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THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. XXI.]

MONTREAL, SEPT. 16, 1835.

[PRICE 2c.]

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

FRANCIS MORIER,

A SKETCH.

(Continued from page 155.)

It was a beautiful evening, in the beginning of Autumn, and the departing sun had arrayed the whole western sky in robes of unnumbered gorgeous dyes. Nature seemed hushed into a calm, and no voice of living thing, save that of the startled sea bird, broke upon the ear of the unfortunate, as with slow and pensive step he ascended the raven's cliff, an eminence about a mile from his home, which commanded an extensive view of the ocean. Arrived on its summit, he proceeded seaward to where, far below, the subdued waves murmuring, threw their silver foam at the foot of a black, rugged, and almost precipitous rock, like a band of lovely captives, who in sorrow successively bear their unwilling offerings to the footstool of some dark, unbending power. Here he stood, and shot his keen eye down the shattered side, with a wild and maddening stare, as if wowed by a Syren spell, to plunge from his lofty elevation to embrace a proffered good. "I come at last," he exclaimed, "God has forgotten to be gracious," and advancing a step, he was about to spring forward, when suddenly starting, in a shrill, short, and fearful voice, he ejaculated, "Who asks how I shall answer this at the tribunal of Heaven?" He paused—trembled violently—and striking his clenched hands on his brow, resumed—"I am mad! I am mad! I am mad!" Insanity reigned but a moment. Casting himself on the ground, he prayed fervently that God would preserve his reason from erring, and give him surety of his goodness in

the mysterious dealings of his providence. He rose, and rose refreshed; the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and the glowing adornment of the clouds was gradually becoming dim. He looked on the expiring glory, and his thought was borne back into his own breast. "Bright clouds," he said, "ye are fitting emblems of my dream of life; it was fair, as ye were, displaying a thousand beauties in the sunshine of hope; but as hope withdrew, it became dark, and more dark as ye do now; and, alas! that it is gone, Earth to me is written Ichabod, as to you splendour must speedily be. But I thank the Lord that I shall not long be chained to dust and time, but through the mediation of his son Jesus, may seek to rise above all clouds to the habitations of light—the mansions of pure and undying beatitude."

He retraced his steps homeward, but from that day forward his strength rapidly declined; and a few weeks after, he was laid upon his bed—his soul speeding hastily from worldly scenes—his shrinking frame bound in the gripe of a double paced consumption. But in the desolation of the body, the mind was restored to more than its former energy, as if catching inspiration from a something beyond the tomb.

There was weeping and loud lamentation in the widow's cottage, as the affectionate relatives bent imploringly over his pillow, and heard the good surgeon say he was seriously ill. But there was no gloom now on the cheek of him who occupied that lowly couch, for except when nature failed, surveying the affection of his friends, his hectic cheek was lighted up with smiles, and his eye irradiated with joy. He told them he knew, and was glad his hours were numbered, for he would soon be happy. He desired them not to weep for him, or fear

for themselves, for God was an all-sufficient father. His aunt was seldom from his side, she watched over him, with all a mother's solicitude, and prayed, and read, with and for him, while her two sons, who looked up to him as a father, now knew first what was "the bitterness of grief." The worthy minister of the village, impelled by lively interest, was frequent in his welcome visits, and every attention which kindness could supply, was not wanting, but "Death was in the cup."

Late on the tenth night after this visitation, the catterers were gathered anxiously round the bed of the sufferer, when a loud and unseemly knocking came to the door. The poor woman of the house, though characterized by piety and virtue, was not free from the superstitious dread natural to her situation in life; and, notwithstanding her sons had been taught to despise this fear, and were about to enquire into the cause of the disturbance, the mother was unwilling that they should; and in the momentary confusion the door was broke open, and a man bursting forward, presented himself, unceremoniously, in the little parlour. On casting his eyes on the sick-bed, he begged pardon for his apparent rudeness—said he was rather impatient, as he was the bearer of good news, and let them know that his name was Mr. Snipe, a lawyer in the nearest market town, at the same time handing Francis a letter, he hoped the contents would not be disagreeable to him. The invalid took it with trembling hand, and hurriedly scanning the address, read, "To Mr. John Morier, or his heirs." My father! he muttered, and had no sooner broken the seal, and glanced at the contents, than letting it drop, he gave way to a wild expression of feeling,—“It shall, it shall be accomplished at last!—thank God I have now the means!—thank God!” Overcome by the effort, he sunk back exhausted on his pillow; and, after a brief pause, the delusion was broken, and the big tears followed one another in rapid succession down his emaciated cheek. On the first burst of passion, all affrighted ran to his relief, except

the lawyer, who coolly picking up the neglected epistle, reassured them, with the most solid gravity, that what they saw was only the natural consequentia of extremissimum gladness. “I shall rehearse these delectable lines, that all may be alike exhilarated.” ‘Read,’ sighed Francis, ‘I am better;’ and their eyes were turned with intense interest on the man of law. The letter was written by that uncle who had so long ago disappeared, and who was now dead. It went on to state that he had reformed his manners in a distant land, had realized a handsome fortune, but was now on his death bed, and had given directions that his property should be equally divided between the families of his two brothers, who, he hoped, in conclusion, would not curse his memory. When he had finished, he was surprised that his communication made a less impression than he anticipated. “Thirty thousand pounds!” he bawled, ‘Thirty thousand,’—he would have continued, when to the astonishment of his relations, Francis sat up without assistance and gave such a look of agony, that it sunk deep, even into the careless heart of the lawyer, who answered it by saying, “I am afraid young man you are very ill.” ‘Peace,’ was the reply, ‘I have but a few moments to live, your money is too late for me, and but disturbs my dying hour. I had a wish ungratified, which it might once have supplied—nay, do not seem astonished, my dear aunt, that wish shall die with me: but even now I am consoled; I am content, and willing to leave the earth, and ‘to be with Christ, which is far better:’ and in departing I rejoice to think God is not forgetful of those I leave behind. May he abundantly bless you with spiritual, as he now does with temporal blessings: and may we all meet at last a happy company, never to be separated. These words were repeated in a clear distinct voice, but were like a flash of the expiring taper before its final extinction,—he ceased. Farewell quivered on his lips—a sweet serenity beamed upon his countenance—and the spirit was forever fled.

A simple stone is erected in the village church-yard, with this unostentatious inscription:—

Here lye the mortal Remains of
FRANCIS MORIER, aged Twenty Years.

“Set thy affections on things above,
And not on things on the earth.”

TRAVELS.

RUINS OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

(Concluded.)

The highly interesting spot where I laid open the platform is one thousand two hundred and fifty feet from the bank of the river. The stream continues in view, meandering for a considerable distance, surrounded by objects well calculated to heighten the solemn impression of the principal ruins. Here, along the banks, are several osiers, perhaps the very willows upon which the daughters of Israel hung their harps, and wept. “By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof,” Psalm cxxxvii, 1, 2. This is the lamentation of one of the Jewish captives in Babylon, either at the time of their captivity, or at their return from it. It contains a mournful reflection on their banishment from their native country, combined with the insolent behaviour of their enemies; and foretels the future destruction which awaited the city of Babylon, and its devoted inhabitants. As I passed along the banks of the river, the beautiful and pathetic stanzas of Lord Byron, in his “Hebrew Melodies,” on this very subject, forced themselves on my attention;—

“We sat down and wept by the waters of
Babel.”

Before I quitted these ruins, I continued along the bank for half a mile, when I came to the spot where Mr. Rich discovered the urns with human bones. Here it was, after a diligent search among the fragments of brick and masonry on the water's edge, that I found

two large brazen clamps. What they appertained to, I do not pretend to determine, though it is not improbable they belonged to the bridge which was thrown over the Euphrates, and this spot, from its vicinity to the reputed site of the famous hanging gardens, may perhaps accord with the generally received accounts of its position.

Vast quantities of various coloured tile and brick were lying upon the bed of the river. I extracted large portions of highly polished vases from this bank, to all of which adhered human bones. On attempting to separate these from the urn, they became immediately pulverized.

From the southwestern face of the palace, a large mound, ninety yards in breadth, by half that height, runs north and south, to the northwest angle of Amran hill, so called by Mr Rich. The superficies of the intervening ground is covered with long reeds, and the soil is peculiarly damp. The reeds we now see growing in many parts of the ruins are particularly noticed in Scripture. To the south west of the mound a tomb, in good repair, contains the bones of Amran, who, the natives say, was a son of Ali. The keeper of this tomb may be likened to Job's forsaken man, who “dwelleth in desolate cities, and in houses which no man inhabiteth, which are ready to become heaps,” Job xv, 28.

I walked a full hour by the light of the moon; and could not persuade my guides to remain longer, from the apprehension of evil spirits. It is impossible to remove this impression from the minds of these people, who are deeply imbued with superstition.

I have now finished my description of the ruins on the east side of the Euphrates within the probable bounds of Babylon. It will be seen how exactly the divine predictions have been fulfilled.

Never trust to appearances or high pretensions. Behold the drum; notwithstanding all its noise, it is empty within!

RELIGIOUS.

We gladly give insertion to the following excellent article; and beg to assure the writer that we shall be at all times most happy to receive similar favours. The interesting nature of the article itself will, we feel persuaded, ensure its attentive perusal by all classes of our readers; and we trust the humble character of our little work will not prevent our correspondent from sending us other articles on similar subjects, nor deter others from following his example.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—If the following illustration of the fulfilment of Christ's prophecy, mentioned in Matthew, chap. 24, v. 5, came under the arrangement, and be found worthy of a place in your inestimable little periodical, the INSTRUCTOR, you will confer a favour by giving it an insertion.

DELTA.

FALSE CHRISTS.

MATT. XXIV. 5.

While Adrian was Emperor of Rome, a person of the name of Barcochab was the first to assume to the dignity of being the Messiah, about 90 years after the death of Jesus Christ. Joctln, in his Ecclesiastical History, enumerates upwards of nineteen, besides the above—whose success in gathering followers was past conception, and which brought on the Jews the most enormous persecutions and calamities.

In 1157, a false Messiah rose in Spain, who occasioned an insurrection, and the extirpation of nearly all the Jews in that country.

Within ten years of the above, another arose in Morocco; and after his decease followed one who gave himself out to be the forerunner of the Messiah. He was brought before the king of Arabia to be questioned as to the certainty of his Divine mission; and, as being the "Messenger of God," he was required to perform some miracle as a test of the authenticity of his mission. "Cut off my

head," said the impostor, "and I will return to life again." The king, at his request, gave orders for his head to be cut off, which gave him a speedy dispatch—but he never returned to life again.

In 1666, great multitudes were said to have assembled, from unknown parts, in the wilderness, which were supposed to have been the ten tribes so long scattered. This was, amongst the Jews, a period of great expectation of the Messiah, and the minds of the people were so much excited that it was easy to impose on their credulity; and one Sabatœi Levi, an Israelite of mean rank in the city of Smyrna, seized the favourable opportunity, and gave himself out as being the Messiah. He travelled into the Morea, then to Tripoli, Gaza and Jerusalem, where his fame quickly spread, and he resolved to return to Smyrna, and from thence to visit Constantinople. Here he was adored by the Jews. During his stay he was taken prisoner by the Visier, and given in charge to a Turkish jailor; but after two months he was removed to the castle at the Dardanelles, where the Jews from all parts flocked to the place of his confinement to receive his blessing. The Turks immediately raised the fine of lodgings and provisions, and the guards levied large sums from those who wished admission, which made the imprisonment of Sabatœi rather a profitable concern. Nehemiah Cohen, a learned Rabbim, who came from Poland to visit this impostor, maintained that, according to the Scriptures, there ought to be a two fold Messiah, one the son of Ephraim, a poor and despised teacher of the law, the other the son of David, to be a conqueror. Nehemiah was content to be the former, and left the glory of the latter to Sabatœi. The Grand Seigneur sent for the "Conqueror," and, as an attestation of the Messiahship, he was requested to work a miracle. Sabatœi hesitated, so the latter chose one for him. "Let the Messiah," said he, "be stripped naked, and set as a mark for my archers to shoot at; if the arrows do not pierce his flesh, I also will acknowledge his mission

The "Celestial Lion" declined the trial, and immediately turned Turk.

In 1631, the Messiahship was claimed by Rabbi Mordecai, a German Jew; who, after deluding a number Italian Jews about Prague, came to Germany, where he disappeared.

The last who set up for this high commission was a Richard Brothers, about the end of last century, and who died in Bedlam. It is rather singular that this individual found followers and supporters in the British House of Commons, after the English Jews had rejected his pretensions.

After mature deliberation on the pretensions of these men, who gave themselves out to be the "Great Jewish Deliverer," we can see nothing in them to merit our regard; but can only look on them as the more fully attesting the truth of the true Messiah, who has already come, and told us that many would come in his name, and say they were Christ. Those Jews must be spiritually blind who can be deceived by such arrant impostors, who, after Jesus Christ, have claimed the dignity of Messiah. 'The curse, 'His blood be on us and on our children,' which they so madly prayed for when they crucified the Son of God, has been generally granted to them; for we see at this day the determination of the Jews to deny the fulfilment of their own lawgiver's prophecy—'The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me.'

Who can read the 53d chapter of Isaiah, and then turn to the sufferings of Jesus Christ, recorded in the New Testament, and doubt of the authenticity of the Divine origin of Jesus of Nazareth?

Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

Montreal, September 10, 1835.

THE SCRIPTURES:

This Book appears to me unexampled, and absolutely inimitable. The sublimity of thought, the majesty and simplicity of expres-

sion, the beauty, the purity. I could almost say, the homogeneity of the doctrine; the importance, the universality, and the expressive brevity and paucity of the precepts; their admirable appropriation to the nature and wants of man—the ardent charity, which so generously enforces the observation of them—the affecting piety, force, and gravity of the composition—the profound and truly philosophical sense, which I discover in it—these are the characters which fix my attention to the book I examine, and which I do not meet with in the same degree, in any production of the human mind.

In the year 1822, a vessel was bound from Philadelphia to London, at which place she arrived after encountering many dangers on her voyage. She was there condemned as not being sea-worthy, and the individuals to whom she was consigned in London discharged the crew. One of them, a boy about 15 years of age, was recommended to make the best of his way to Liverpool, where he might probably be able to get employed in another ship bound for America. He accordingly left London, and commenced his journey to Liverpool on foot; and being almost destitute of money, he soon began to feel the hardships of hunger. He was forced to part with such articles as he could spare, in order to procure food; and when passing through a small town in Buckinghamshire, was compelled to ask charity from a person standing at a door. The individual said, 'what is that you have tied up in your handkerchief?' 'that replied the boy, 'is my bible. 'Well, cannot you sell that, it will help you on your journey! 'No, said he, 'I will never part with my Bible, if I sell every thing else, for it was given me by a lady in Boston, and she advised me never to part with it, and I love to read it. The boy's wants were supplied, and he pursued his journey. This is a fresh proof that the distribution of bibles among sailors will be attended with good effects. Here we see a poor boy, a stranger in a strange land, valuing the bread which cometh down from heaven above that which perisheth. Alas! how many would part with their bibles only to procure trifling amusement and gratification.

POETRY.



THE HERMIT'S INVITATION:

Come, my friend, let's to the fields repair,
And taste the fragrance of the morning air.
The rising sun beams forth his glad'ning ray
And chases swift the shades of night away ;

Now the brisk lark his sprightly song begins,
Joy swells his throat and flutters on his wings ;
The tuneful thrush springs from his downy
nest,
And warbles cheerful from his little breast ;

Green hill and dales the joyous signal take,
And all the feather'd tribes from slumber wake
The bleating flocks and lowing herds arise,
And gladly join the chorus of the skies ;

While from the limpid wat'ry crystal stream
The bounding fish acknowledges the theme ;
Expanding flowers now break their dewy tear
And scent with thousand sweets the ambient
air ;

The butterfly doth now his plumes disclose,
And sips ambrosia from the blushing rose.
Awhile let's shun the world's vain noise and
strife,
And seek the calmer joys of rural life.

No anxious cares do nature's sweets annoy,
Where sober joys cheer and never cloy ;
Let's gaze, and talk, and gratefully admire
Wonders that tun'd of old the psalmist's lyre :

With him transported with the glorious sight,
Let's praise our Maker and his love recite.
He bids the grape pour its nectarious juice,
The luscious pear he mellows for our use ;

He hangs the musky apricot and melting peach
And bends the purple plum within our reach :
For us his goodness form'd the warbling
throng,
And tunes the nightingale's harmonious song.

Behold the flow'ry poplance around,
With splendid colours paint the verdant ground
From which that we might reap a costly treat,
He form'd the bee, t' extract the liquid sweet,

And taught them how, with nicest skill, to
make
The luscious balsam of the honey's cake ;
God's goodness weaves these fertile fields of
corn,
And on their plenteous tops his love is bourne.

Come, oh my friend, in tranquil peace let's
walk,
And on those glorious themes we'll sweetly
talk ;
Where free from noise, God's mercy, grace
and love
Shall tune our hearts and wing our thoughts
above—
And by true faith we'll unseen things descry,
And learn both how to live and how to die.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEMORABLE MORNINGS IN SCRIPTURE.

There are some very remarkable mornings recorded in scripture which are worthy of attention. It was a morning long to be remembered, in which the angels hastened Lot, and led him and his family out of Sodom. The sun rose before he entered Zoar—and when Abram got up early, and looked towards Sodom, he beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace. It was a happy morning in the life of Isaac, when peace and plenty were secured to him and his family, by a contract, confirmed by oath, between him and a neighboring king, to perform which they rose betimes in the morning. It was a morning sacred in memory with Jacob and his posterity, when, after his dream of a frame with steps, opening a passage from the earth to the temple of the King of kings, graced with heavenly officers going up and down, to teach him the doctrine of Providence, he rose up early, set up a pillar, and dedicated both the place and himself to God. Nor could time ever erase out of his memory that other morning, when a man wrestled with him till the breaking of the day. "Let me go," said one, 'for the day breaketh.' 'I will not let thee go,' replied the other, 'unless thou bless me.' What memorable mornings were those in which Moses rose up early, stood before Pharaoh, and, in the name of Almighty God, demanded liberty for his nation ! What a night was that in which the Israelites passed through the sea, and what a morning was that which succeeded, when Moses stretched out

his hand, and the tide rolled back with the dawning of the day, and floated the carcasses of the Egyptians to the feet of the people of God on the shore ! Early every morning for forty years, the cloud was taken up, and manna fell. What a busy morning was that in which Gideon suppressed idolatry at the hazard of his life. What an honourable morning was that for Daniel, when a great king visited him in the lions' den ! And, to mention no more, that was a morning sacred to memory throughout all generations, in which Jesus, the king of Israel, was cut off. It was early in the morning that the anxious Mary resorted to the tomb of Jesus. "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn towards the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to the sepulchre"—Mat. xxviii. 1. Mark says it was very early in the morning at the rising of the sun. John says it was very early when it was yet dark.

While Christ is thus proclaiming himself to be the light of the world, and declaring that he who followeth him shall not walk in darkness—surely the slumberer will no longer remain in a state so degrading, and so similar to that of nature's darkness. Since the Holy Scriptures are asking him, let the sleeper arise and call upon his God.

A heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions.

To SAY what we do, and not TO DO what we say, is to UNDO ourselves by doing.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

SIR,—A few minutes since I observed in this day's number of "the Instructor," a query to your correspondents from a person subscribing himself "J. S." You will much oblige one of your readers, by reminding J. S., through your useful Miscellany, that the texture of his prophet's coat is discovered to be that of FEATHERS ; his weapons of defence a pair of HORN SPURS ; that his voice was heard by all the world in a better stocked menagerie than that which we have lately witnessed in

Montreal; while to commemorate the prowess of his far famed sermon, his EFFIGY rises above the towering weights of our city spires.

Meantime, Sir,

I remain your's, &c.

Montreal, 9th Sept., 1835.

M. S.

THE OPIUM EATING PEDAGOGUE.

Thus I have heard, that there is a village called Laukhnauty, and a boy was studying with a certain teacher there. Now, his pedagogue was an opium eater, and, after the opium had been swallowed, drowsiness came upon him, and he began to nod. If when he was in that state, any one said any thing to him, or a scholar asked a word of the lesson, he immediately became enraged, and having beat the scholar well, he would say, "O! blockhead, you ought first to have studied in the school of good manners; for, from that, certainly, many advantages would have been derived."

In short, he was every day in the habit of giving this injunction to the scholar,—"If ever again, without being asked, you make any speech to me, or offer to stir me up from sleeping, then, in fact, by continual beating, .. will murder you." The scholar testified his repentance by saying, he would never again do such an action: One day, after it was dark, when the lamp had been placed before him, he was going on causing that same scholar to read, and in the meantime, when the intoxication came upon him, the shawl of his turban fell, accidentally, upon the flame of the lamp, and the turban began to burn. When the heat reached him, he immediately started up, and began to say to the scholar, "O scoundrel! didst thou not perceive that my turban was burning? Why, then, didst thou not offer to stir me up?" Having said this, he gave him a good beating. The scholar, while crying, replied, "Your honour's self, indeed, assuredly gave me this prohibition, that no one should stir you up during the time of sleeping, and that no person should interfere in the matters of great people without being desired, for this

would be unmannerly. On this account I did not stir your honour up." The pedagogue replied thus, "there is neither strength, nor authority except in God. I certainly did not give any prohibition in this manner, in order that, when damage happened to any one in your presence, you should not give him any information, but continue sitting looking on."

CHARACTER.

In society character is the first, second, and the ultimate quality. A man is never ruined who has not lost his character; while he who has lost his character, whatever be his position, is ruined as to all moral and useful purposes. Envy and calumny will follow a man's success like his shadow; but they will be powerless, if he is true to himself, and relies on his native energies to beat or live them down.—Virtues may be misrepresented, but they are virtues still; and in vain will an industrious man be called an idler, a sensible man a fool, a prudent man a spendthrift, a persevering man a changeling, or an honest man a knave. The qualities are inherent, and cannot be removed by words, except by a man's own consent. At the same time all calumniators, thrice detected, ought to be banished as criminals, unworthy of the benefits of the society of which, however powerless, they endeavour to be the pest and band.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, BY

J. E. L. MILLER,

At the low price of TWOPENCE a number, payable on delivery; or 1s. 8d. per quarter, in advance. To Country Subscribers, 2s. 3d. per quarter, (including postage) also in advance.

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