

Blanchard, imprinting a fond kiss on her beautiful forehead, as he still supported her, "and I ask no more."

With what interest I had listened to this trying scene, I need not say—I knew not what to think of the result, but I felt that all things being in the hands of divine wisdom, would work together for the good of these interesting beings.

Blanchard now enquired for Mrs. Harrington and Marion, expressing a wish to see them, but they declined, under the plea of indisposition—he looked hurt.

"My friend, there is no offence meant to you," said Mr. Harrington; "the ladies would not see you, unless they had made *la grande toilette*, if they were never to behold you again in consequence; but come, Bell, my child, and help to make your old father's tea—I have missed you sadly these last two nights. Blanchard, bring her down stairs, and our kind friend Mrs. Mary will aid us with her pleasant society."

There was an effort made by us all to render the rest of the evening more cheerful, but it was difficult and constrained, only one more day and Blanchard would be far away. Belinda sat by his side, her hand fast locked in his, while the sad expression in his eyes revealed his thoughts—the kind hearted Captain Harrington looked on them with commiseration.

"And all this comes of taking a bad aim at an apple-pated banker," said he, in a discontented whisper to me; "I have half a mind to order a file of men to carry off the bride from the church gates; we would turn the laugh against my good brother from the deck of the Bellona then I think."

I relieved Belinda from the duties of the tea table, soon after which I retired, as I felt that Mr. Harrington might wish to hold a private conversation with Captain Blanchard.

The eventful morning too soon arrived, and was ushered in by gloom and heavy rain. After much entreaty, Marion was prevailed on to attend her unhappy sister, as bridesmaid, but Mrs. Harrington found herself still unequal to leave her room, or even to see her daughter, as she said it would make her nervous. It required all my efforts to support Belinda through the requisite preparations, and when I beheld her dressed and decked in the bridal habiliments, she looked to me like a lovely sacrifice, about to be offered up unto death—every tinge of colour had left her cheek, which was white as the robe she wore. I led her to her father, who was also painfully agitated, but he strove for her sake to command his feelings. Poor Lindsay received us at the church door, and conducted us into the vestry—none could read his thoughts, so beautifully calm and placid was his countenance as he breathed words of strength and comfort into the ears of the distressed girl. I actually dreaded the arrival of Blanchard,

and felt thankful for every moment which permitted time for her to recover more composure; but he detained her not long. Captain Harrington announced his approach, accompanied by his friend; Mr. Danvers, when Lindsay immediately advanced to meet him, and wrung his hand in silence. Not a word was spoken by any one—he took the hand of the trembling Belinda, and walked with her towards the altar, where they both knelt down. With difficulty I commanded my tears, but the deep sonorous voice of Lindsay, commencing the affecting ceremony, recalled me to myself. It was finished, the book closed, they rose from their knees and gazed for a moment wildly on each other—nature could bear no more—Belinda uttered a piercing heart-rending cry, and rushed into the arms of her husband. His look of despair, as he held her there, can never be forgotten—he pressed his lips repeatedly on her brow, her lips, and then gave her to her father, saying in a hoarse discordant tone:

"Thus do I perform my promise; depart with her instantly, else my strength will fail."

Belinda's frantic shrieks, as her father carried her out, followed by Marion, were dreadful. She held out her arms imploringly, while Blanchard stood with his folded, firm as a rock; but the instant she was removed from his sight, his fortitude fled, and he sank against one of the pillars, covering his face with both hands, while the most convulsive sobs burst from his agonised heart. Captain Harrington and Mr. Danvers, both deeply affected, supported him, while the dear excellent Lindsay stood before him, endeavouring to administer consolation. I had lingered, for my sympathy in his sufferings was beyond all expression, and as I did so, the sight of that fine noble form enduring a prostration of grief, which I had never before witnessed, was most truly afflictive to my feelings. I would have drawn near, but Lindsay waved me off, and slowly and sorrowfully did I, as I cast one last glance towards the group, leave the church and re-enter the carriage, which rapidly drove back to St. Margerets. Belinda was perfectly insensible, and remained so for many subsequent hours.

In the course of the day we learnt that Blanchard marched down to the beach with the troops—his step was firm, his voice clear and commanding, but the pale cheek, the sunken eye, the stern compressed lips, told of internal suffering, that not even pride could conceal. The beach was lined with spectators, to watch the embarkation, while many a fair hand waved, as they entered the boats that was to convey them to the Bellona, on the deck of which stood Captain Harrington in all his glory, and the band playing the spirit stirring air of "Rule Britannia." Blanchard sprang up the side of the gallant ship, and stood awhile apart from all—he then suddenly started, and rushed amidst the group of officers on the quarter deck, where he could no