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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. VI.]

MONTREAL, JUNE 3, 1835.

[PRICE 2D

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

FILIAL VIRTUE ILLUSTRATED.

Some travellers from Glasgow were obliged to stop at the small burgh of Lanark, "and having nothing better to engage our attention," said one of them, "we amused ourselves by looking at the passengers from the window of our inn, which was opposite the prison. While we were thus occupied, a gentleman came up on horseback, very plainly dressed, attended by servants. He had scarcely passed our window when he alighted, left his horse, and advanced towards an old man who was engaged in paving the street. After having saluted him, he took hold of the maiden (the rammer,) struck some blows upon the pavement, at the same time addressing the old man, who stood amazed at this adventure. 'This work seems to me very painful for a person of your age. Have you no sons who could share in your labour, and comfort your old age?' 'Forgive me, sir: I have three lads who inspired me with the highest hopes; but the poor fellows are not now within reach to assist their father.' 'Where are they, then?' 'The oldest has obtained the rank of captain in India, in the service of the honourable East India Company. The second has likewise enlisted, in the hope of rivalling his brother.' The old man paused, and a momentary tear bedimmed his eyes. 'And pray what has become of the third?' 'Alas, he became security for me: the poor boy engaged to pay my debts, and being unable to fulfil the undertaking, he is—in prison.' At this recital the gentleman stepped aside a few paces, and covered his face with his hands. After having thus given vent to his feelings, he resumed the discourse. 'And has the oldest, this degenerate

son, this captain, never sent you anything to extricate you from your miseries?' 'Ah, call him not degenerate. My son is virtuous—he both loves and respects his father. He has oftener than once sent me money, even more than was sufficient for my wants, but I had the misfortune to lose it by becoming security for a very worthy man, my landlord, who was burthened with a very large family. Unfortunately, finding himself unable to pay, he has caused my ruin. They have taken my all, and nothing now remains for me? At this moment, a young man passing his head through the iron gratings of a window in the prison, began to cry, 'Father! father! if my brother William is still alive, this is he—he is the gentleman who speaks with you!' 'Yes, my friend, it is he!' replied the gentleman, throwing himself into the old man's arms, who, like one beside himself, attempting to speak and sobbing, had not recovered his senses, when an old woman, decently dressed, rushed from a poor looking hut, crying, 'Where is he, then? Where art thou, my dear William? Come to me—come and embrace your mother!' The captain no sooner observed her than he quitted his father, and went to throw himself upon the neck of the good old dame. The scene was now overpowering. The travellers left their room, and increased the number of spectators, witnesses of this most affecting sight. Mr. W., one of the travellers, made his way through the crowd, and advancing to the gentleman, thus addressed him: 'Captain, we ask the honour of your acquaintance. We would gladly have gone a thousand miles to be witnesses of this tender meeting with your honourable family. We request the honour of you and yours to dinner in this inn.' The captain, alive to the

invitation. accepted it with politeness, but at the same time, replied that he would neither eat nor drink until his youngest brother had recovered his liberty. At the same instant he deposited the sum for which he had been incarcerated, and in a very short time after his brother joined the party. The whole family now met at the inn, where they found the affectionate William in the midst of a multitude who were loading him with caresses, all of which he returned with the utmost cordiality. As soon as there was an opportunity for free conversation, the good soldier unbosomed his heart to his parents and the travellers:— ‘Gentlemen,’ said he, ‘to-day I feel, in its full extent, the kindness of Providence, to whom I owe every thing. My uncle brought me up to the business of a weaver, but I requited his attentions badly; for having contracted a habit of idleness and dissipation, I enlisted in a corps belonging to the East India Company. I was then only little more than eighteen. My soldier-like appearance had been observed by Lord C., the commanding officer, with whose beneficence and inexhaustible generosity all Europe is acquainted. My zeal for the service inspired him with regard; and, thanks to his cares, I rose step by step to the rank of captain, and was entrusted with the funds of the regiment. By dint of economy and the aid of commerce I amassed honourably a stock of 30,000*l.* At that time I quitted the service. It is true that I made three remittances to my father; but the first only, consisting of 200*l.*, reached him. The second fell into the hands of a man who had the misfortune to become insolvent; and I entrusted the third to a Scotch gentleman who died upon the passage; but I hold his receipt, and his heirs will account to me for it.’ After dinner the captain gave his father 200*l.* to supply his most pressing wants, and at the same time secured to him, as well as his mother, an annuity of 80*l.*, revertible to his two brothers; promising to purchase a commission for the soldier, and to settle the youngest in a manufactory which he was about to

establish in Scotland for the purpose of affording employment to his countrymen. Besides, he presented 500*l.* as a marriage portion to his sister, who was married to a farmer in indifferent circumstances, and after having distributed 50*l.* among the poor, he entertained at an elegant dinner the principal inhabitants of the burgh.

“Such a man merited the favours of fortune. By this generous sensibility, he showed, indeed, that he was worthy of the distinguished honours so profusely heaped upon him by the illustrious Lord C.”

TRAVELS.

ASCENT TO MOUNT CALVARY.

In an apartment a little on the left of the rotunda, and paved with marble, is shown the spot where Christ appeared to Mary in the garden. Near this begins the ascent to Calvary; it consists of eighteen very lofty stone steps; you then find yourself on a floor of beautifully variegated marble, in the midst of which are three or four slender white pillars of the same material, which support the roof, and separate the Greek division of the spot from that appropriated to the Catholics; these pillars are partly shrouded by rich silk hangings. At the end stand two small and elegant altars; over that of the Catholics is a painting of the crucifixion, and over the Greek is one of the taking down the body from the cross. A number of silver lamps are constantly burning, and throw a rich and softened light over the whole of this striking scene. The street leading to Calvary has a long and gradual ascent, the elevation of the stone step is above twenty feet, and if it is considered that the summit has been removed to make room for the sacred church, the ancient hill, though low, was sufficiently conspicuous. The very spot where the cross was fixed is shown; it is a hole in the rock, surrounded by a silver rim; and each pilgrim prostrates himself, and kisses it with the greatest devotion. Its identity is probably as strong as that of the cross

and crown of thorns found a few feet below this surface; but where is the scene around or within the city, however sacred, that is not defaced by the sad inventions of the fathers?

Having resolved to pass the night in the church, we took possession for a few hours of a small apartment adjoining the gallery that overlooked the crowded area beneath. As it drew near midnight, we ascended again to the summit of Calvary. The pilgrims, one after another, had dropped off, till at last all had departed. No footstep broke on the deep silence of the scene. At intervals, from the Catholic chapel below, was heard the melody of the organ, mingled with the solemn chanting of the priest, who sang of the death and sufferings of the Redeemer. This service, pausing at times, and again rising slowly on the ear, had an effect inexpressibly fine. The hour, the stillness, the softened light and sound, above all, the belief of being where he who "so loved us" poured out his life, affected the heart and the imagination in a manner difficult to be described. Hour after hour fled fast away, and we descended to the chamber of the sepulchre. How vivid the midnight lights streamed on every part! the priest had quitted his charge, and the lately crowded scene was now lonely. This was the moment, above all others, to bend over the spot where "the sting of death and the terrors of the grave" were taken away for ever.

Soon after daylight the pilgrims began to return and continued their visits till the ensuing night. The fathers lamented deeply the breaking out of the Greek revolution, and the internal war between the two pachas, which have combined to diminish the number of pilgrims to less than one fourth part of what it formerly was, as the journey is become too dangerous. Three or four thousand are computed to arrive every year, who afford a productive revenue to the different convents. But this is in a great measure eaten up by the heavy tax which the different orders are obliged to pay the Turks.

RELIGIOUS.

MAN.

"Oh, thou most awful being, and most vain!
Thy will how frail, how glorious is thy power!
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss or wo, in thy despotic breast;
Though heaven and hell depend upon thy choice
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled!"

Man is represented as being created in the image of his Maker, possessed of noble faculties, endowed with powers which are capable of raising him to a station far above the rest of the creation of God. Those high notions of glory, which have been implanted into his mind ought to inspire him with elevated thoughts of God and induce him to advance in that scale of being for which he is so highly qualified.

When we look around, and behold the busy multitude, propelled by motives as discordant to human happiness as they are destructive of themselves, we may emphatically say—Man! where is thy dignity? Art thou not fallen! fallen!—The image of thy Maker is defaced—the crown is fallen from thy head—the glory is departed. Light shines—the light of life is imparted—its healing beams play around thee and invite thee to bask in them, and partake of the glories they shed. But to these dark souls no beauties appear—no music, though of ecstatic kind, can rouse their souls to holy breathings after God and heaven. What a sad fall is here! how changed! Look a little farther; we see a troop—it is the band of Gideon! On them the glory has descended—the effulgence is conspicuous—the blessing drops, joy is imparted—the Sun of righteousness, with healing in his beams, has chased away the gloom which had so long kept them. From beholding the beauties that now unfold themselves to their enraptured minds.

But we cannot stop here. Another object presents itself to our view. After all these joys are experienced, "a butterfly" makes its appearance, and those who have had visions of glory, and ecstasies of delight, are so far diverted by this gaudy phantom, as to lose all relish for the sublime joys they have just

relinquished. A toy is preferred to a kingdom.

Oh, man where art thou? Shall a "butterfly" divert thee from thy grand pursuit and push immortal joys beyond thy reach?—Let reason take the helm; she will guide thee in safety to the port of immortal glory.

ON WISDOM.

The best wisdom is, to know God and ourselves.

He is wise enough that knows how to fear God, that is careful in every thing to please him, and fearful of offending him in any thing.

That wisdom which enlightens the understanding, and reforms the life, is the most valuable.

The fear of the Lord is the foundation of all true knowledge; and without this fear, all knowledge in reality is nothing worth.

All the wealth of the world cannot make a man half so happy as true wisdom, even if he had nothing else.

Heavenly wisdom will procure that for us, and secure that to us, which silver and gold cannot purchase.

True wisdom is of that importance, that we can never be too nearly engaged in pursuing it, nor too diligent in our endeavours to obtain it.

If you are but possessed of wisdom, solitude will furnish pleasures which society will never yield.

'The closet will' a grateful retirement. the evening pillow will be easy, and we shall be able to greet the morning with the voice of gladness and thanksgiving.

There is no true wisdom but in the way of religion, and no true happiness but in the end of that way.

A wise man desires no more than what he can get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

When wisdom enlightens the mind, happiness dwells in the soul.

NATURAL HISTORY.

In our last number we gave a description of the pelican. We now present our readers with an original account of a bird belonging to the same genera. As the writer had an opportunity of learning the habits of the gannet from personal observation, the following interesting description may be relied upon as being strictly correct.

(FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.)

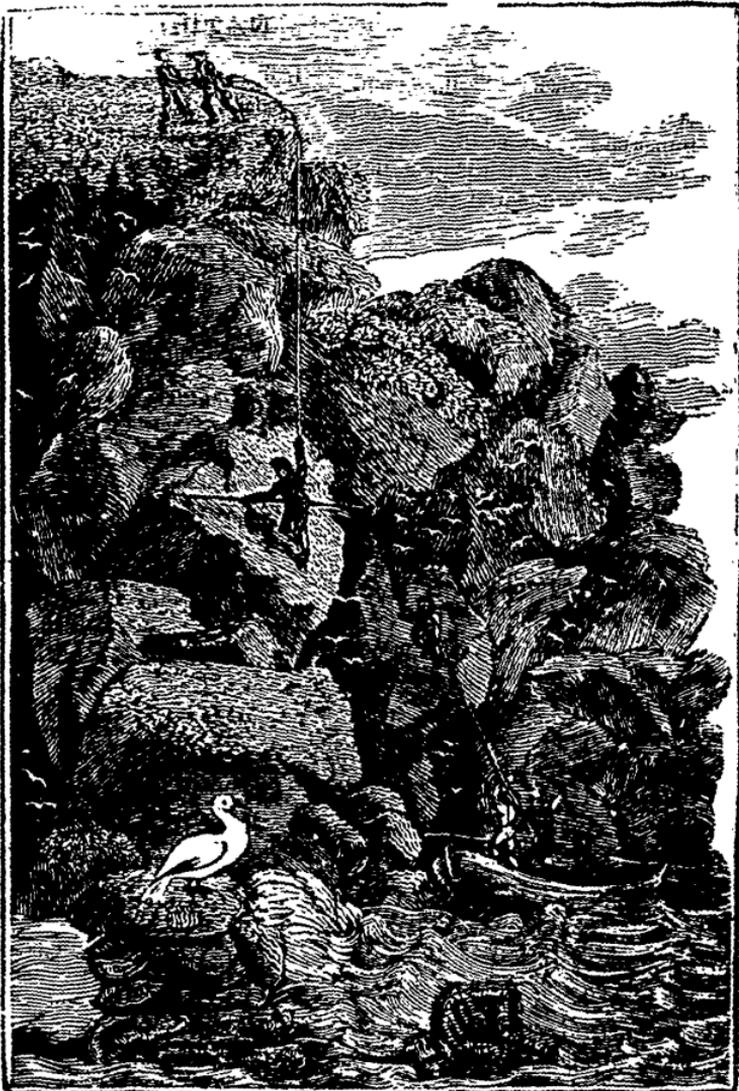
THE GANNET.

"Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth.
Birds that o'ersweep it in power and mirth,
Yet, through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over the desert and deep have passed:
So shall we reach our bright home at last."

The gannet, or soland goose, being a bird of the pelican kind, may be distinguished by a hooked bill, pouch attached to the lower mandible, and a naked face. It measures, from the extremity of one bill to that of the other, six feet. The plumage is white, with the exception of the neck, which is partly yellow, and the tips of the wings, which are black; the bill, face and feet are blueish. The eye is, perhaps, one of the most perfect formations, being endowed with the most exquisite powers of vision. The eagle can see to a great distance; but the gannet cannot only observe a fish from an immense height in the air, but can also see it to the depth of many feet below the surface of the water. It is of the most beautiful transparent white, and is furnished with double membranes, which it can at pleasure draw over it. When one of these birds perceives a fish he immediately turns upwards, and when at some height in the air he suddenly halts, braces his pinions to his sides, stretches his neck,

"Plunges from his soar,
Down to the deep; and with unerring aim
Seizes his prey."

The gannet, in the month of April, betakes to the coast of Great Britain and Ireland. It generally frequents the most elevated and



accessible precipices of some desolate island or headland—

Infinite wings! fill all the plume-dark air
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

The nest being formed of the coarsest material, such as sticks, sea weed and withered grass, the single white egg is deposited, and watched over with the utmost assiduity by the female, whilst the male is busily employed in feeding her -

For oft at morn
He takes his flight, and not till twilight grey
His slow returning cry hoarse meets the ear.

The fish, which he carries in the loose skin beneath the lower jaw, is disgorged into the mouth of the female, which is open to receive it. The young are fed in the same manner.

As winter approaches the gannets collect in flocks, and always fly in the shape of a wedge, the beak of the first one forming the point of

an acute angle; at intervals they may be noticed to make the most curious evolutions, gliding into each other's stations, and a different one each time taking the precedence, to cleave the air for the rest.

At the island of St. Kilda, in Scotland, the Skelig rocks in the county of Kerry, Ireland, and many other places, the old birds are not allowed to be destroyed; but the young are taken by the peasantry, and laid in store as food for winter. The flesh of the former is rank, tough and unpalatable, but that of the latter is considered rich and tender.

The cut which accompanies this article gives a faithful representation of the method of taking those birds. A few words will inform the reader on the subject: A man fastens a rope round his waist, and being provided with a pole, having a hook at one end, he allows his companions to lower him, rope in hand, from the brink of a precipice frequented by the birds. Alighting on the various ledges and cliffs, he straps them together, or throws them into the water to be picked up by a boat beneath. When, in consequence of the projection of immense rocks, he cannot gain accession to the cliff beneath, by striking the front of the precipice with his pole, at the same time making a plunge, he is thrown to some distance from the rock, and by the swing of the rope is hurried with frightful velocity into the cavern, and hooking on by the fragments of rocks, he alights. It not unfrequently happens, that the rope, which is sometimes made of horsehair, breaks, and the unfortunate being is precipitated down the precipice and dashed to atoms. Should he, however, be fortunate enough to reach the summit of the precipice in safety, he is congratulated by his friends, and considers himself amply rewarded by the birds, of which he gets a share.

W

TRUTH—Only the clear and steady light of truth can guide man to virtue. The doctrines which are dark and uncertain can only lead men to darkness and uncertainty.

PHRENOLOGY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—As Phrenology has, of late, excited no small degree of curiosity, and as some, who never enquired into its nature, have ventured to assert that there is no truth in it, and others have formed erroneous conceptions of it, I would offer for publication in your interesting little work, three or four brief articles on the subject. My first will be chiefly intended to convince the former, and the subsequent ones will direct the latter.

I am, Sir,
your's, &c.

W.

Phrenology gives us no information as to what the mind really is, it merely states that the BRAIN is divided into a number of distinct ORGANS, each being the medium of particular mental functions or powers. The nature of the mind we will not venture to give, but this we will assert, that without some substance or organ, it could receive no impression either by vibration or by any of the external senses. Then we must infer, that without this medium the mind would not act at all, and consequently there would be no manifestation of the feelings. Then as the mind must abide in some part of the mortal frame, where does it dwell, or through what part does it manifest itself if not through the brain? The chest is occupied by the lungs, heart and large blood vessels; the abdomen by the organs of digestion and nutrition, and their several functions are universally known and acknowledged. But the medullary substance which fills the cranium is not so generally allowed its attributes. We know it to be capsulated by an arch of the most substantial and beautiful structure—a structure, of all others, most admirably adapted to protect it from external injury. On an examination we discover that this substance is not only of the most delicate texture, but intertwined by innumerable veins and ducts, which convey the blood and the impressions to the various or-

gans which are discerned to be separated into distinct lobes by membranous partitions, — nay more, each lobe may be distinguished by a distinct taste! The brain has also the property, according to the manner in which the MIND is exercised, of expanding or enlarging the skull!

To prove that the heart is not the seat of the mind requires but little logic. When a person's feelings are excited by any sudden emotion, the consequence is that the blood circulates quicker through the frame, and the heart being the muscle which forces the blood through the veins, a palpitation is felt in it, but the sensation is carried instantaneously to the brain, in which the effect is produced.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHEPHERDS IN THE EAST.

The flocks were tended by servants; also by the sons, and frequently by the daughters of the owner, who himself was often employed in the service. In the summer they generally moved towards the north, and occupied the loftier part of the mountains; in the winter they returned to the south, or sought a favorable retreat in the vallies.—A shepherd was exposed to all the changes of the season, as the flock required to be watched by day and night, under the open sky. Thus Jacob described his service: "In the day the drought consumed me, and the frost by night; and my sleep departed from mine eyes." So also the shepherds were watching their flocks by night, when the angel of the Lord came down with the glad tidings of our Saviour's birth. The flocks did not however give so much trouble as we might imagine such vast numbers would. They grew familiar with the rules of order, and learned to conform themselves to the wish of their keepers on the slightest notice. They became acquainted with his voice, and when called by its sound, immediately gathered around him. It was even common to give every individual of the flock its own name, to which it learned to attend, as horses and dogs

are accustomed to do among us. If the keeper's voice was at any time not heeded, or could not reach some straggling party, he had but to tell his dog, who was almost wise enough to manage a flock by himself, and immediately he was seen bounding over the distance, and rapidly restoring all to obedience and order. When he wanted to move from one place to another, he called them all together and marched before them, with his staff in his hand and his dog by his side, like a general at the head of his army. Such is the beautiful discipline which is still often seen in the flocks of eastern shepherds. With a knowledge of those circumstances, we can better understand the language of the Saviour, in his beautiful parable of the shepherd and his flock: "The sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him, for they know not the voice of strangers."—NIVEN'S BIBLICAL ANTIQUITIES.

POWER OF GENTLENESS.

Whoever understands his own interests, and is pleased with the beautiful rather than the deformed, will be careful to cherish the virtue of gentleness. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature to convince us that much of our happiness in life must depend upon the cultivation of this virtue. Gentleness will assist its possessor in all his lawful undertakings: it will often render him successful when nothing else could; it is exceedingly lovely and attractive in its appearance; it wins the hearts of all; it is even stronger than argument, and often prevails when that would be powerless and ineffectual; it shows that a man can put a bridle upon his passions; that he is above the ignoble vulgar, whose characteristic is to storm and rage like the troubled ocean, at every little adversity and disappointment that cross their path; it shows

that he can soar away in the bright atmosphere of good feeling, and live in a continual sunshine, when all around him are like maniacs—the sport of their own passions.

PUNCTUALITY.

Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality. Punctuality is important, because it subserves the peace and good temper of a family: the want of it not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes this duty. The calmness of mind which it produces, is another advantage of punctuality: a disorderly man is always in a hurry: he has no time to speak to you, because he is going elsewhere; and when he gets there, he is too late for his business; or he must hurry away to another before he can finish it. Punctuality gives weight to character. "Such a man has made an appointment: then I know he will keep it." And this generates punctuality in you; for, like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children must be punctual where their leader is so. Appointments, indeed, become debts. I owe you punctuality, if I have made an appointment with you; and have no right to throw away your time if I do my own.

POETRY.

THE LOST DARLING.

She was my idol. Night and day to scan
The fine expansion of her form, and mark
The unfolding mind, like vernal rosebuds, start
To sudden beauty, was my chief delight;
To find her fairy footsteps following me,
Her hand upon my garments—or her lip
Long seal'd to mine—and in the watch of night
The quiet breath of innocence to feel
Soft on my cheek—was such a full content
Of happiness, as none but mothers know.
Her voice was like some tiny harp that yields
To the slight-finger'd breeze, and as it held
Long converse with her doll, or kindly soothed
Her moaning kitten, or with patient care

Conn'd o'er the alphabet—but most of all
Its tender evidence in her evening prayer—
Thrill'd on the ear like some ethereal tone,
Heard in sweet dreams.

But now I sit alone,

Musing of her—and dew with mournful tears
The little robes that once with woman's pride
I wrought, as if there were a need to deck
What God had made so beautiful. I start.
Half fancying from her empty crib there comes
A restless sound, and breathe the accustomed
words,

'Hush, hush, Louisa, dearest.—Then I weep
As though it were a sin to speak to one
Whose home is with the angels.

Gone to God!

And yet I wish I had not seen the parg
That wrung her features, nor the ghastly
white

Settling around her lips. I would that heaven
Had taken its own like some transplanted
flower,

Blooming in all its freshness:

Gone to God!

Be still, my heart!—what could a mother's
prayer,

In all its wildest ecstasy of hope,
Ask for its darling like the bliss of heaven?

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNES-
DAY, BY

J. E. L. MULLER,

At the low price of TWOPENCE a number,
payable on delivery; or 1s. 8d. per quarter, in
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