

fended; it rests with you if I sin past forgiveness. Your father vows I shall never behold you more—the frigate will sail on Tuesday next. If you refuse to take leave of me, a loaded pistol now laying on my table, shall finish its dreadful work. Beware of the answer you send to a man desperate as

HARVEY BLANCHARD."

I returned the note in silence, while a heavy sigh escaped me.

"My father has been more severe than I expected," said Belinda mournfully; "but he is too good to follow it up so cruelly. I felt sure he would divide us; and I have been endeavouring to prepare my mind to meet the trial, but tell him, dear Mrs. Mary, I charge you go and tell him that if he denies me the consolation of a last farewell, he tries me beyond my strength."

But Mr. Harrington had already been won over by his kind hearted brother, whose morning had been devoted to this object; he had seen Blanchard, and promised to intercede for him, and he so completely softened the father's heart by recounting the distress in which he had found him, that Mr. Harrington could no longer refuse his permission for a last interview.

"Bless the impatient boy," cried uncle Sam on my showing him the note; "did I not tell him he should come, with his trash about loaded pistols; why, he has no brains to scatter to the four winds, so he may reserve his fire for a wiser head."

It may well be imagined, as the hour drew near which Belinda had appointed to see him, how great was her agitation; she could not rest in one position for an instant, every approaching sound caused a violent start, while her hands clasped convulsively, her whole frame trembling; all but too well expressed the internal conflict. I looked with terror on the fragile being as she paced the room, dreading lest she should sink beneath its violence. The dark shadows of evening had long enveloped every object from without in gloom, not a star shone in the heavens, while the wind moaning through the trees seemed to add to the oppressive melancholy of her thoughts; she would not have the lamp brought into the room "this light suits me best," she said, as the fire lent a dubious shade over her pale form; "but hark what sound is that; oh, merciful Father, give me strength for my hour, I beseech thee."

I held her or she would have fallen to the ground, while the quick tramp of the well known steed was heard approaching. She spoke not, moved not—the hall door was opened, voices were heard, a hurried step ascended the stairs, and in another instant Harvey Blanchard stood before her. The change in his appearance, since I had last beheld him, was fearful; all serenity had left his fine expressive face, and that beautiful play of feature was replaced by a settled look of despair most painful to witness: he seemed equally struck by the state in which he

found Belinda—he rushed forward and received her from my arms.

"Shall I call your father, my dear child?" said I, really alarmed.

"Oh, no, no; do not leave me; do not leave me alone," gasped the fainting girl.

"Good God, have I then fallen so deeply in your estimation that you fear me?" said the young man in a voice of agony.

"No, no, but your note terrified me," and she looked fearfully and enquiringly on his muffled dress; he tore open his vest and pressing her hand on his manly bosom, said, while a sad smile for an instant crossed his face:

"There is nothing here to harm you, dearest, nothing but a heart wronged and broken; Belinda, were you aware of your father's letter to me?"

"Never, never, Harvey, or it would not have been sent."

"God bless you for those words—then you do not renounce me."

She laid her gentle head down upon his breast, and clung more nearly to him; this was her only answer, but it affected him far more than a thousand protestations could have done.

"And this is the being I am required to yield," he said in bitterness, as he turned for an instant towards me; "what have I done to forfeit the promise made to me. Belinda, I scarcely thought your father capable of such cruelty; the taunting manner in which he alluded to his loss of fortune being a reason why I should not regret the change in his sentiments, was an insult to my fidelity I can never forget, and then my country, to upbraid me with its faults, its vices, its passions, as if it stood alone in these, but he was your father, and I conquered my indignation."

This was uttered with a suppressed resentment, which, it was evident, he had great difficulty to surmount.

"Be patient, dearest Harvey," returned Belinda, in her most soothing tones; "my father must have lamented having been hurried into that which his excellent heart and better judgment would afterwards condemn; passion is a sad enemy to yield to; have you not sometimes found it so?"

He pressed her affectionately as her sad smile met his gaze.

"Belinda, every word you utter makes me feel still more the treasure I have lost; none ever had the power over me that you possess—not even my mother. I heard from her only yesterday—a letter full of congratulations on my happy prospects. Alas, where are they?" dashed from my lips; "by —" here he paused; "but is it even now too late," he continued, starting; "might not your father still be won, Belinda, my own darling, answer me; nay, do not shake your head—you can refuse me nothing this last night."