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rmance on the piano. Belinda suffered herself to be led silence to the instrument, which stood at the opposite de of the apartment, and seating herself, inquired what she would play. "Anything, anything," was the answer.

Carelessly turning over the leaves of a music book, she as attracted by the title of a song that met her eye. "Oh eer my bark to Erin's Isle," and, prompted by what she ad heard of the history of the young Irishman, she sung nd played, with great sweetness and effect, the simple elody. The song finished, it was warmly applauded by I but the one for whose gratification it was intended. aptain Elton was standing in a recess near the piano, and Belinda rose from it, she encountered a second time his lance, far more flattering than all the unmeaning applause; r, though expressive of deep emotion, it also told of preciation and gratitude. The evening wore on pleasatly, varied by the amusements, which, in fashionable life, use the hours to fly with rapidity; but Captain Elton still ept aloof from Belinda, apparently afraid to come within er circle; and actually departed from the assembly withat exchanging more than a courteous adieu, while Benda retired to her couch, at the breaking up of the party, ith a sensation of weariness, which is ever the accompanient of the pleasures of the world; pleasures, which, ough unsatisfying, are yet eagerly pursued.

SCENE II.

THE CONVERSATION.

FIERCELY howls the December blast, rudely sweeps the inding snow, — man and beast alike cower from the temst, as it goes on its path raving and raging, piercing evices, whistling past casements, and rejoicing if shattered nes allow of a free entrance. Alas! for the poor on such night as this! Heaven regard those who, all unregarded man, dwell in dark, noisome cellars, or dilapidated attics, those who crowd around a hearth, where smoulder a ndful of coals, which emit no light, and but little warmth, a farthing candle but serving to reveal the unplastered