

trembling form of Belinda, who had drawn her chair as far behind mine as possible. He instantly approached her. She rose, holding out both her hands, then sat down again unable to utter one word, and scarcely knowing what she did. He seemed to feel for her, as he took her hand and pressed it, saying, in a deep mellow voice :

"Miss Harrington is well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes, very; I was so sorry yesterday;" here she paused.

"You were sorry that you were from home when I sent you word I was coming to see you—is that what you would say?"

"No, no, Marion forgot to tell me that such was your kind intention; I felt quite grieved when I found your card on my return.

His countenance expressed gratification as she spoke. He then turned his eyes on me, and Belinda presented me. To add to her reviving courage I addressed a few words to him, which he replied to with much courtesy and politeness. I could not help mentally praying that a being so formed to be admired might yet possess those Christian graces which would survive when the spirit had left its beautiful earthly temple mouldering in the dust, to soar beyond the skies.

"Courage, my dear girl," I whispered to Belinda, near whom I contrived to be placed at dinner; "you behaved admirably, and now that the first interview is over, you need have no more fears."

I perceived the gaze of Captain Blanchard frequently fixed on her, during the repast, and whenever he met hers he returned it affectionately; but, as he sat next to Mrs. Harrington, he was removed some distance from her. This was the room in which they had first met. He repeatedly looked round him, as if in search of some familiar object. Mrs. Harrington talked incessantly, but I fancied that his lively answers and his laugh were forced. I was glad, for Belinda's sake, when we returned to the drawing-room, although I was then doomed to listen to all the gossip of the neighbourhood; to hear the faults and foibles of others descanted on with all that asperity which morality, when untintured by the charities of religion, too often possesses. Mrs. Fortescue was in raptures with the beauty of Captain Blanchard.

"He is a most divine creature," she exclaimed; "he has promised to lend me his pony, which, he says is so gentle and tractable that a child might manage him; you are fond of riding Miss Belinda Harrington, are you not; I think I have seen you mounted?"

"I am very fond of it," replied Belinda; "but papa has so many engagements, that he cannot often spare the time to accompany me."

"And you are too pretty behaved to ride with any one else, I suppose; my sposo has his engagements also, but they do not interfere with mine; we

are quite independent of each other; he is shut up for hours in his counting-house, poor man, while I am obliged to seek amusements for myself. My dear Mrs. Harrington, what should we married ladies do without the counting-house or the office; they are menageries which keep quiet many an intractable animal, who would be insufferably in our way at home. But pray Miss Harrington, let me hear your harp; I doat upon music."

The gentlemen rejoined us early. Mrs. Fortescue was expatiating on the splendour of the moon on their entrance, and expressed a wish to stroll on the lawn, to contemplate its reflection on the waters; but as no one felt disposed to indulge her romance, on a cold autumnal night, she was obliged to relinquish it. Captain Blanchard approached Belinda, and I heard him say to her:

"Am I really in St. Margerets—I have been vainly seeking for some object to assure me of its identity, and I can find none."

"Not one?" asked Belinda, smiling.

"Yes one, and only one," he returned in a lower tone; "is she in all things what she was?"

"With the exception, perhaps, of a little more experience, I think she is."

"I fear that experience will not prove in my favour; Belinda, where are your favourite walks now?"

"You know them well, I have never changed them."

"Do you ever walk alone?"

"Never beyond the grounds."

"And who is usually your companion?"

Belinda mentioned my name, and he glanced quickly in the direction where I sat. I now felt an inclination to move, and involuntarily half rose from my chair; but a beseeching look from Belinda changed my intention. He then bent his head low, and whispered a few words, at which she shook her head, and he made an impatient gesture. After a short pause, he enquired:

"Where is the old high-backed chair, and the round table, which I used to see?"

"They have been long since banished, as unsightly objects—I have them in my own room; with other dear relics. But tell me, Harvey, have you any idea how long you are to remain at P——?"

"Not the slightest—we may be here a month; we may not stay five days; we are only waiting for the ship. Are you aware that it is the *Bellona*, Captain Harrington, which is to take us out?"

"No indeed, I was not—how very singular—alas, it will be the first time that I shall feel so pleasure in the arrival of my dear uncle," and Belinda heavily sighed. "Have you visited Ireland since we met?" she continued.

"No, I grieve to say that I have been unable to do so, particularly as the health of my mother is not