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TRAVELS.

ON THE HOT WIND OF AFRICA CALLED THE CAMSIN.

“On my route from Suez,” says Ruppel, “I had an opportunity of observing a meteorological phenomenon of a very curious nature, which possibly may lead to some interesting results. In the year 1822, May the 21st, being seven hours distant from Cairo, and in the deserts, we were overtaken by one of these violent winds from the south, about which many travellers have told us such wonderful and incredible stories. During the night there had been a light breeze from the north-east; but a short time after sun-rise it began to blow fresh from the S. S. E., and the wind gradually increased till it blew a violent storm. Clouds of dust filled the whole atmosphere, so that it was impossible to distinguish any object clearly as far off as fifty paces; even a camel could not be recognised at this distance. In the mean time, we heard all along the surface of the ground a kind of rustling or crackling sounds, which I supposed to proceed from the rolling sand that was dashed about with such fury by the wind. Those parts of our bodies which were turned towards the wind were heated to an unusual degree, and we experienced a strange sensation of smarting which might be compared with the pricking of fine needles. This was also accompanied by a peculiar kind of sound. At first I thought this smarting was occasioned by the small particles of sand being driven by the storm against the part of the body that were exposed. In order to judge of the size of the particles, I attempted to catch some in a cap; but how great was my surprise when I found I could not succeed in securing a single specimen of these supposed little particles. This led me to conceive that the smarting sensation did not proceed from the stones or the sand striking the body but that it must be the effect of some invisible force, which I could only compare with a current of electric fluid. After forming

this conjecture, I began to pay closer attention to the phenomena which surrounded me. I observed that the hair of all our party bristled up a little, and that the sensation of pricking was felt most in the extremities and joints just as if a man were electrified on an insulated stool. To convince myself that the painful sensation did not proceed from small particles of stones or sand, I held a piece of paper stretched up against the wind, so that even the finest portion of dust must have been detected either by the eye or the ear; yet nothing of the kind took place. The surface of the paper remained perfectly unmoved and free from noise. I stretched my arms out, and immediately the pricking pain in the ends of my fingers increased. This led me to conjecture that the violent wind, called in Egypt Camsin, is either attended by strong electrical phenomena, or else the electricity is caused by the motion of the dry sand of the desert. Hence we may account for the heavy masses of dust, formed of particles of sand, which, for several days, darken the cloudless sky. Perhaps we may also go so far as to conjecture that the Camsin may have destroyed caravans by its electrical properties, since some travellers assure us that caravans have occasionally perished in the desert; though I must remark that in all the regions I have travelled through I never could hear the least account of such an occurrence. At all events, to suppose that such calamities have been caused by the sand overwhelming the caravans, is the most judicious idea that can be imagined.

“The Camsin generally blows in Egypt, for two or three days successively, but with much less violence during the night than the day. It only occurs in the period between the middle of April and the beginning of June, and hence its Arabic name, which signifies, ‘the wind of fifty days.’”

CALABRIA—TREMENDOUS EARTHQUAKES
Earthquakes have caused many melancholy changes in Calabria—and every thing bears

testimony to the cruel ravages occasioned by that of 1783. This frightful catastrophe, which has altered the aspect of those countries in an inconceivable manner, was preceded by the most appalling indications. Close, compact, and immovable mists seemed to hang heavily over the earth—in some places the atmosphere appeared red hot, so that people expected it would every moment burst out into flames—the water of the river assumed an ashy and turbid colour, while a suffocating stench of sulphur diffused itself around. The violent shocks, which were repeated at several intervals from the 5th of February to the 23rd of May, destroyed the greater part of the buildings of Calabria Ultra. The number of inhabitants who were crushed under the ruins of their houses, or who perished on the strands of Scylla, was estimated at about 50,000. Rivers arrested in their course by the fall of mountains, became so many infected lakes, corrupting the air in all directions. Houses, trees, and large fields were hurried down together to the bottom of the deep glens without being separated by the shock—in short, all the extraordinary calamities and changes which can be effected by earthquakes were beheld at this deplorable period, under the various forms which characterize them.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SCRIPTURE.

The only partridges in the Greek islands are those with red legs, which are likewise found on the continent of Asia, and in the southern countries of Europe. In some of the Cycladas, when the inhabitants are too poor to expend much money on gunpowder, they have a practice of chasing them on foot, till the birds are so wearied as to be easily taken with the hand. Does not this illustrate I Sam. xxiv, 20; which speaks of Saul pursuing David, "as when one doth hunt a partridge on the mountains?"

I observed a peculiarity in the costume of Mr. Scoles's servant. He was a native of Saïde, near the base of mount Lebanon, and wore a sort of tunic, covered, especially at the back and arms, with the closest embroidery, and patches of variegated cloth. It reminded us at once of Joseph's "coat of many colours," (Gen. xxxvii, 3.) and of the spoils of Sisera, mentioned in the Song of

Barak—"Have they not sped? Have they not divided the prey, to every man a damsel or two? To Sisera a prey of divers colours of needlework on both sides?" Judg. v, 30.

It was likewise singularly illustrative of another fact. Saïde, his native town, is the ancient Sidon taken by Baldwin the First in A. D. 1110; and the Sidonian women have been in all ages celebrated for their embroidery. So Homer, *Iliad*, book vi, line 286; thus translated by Pope—

"The Phrygian queen to her rich wardrobe went,
Where treasure's odours breathed a costly scent.
There lay the vestures of no vulgar art,
Sidonian maids embroider'd every part,
Whom from soft Sidon youthful Paris bore,
With Helen touching on the Tyrian shore?"

As we passed through one of the retired streets in Megiste, we were surprised to hear the voice of a female issuing from one of the wretched hovels, in tones of sorrow and bewailing. It seemed, however, to attract the attention of no one save ourselves, and our guide, whom we questioned, informed us that it was a widow whose husband had died some months before, and who was now, according to custom, chanting her daily *dirge* to his memory—a practice which it is ordinary in the island to continue for 12 months after the decease of the individual, unless the mourner find a second husband in the interval.

The custom of lamenting for the dead long after the period of dissolution, is of the remotest antiquity; and Esdras mentions that, "In all Jewry they mourned for Josiah and the chief men, with the women, made lamentation for him unto this day and this was given out for an ordinance to be done by all the nation of Israel," Esdras i, 32.

On the right hand of the governor of Castellorizo, reclined his secretary—a stayed, stately personage, with a sad coloured jubbee and a crimson turban; his features full of gravity, his pen in his hand, and his long brass iukhorn (to use an Hibernicism) stuck in his girdle. This employment is one of considerable antiquity. It is common throughout the Levant, and we met with it often in the houses of the Greek. To one end of a long brass tube, for holding pens, is attached the little cases containing the moistened sepia, used for ink, which is closed with a lid and snap, and the

whole stuck, with much importance, in the girdle. This is, without doubt, the instrument borne by the individual whom Ezekiel mentions, as "one man clothed in linen, with a writer's inkhorn by his side," Ezek. ix. 2.

THE UPAS TREE.—The Upas or Poison Tree is, it is stated, peculiar to Batavia, and its deadly influence at one time of the year is such that all who approach its pernicious locality become more or less its victims—birds, beasts, reptiles, and insects, not even man excepted.

NATURAL HISTORY

THE MOCKING BIRD.

The sweetest of American songsters, the rival of the nightingale of the Old World (the mocking bird) was in the full song, and wooing its mate—and sweeter melody than that which filled the ear during the short southern twilight, and beguiled the hours of darkness, was surely never heard under the stars. I have often listened to that song elsewhere, in the deep woods of North and West—but, whether it was the season, or the union of circumstances and thought which attuned my own temper and mind to the harmony, I think I never heard that inexplicably varied song poured forth with such effect as amid the sweet-scented dews of Darian. The air was filled with its vibrations, hour after hour, and every quality, power, clearness, and melody, seemed united and perfected in the quiet efforts of that sweet-throated bird. Their numbers were greater than I had ever witnessed elsewhere. If you stole in the starlight up the river bank from our seat under the piazzas of the village, there was no danger of your having the melody behind. There was a secluded dip on the shore full of palmetto and other low bushes into which you descended by a winding foot-path between rocky sandstone banks. A couple of canoes were moored within its shelter—and at the foot of the sandstone rock, where an aged tree slanted across it, a fresh spring welled out and ran its short bubbling course to the river. Here it was delicious to linger in the darkness, and listen to the melody in the branches above you. And again, between this point and the village lay an ancient Indian Mound, on the verge of a lawn like piece of level sward, extending from the steep high

bank of the Alutamaha some distance towards the forest—with groups of live oak sparkling over it, and thickening towards the cottages and rude church on its confines. Here on both evenings of our stay, I remarked one of these syrens take its perch on a solitary bush which broke the uniformity of the swell of the Mound, and sit hour after hour alternately listening to, and answering the notes of a mate concealed among the thick foliage and hanging moss of a thick tree. I listened to it till I thought I could almost interpret its full varied tale, with its innumerable periods. If the intensity of feeling be at all commensurate with the intensity and power of expression, who shall fathom the depth of that which God has implanted in the little fluttering heart of these his songsters? What can match the thrilling ecstasy of these clear and redundant notes, or express the depth of pathos, of which these slow plaintive modulations convey an impression to the breast? There is nothing in nature that speaks to me more plainly of the goodness of God, than the overflowing heartful, and joyous song of a bird. Is this not the voice of praise, and is it not a song of unutterable gratitude? Who can listen to a strain like this, or study the nature and attributes of any individual within the scope of animate nature without being struck with the degree of perfection which seems to be stamped on each in its sphere, however confined that may be: and, making the reflection, what a distinct line is to be drawn between man and them. The one we believe created with nobler powers and impulses, and for nobler ends: but, having fallen, now irregular and vacillating, subject to a thousand imperfections: the other, as far as we know, the creatures of a day—but how perfect and how uniform in their generations!

PROVERBS.

If wise men play the fool, they do it with a vengeance.

If you would have a good servant, take neither a kinsman nor a friend.

It is not easy to make straight in the oak the crook that grows in the sapling.

It is a bad action that success will not justify.

If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

A PARTY OF EMIGRANTS TRAVEL- LING IN AFRICA.

We were placed on our location, near the source of the Baviaan's River on the 29th June; next day we were visited by Captain Harding, the magistrate of the district, and formally installed in our new possessions. By the advice of this officer, we resolved to place a nightly watch, to guard our camp from any sudden attack that might be attempted by Caffer or Bushman marauders; and as Captain Harding considered our position to be a very exposed one, we agreed to continue, at least for the first season in one body, and to erect our huts and cultivate our crops in one spot, for the sake of common security and mutual hope.

The day following we made a complete tour of our united domain, to which we gave the Scottish name of Glen-Lynden, an appellation afterwards extended to the whole valley of "Baviaan's River." We erected temporary land-marks to divide the allotments of the different families; and in our progress started a good deal of wild game, quaggu, hartebeestes, rietboks, oribis, and two wild boars, one of which we killed: but we saw no beast of prey, except a solitary jackal.

The next day, July 2d, was our first Sunday on our own ground. Feeling the high importance of strictly maintaining the suitable observance of this day of sacred rest, it was unanimously resolved that we should abstain from all secular employment not sanctioned by absolute necessity; and at the same time commence such a system of religious services as might be with propriety maintained in the absence of a clergyman or minister. The whole party were accordingly assembled after breakfast, under a venerable acacia tree, on the margin of the little stream which murmured pleasantly beneath. The river appeared shaded here and there by the graceful willow of Babylon, which grows abundantly along the banks of the African streams, and which with the other peculiar features of the scenery, vividly reminded us of the beautiful lament of the Hebrew exiles;—"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof,"

"It was indeed an affecting sight to look round on our little band of Scottish exiles, thus congregated for the first time to worship God in the wild glen allotted for their future home and the heritage of their offspring. There sat old —, with his silvery locks, the patriarch of the party, with his Bible on his knee,—a picture of the grave, high-principled Scottish husbandman: his respectable family seated round him. There was the widow —, with her meek, kind, and quiet look—like one who had seen better days, but who in adversity had found pious resignation, with her three stalwart sons and her young maiden daughter placed beside her on the grass. There was Mr. —, with his two servant lads, the younger brother of a Scottish laird, rich in blood, but poor in fortune, who, with an estimable pride, had preferred a farm in South Africa, to a humiliating dependence on aristocratic connexions at home. There, too, were others still more nearly related to the writer of this little sketch—the nominal head of the party. Looking round on these collected groups, on this solemn day of assemblage, such reflections as the following irresistibly crowded on his mind: "Have I collected from their native homes, and led forth to this remote corner of the globe all those my friends and contrymen, for good or for evil?—to perish miserably in the wilderness, or to become the honoured founders of a prosperous settlement, destined to extend the benefits of civilization and the blessed light of the Gospel through this dark and desolate nook of benighted Africa? The issue of our enterprise is known only to Him who ordereth all things well: 'Man proposes, but God disposes.' But though the result of our scheme is in the womb of futurity, and although it seems probable that greater perils and privations await us than we had once calculated upon, there yet appears no cause to repent of the course we have taken, or to augur unfavorably of the ultimate issue. Thus far Providence has prospered and protected us. We left not our native land (deeply and dearly loved by us) from wanton restlessness or mere love of change, or without very sufficient and reasonable motives. Let us, therefore, go on calmly and courageously, duly invoking the blessing of God on all our proceedings; and thus, be the result what it may, we shall feel ourselves in the path of active duty."—With

those, and similar reflections, we encouraged ourselves, and proceeded to the religious services of the day.

Having selected one of the hymns of our national church, all united in singing it to one of the old pathetic sacred melodies with which it is usually conjoined in the sabbath worship of our native land. The day was bright and still, and the voice of praise rose with a sweet and touching solemnity among those wild mountains, where the praise of the true God had never, in all human probability, been sung before. The words of the hymn (composed by Logan) were appropriate to our situation and our feelings, and affected some of our congregation very sensibly ;—

“ O God of Bethel ! by whose hand thy people
still are fed ;
Who thought this weary pilgrimage hast all
our fathers led
Through each perplexing path of life our
wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread, and raiment
fit provide ;
O ! spread thy covering wings around, till all
our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode our souls
arrive in peace.”

We then read some of the most suitable portions of the English Liturgy, which we considered preferable to any extempore service that could be substituted on this occasion ; and concluded with an excellent discourse from a volume of sermons, by a friend well known and much esteemed, the late Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh.

We had a similar service in the afternoon ; and agreed to maintain in this manner the public worship of God in our little settlement until it should please Providence again to favour us with the regular dispensation of our holy religion.

While we were singing our last psalm in the afternoon, a roebuck antelope, which appeared to have wandered down the valley, without previously observing us, stood for a little while on the opposite side of the stream, gazing at us in innocent amazement, as if yet unacquainted with man, the great destroyer. On this day it was, of course, permitted to depart unmolested.

On this and other occasions the scenery and productions of the country reminded us in the most forcible manner of the striking imagery

of the Hebrew Scriptures: The parched and thorny desert—the rugged and stony mountains—the dry beds of torrents—“ the green pastures by the quiet waters”—“ the lions' dens”—“ the mountains of leopards”—“ the roes and the young harts (antelopes) that feed among the lilies”—“ the cony of the rocks”—“ the ostrich of the wilderness”—“ the shadow of a great rock in a weary land ;”—those and a thousand other objects, with strikingly appropriate descriptions which accompany them, reminded us continually with a sense of their beauty and aptitude, which we had never fully felt before.

THE ADVANTAGES OF A TASTE FOR THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

That sensibility to beauty, which, when cultivated and improved, we term taste, is universally diffused through the human species ; and it is most uniform with respect to those objects, which, being out of our power, are not liable to variation, from accident, caprice, or fashion. The verdant lawn, the shady grove, the variegated landscape, the boundless ocean, and the starry firmament, are contemplated with pleasure by every attentive beholder. But the emotions of different spectators, though similar in kind, differ widely in degree ; and to relish, with full delight, the enchanting scenes of nature, the mind must be uncorrupted by avarice, sensuality, or ambition quick in her sensibilities ; elevated in her sentiments ; and devout in the affections. He who possesses such exalted powers of perception and enjoyment, may almost say, with the poet—

“ I care not, Fortune, what you me deny ;
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face ;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at
eve ;
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave ;
Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me
bereave !”

Perhaps such ardent enthusiasm may not be compatible with the necessary toils and active offices which Providence has assigned to the generality of men. But there are none to whom some portion of it may not prove advantageous ; and if it were cherished by each individual in that degree which is consistent

with the indispensable duties of his station: the felicity of human life would be considerably augmented. From this source the refined and vivid pleasure of the imagination are almost entirely derived; and the elegant arts owe their choicest beauties to a taste for the contemplation of nature. Painting and sculpture are express imitations of visible objects, and where would be the charms of poetry, if divested of the imagery and embellishments which she borrows from rural scenes? Painters, statuaries, and poets, therefore, are always ambitious to acknowledge themselves the pupils of nature; and, as their skill increases they grow more and more delighted with every view of the animal and vegetable worlds. But the pleasure resulting from admiration is transient—and to cultivate taste without regard to its influence on the passions and affections, “is to rear a tree for its blossoms which is capable of yielding the richest and most valuable fruit.” Physical and moral felicity bear so intimate a relation to each other that they may be considered as different gradations in the scale of excellence—and the knowledge and relish of the former should be deemed only a step to the nobler and more permanent enjoyments of the latter.

Whoever has visited the Leasowes, in Warwickshire, must have felt the force and purity of an inscription which meets the eye at the entrance into these delightful grounds—

“Would you, then, taste the tranquil scene?

Be sure your bosom be serene—

Devoid of hate, devoid of strife.

Devoid of all that poisons life—

And much it vails you, in this place

To graft the love of human race.”

Now, such scenes contribute powerfully to inspire that serenity which is necessary to enjoy and to heighten their beauties. By a sweet contagion the soul catches the harmony which she contemplates—and the frame within assimilates itself to that which is without. For

“— Who can forbear to smile with nature?

Can the strong passions in the bosom roll
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?”

In this state of composure we become susceptible of virtuous impressions from almost every surrounding object—an equal and extensive benevolence is called forth into exertion—and having felt a common interest in the

gratifications of inferior beings, we shall be no longer indifferent to their sufferings, or become wantonly instrumental in producing them.

It seems to be the intention of Providence that the lower order of animals should be subservient to the comfort, convenience, and sustenance of man. But his right of dominion extends no further—and if this right be exercised with mildness, humanity, and justice, the subjects of his power will be no less benefited than himself—for various species of living creatures are annually multiplied by human art, improved in their perceptive powers by human culture, and plentifully fed by human industry. The relation, therefore, is reciprocal between such animals and man—and he may supply his own wants by the use of their labour, the produce of their bodies, and even the sacrifice of their lives—whilst he cooperates with all-gracious Heaven in promoting happiness, the great end of existence.

But though it be true that partial evil, with respect to different orders of sensitive beings, may be universal good, and that it is a wise and benevolent institution of nature, to make destruction itself, within certain limitation, the cause of an increase of life and enjoyment—yet a generous person will extend his compassionate regards to every individual that suffers for his sake—and whilst he sighs

“Even for the kid, or lamb, that pours its life,
Beneath the bloody knife,”

He will naturally be solicitous to mitigate pain, both in duration and degree, by the gentle mode of inflicting it.

I am inclined to believe, however, that this sense of humanity would soon be obliterated, and that the heart would grow callous to every soft impression, were it not for the benignant influence of the smiling face of nature. The Count de Laezun, when imprisoned by Louis XIV. in the Castle of Pignerol, amused himself, during a long period of time, with catching flies, and delivering them to be devoured by a rapacious spider. Such an entertainment was equally singular and cruel, and inconsistent, I believe, with his former character and subsequent turn of mind. But his cell had no window, and received only a glimmering light from an aperture in the roof. In less unfavourable circumstances, may we not presume that, instead of sporting with misery,

He would have released the agonized flies, and bid them enjoy that freedom of which he himself was bereaved?

But the taste for natural beauty is subservient to higher purposes than those which have been enumerated—and the cultivation of it not only refines and humanizes, but dignifies and exalts the affections. It elevates them to the admiration and love of that Being who is the Author of all that is fair, sublime, and good in the creation. Scepticism and irreligion are hardly compatible with the sensibility of heart which arises from the just and lively relish of the wisdom, harmony, and order subsisting in the world around us—and emotions of piety must spring up spontaneously in the bosom that is in unison with all animated nature. Actuated by this divine inspiration, man finds a lane in every grove—and glowing with devout fervor, he joins his song to the universal chorus, or muses the praise of the Almighty in more expressive silence. Thus they

“Whom nature's works can charm, with
God himself
Hold converse—grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions—act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of their souls.”

MISCELLANEOUS.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE LADIES.

Let every wife be persuaded that there are two ways of governing a family—the first is by the expression of that will which belongs to force—the second by the power of mildness, to which even strength will yield. One is the power of the husband—a wife should never employ any other arms than gentleness.

When a woman accustoms herself to say I will, she deserves to lose her empire.

Avoid contradicting your husband. When we smell a rose, it is to imbibe the sweetness of its odour—we likewise look for every thing that is amiable from woman. Whoever is often contradicted feels insensibly an aversion for the person who contradicts, which gains strength by time, and whatever be her good qualities, it is not easily destroyed.

Occupy yourself only with household affairs—wait till your husband confides to you those of a higher importance, and do not give your advice till he asks it.

Never take upon yourself to be a censor of your husband's morals, nor read lectures to

him. Let your preaching be a good example, and practice virtue yourself to make him in love with it.

Command his attention by being always attentive to him—never exact any thing, and you will obtain much—appear always flattered by the little he does for you, which will excite him to do more.

When a man gives wrong counsel, never make him feel that he has done so, but lead him on by degrees to what is rational, with mildness and gentleness—when he is convinced, leave him all the merit of having found out what is just and reasonable.

When a husband is out of temper, behave obligingly to him—if he is abusive, never retort—and never prevail over him to humble himself.

Chose well your female friends—have but few, and be careful of following their advice in all matters, particularly if inimical to the foregoing instructions.

Cherish neatness without luxury, and pleasure without excess—dress with taste and particularly with modesty. Such things may appear trifling, but they are of more importance than is imagined.

A SERENE MIND.—When Fenelon was informed of the total destruction of his books by fire, he tranquilly replied, I should have derived no profit from them, had they not taught me patiently to bear their loss.

All wonder, is the effect of novelty upon ignorance.

RESPONSIBILITY OF DRUNKARDS

It is a maxim in legal practice, that those who presume to commit crimes when drunk must submit to punishment when sober. This state of the law is not peculiar to modern times. In ancient Greece, it was decreed by Pittacus, that he who committed a crime when intoxicated should receive a double punishment, viz. one for the crime itself, and the other for the ebriety which prompted him to commit it. The Athenians not only punished offences done in drunkenness with increased severity, but by an enactment of Solon, inebriation in a magistrate was made capital. In our own country, at the present time, acts of violence committed under its influence, are held to be aggravated rather than otherwise—nor can any person bring it forward as an ex-

of any folly or misdemeanour which he may chance to commit. A bond signed in intoxication holds in law, and is perfectly binding, unless it can be shown that the person who signed it was inebriated by the collusions or contrivances of those to whom the bond was given.

PATIENCE.

An Emperor of China making a progress, discovered a family in which the master, with his wife, children, grand-children, daughter-in-law, and servants, all lived in perfect harmony. The Emperor admiring this, enquired of the old man what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number of persons, — the old man taking out a pencil wrote three words — patience, patience, patience.

Hope in the bounty of God, and a perfect resignation to his divine will are deeply implanted in the Arab's breast—but this resignation does not paralyze his exertions so much, as it does those of the Turks. I have heard Arabs reproach Turks for their apathy and stupidity in ascribing to the will of God what was merely the result of their own faults or folly, quoting a proverb which says, "He bared his back to the stings of mosquitos and then exclaimed, God has decreed that I should be stung."

POETRY.

THE WINTER KING.

O! what will become of our poor little bird?
The muttering storm in the distance is heard—
The rough winds are waking, the clouds growing
black!

They'll soon scatter snow-flakes all over thy
back!

From what sunny clime hast thou wandered
away?

And what art thou doing this cold winter day?

'I'm pecking the gum from the old peach tree.
'The storm doesn't trouble me—Pee, dee dee.'

But what makes thee seem so unconscious of
care?

The brown earth is frozen, the branches are
bare!

And how can'st thou be so light-hearted and
free;

Eike Liberty's form with the spirit of glee,

When no place is near for thine evening rest,
No leaf for thy screen, for thy bosom no nest?

'Because the same hand is a shelter for me,
That took off the summer leaves!—Pee, dee,
dee.'

But man feels a burden of want and of grief,
While plucking the cluster and binding the
sheaf!

We take from the ocean, the earth and the air,
And all their rich gifts do not silence our care.
In summer we faint—in the winter we're
chilled,

With ever a void that is yet to be filled.

'A very small portion sufficient will be,
If sweetened with gratitude!—Pee, dee, dee.'

I thank thee, bright monitor! what thou hast
taught

Will oft be the theme of the happiest thought.
We look at the clouds, while the bird has an
eye

To Him who reigns over them changeless and
high!

And now, little hero, just tell me thy name,
That I may be sure whence my oracle came.

'Because, in all weather I'm happy and free,
They call me tho "WINTER KING"—Pee,
dee, dee.'

But soon there'll be ice weighing down the
light bough

Whereon thou art flitting so merrily now!
And though there's a vesture well-fitted and
warm,

Protecting the rest of thy delicate form,
What then wilt thou do with thy little bare feet
To save them from pain, 'mid the frost and
the sleet?

'I can draw them right up in my feathers,
you see?

To warm them, and fly away!—Pee, dee,
dee.'

*** We have to apologise to our readers
for the non-appearance of the INSTRUCTOR
on last Saturday—which was occasioned by
severe family affliction. We feel confident
our friends will pardon the omission.

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BY

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