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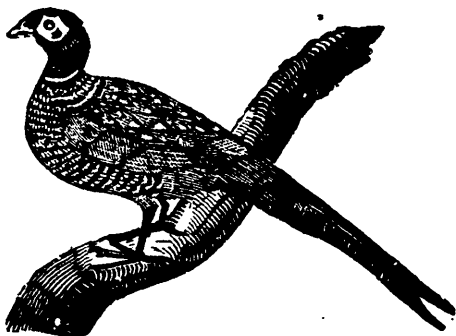
# THE INSTRUCTOR.

No. IX.]

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[PRICE 2d.

## NATURAL HISTORY



THE PHEASANT.

The name of this bird sufficiently indicates its origin. The pheasant is the bird of Phasis, a river of Colchis, in Asia Minor, whence they were first introduced into Europe.

Next to the peacock they are the most beautiful of birds, as well for the vivid colour of their plumes, as for their happy mixtures and varieties. It is far beyond the power of the pencil to draw any thing so glossy, so bright, or points so finely blending into each other. We are told that when Cræsus, king of Lydia, was seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence, and all the barbarous pomp of eastern splendour, he asked Solon if he had ever beheld any thing so fine! The Greek philosopher, no way moved by the objects before him, or taking a pride in his native simplicity, replied, that after having seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, he could be astonished at no other finery.

In fact, nothing can satisfy the eye with a greater variety and richness of ornament than

this beautiful creature. The iris of the eyes is yellow; and the eyes themselves are surrounded with a scarlet colour, sprinkled with small specks of black. On the fore part of the head there are blackish feathers mixed with a shining purple. The top of the head and the upper part of the neck are tinged with a darkish green that shines like silk. In some, the top of the head is of a shining blue, and the head itself, as well as the upper part of the neck, appears sometimes blue and sometimes green, as it is differently placed to the eye of the spectator. The feathers of the breast, the shoulder, the middle of the back, and the sides under the wings, have a blackish ground, with edges tinged of an exquisite colour, which appears sometimes black, and sometimes purple, according to the different lights it is placed in; under the purple there is a transverse streak of gold colour. The tail, from the middle feathers to the root, is about eighteen inches long; the legs, the feet, and the toes, are of

the colour of horn. There are black spurs on the legs, shorter than those of a cock: there is a membrane that connects two of the toes together; and the male is much more beautiful than the female.

This bird, though so beautiful to the eye, is not less delicate when served up to the table. Its flesh is considered as the greatest dainty; and when the old physicians spoke of the wholesomeness of any viands, they made their comparison with the flesh of the pheasant. In the woods the hen pheasant lays from eighteen to twenty eggs in a season; but in a domestic state she seldom lays above ten. Its fecundity when wild is sufficient to stock the forest; its beautiful plumage adorns it; and its flesh retains a higher flavour from its unlimited freedom.

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## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

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### A WESTERN STORY.

#### FOUNDED ON FACT.

The State of Georgia is one of those warm cotton-planting regions where negroes live and labour. The white population, of course, fill the offices of Church and State and attend to the land. Mr Henry Lossley was the son of a gentleman who was in but moderate circumstances. He was raised in the general custom of raising children among the southern planters: he received a tolerable education and some knowledge of book-keeping, having spent a few months in the house of N—, in the town of A—. In the nineteenth year of his age, he formed an attachment for Miss Lansing, a lady of some accomplishments and great personal beauty—but her patrimony was small. Mr. Lossley and Miss Lansing were frequently in each other's company, and every time they met their mutual attachment increased. They often spoke of their affection for each other, and lamented that their prospects were not such as to justify a connection for life. Thus matters went on with them for several years, till, at length, finding it impossible for either to be happy unless in each other's

society, they determined to cast their lots together, and if they should not be able to move through the world in the style they could wish, at all events they could support themselves decently; so they were united by that tie which is the most sacred and endearing that can be formed in this life.

For some months after their union they did not seem sensible of their want of pecuniary means; but it soon became evident that they would have to gain support by their actual labour; and it was also certain that in Georgia they could not do more than obtain a mere subsistence, and at last, in old age, be without any settled home, to which they did not seem willing to submit. It was thought best that Mr Lossley should travel into some new country, get a piece of land, make some little improvement on it, and then return to carry his companion. Many were the anxious thoughts that filled their bosoms—the husband had his fears lest he should fail in obtaining a pleasant home for his beloved one whom he was about to leave behind, and the wife already began to count the months, the weeks, and even the days she should be left, as it were, alone in the world—while, on the other hand, they both looked forward with pleasure on the time, when, in a new country, growing with its growth, and strengthening with its strength, they should rise to a state of importance in the world.

The time of separation at last arrived; and Mr Lossley, after embracing the best of all earthly friends, gave the parting hand, took his journey, not knowing certainly whither he was going. He travelled to the State of Kentucky, and was about contracting for a piece of land in the neighborhood of where the town of H— is now built. He availed himself of the first opportunity of writing a few lines to his companion in order to let her know where he was and what he was doing.

This letter never reached the beloved object for whom it was intended—but fell into the hands of one, whose name will be 'revealed in that day.' Suffice it to say, there was one

with whom Mr. Lossley had been a competitor. An answer came—but not from Mrs. Lossley, but apparently from her father, with whom he left her during his absence. Oh, horrid letter, never shall I forget its language!

“DEAR SON,—Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain any fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected, and she lost her reason, and while in this situation she called every person who was in attendance on her, and came to see her, ‘Henry!’ A short time before her death she came to herself, and seemed to have but one desire to live, which was to see you! and her last sentence was, ‘Oh, my dear Henry! and shall I see him no more in this life!’ and breathed her last.”

On the reception of this letter, Mr. Lossley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly good seemed to be cut off at one stroke. He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on such a painful subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land of strangers—and had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is fond of company, yet he had to share his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the fair face and lovely form of his now lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not bear; and having left but little behind, save his companion, that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to settle himself, and finding that he could sustain his grief better when travelling than in any other way, he wandered off without any settled point of destination. At length he found himself at the Lead Mines in Missouri. But he yet beheld objects that reminded him of his loss, which induced him to sink still deeper into the bosom of the great forest—so he joined himself to a company of fur traders, and shaped his course to the Rocky Mountains.

It was the custom of the company to post a watch at night, which was agreed to be taken by turns; yet, for some time Lossley volun-

teered his services every night, so that when his companions were asleep he would look on the moon and stars which once shone on him, when he, with his fair one hanging on his arm, used to take their little evening excursions. The scream of panthers did not interrupt him, while for the lamentations of the owl he had a particular fondness, and rarely for months did he take his departure from a camping place without leaving the letters ‘M. L.’ on some one of the hitherto undisturbed trees of the forest.

He passed nearly two years among the North Western Indians. The hardships he endured—the dangers through which he passed—all had a tendency to call off his mind from former sorrows; and the females that he sometimes looked upon were so unlike his Mary, that by the time he returned to Missouri he had in some degree obtained his former cheerfulness. But no sooner did he enter the settlements, where again he beheld the fair faces and graceful forms, than a recollection of his departed Mary returned. But the roll of years at length wore away his grief; and finding at last an object on which he could place his affections, he again entered into a married connection. From the time that he left his companion in Georgia till he married his second wife, it was about five years.

But what shall we say about Mrs. Lossley—for, strange to tell, she yet lived! Weeks, months and years passed by; but had brought her no tidings of her absent husband. Post offices were examined—but no letter came. His name was looked for in the public prints—but could not be found. Travellers were inquired of—but to no avail! Not a word could she hear of him. At length she gave him up as dead, and conceived of his death in many ways: at one time she would fancy she could see his bones at the bottom of some stream, in which he had been drowned by attempting to cross; again she could see him in some lonely spot—murdered by robbers, or destroyed by Indian violence; and at other times she would fancy she saw him languish on some

foreign bed, and after a long and lingering illness, fall into the grave among strangers!

A thousand times she looked out the way she saw him depart, mourned him dead till time had dried away her tears.

After a lapse of seven long years and more after the departure of Mr. Lossley, Mr. Starks offered his hand in marriage to Mrs. Lossley; and—as it was firmly believed by herself and friends that he was dead—Mr. Starks being a gentleman worthy of her, she accepted the offer and they were married.

At this time Mr. Lossley was living with his second wife in the State of Missouri, where he continued to live for something like eighteen years. About fourteen years after his marriage his second wife died—and he was left with two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was the eldest, and took charge of her father's house; but in little more than three years after the death of her mother she married and moved to North Alabama, and her father and little brother went with her.

In the meantime Mrs. Starks had lost her husband and father, and having but one child, and that a little daughter, she removed to Alabama also, to live with an aged uncle, who was living in that part of the country; so that Mr. Lossley and Mrs. Starks became neighbors—and they became acquainted with each other as Colonel Lossley (this title he had obtained when among the fur traders) and Mrs. Starks. They soon formed an attachment for each other, and Colonel Lossley eventually offered her his hand in marriage, which she accepted! It is to be observed that during the whole of their intercourse they both took great care never to mention any circumstance connecting itself with their first marriage, and both passed for having been so very cautious on this subject, that the slightest trace of their former acquaintance was not discovered until the night before the marriage was to have been solemnized. Perhaps the sacred fount of their former sorrows was sealed too deep to be readily broken up again by either of them

The night before marriage, as they were conversing alone, the Colonel remarked that he expected to be a little frightened on the next evening—saying, with him the older the worse—for, said he, 'when I married the first time, I was not so much embarrassed as when I was married last!'—to which Mrs. Starks replied by saying, 'You have been married twice it seems?' The Colonel tried at first to change the subject of the conversation, but soon found that would not do—and knowing it would have to come out sooner or later, he went into a detail of all the circumstances connected with his first marriage, giving names and dates! This was a subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. He remarked that his long lost Mary was never out of his mind for one hour at a time; owing to that fact, he often spoke of her to those who never heard of her and could not enter into the conversation with him. He went on to state that she was his Rachel—his first choice—the companion of his youth; having taken hold of his feelings at such an early age, the impression was indelible, and a recollection of her name could never be erased from his mind; 'and though,' said he, 'I have passed through the town, and the country, the dreary wilderness; through winter, through summer; amid friends and foes; through health and afflictions, through smiles and frowns—yet I have ever borne painted upon my imagination the image of my lamented Mary. Here the mists began to gather in the eyes of the colonel, and for a few moments a death like silence prevailed. At length, looking upon his intended bride, he saw that she had taken more than usual interest in the relation he had been making. He then broke the silence by saying, 'you must forgive me for the kind remembrance I bear for the beloved companion of my youth. While he was uttering this sentence, Mrs. Starks swoned away, and would have fallen from her seat had not the Colonel supported her. While she lay in this death like state, many were the reflections which passed through the mind of Colonel Lossley. First supposing

that as he had for a time kept this secret from her, and at last divulged it without intending to do so, it might have had a tendency to destroy her confidence in him, or cause her to fear that his affections were so much placed upon the memory of his first wife that it would be impossible for him to adore her as he ought, these and many other thoughts of a like kind rushed through his mind, and he but awaited the return of the power of utterance on the part of Mrs Starks to hear her renounce him forever. But, oh! how mistaken were his fears! No sooner was she roused from her swoon than she threw her arms around his neck and resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed like a child, crying out, 'Oh, my husband! my husband!' The Colonel being much astonished, inquired rather hastily what she meant? With her hands still resting on his shoulders—with a countenance beaming with joy and suffused with tears—she exclaimed, with a half-choked utterance, 'I am your Mary! your long lost Mary! and you are my Henry, whom I mourned as dead for these twenty years!'

The joy then became mutual. That night and the next day were spent in relating the circumstances which transpired with them during their separation, and in admiring the Providence that brought them together. On the next evening those bidden to the marriage attended. The parson came—but there was no service for him to render. The transported couple informed the assembly that they had been lawfully married upwards of twenty years before, and gave a brief outline of their history, and entered into the hilarity of the evening with a degree of cheerfulness unusual to them both.

We will close by saying, they are now doing well for time and eternity.—WESTERN METHODIST.

## RELIGIOUS.

### DEATH.

The bed of death is always a scene to awaken salutary reflection, even in the most hardened.

Who can behold, without deep emotion, the pale and inanimate features where life lately shone, and thought manifested itself, now cold and rigid as marble, alike insensible to our regret or indifference? There are the eyes that loved to gaze on us, but which shall look on us no more, now sealed by death; the lips that were wont to smile at our approach, or to greet us with words of affection, now closed for ever; and the hand that often grasped our own, with friendship's warmth, now cold and helpless, having "forgot its cunning." Where is the spirit that animated the senseless clay before us?—that clay which resembles so much, yet, alas! is so fearfully unlike, what we loved. Questions of deep import rise from the soul to the lips, when gazing on the corpse of one dear to us; questions that death only can solve; and dreadful would be our feelings under such trials, did not religion hold forth the blessed hope of "another, and a better world," where we shall meet those who have preceded us to the grave, and whose departure has caused us so many tears.

Can all the boasted power of reason and philosophy offer a balm like religion, under such afflictions? Ask the mourner, and he will tell you, that the hope of a reunion hereafter, alone consoles him; for reason, without this blessed hope, could only enable him to see the extent of his loss, and philosophy could but teach him to support it with patience. It is religion, the blessed compact between God and man, which points to another and a better world, and is the only anchor on which hope can rest when sorrow assails it. They who have not mourned over the bed of death, where lay the remains of the object dearest to them on earth, cannot feel with what a yearning the heart of the wretched survivor turns from this life to the life to come. As it is only in sickness that we feel the value of medicine, so is it in sorrow, when all earthly hope fails, that the soul turns to religion for support and consolation.

The moment of awaking, after the first night of any loss or catastrophe, is always

dreadful. The feelings return with renewed poignancy to the evil, forgotten for a few hours in slumber, and the physical force the frame has received from repose renders the mind more alive to the suffering, which the torpor of exhaustion had previously blunted though not subdued.

Who has not felt the bitterness of awaking from dreams, which have given back happiness, that never again can be ours? when dear, familiar voices, hushed in the silence of death, have again sounded in our ears, and lips, that are now mouldering in the grave, have again smiled on, and blessed us. But when remorse, that never-dying worm, which preys upon the heart, is added to grief, then, indeed, is the bitterness complete.

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.

### MATTER.

In our former articles we gave a sketch of four of the properties of matter, namely: solidity, inactivity, modility and divisibility. We now come to **ATTRACTION**, of which there are four kinds, viz., cohesion, gravitation, magnetism and electricity. We will for the present dwell upon the two former.

The attraction of **COHESION** is that by which parts of matter are made to cohere together. For instance, if two drops of quick-silver be situated near each other, they will run together, and form one large drop. If the surfaces of two smooth substances, such as marble or glass, be put together, with oil between them to fill the pores, and thereby prevent the lodgment of air, they will adhere so closely that it will be difficult to separate them. Particles of water partake of this property, inasmuch as they yield to the pressure of light bodies, allowing a partial hollow to be formed without their sinking. When the cohesion existing between the particles of water is greater than the gravitating force of the body, that body will float; but when the body has a

greater degree of weight than its own bulk of water, it will sink.

By attraction of **GRAVITATION**, distant bodies tend to one another. The force of gravity being, as it were, in the centre of the earth, all bodies on all sides of the earth tend towards it; this force acting upon them in a more or less degree, according to their weight. Thus it is that nothing can fall FROM the earth. If two bodies of equal weight were placed an immense distance from each other, and there being nothing to intercept them, they would, in consequence of this power, attraction, fall towards each other, and meet at a point half way between where they were at first. But if the weight of one exceeded that of the other they would meet at a point as much nearer the point from which the heavy body commenced falling, as the weight of the one body exceeded that of the other.

All bodies have weight or gravity, and vapours, fumes and smoke. If smoke be admitted into the receiver of an air-pump, it rises or floats to the top of the air; but if the air be pumped out, the smoke will be observed to fall to the bottom, in the same manner that a piece of cork will fall to the bottom of a vessel after the water has been taken out.

W.

## TRAVELS.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS.

(From Emerson's Letters from the *Ægean*.)

Throughout the Levant both onions and leeks are a much more plentiful and delicious vegetable than with us. They have by no means the rank, pungent flavour so disagreeable in those of the north; and, either raw or dressed, they form a favorite delicacy with the Greeks and the Moslem; the kebabs of the one and almost all the dishes of the others being seasoned with them. I do not know how far this description may apply to those on the banks of the Nile; but if they are at all comparable to those of the Levant, it is by no means surprising the Israelites in the desert

should remember with regret "the leeks, the onion, and the garlic of Egypt," Numbers xi. 3.

Below the town of San Nicholo a number of craft were drawn upon the beach, and made fast to the rocks; for this custom, alluded to by Homer, still prevails in almost every isle of Greece. This fact likewise explains the frequent passages in the New Testament referring to the voyages of St. Paul, wherein, at setting sail, no mention is made of heaving up the anchor; but there occur such phrases as the following: "And entering into a ship at Adramyttium, we launched, meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia. Acts 27, 2; "And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, losing thence, they sailed close by Crete," Acts xxvii, 13; "And when we had launched from thence, we sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." Acts xxvii, 4.

As we loosed from our moorings, the crew commenced their usual shouts; every order was repeated from man to man along the deck; and not a sheet was overhauled or belayed without an appropriate scream to designate the operation. Lucian, if I remember aright, makes some allusion to this noisy custom; and as the practice is very ancient, these peculiar nautical exclamations may explain the words of Isaiah, "I have brought down all their nobles, and the Chaldeans, whose cry is in the ships," Isa. xliii, 14.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### ANECDOTE OF SWARTZ.

Christian David, a native of Tanjore, received orders from Bishop Heber in Calcutta. He is about fifty years old, shrewd, clever, and in his native language. (Tamil) in which he preaches constantly, he is said to be powerful and eloquent. The Bishop says his English sermons are very good, and that his examination for orders was highly honourable to

him. I have had some very interesting talk with him about his venerable master, the Apostolic Swartz, who was his father's godfather, and on whom Cristian David wrote when a boy. He had many anecdotes of his journeys with him through the Tanjore country, when it was overrun by Hyder's troops, but when the general reverence for the character of THE GOOD FATHER (as he was emphatically called) enabled him to pursue his peaceful labours even in the midst of war. I will mention one of these, as characteristic of the simple manners and habitual piety of this great model for all Christian missionaries. They had been travelling all day on horseback, and arriving at a small village at sunset, the good man sat down under a tree and conversed with the natives who came round him, while his horse keeper was cooking their evening meal. When the rice and curry were spread on the plaintain leaf, Swartz stood up to ask a blessing on the food they were going to share, and to thank God for watching over them through the dangers of the day, and providing so richly for their repose and comfort. His heart was full of gratitude and praise. The poor boy for some time repressed his impatience, but his hunger at last overpowered his respect for his master, and he ventured to expostulate and to remind him that the curry would be cold. He describes very touchingly the earnestness and solemnity of the reproof he received. "What!" said he, "shall our gracious God watch over us through the heat and burden of the day, and shall we devour the food he provides for us at night with hands which we have never raised in prayer, and lips which have never praised him!"—LAST DAYS OF BISHOP HEBER.

Under our greatest troubles, often lie hid the greatest treasure.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue.

A man may be a great scholar and yet a great sinner.



## POETRY.

## HEAVEN.

"—A place of pure delight,  
Of spotless joy, of harmony, of peace."

Is earth the seat of wo,  
Where all is death and cheerless;  
Where dangers thickly grow,  
And not an eye is tearless?  
Heaven is the seat of bliss,  
Where constant light is beaming;  
Where gladness ever is,  
And eyes with joy are gleaming.

Does earth present a scene,  
Of unremitted changes;  
Where tyranny is seen,  
And ruin often ranges?  
In heaven no change is known,  
No spoilers ever enter;  
No lash is heard, no groan,  
But bloomy pleasure centre.

Is earth a tainted soil,  
Where crime's abode is seated;  
Where man is miser's spoil,  
And truth with shame is treated?  
No sin in heaven is found,  
But all is pure and spotless;  
With fairest lustre crown'd,  
With glory clear and blotless.

Is earth a land of death,  
A lazar-house of sorrow;  
That one day us gives breath,  
And slays us on the morrow?  
Heaven is a land of life,  
With healthfulness eternal;  
With peace for ever rife,  
With blossoms ever vernal.

## RELIGION.

When life's tempestuous surges roar,  
And ills on ills combined,  
Arise to engulf our dearest hopes,  
Religion calms the mind.

When fortune's adverse current rolls,  
And no retreat we find—  
Even then amidst its lashing waves,  
Religion calms the mind

When ruthless Death's relentless grasp  
Has to the tomb consign'd  
Our nearest, dearest, firmest friends,  
Religion calms the mind

And when in contemplation's hour,  
We lay the world behind,  
And eye remote the monster's form,  
Religion calms the mind.

When fell disease invades, and mocks  
Nature and skill combined,  
While dread eternity's in view,  
Religion calms the mind.

Hail! heaven descended peaceful guest,  
To no one clime confined;  
Most distant tribes may too exclaim—  
"Religion calms the mind."

O! light my soul in death's dark hour,  
With heavenly visions kind;  
In raptures may I then exclaim—  
"Religion calms the mind."

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