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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXX.]

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 28, 1835.

[PRICE 2D.

ASTRONOMY.

ASTRONOMICAL CALCULATION.

(Continue d from page 222)

It should be observed, that if the parallax, and consequently the distance of any one of the planets, by any means becomes known, the same is easily obtained for each of the other planets, from the relation which has been clearly discovered to subsist between the periodical times of revolution of the planets round the sun, and their distances from that central luminary. Astronomers have most decidedly proved that the square of the time in which any other revolves, as the cube of the distance of the first, is to the cube of the distance of the other; and since all the times are known from observation, if the distance of any one be determined, there is no difficulty at all to find the distances of all the other planets from the sun.

It has also been matter of great surprise to the unlearned, that astronomers should pretend to tell the magnitudes of the sun and planets. But this is no difficult problem when the distance is known. The APPARENT diameter is readily found from observation, and on this and the distance depends the TRUE diameter. If the apparent diameters of two objects be equal, the true diameter of the one will be greater as it is more remote; and the apparent diameter of any object will increase as the distance of it from the observer diminishes. From this every one sees, that a knowledge of the distance of the object is an indispensable element for finding its bulk: and, according to the accuracy of the measure of the distance, will be that of the measure of the magnitude, provided the apparent distance be truly taken; and this, in the present improved state of our instruments, presents no obstacle. There can be no doubt but that astronomers are very near the truth in the numbers which they now give us for expressing the distance and magnitudes of the sun and planets.

The telescope has been of singular use to the astronomer: it has shown him many phenomena of the heavenly bodies, concerning which he would otherwise have been totally ignorant. It is by the assistance of this noble instrument that we have attained to the knowledge of the rotations of the sun and planets, the phases of Venus and Mercury, Saturn's ring, and many other particulars exceedingly interesting. The telescope has discovered several planets which otherwise would have revolved in their course unknown and unnoticed by the inhabitants of the globe; it has informed us that several of the planets have moons moving round them, as our moon revolves round the earth; besides, it has presented to our view an innumerable multitude of fixed stars which without this assistance we should never have seen.

It is no wonder that great efforts have been made to improve this excellent instrument: these efforts have been attended with great success, and what may be further done in this respect we cannot tell; however, there is a limit to the improvements of the telescope, for after it has attained a certain degree of magnifying power, the mists and vapours in the atmosphere would be so magnified as to occupy its whole field of view, and thus render it an useless incumbrance.

TRAVELS.

GUEVO UPAS, OR POISONED VALLEY.

This is a small valley in the island of Java, and is particularly remarkable for its power of destroying, in a very short space of time, the life of man, or any animal exposed to its atmosphere.

It is distant only three miles from Batur, in Java; and on the 4th July, 1831, Mr. Loudon, with a party of friends, set out on a visit to it. Following a path which had been made for the purpose, the party shortly reached it, with a couple of dogs and some fowls, for

the purpose of making experiments. On arriving at the mountain the party dismounted and scrambled up the side of a hill, a distance of a quarter of a mile, with the assistance of the branches of trees and projecting roots. In consequence of the heavy rain that had fallen in the night, this was rendered more difficult. When a few yards from the valley, a strong nauseous and suffocating smell was experienced; but on approaching the margin this inconvenience was no longer found. The scene that now presented itself is described as of the most appalling nature. The valley is about half a mile in circumference, of an oval shape, and about thirty or thirty-five feet in depth. The bottom of it appeared to be flat, without any vegetation, and a few large stones scattered here and there. The attention of the party was immediately attracted to the number of skeletons of human beings, tigers, boars, deer, and all sorts of birds and wild animals, which lay about in profusion. The ground on which they lay at the bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard sandy substance, and no vapour was perceived issuing from it, nor any opening through which it might escape, and the sides were covered with vegetation. It was now proposed to enter it, and each of the party, having lit a cigar, managed to get within twenty feet of the bottom, where a sickening nauseous smell was experienced, without any difficulty in breathing. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo and thrust to the bottom of the valley, while some of the party, with their watches in their hands, observed the effects. At the expiration of fourteen seconds the dog fell off his legs, without moving or looking round, and continued alive only eighteen minutes. The other dog now left the party and went to his companion; on reaching him, he was observed to stand quite motionless, & at the end of ten seconds fell down; he never moved his limbs after, and lived only seven minutes. A fowl was now thrown in, which died in a minute and a half; and another, which was thrown after it, died in the space of a minute and a half. A heavy shower of rain fell during the time that these experiments were going forward, which, from the interesting nature of the experiments, was quite disregarded. On the opposite side of the valley to that which was visited, lay a human skeleton, the head resting on the right arm. The effects of the

weather had bleached the bones as white as ivory. Two hours were passed in this valley of death: and the party had some difficulty in getting out of it, owing to the rain that had fallen. The human skeletons are supposed to be those of rebels, who have been pursued from the main road, and taken refuge in the valley, without knowing the danger to which they were exposing themselves.

TRANSPARENCY OF THE SEA.

There is perhaps nothing that strikes the northern traveller more than the singular transparency of the waters; and the farther he penetrates into the Arctic regions, the more forcibly is his attention riveted to this fact. At the depth of twenty fathoms, or a hundred and twenty feet, the whole surface of the ground is exposed to view. Beds composed entirely of shells, sand lightly sprinkled with them, and submarine forests, present through the clear medium new wonders to the unaccustomed eye. It is stated by Sir Chapel de Brooke, and fully confirmed by my observation in Norway, that sometimes in the fiords of Nordland the sea is transparent to a depth of four or five hundred feet; and that when a boat passes over subaqueous mountains, whose summits rise above that line, but whose bases are fixed in an unfathomable abyss the visible illusion is so perfect, that one who has gradually in tranquil progress passed over the surface, ascended wonderingly the rugged steep, shrinks back with horror as he crosses the vertex, under an impression that he is falling headlong down the precipice. The transparency of tropical waters generally, as far as my experience goes, is not comparable to that of the sea in these northern latitudes; though an exception may be made in favour of the China seas, and a few insulated spots in the Atlantic. Every one who has passed over the bank known to sailors as the Saya de Malha, ten degrees north of the Mauritius, must remember with pleasure the world of shells and coral which the translucent water exposes to view at a depth of thirty or five and-thirty fathoms. — ELLIOT.

DEPTH OF THE SEA.

Dr. Young intimates the mean depth of the Atlantic Ocean to be about three miles, and that of the Pacific four miles. The European seas are less profound. According

to Mr. Lyell, the greatest depth of the Adriatic, between Dalmatia and the mouths of the Po, is twenty two fathoms. The Mediterranean varies very much. Between Gibraltar and Centa, Captain Smith sounded one thousand nine hundred yards to a gravelly bottom; Saumure, at Nice, to two thousand feet. In the narrowest parts of the strait of Gibraltar, where they are nine miles broad, the depth varies from five hundred & twenty to one thousand yards.

THE DUTCH.

There are two things of peculiar character in Holland, which deserve to be noticed. One is the enactment authorising husbands, wives and children to be imprisoned in a house of correction set apart for the chastisement of offences against the laws by which the relations of social life are governed. The other, a contrivance for compelling the incorrigible to work. At one end of the room is a pump, and a stream of water runs from the ceiling; so that, unless the prisoner labour continually, he must inevitably be drowned.

The common mode of salutation in Holland curiously exemplifies the remark, that the expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greeting bear reference to the object most esteemed, and bespeak their habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations may be adduced as instances in point: so may the English's, French, and Italian—nor can we forget the tranquillity & repose implied in the oriental word *salam*. To these and other characteristic expressions may be added the Dutchman's, "How do you navigate?" Ever on the water, or in the water, the ideas of this amphibious people are inseparably connected with the element which they alone have subjected; and these words are aptly addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.

CHINESE ECONOMY.

In Batavia we particularly noticed the Chinese coffins, which are not only exposed for sale in every undertaker's workshop, but are frequently seen placed at the doors of their own dwellings; for a Chinaman likes a good bargain of any kind, and will eagerly buy a coffin for himself, if he can get it cheap, though he hopes to live forty years; nor does the sight of it annoy him with any feeling less pleasant

than the recollection that he has his money's worth in it.

GLEANINGS.

FOOLS.—What harm is it to us if fools condemn us? They have always, from the beginning of the world, exclaimed most against those who would do them the greatest good.

When certain persons abuse us, let us ask ourselves what description of characters they admire. We shall often find this a very consolatory question.

How glorious an object is the sun! but how much more glorious is that great and good Being who made it for our use.

Good nature is the very air of a great mind, the sign of a large and generous soul in which virtue prospers. There is far more satisfaction in doing than receiving good. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of—it is in some measure doing the business of God and providence—and is attended with a heavenly pleasure, unknown but to those that are beneficent and liberal.

Lord Erskine, when at the bar, and at the time when his professional talents were most eminent and popular, having been applied to by his friend Dr. Parr for his opinion upon a subject likely to be litigated by him, after recommending the doctor "to accommodate the difference amicably," concluded his letter by observing, "I can scarcely figure to myself a situation in which a lawsuit is not, if possible, to be avoided."

Some people's philosophy is like the light of the moon—very clear, but very cold.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

Clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it; for those windings and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet.

When provoked by the follies of others, think of your own imperfections—be patient and humble.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE WIFE.

I have been with thee in thy hour
Of glory and of bliss—
Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me, through this!

MRS. HEMANS.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing up at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was slightly pale—yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake. Her lover, as he clasped her delicate hand within his own, gazed on her for a moment with unmingled admiration, and the warm and eicquent blood played upon his cheek, shadowing at intervals his manly forehead and 'melting into beauty upon his lip.'

'He stood in the pride of his youth—a fair form,

With his feelings yet noble, his spirit yet warm—

An eagle, to shelter the dove with his wing—
An elm, where the light twining tendrils
might cling.'

And they gave themselves to one another; and every heart blessed them as they went their way rejoicing in their love.

Years passed on, and again I saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of a summer sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtains, lending a richer tint to the delicate carpeting, and the exquisite embellishments of the rich and gorgeous apartment. Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girlish buoyancy of the young wife had indeed given place to the grace of perfected womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her beautiful brow. Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his years might warrant—*anxiety, ambition and pride* had gone over it, and left their traces upon it—a silver hue was mingling with the darkness of his hair, which had become thinned around his temples almost to baldness. He was reclining on the splendid ottoman with his face half hidden by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which oppressed him were visible upon his features.

'Edward, you are ill to-night,' said his wife in a low, sweet, and half inquiring voice, as she laid her hand upon his own.

The husband roused himself from his attitude slowly, and a slight frown knit his brow. 'I am NOT ill,' he said, somewhat abruptly, and he folded his arms upon his bosom, as if he wished no interruption of his evidently bitter thoughts.

Indifference from those we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused his wonted cheerfulness, and glared down upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance. It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy—that he broods over feelings which he scorns, or fears, to reveal—dreadful to watch the convulsing feature and the gloomy brow—the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions—the involuntary signs of a sorrow in which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

The wife essayed once more. 'Edward,' she said slowly, mildly and affectionately, 'the time has been, when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one, who has never, I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve. You are troubled, and yet you refuse to tell me the cause.'

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twain were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomily and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his god, and had failed in the high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed—he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of his land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge. He had drawn his sword against his country—he had fanned rebellion to a flame, which had been quenched in human blood. He had fallen—miserably fallen—and had been doomed to die the death of a traitor.

It was his last night of life. The morrow was the day appointed for his execution: He saw the sun sink behind the green hills of the west, as he sat by the dim grate of his dungeon, with unutterable horror. He felt that it was the last sun that would set to him. It would

cast its next level and sunset rays upon his grave—upon the grave of a dishonoured traitor!

The door of his dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

‘Edward—my dear Edward,’ she said, ‘I have come to save you. I have reached you, after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God that my purpose is nearly accomplished.’

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye lash. ‘I have not deserved this kindness,’ he murmured in the choked tones of convulsive agony.

‘Edward,’ said his wife in an earnest, but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, ‘we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be enabled to pass unnoticed. Haste, or we may be too late. Fear nothing from me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband, dearer than life itself.’

‘But, Margaret,’ said the husband, ‘you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell.’

‘Oh, speak not of me, my dearest Edward,’ said the devoted woman. ‘I can endure every thing for your sake. Haste, Edward—haste, and all will be well’—and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female garb.

‘Farewell, my love, my preserver—’ whispered the husband in the ear of his disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted for her visit had expired. ‘Farewell—we shall meet again,’ responded his wife—and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They DID meet again—that wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet—in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions was accomplished in the safety of her husband; and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner’s cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but still beautiful corpse of the devoted WIFE!

TENDER VISION OF DEATH.

‘Cheer thee, my Nymphalin,’ said the Prince, ‘we will lay the tempest:’ and he waved his sword and muttered the charms which curb the winds and roll back the marching thunder; but for once the tempest ceased not at his spells; and now, as the fairies sped along the troubled air, a pale and beautiful form met them by the way, and the fairies paused and trembled. For the power of that shape could vanquish even them. It was the form of a female with golden hair, crowned with a chaplet of withered leaves: her bosom, of an exceeding beauty, lay bare to the wind, and an infant was clasped between them, hushed into a sleep so still, that neither the roar of thunder nor the vivid lightning, flashing from cloud to cloud, could even ruffle, much less arouse, the slumberer. And the face of the female was unutterably calm and sweet, though with a something of severe; there was no line of wrinkle in her hueless brow; care never wrote its defacing characters upon that everlasting beauty. It knew no sorrow or change; ghostlike and shadowy, floated on that shape through the abyss of time governing the world with an unquestioned and noiseless sway. And the children of the green solitudes of the earth—the lovely fairies of my tale, shuddered as they gazed and recognized the form of DEATH. DEATH VINDICATED—

‘And why?’ said the beautiful shape, with a voice soft as the last sighs of a dying babe: ‘why trouble ye the air with spells; mine is the hour and the empire, and the storm is the creature of my power. Far yonder to the west it sweeps over the sea, and the sleep ceases to vex the waves; it smites the forest, and the destined tree, torn from its roots, feels the winter strip the gladness from its boughs no more! the roar of the elements is the herald of eternal stillness to their victims; and they who hear the progress of my power, idly shudder at the coming of peace. And thou, O tender daughter of the fairy kings, why grievest thou at a mortal’s doom? Knowest thou not that sorrow cometh with years, and that to live is to mourn? Blessed is the flower that, nipped in its early spring, feels not the blast that one by one scatters its blossoms around it, and leaves but the barren stem—Blessed are the young whom I clasp to my breast, and lull into the sleep which the storm cannot break, nor the morrow arouse to

to sorrow or to toil. The heart that is stilled in the bloom of its first emotions—that turns with its first throb to the eye of love, as yet unlearned in the possibility of change—has exhausted already the wine of life, and is saved only from the lees. As the mother soothes to sleep the wail of her troubled child, I open my arms to the vexed spirit, and my bosom cradles the unquiet to repose!"

RELIGIOUS.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF RELIGION UPON PROSPERITY.

Religion affords to good men peculiar security in the enjoyment of their prosperity. One of the first reflections which must strike every thinking man, after his situation in the world has become agreeable, is, that the continuance of such a situation is most uncertain. From a variety of causes, he lies open to change. On many sides he sees that he may be pierced; and the wider his ports extend, the broader is the mark which he spreads to the arrows of misfortune. Hence many a secret alarm to the reflecting mind, and to those who reject all such alarms, the real danger increases, in proportion to their imprudent security.

By worldly assistance it is vain to think of providing any effectual defence, seeing the world's mutability is the very cause of our terror. It is from a higher principle, from a power superior to the world, that relief must be sought, amidst such disquietudes of the heart. He who in his prosperity can look up to One who is a witness to his moderation, humanity, and charity; he who can appeal to Heaven, that he has not been elated by pride nor overcome by pleasure, but has studied to employ his gift to the honour of the Giver; this man, if there be any truth in religion, if there be any benignity or goodness in the administration of the universe, has just cause for encouragement and hope. Not that an interest in the Divine grace will perpetuate to a good man, more than to others, a life of unruffled prosperity. — Change and alteration form the very essence of the world. But let the world change around him at pleasure, he has ground to hope that it shall not be able to make him unhappy. Whatever may vary, God's providence is still the same; and his love to the righteous remains unaltered. If it shall be the Divine will to remove one com-

fort, he trusts that some other shall be given. Whatever is given, whatever is taken away, he confides that in the last result all shall work for his good.

Hence he is not disturbed, like bad men, by the instability of the world. Dangers, which overcome others, shake not his more steady mind. He enjoys the pleasures of life, pure and unalloyed, because he enjoys them, as long as they last, without anxious terrors. They are not his all, his only good. He welcomes them when they arrive, and when they pass away, he can eye them, as they depart, without agony or despair. His prosperity strikes a deeper and firmer root than that of the ungodly. And for this reason he is compared, in the text, to a tree planted by a river of water; a tree whose branches the tempest may indeed bend, but whose roots it cannot touch; a tree, which may occasionally be stripped of its leaves and blossoms, but which still maintains its place, and in due season flourishes anew. Whereas the sinner, in his prosperity, according to the allusion in the book of Job, viii. 11, resembles the rush that groweth up in the mire; a slender reed, that may flourish green for a while by the side of the brook, as long as it is cherished by the sun, and fanned by the breeze; till the first bitter blast breaks its feeble stem, roots it out from its bed, and lays it in the dust. Lo! such is the prosperity of them that forget God—and thus their hope shall perish.

If there is any thing among men degrading, mean and contemptible, it is the vile habit of lying. Men never place themselves so much on a level with the brute, and stain their characters, making it of a demon dye, as in the commission of a crime that even the most idolatrous heathen worshippers consider beneath their dignity. One of the most noted heathen philosophers, in denouncing his anathemas on the habit of lying, says, the sun has never pained its radiant brightness on a greater crime than that of lying—'tis dark as hell, bearing the features of the devil.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Vocal Musician's" communication has been received: but we regret that its length and the lateness of the hour at which it was received, prevents us from giving it to-day. It will appear in our next.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections—so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development, so dignified, and yet, with all, so fond, so devoted. Nothing can alter it—nothing can suppress it. The world may revolve, and its revolutions effect changes in the fortunes, in the character, and in the disposition of the brother, yet if he wants, whose hand will so speedily stretch out as that of his sister? and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy? Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminant. It rests so exclusively on the ties of consanguinity for its sustenance, it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence. In all the annals of crime it is considered something anomalous to find the hand of a sister raised in anger against her brother or her heart nurturing the seeds of hatred, envy, or revenge, in regard to that brother. In all affections of woman there is a devotedness which cannot be properly appreciated by man. In those regards where the passions are not all necessary in increasing the strength of the affections, more sincere truth and pure feeling may be expected than in such as are dependent upon each other for their duration as well as their felicities. A sister's love, in this respect, is peculiarly remarkable. There is no selfish gratification in its outpourings; it lives from the natural impulse, and personal charms are not in the slightest degree necessary to its birth or duration.

A young man who has a fondness for books or a taste for the works of nature and art, is not only preparing to appear with honour and usefulness as a member of society, but is secured from a thousand temptations and evils to which he would otherwise be exposed. He knows what to do with his leisure time. It does not hang heavily on his hands. He has no inducement to resort to bad company, or the haunts of dissipation and vice; he has

higher and nobler sources of enjoyment in himself. At pleasure, he can call around him the best of company—the wise and greatest men of every age and country—and feast his mind with the rich stores of knowledge which they spread before him. A lover of good books can never be in want of good society, nor in much danger of seeking enjoyment in the low pleasures of sensuality and vice.

PIETY IN FEMALES.

“Woman without religion is a sarcism in morals, a deformity in social life. She resembles the dead oak, to which the verdant ivy still gives the appearance of freshness, as it twines its flexible branches around the withered stem. There is life, it is true, yet it is not in the main body of the tree, but in its extrinsic decorations. Woman may look attractive at a distance, as if all her characteristics were in full vigour; but approach her nearly, and you see a redundancy of ornamental qualities, covering, like the unsubstantial ivy, the lifeless trunk, from which emanates no one substantial good, for the principle of life is wanting.”

RELYING ON A GOOD NAME.

Thousands of young men have been ruined by relying for a good name on their honourable parentage, or inherited wealth, or the patronage of friends. Flattered by these distinctions, they have felt as if they might live without effort—merely for their own self-gratification and indulgence. No mistake is more fatal. It always issues in producing an inefficient and useless character. On this account it is that character and wealth rarely continue in the same family more than two or three generations. The younger branches, placing a deceptive reliance on hereditary character, neglect the means of forming one of their own, and often exist in society only a reproach to the worthy ancestry whose names they bear.

RAIN AND DEW.

Mr Dalton has calculated the quantity of water which falls from the air in rain and dew, in one year, in England and Wales, at 115,000 millions of tons. Of this immense amount, about one-third is carried off by the rivers and subterraneous cavities.

POETRY.

A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

'Twas early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft thro' a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seem'd—
Still but with nought of gloom.
For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A Father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded Love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touch'd the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there!
But oh, that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far,
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some precious word e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye.
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality;
Some Martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
Of quenchless faith survives:
For every feature said—"I know
'That my Redeemer lives.'"

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
Silent—yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
Oh! blest be those fair girls, and blest
That home where God is felt!

THE SUICIDE POND.

'Tis a dark and dismal little pool, and fed by
tiny rills,
And bosomed in waveless quietude between
two barren hills;—
There is no tree on its rocky marge, save a
willow old and lone,
Like a solitary mourner for its silvan sisters
gone.
The plough of the farmer turneth not the
sward of its barren shore,
Which bears even now the same gray moss
which in other times it bore;—
And seldom or never the tread of man is felt
in that lonely spot,
For with all the dwellers around that pool its
story is unforget.

And why, does the traveller turn aside from
that dark and silent pool,
Though the sun be burning above his head
and the willow's shade be cool?
Or look with fear to its shadowy marge when
night rests darkly there,
And down through its sullen and evil depths
the stars of the midnight glare?
'Tis said that a young and beautiful girl with
a brow and with an eye—
One like a cloud in the moonlight robed, and
one like a star on high—
One who was loved by the villagers all, and
whose smile was a gift to them,
Was found one morn in that pool, cold as
the water lily's stem!
Ay—cold as the rank and wasting weeds which
rise in the pool's dark bed,
The village's found that beautiful one in the
slumber of the dead;
She had strangely whispered her dark design in
a young companion's ear,
But so wild and vague that the listener smiled,
and knew not what to fear!
And she went to die in that bathsome pool
when the summer day was done,
With the dark hair curled on her pure white
brow, and her fairest garments on,—
With the ring on her taper finger still, and
the necklace of Ocean's pearl,
Twined as in mockery round the neck of that
suicidal girl!
And why she perished so strangely there no
mortal tongue might tell—
She told her story to none, and Death retains
her story well;—
And the willow which bends its wild old boughs
to the greeting of the breeze,
Is the only trace of the suicide which the cu-
rious traveller sees.

ERRATUM.—In the speech of the Rev. Mr. Richey, page 237, 6th line from bottom of first column, for "imperative," read "imperative"

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
BY
J. E. L. MILLER,

TERMS.—The Instructor will be delivered in town at Six Shillings per annum, if paid in advance—or Six Shillings and Eight pence, if paid quarterly in advance. To Country subscribers, 8s. per annum, including postage.—Subscriptions received by Messrs. M'Leod and J. & T. A. Starke, and by the publisher at the Herald Office.