

THE INSTRUCTOR.

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TO OUR READERS.

We gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity to express our gratitude for the liberal share of encouragement the INSTRUCTOR has received during the past quarter; and beg to assure our friends and the public generally, that no exertions shall be spared on our part to render this little work increasingly interesting. Our friends would confer a favour by using their exertions to increase our list of subscribers. An extra number of copies of the present number has been thrown off, for the accommodation of such as may be desirous of subscribing; there are also thirty or forty files of the last quarter remaining, which may be had by making early application.

We must also return our thanks to those kind friends who have furnished us with original articles; and respectfully solicit the continuance of those favours. We hope the number of our correspondents will greatly increase during the present quarter.

It is intended to enlarge the INSTRUCTOR so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to warrant the additional expense.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

The majestic elm cast its shadow along the ground, in token of the approach of twilight, when a "dearborn," containing a middle-aged gentleman and his favourite dog, halted at a small cottage in the village of B—. He had travelled slow and far, having in view a precise object, but one, as yet, undiscovered by the inquisitive people, to whom he was an utter stranger. Unlike, therefore, what the mere listless tourist experiences, to him each

sight and sound was somewhat remarkable. The cottage, or rather hovel, standing in his present view, seemed fast yielding defiance to the storms of time, its roof sinking beneath a thick superincumbent bed of moss, and its two front windows being mostly boarded up to exclude wind and rain, at the almost total, though unavoidable, eclipse of daylight.— Within this tomb of a dwelling, as fortune often inappropriately decrees, was old age! What a shelter for human infirmity! Yet while literally, almost, under the sod, the crippled inmate, to some extent, was living anxiously and diligently—though like his but irreparably decayed, still waiting, with an admirable philosophy, the 'last great change' of a checkered and protracted existence.

To strangers, perhaps, the Solitary and his abode would be more the objects of interest, from curiosity or generosity, than to the neighbourhood. Some care little for the comfort of such octogenarians, considering them ever cumbersome and troublesome; while others, from the engagements of the present or their anxiety for the future, absolutely neglect them. Much after this manner was the aged person in question regarded by his vicinage, who, looking only at the squalid side of poverty, were disposed, in the pride and selfishness of life, to shun any closer acquaintance. His rise, progress and fall in the world, the virtues of his heart and liberal education of his mind, were, therefore, almost entirely unknown. In this new country of ours, all know what changes a few years produce in village 'neighbourhoods,' as they are so properly called—where the old 'die off,' and the young 'marry off'—where enterprise subsides, revives or removes—where, indeed, many a scene may transpire much resembling that here