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LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

STORY OF AN HEIRESS,

(Founded on a recent occurrence.)

CHAP. III.

I reached Trevor's house, and stood on the threshold he has so often crossed on his angelic errands of good will to man, and which he might never more pass but as a journeyer to the grave. O for one last look of his living, breathing form! And there had been times and hours, now fled for ever, when I might have touched his hand, and met his eye, and won his kindly smile, and I had swept past him with haughty seeming and hypocritical coldness! True, haughtiness and coldness were nothing to him, then or now, but they were much to my remorseful memory. Convulsive throbbings shook my frame, and I raised the knocker in the purpose of inquiring whether he still lived, when the ever haunting fear of detection restrained me. I passed to the other side, from which I could see the closely curtained windows of the patient's chamber, and could discern, by the faint light within, the gliding forms of his attendants. Long I paced the dark and silent street, gazing upon the walls that held all I prized on earth—pouring out my heart like water unto one who on leaving the world, would cast back no regretful thought on me—one, on whom the ponderous tomb might shortly close, and shut me out into the void and dreary world, with my unregarded love, and my unplied weeping.

But morning brought unhop'd joy: Trevor lived, would live—my prayer had ascended!

After his recovery he visited all his acquaintance, and me among the rest. I now met him for the first time free from the prying observation of others, and this together with the joy of seeing him after so painful an absence imparted a cordiality to my manner, which seemed to fill him with a pleased surprise.

But much as I desired to please him, I found it impossible to make any effort towards doing so; my powers of conversation were paralyzed—and, though he stayed a considerable time, I feared that he must think me a most vapid and unintelligent being. Hitherto I had not seen Trevor pay marked attention to any woman, but one evening he came to a concert, accompanied by a matron and a young lady, both strangers to me, the latter a fair and interesting, but not strikingly beautiful girl. Trevor and she seemed to be on intimate and even affectionate terms. I learned her name. It was not his. She was not his sister. I began to know the tortures of jealousy. Next evening I was at a ball. Trevor was not there. We were dancing the quadrille of La Pastorelle, and I was standing alone, (at that part where the lady's own and opposite partners advance to meet her) when I heard a lady near me say to another, 'So—Mr. Trevor and Miss —— are to be married immediately.' This knell of my happiness rung out amid the sounds of music and laughter. The dancers opposite, struck with the blanched and spectral hue of my complexion, cried out at once, "What is the matter? Miss Howard, you are ill!" but with a strong, proud effort, I replied, that I was perfectly well, danced through my part, and then stood beside Lord E——, who was as usual my partner. The ladies were still engaged in the same conversation. "He goes into Devonshire next week, for a change of air after his long illness. He is to remain some time or a visit at her father's house. I understand it is a long engagement."

Lord E—— heard these words, and guessed at once the cause of my sudden pallor. I saw that he did, and resolved to defy his penetration. Never had I been so wildly gay, never excited so much admiration as on that miserable evening. The recklessness of despair bewildered me, & in a sort of mad conspiracy with fate against my own happiness, I gave my irrevocable promise to be the wife of Lord E——. A double bar was thus placed between