

happiness should depend on you—and if I were your admirer, is the admiration which results solely from the power of personal attraction—without esteem, without respect—is it indeed, worth that smile? your beauty no one can be insensible to : but your heart ! oh, very cold and selfish must that heart be, which could prize any triumph at a moment like this, when you have made the misery of one man, and are about, in all human probability, to destroy the happiness of another. Beware, Bessie, beware ! the day shall come when the triumph of coquetry shall have no power to comfort your agony. Good night.” He turned and left the room. Mechanically, Miss Ashton followed ; and mechanically, she sought her own room, and flung herself into a chair. George Ashton’s words rang in her ear ; her heart beat violently ; the choking which precedes weeping rose in her throat, grief, pride, resentment, and mortification, strove for mastery in her mind, and the triumphant beauty gave way to an hysterical burst of tears. Her passionate sobbing awoke the weary attendant, who had been sitting up for her. “ Dear Miss,” said she, “ don’t fret so ; we must all leave our homes some time or another, and I am sure Lord Glenallan.....” “ Don’t talk to me, Benson—I have no home—I have no one to grieve for. Home ! is it like home-friends to give a ball on my departure, as if it were a thing to rejoice at ? Where is the quiet evening my mother used to describe long ago, which was to precede my wedding-day—where the sweet counsel from her lips which was to make the memory of that evening holy for evermore—where the quiet and the peace which should bless my heart ? They have made me what I am—they have made me what I am.” “ La, Miss,” said the astonished maid, “ I am sure you ought to be happy ; and as to your mamma, it is in nature that parents should die before their children, and she was a very delicate lady always. So do, Miss,” continued she, “ dry your beautiful eyes, or they’ll be as red as a ferret’s and your voice is quite hoarse with crying ; you will not be fit to be seen to-morrow.”

Nothing calms one like the consciousness of not being sympathised with : Bessie Ashton ceased to weep, and began to