

ing,  
been  
, or  
ged,  
her

# BELINDA DALTON;

OR

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A HALIFAX BELLE.

---

## SCENE I.

"Do look at that curious figure yonder," said a young lady to a gentleman walking by her side.

"I am certain it is that of a lady of the olden times," was the rejoinder.

I turned, the speakers were at my elbow, and, glancing in the direction referred to, beheld the person to whom they alluded. It was a woman about sixty years of age; singularly did her form and face contrast with that of the young and blooming girl who had first pointed her out. A scanty and rusty black dress fell in narrow folds around her tall thin figure, a well worn shawl was pinned tight about her throat, and an ample black bonnet, a memorial of the past, completed her costume. She stood by a shop-window in Granville Street, and, as the brilliant gas-light fell on her countenance, I marked it well. Traces of former beauty would have been detected by a close observer, in the thin and care-worn face which still preserved its Grecian contour, and now and then the dim and sunken eyes would flash with a fire, similar, at least, to that of youth, while the cheeks would glow with somewhat of their former brilliancy.

She was alone. Group after group passed her by; tones of womanly sweetness blended with manly voices, and now and then the prattle of childhood fell on her ear; but none paused to address her! A lonely woman, unknown and unnoticed, except by the glance of curiosity, she passed from my sight. Might we dare to lift the veil that hides