

longer be distinguished. Ere the night closed in, the frigate had sailed.

The state in which Belinda remained became very alarming. Mr. Harrington sent off for the physician, who usually attended in his family, and who remained with her until a late hour. He appeared to feel much concern for his interesting patient, for he partly knew her story, and a father himself, he could well sympathise in her young sorrows. Towards midnight the wind, which had all the day been violent, increased to a very tempestuous height—this added considerably to her misery; every gust seemed to strike like a knell on her heart. I would not leave her for an instant, but continued to walk the room with her for hours together, as movement seemed alone to allay her sufferings; Marion also came in frequently to see her sister, and displayed more feeling upon this occasion than I had yet witnessed in her; poor Fanny could only weep and lament over her youthful mistress, who, at length, towards morning, we placed on her bed, perfectly exhausted; the effects of the physicians' composing draught then commenced and to my infinite relief she sank into a deep sleep. For several days she continued so ill as to be unable to leave her room; but at the end of a week, this terrible internal conflict gradually became more calm, when she could again read, or listen to the consolations afforded her by religion. Nothing could exceed the affectionate attentions of her father at this trying period; he repeatedly expressed a fear to me that he had acted too harshly. I strove to convince him that no parent, under the same circumstances, could have shown more lenity, or consideration, even for one who had offended him; more he could not have conceded with propriety.

About a fortnight after the departure of the Belona, two letters were one morning delivered to Mr. Harrington; the first he opened was from Baron Feldbach, dated Frankfort, and which I have endeavoured to render into better English than his limited knowledge of the language could offer. It ran as follows:

SIR,—You will no doubt have felt surprised at my abrupt departure from your hospitable mansion, but it would have proved so painful to my feelings to say farewell to your beautiful daughter, that I was constrained rather to appear ungrateful than to encounter so severe a trial, since the present state of your affairs renders a union with that charming lady impossible; you have conceived me to be a rich man. I was so when first I had the honour to make your acquaintance in Paris, but unfortunately my fortune since that period has been entirely dissipated by play, and I have for the last year been obliged to open a *pension* in Frankfort for young English gentlemen, to maintain my little family. I believe I forgot to mention to you, that I am a widower, with three lovely children, very like myself. I had hoped by making an alliance with your daughter, to have

gained for them an amiable mother, and to have risen above my present degraded state. This will at once explain to you why I am unable to fulfil my engagement with one who I shall ever remember with feelings of the deepest respect and admiration. You will not be offended at the enclosed account, for lessons in German to Miss Harrington, during my sojourn at St. Margerets, as I cannot afford to lose my time without remuneration. I have the honour to remain, Sir, &c.

The indignation of Marion, on reading this happy epistle, may be imagined, and was only equalled by her self congratulation at the escape she had experienced. The idea of three children like himself, and a *pension* in Frankfort—how horrible to her refinement, how humbling to her pride.

"The frightful creature," she exclaimed; "as a rich man he was most repulsive, with his odious smoking and faded brocade dressing gown in the morning; but as a poor one, insufferable; an amiable mother for his hideous children—wretches, I would have strangled them all. Good heavens, what an escape—why my loss of fortune has proved the greatest blessing. I will never shed another tear for it."

The perusal of the second letter caused a very different sensation; it was from Captain Harrington, dated Cove of Cork, and was thus expressed:

DEAR JAMES,

We arrived here, where we had orders to take up a draft of the — Regiment, last Monday, but they have been countermanded and are to remain stationed in Ireland, for the present, and I am to proceed direct to Malta to bring home the — Regiment. Your deliberate cruelty to Harvey Blanchard, has had the effect which might have been anticipated in one of his temperament—he was seized with brain fever soon after we sailed, and is considered in a very dangerous state. Murray and Danvers have taken charge of him to —, where his mother resides. If Bell is all that I think her, she will lose no time in joining her unfortunate husband. If the boy dies you deserve to swing for it. Your loving brother, &c.

How dear Belinda was to be prepared for this new affliction we knew not; but Mr. Harrington felt it his duty to gently unfold it to her immediately. She received it far more calmly than we expected.

"I have now a motive for action," she said, rising up from that overwhelming despondency which had bowed her down; "I trace in this the finger of God. He is leading him to himself, and I must not repine at the means he takes, even should he die. My father, will you, oh, will you take me to him?"

"Yes, my darling, my own Belinda," replied Mr. Harrington, tenderly embracing her; "but are you equal to undertake so long a journey yet?"

"Oh yes, yes, today—this moment, suspense alone is intolerable."

Soon were the arrangements made, and the ear-