

her so modest and unaffected, yet with a mind so well furnished—seeming to have an intelligent conception of every topic upon which they touched, as they ranged at will in their conversation, evincing such acumen of intellect and such practical comprehension of subjects of which many of her sex, who made much greater pretensions, were entirely ignorant, that Ashton concluded she was a treasure, indeed, which he would make his own, if possible.

She might not by some be called a beauty, for she could not boast of classic regularity of feature ; but no one could be long in her presence without yielding the tribute which, at first sight, he was chary of giving. She was fair of complexion—not of a pallid hue, but tenderly tinted, like a peach blossom, and so transparent that the blue veins could be plainly discerned as they made their delicate tracery across her low, broad brow. Her mouth was small, but expressive, and her lips red and fresh as a rosebud. She had glorious gray eyes, large and expressive, luminous and deep, which in repose spoke of peace and calm, but which, when excited by mirth or by a witticism, glowed and scintillated like wavelets in the golden light of the sun.

Two such spirits, so alike in taste and yet so opposite in temperament and complexion, could scarcely fail to be mutually attractive ; for he was dark and she fair ; his temper was as the forked lightning's flash, quick and sometimes destructive, while she was ever calm, gentle, and self-possessed. In fact, they