step hath bruised, or light snow  
The torch he quenches—or to mure wind,  
Again the lyre string from his touch that flew,  
But for the soul! Oh! tremble, and beware  
To lay rude hands upon God's mysteries there.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY  
BY

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