

to the person to whom you would not sacrifice your vanity when both were free—or is there so much of the heartlessness of coquetry about you, that you would rather he were miserable than that you should not appear irresistible? Do you, Bessie, wish Claude were again your lover?" "No," sobbed Lady Glenallan, "but I wish him not to think ill of me." "And if you could prove that you had no fault towards him, would it not seem hard that he had ever left you? would not explanations lead to regrets and regrets to —. Bessie, struggle against this strange infatuation—this envious thirst for power over the hearts of men. Already you are entangled—already you shrink from the tyranny of Fitzroy Glenallan and dread the approaches of the cruelly deceived Linton,—already you have begun to alienate the affections of a kind and generous heart for the miserable shadows of wordly admiration. Oh! where is the pleasure—where the triumph—of conquests such as yours? What avails it to your comfort at home, or your respectability abroad, that you are satisfied to believe yourself virtuous, because you disappoint even the fools whose notice you attract? Is it indeed so gratifying to see Fitzroy bow to his thousand previous deities; and coldly pass them to place himself by you? Is it, indeed, so gratifying to see that little pale deserted girl struggling for a smile, while you parade her infatuated brother through the rooms at Ashton-house? or to sit in an attitude in your Opera-box as a point towards which all the glasses in the pit should turn? Warning is given you—retreat in time—have courage to do right. Think of your home, your husband,—and leave Claude Forester to his destiny."

"Dear me, Lady Glenallan," exclaimed a female friend, who entered an hour afterwards; "I can't conceive what you find to fret about?" "Can't you," responded the young Countess, dipping her handkerchief in some Eau de Cologne, and applying it to her forehead. "No, indeed, I can't,—all the men run after you—all the women are jealous of you—you've no children—no lapdogs—no sisters-in-law—none of the torments of married life. You are as rich as Cræsus, and"—Bessie Glenallan