

Lord Glenallan whispered caressingly, "Surely, my own, you have left nothing there for which my love cannot repay you."—She drew her hand from his with a cold shudder; and a confused wish that she had never been born, or never lived to be married, (especially to the man to whom she had just sworn love and duty,) was the uppermost feeling in Bessie's heart, as the horses whirled her away to her new home.

Time past; Bessie Ashton again appeared on the theatre of the gay world, as an admired bride. The restless love of conquest which embittered her girlhood still remained, or rather (inasmuch as our feelings do not become more simple as we mix with society) increased and grew upon her day by day.

The positive necessity of sometimes concealing what we do feel; the policy of affecting what we do not; the defiance produced by the consciousness of being disliked without a cause, and abused as a topic for conversation; the contempt excited by the cringing servility of those who flatter for services to be performed, and follow for notice to be obtained; the repeated wreck of hopes that seemed reasonable; the betrayal of confidence which appeared natural; the rivalry, disappointment, mortification, and feverish struggling, which beset us in the whirlpool of life, and carry us round whether we will or not—these are causes which the noblest and the purest natures have difficulties in resisting, and which had their full effect on a mind like Bessie's, naturally vain and eager, and warped by circumstances to something worse.

From her mother's home, where poverty and a broken heart had followed an imprudent marriage, Miss Ashton had been transported, to add, by her transcendent beauty, one other feature of attraction to the gayest house in London.

"Not quite a woman, yet but half a child,"

she was at that age when impressions are easiest made—and, when made, most durable. Among her rich relations the lessons taught by the pale lips of her departed parent were forgotten; the weeds which that parent would have rooted from her