

# THE INSTRUCTOR.

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## TO OUR READERS.

Though the increase to our subscription list has not quite come up to our expectations, yet, at the request of a number of our readers, and trusting to the continued exertions of our friends still to add to our number—we have resumed the publication of the "INSTRUCTOR."

Our subscribers will perceive, by comparing the present number with those which have preceded it, that the INSTRUCTOR is considerably enlarged—making a difference of about a page and a half in each number.

Having obtained the promise of original articles from some distinguished individuals, we hope this little work will be found more valuable than heretofore.

It has been suggested to us that the columns of the INSTRUCTOR would afford an excellent opportunity for calling forth the talents of the young Ladies and Gentlemen of this city; and we are assured this hint will prove sufficient to secure a number of correspondents.

Our friends will please send their names with their articles.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### STORY OF AN HEIRESS,

(Founded on a recent occurrence.)

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAP. I.

The events which rendered me an heiress were fraught with shame and sorrow. When I was but a helpless, wailing baby, my mother fled her home and child. My only brother, then a wild but high-spirited youth, shocked at his mother's conduct, and disgusted with the unhappiness of home, absconded, and put to sea in a merchant vessel trading to the Mediterranean. The vessel perished, and the crew was never heard of. My father, whose sole heiress I now was, loved me little,

and placed me, when only five years old, at a boarding school of the highest fashion. Soon after, dying, he directed that I should remain at school until the completion of my eighteenth year, at which early age I was to be emancipated from the control of guardians and teachers, and to enter on the unrestrained possessions of my princely inheritance. Here was a perilous destiny! It might have been a high and happy one, had I received that mental, moral, and religious culture, due to every rational being, but in especial to those, whose wealth and station confer on them extensive social influence. And in what pursuits were spent those precious years that should have moulded my character to stability and dignity? Exclusively in learning to sing, to dance, to play, to talk, and to dress fashionably—I who was intrusted with the distribution of so large a portion of the nation's wealth, scarcely knew the names or natures of patriotism, of beneficence, of social duty, of moral responsibility—I, who had nothing to do with life but to enjoy it, was unconsciously an exile from the land of thought, a stranger to the hallowing influence of study; my pleasures were "all of this wicked world," all drawn from external things. I had no inly springing source of joy—no treasures stored to solace the hidden life. Oh! happy are the children whose infancy reposes on a mother's bosom, whose childhood laughs around her knees, and gazes upward into her eyes! Home is the garden where the young affections are reared and fostered, till they rise gradually and grandly into the stateliest passions of the human soul; but I was even an alien from the domestic hearth: the flow of gentle feeling in me lay motionless and still, "still as a frozen torrent," yet destined to leap on to rushing and impetuous life under the first dissolving rays of passion. But these are the reflections of an altered character and a maturer age; not such were the feelings with which the young and high-born Augusta Howard entered on the career of fashionable life.