

Park Lane, that if ever there existed a being he could worship forever, it was herself. Lady Glenallan let fall the flower she had gathered. She blushed a deep crimson. She felt she was a married woman, and ought to be excessively shocked—she thought of forbidding him the house, but then it would be so awkward to make a quarrel between Glenallan and his cousin; so she only forbid him ever to mention the subject again, and to prove she was in earnest in her wish to discourage his attentions, she gave two hours every morning and a perpetual ticket to her opera box to young Lord Linton, who knew nobody in town, poor fellow, was only just two-and-twenty, and most touchingly attached to a pale pretty little sister of his, with whom he rode, walked, and talked unceasingly, and who, he assured Lady Glenallan, was the last of seven; that eating worm, consumption, being the inheritance of the family.

Fitzroy Glenallan was not, however, a man to be slighted with impunity—he ceased to be Lady Glenallan's lover, but oh! how infinitely more troublesome and irksome did he contrive to make the attentions of Lady Glenallan's friend. What unasked-for advice did he not pour into her ear!—what gentle hints and laughing allusions did he not bestow on her husband! what an unwearied watch did he not keep over the very curl of her lip, and the lifting of her eye-lash, when her smiles were bestowed upon her new favourite.—A thousand times in a fit of irritation did she determine to free herself from the tyranny of this self erected monitor; and a thousand times did she shrink from the attempt under the bitter idea that her own folly had in some measure placed her in his power. He might incense Lord Glenallan, who was gradually becoming not openly jealous—no, he was too fashionable a husband for that—but coldly displeased and distant at times, and sneeringly reproachful at others. He might ridicule her to his companions: he might—in short, she felt, without exactly knowing why, that it would be better to keep well with the person whose admiration had once been so grateful to her. Meanwhile, young Linton gradually became absorbed in his passion for his beautiful protectress—that a being so