

chard in the morning, which was succeeded by the duel. He informed her that Mr. Fortescue had been wounded, but God be praised, neither seriously or dangerously. How were my worst fears relieved, I could now breathe freely—but dear Belinda, to whom it had all been unknown, was powerfully affected, and it required our united efforts to soothe and console her. At length Lindsay's calm and mild reasoning appeared to have the desired effect.

"You tell me that you have just left him," she said, while tears of bitterness streamed down her cheeks, and the violent heaving of her bosom, expressed her internal sufferings; "oh, Lindsay, what a friend you have proved in this, as in all instances."

"I have but performed my duty as a Christian minister," replied Lindsay; "I may look for my reward yet, praise me not too soon," and he smiled sadly—but Belinda's thoughts were too much engrossed to heed his words.

"You have seen my father, Lindsay," she said; "how takes he this unhappy story?"

"As a father might be expected to do—he is indignant, angry, and at present it will be as well that you should not see him—I will endeavour to tranquillize him again before I leave the house."

And most strenuously did this excellent young man strive to do so—in a measure he succeeded, but not until Mr. Harrington, in the first burst of his passion, had penned, and despatched a letter to Blanchard, expressive of his sentiments upon the unhappy circumstances which had occurred.

St. Margerets was, indeed, at this time a troubled house; yet, for Belinda's sake, how thankful I felt to be its inmate; I persuaded her not to leave her apartment, where I continued with her the rest of the day; when Fanny brought in our slight repast, she told us that Baron Feldbach had not returned since the morning, when he had gone out at an early hour; "there is something very strange in it," she continued; "I met him when he was walking through the hall, and he had on a green coat with basket buttons, lemon coloured trowsers and brown *moschetos* on his upper lip."

"Do you propose having him cried, Fanny, by that minute description," I asked, unable to repress a smile.

"La, Mrs. Mary, how can you smile? I am sure he was going to drown himself, and though he is not a handsome man, still it would be a pity, and in such good clothes too."

"It would, indeed, Fanny, but I have no doubt we shall hear tidings of the Baron ere long."

Dear Belinda, what an engaging picture did she now present to my view, seated in the old arm chair and gleaming comfort and strength from the only wise book, her hand shading her eyes which were heavy with weeping. I stirred the fire into a blaze, and

drew my seat opposite, pursuing my work, that I might not interrupt her; suddenly she looked up, saying:

"This is my birth-day; it has been a sorrowful one, Heaven knows, but I am this day nineteen, and to obey the request of my beloved uncle Harrington, I ought to open the sealed packet, which he conveyed on the first night we met."

It seemed an interposition that anything should occur to divert her sorrowful reflections, and I suggested that this desire should be complied with; Belinda then rose, and unlocking the cabinet, took the packet from one of the drawers; she gazed on it in silence many minutes, while her tears actually rained over it.

"I scarcely think I have the courage," she said, in a faltering tone.

"My child, remember it is a duty."

This to her was conclusive, and she immediately broke the seal and unfolded the enclosure. Her countenance became very earnest as she read; at length, turning to me, deeply moved, she said:

"Oh, Mrs. Mary, had this been opened yesterday what happiness it would have afforded me, but today it scarcely removes a feather from my grief, and yet how grateful I ought to feel to the giver of all good, who, in a season like the present, sends such comfort; my beloved, my generous uncle, has bequeathed to me all he possessed in savings and in prize money, which appear to amount to some thousands."

Great was my surprise and joy on hearing this intelligence, and embracing her fondly, I replied:

"My dearest Belinda, this is indeed an unexpected rich mercy, nor may we withhold it from your father one moment; you must carry him the glad tidings yourself."

"No, dear Mrs. Mary, I cannot; I pray you to be the kind messenger with my grateful love, tell him it is his, as I am his," and she placed the packet in my hand. I left this dutiful child and hastened to the library of Mr. Harrington. I found him sitting moodily over the fire with uncle Sam, who had fallen into a happy unconscious dose, the index of a mind undisturbed. Mr. Harrington turned round on my entrance, and something like a frown crossed his brow.

"My dear Mrs. Mary," he said rising, "I am aware what kindly brings you here," but I can assure you it is useless, for the shadow of Harvey Blanchard shall never again cross my threshold." I was struck by his words and his vehemence, but instead of defending the object of his anger, which would only have increased it, I replied, "you mistake the purport of my intrusion, which is to announce that this is the nineteenth birth-day of your dear Belinda, and she sends you this with her love."

Mr. Harrington received the packet, and hastily scanned the contents, then clasping his hands and looking upward, he exclaimed, "Merciful God! thy