

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

SC

F. *Car 7.*
BELINDA DALTON;

OR

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A HALIFAX BELLE.

founded on fact.

BY

MARY E. HERBERT.

HALIFAX, N. S.:

MARY E. HERBERT.

1859.

J.A.X.
APR 25 1951

HERBERT, ME

0525

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.:
THURSTON AND TORRY,
PRINTERS.

fee
pre
fax
we
tio
the
ma
Ma
it i
in
the
eac
goc
S
gra
Ha
neig

P R E F A C E .

IN presenting this little work to the public, the Author feels that some explanations are requisite, and these she is prepared, briefly, to state. "Scenes in the Life of a Halifax Belle" was published, some years ago, in one of the weekly periodicals. It appeared, however, in detached portions, and very irregularly, so that few who obtained part of the story were able to procure the whole, while to the great majority of the citizens of Halifax it was utterly unknown. Many, therefore, having anxiously expressed a wish to have it in a permanent form, the Writer concluded to publish it in a pamphlet. Should it meet with the success anticipated, the Author proposes publishing a series of original Tales, each complete in itself, and a few of which will form a good-sized volume.

She also embraces this opportunity of presenting her grateful acknowledgments to the patrons of the "Æolian Harp," and the Press generally, throughout this and the neighboring Province, for the encouraging manner in which

that work has been received and noticed, thus proving, beyond a doubt, that the Provinces are not, as has been slanderously affirmed, slow to appreciate native literature, or backward to respond to its claims, and she feels encouraged, by a remembrance of the past, to hope for success in her present undertaking.

lac
wa
in
all
lar
anc
anc
fig
anc
ple
vill
cou
wo
anc
tou
flas
che
S
of
and
pau
unr
frou

ing,
been
, or
ged,
her

BELINDA DALTON;

OR

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A HALIFAX BELLE.

SCENE I.

"Do look at that curious figure yonder," said a young lady to a gentleman walking by her side.

"I am certain it is that of a lady of the olden times," was the rejoinder.

I turned, the speakers were at my elbow, and, glancing in the direction referred to, beheld the person to whom they alluded. It was a woman about sixty years of age; singularly did her form and face contrast with that of the young and blooming girl who had first pointed her out. A scanty and rusty black dress fell in narrow folds around her tall thin figure, a well worn shawl was pinned tight about her throat, and an ample black bonnet, a memorial of the past, completed her costume. She stood by a shop-window in Granville Street, and, as the brilliant gas-light fell on her countenance, I marked it well. Traces of former beauty would have been detected by a close observer, in the thin and care-worn face which still preserved its Grecian contour, and now and then the dim and sunken eyes would flash with a fire, similar, at least, to that of youth, while the cheeks would glow with somewhat of their former brilliancy.

She was alone. Group after group passed her by; tones of womanly sweetness blended with manly voices, and now and then the prattle of childhood fell on her ear; but none paused to address her! A lonely woman, unknown and unnoticed, except by the glance of curiosity, she passed from my sight. Might we dare to lift the veil that hides

her former history from view, might we venture to sketch a few scenes in a life, not blackened by deeds of darkness, but lightened by acts of virtue, ay, and of heroism, — heroism, not that which nations delight to listen to, nor that which is trumpeted by the voice of fame, but that which, in the dwelling of poverty, in the sick chamber, and over the death-bed of the beloved, sheds its all-reviving influence; heroism, which, though unknown on earth, shall be made manifest in heaven.

THE PARTY.

A large and elegant mansion in ——— street, is brilliantly lighted up. Carriage after carriage wheels up to its entrance, deposits its fair burden, and then drives rapidly away "lightened of its load." It is the eighteenth birth-night of Mr. Dalton's youngest daughter, and an evening party have met to celebrate it.

We enter the large and well-ventilated halls, pass up a broad staircase, whose velvet carpet gives back no echo to the tread, and enter an anteroom at the west end. The apartment is crowded; numbers are gathered round a table leisurely sipping their coffee, while others are standing at a little distance, with their cups in their hands, discussing the occasion which has brought them together.

"To-day, Miss Dalton has arrived at the age of eighteen, you observed, did you not, Doctor?" said an elegant looking young man to a somewhat staid and elderly gentleman.

"Yes," was the reply; "and on this auspicious night she makes her first *entrée* into fashionable life."

"Is she as handsome as her sisters?"

"From the few opportunities I have had of observing, I imagine she far surpasses them; but you must judge for yourself."

"I saw her once at a public exhibition," chimed in another gentleman who had been standing near the speaker, "to which she accompanied her sisters, and thought her then the loveliest creature I had ever beheld; but that was several years ago, and she may have altered."

"Well, well, gentlemen," said Dr. Fleming pleasantly, "if she is only half as handsome as reported, with the attrac-

etch a tions of a golden dowry, and as the daughter of Mr. Dal-
ness, ton, she will have, no doubt, many suitors, so take care of
n, — your hearts.”

, nor At a distance from the group, and in a half meditative
that attitude, stood a young man who had evidently caught the
, and last words of the speaker, uttered in a somewhat loud
iving tone, for his dark eye flashed, and his lip curled, as he half
shall muttered, “No danger of my heart. I dislike beauties, and
should be sorry to add to her train of suitors.”

But we have lingered too long; let us ascend with the
crowd to the drawing-room. What a gorgeous scene
presents itself to our view, as the folding-doors are thrown
open to admit the throng. The walls of the spacious and
bril- elegant apartment are tastefully decorated with wreaths of
o its flowers, entwined amid green branches; the rich satin
oidly curtains, with their gilt fringe and tassels; the beau-
l rth- tiful marble centre and side tables, on which are placed
ning vases of exotics, and books, whose elegant binding attracts
the eye; ottomans, whose well wrought roses stand in such
up a bold relief from the velvet which they adorn, that one
o to would imagine they had carelessly been dropt on them;
The musical instruments, couches and chairs of exquisite work-
able manship, — combined with the graceful and elegant persons,
at a attired in chaste simplicity, or gorgeous splendor, which fill
the the apartment, — render the scene, for the first few moments,
almost bewildering to the senses. At the head of the room,
gen, gracefully welcoming her guests, is the mistress of the
ing mansion, a tall and elegant woman, in the meridian of life.
she A dress of rich fawn-colored satin, displays to great advan-
tage her purely rounded bust, while the blonde cap, with
its exquisite French flowers, is very becoming to the
g, I full face and auburn tresses, which are parted smoothly
for here beneath it. But there is one form which seems to constitute
in here the centre of attraction. It is that of a young and
er, lovely girl, in the very bloom of life. She is seated on a
gen crimson velvet couch, and a gay group are gathered around
er. Her tall, slender, but graceful form, is attired in a
eral rich white satin dress, a wreath of white roses encircles her
head, and contrasts well with the raven tresses, whose
“if glossy curls shade a face of almost ideal beauty. It is
ac- beauty, not merely of features, or complexion, though these
indeed seem perfect; the white and ample forehead, the

large, dark, and brilliant eyes, half shaded by long thick eyelashes, the small finely shaped nose, the pouting coral lips, and the roseate bloom that adorns the cheeks, all are beautiful; but the expression of sweetness and sensibility, that beams from the eyes, and plays in fascinating smiles around the mouth, seems irresistibly attractive.

Name after name is announced by the servant, but Belinda seems too much occupied by the group around her to pay much attention to them, until "Captain Elton" meets her ear, and a young man of distinguished appearance enters the apartment. It is the same whose spoken aversion to beauties we overheard. Saluting the hostess, and with a bow of mingled ease and haughtiness to Miss Dalton, he retires to the further end of the drawing-room, and engages in conversation with several acquaintances. Belinda Dalton had raised her eyes as his name was announced, but encountering his glance of curiosity, not unmingled, at least so she imagined, with a slight degree of disdain, had immediately dropped them, and continued, in a tone of gayety, her former conversation, though not without a pang of sorrow, and perhaps wounded vanity, as every now and then, the remembrance of that glance rose to her memory, and was interpreted by her thus: "You are the admired and spoilt child of wealth, and will be, if you are not already, the heartless coquette. I, at least, will keep at a distance from your snare,"—and Belinda experienced the pain of being unappreciated by one whom she highly esteemed. A reverie into which she had fallen was interrupted by the inquiry of a gentleman:

"Do you know, Miss Dalton, of what country Captain Elton is a native?"

"No," was the reply.

"The Emerald Isle claims him for her son," said Belinda's brother Charles, a young lieutenant in the navy. "He intends returning very soon to his native land for he is absolutely homesick. His mother and sisters, to whom he is much attached, reside there. Only look, Belinda, what a melancholy countenance he wears. Shall I bring him over, and see if you have power to win him to smiles?"

"I have no wish to exert it," said Belinda coldly.

At this moment Dr. Fleming joined the group, with an entreaty from several gentlemen, to Miss Dalton, for a per-

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

Carelessly turning over the leaves of a music book, she was attracted by the title of a song that met her eye, "Oh steer my bark to Erin's Isle," and, prompted by what she had heard of the history of the young Irishman, she sung and played, with great sweetness and effect, the simple melody. The song finished, it was warmly applauded by all but the one for whose gratification it was intended. Captain Elton was standing in a recess near the piano, and as Belinda rose from it, she encountered a second time his glance, far more flattering than all the unmeaning applause; for, though expressive of deep emotion, it also told of appreciation and gratitude. The evening wore on pleasantly, varied by the amusements, which, in fashionable life, cause the hours to fly with rapidity; but Captain Elton still kept aloof from Belinda, apparently afraid to come within her circle; and actually departed from the assembly without exchanging more than a courteous adieu, while Belinda retired to her couch, at the breaking up of the party, with a sensation of weariness, which is ever the accompaniment of the pleasures of the world; pleasures, which, though unsatisfying, are yet eagerly pursued.

SCENE II.

THE CONVERSATION.

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

walls, and the broken chairs, wooden table, &c., which constitute the furniture of the miserable dwelling. Oh ye whose garner is filled with plenty, be not unmindful of the sons of want, but give of your abundance with a liberal hand and a warm heart, so shall "the blessing of those who were ready to perish come upon you."

But mournfully as moaned the wind, fiercer as grew the tempest, it was unheeded by a group who were seated in a chamber of Mr. Dalton's dwelling. Very pleasant looked the apartment, with its thick Brussels carpet, its crimson damask curtains, screening its ample windows, its ruddy fire sending a genial glow through the room, rendering almost needless the wax candles that stood on the marble mantel-piece. Comfort, comfort; the word seemed written on the gay paper that covered the walls, and now smiled as the ruddy fire glanced on it, — on the mahogany bedstead with its hangings of lace, — on the large and softly cushioned arm-chairs, — on the chintz ottomans, the rocking-chairs and couch; convenience and elegance on the toilette-table, glittering with its array of scent-bottles, its massive mirror, its fairy-looking boxes; elegance in the harp, reclining on a stand at the farther end of the apartment, and in a small book-case pendent above it, crowded with volumes of light literature.

We before alluded to a group seated within. It consisted of Mr. Dalton's three daughters. They had just returned from a party at Government House, and dismissing their maids, sat down in the elder sister's chamber to comment on the proceedings of the evening, before retiring to rest.

"I feel very weary to-night," said Alice, the eldest sister who had thrown herself carelessly on a sofa; "those parties, after all, are very tiresome, do you not think so Lavinia?"

"No, indeed, the time passed very pleasantly away with me; but I really pitied you, with that self-conceited doctor for ever at your elbow, keeping up a continual chattering. He is a regular fop, elderly man though he be, and seems to imagine that all the young girls are in love with him."

"I claim exemption," said Alice laughing, "for he does not excite in me the least particle of admiration."

"Then why give him so much encouragement? Why allow him to accompany you wherever you go? Why laugh and chat continually with him?"

"Because a man with an income of several thousand pounds per annum is not to be despised, especially when you take into consideration that if anything should happen to my papa, ours will be a very small jointure. Mamma says that we live beyond our income now; and as I never had any taste for poverty, I tell you frankly, that if nothing more eligible offers, should Doctor Fleming propose, I will not refuse, old and conceited though he be. But, Belinda, you look as serious as though I had been contemplating some time; what are your ideas on the subject?"

"I should think it a crime, and no very light one, to stand at the altar, and solemnly vow to love and obey, when you have no such intention. Suppose, dear Alice, Doctor Fleming should become a poor man, would you then be willing to take him for better for worse?"

"No, indeed; in that case I should not think of him."

"Well, then, you will marry the riches, not the man. Wealth is only a useless appendage, which you would prefer dispensing with, if you could obtain wealth in any other manner."

"Really, Belinda, you are quite a moralist! How strange you view the subject. I am sure I never thought of it in that light. Nevertheless, I have quite made up my mind. 'Love in a cottage,' roses, honeysuckles, &c., might do for you, but really never will answer for me. Just imagine me the mistress of a small house, with one servant, — continually looking after her, worrying for fear my parlors should not arrive at the acme of neatness, — ironing my laces, &c., because, forsooth, the servant would spoil them, — making my pastry, — and, more than all, darning my husband's stockings. No, no, I like too well the conveniences of a large mansion; the delectable *ennui*, that attends on having nothing to do; the routine of a well ordered table, without the trouble of looking after it; a carriage at your command, releasing you from the necessity of exposing a delicate upper lip to the merciless gravel, or scarcely less merciless dust; — these are indispensable to me, they are not luxuries, but necessities, without which I really believe I could not exist. But now that I have informed you of my determination, let me hear an account of your proceedings this evening. Come, be explicit, for I intend to cross-question you. Who among your train of suitors do you intend to honor with

your dainty hand? Let me see. One — two — three, you have rejected already, without any reason, that I could discover, sufficient to warrant such a procedure. You seem bent on breaking hearts, sister."

"Indeed, Alice, you wrong me," said Belinda gravely. "I should be very sorry to feign an attachment where I did not feel one, for the sake of an unworthy triumph. As for the gentlemen to whom you refer, I can conscientiously state, that I never gave them the least encouragement; if they chose to interpret my actions otherwise, I regret it, but do not consider myself to blame."

"Well, well, Belinda, I have no doubt such is the case; but I am really curious to know your reasons for thus summarily dismissing them. We will begin with the first, William Edgington. You cannot deny that he has youth, health, and good looks in his favor; now what did you find to counterbalance these?"

"His egotism. The subject of his conversation, from morning to night, is ever the same. You are continually hearing of his wonderful achievements, the dangers he has experienced, of his fearlessness and courage, and the commendations he has received for the performance of various feats. A miserable woman indeed, his wife will be, continually obliged to hear of his amiable disposition, but never beholding a proof of it. He prides himself on being exceedingly gentle, but to whom? To the poor woman who crosses his path, and who has daily to earn her scanty bread, does he endeavor to mitigate the harshness of her lot by, at least, common civility? No, no, it is reserved exclusively for ladies of wealth; his servants see but little of it, if reported correctly. It was but yesterday I overheard him in crossing the street, lecturing to a poor woman, who, with an infant in her arms, was soliciting his charity. In harsh and imperious tones he ordered her away, and I could not help contrasting his behavior to her, with his complaisant and fawning manner to one whom he considers a *lady*."

"But, Belinda, I think you are too severe. What else could he have done?"

"Do as every noble-minded man would have done. First inquire into the merits of the case, and then endeavor to relieve."

"I see," said Alice laughing, "he would never have

quited you. But what have you to say against Edward Oliver? He is generous in the extreme, and certainly cannot merit the title of egotist."

"No, indeed. He is the very reverse, and that is one of the things I lay to his charge. A man should respect himself too much to commit dishonorable actions. He has not the very nicest sense of honor, I fancy, and is, besides, exceedingly dissipated. The happiness of my life would indeed be risked, were I united to such a man."

"Well, now for the last, Henry Palmer. What objection can you possibly have to him? Young, handsome, generous, yet prudent, exceedingly fascinating in manners, unexceptionable in morals, what more would you expect? I do not believe there was one disengaged young lady in the party this evening, that would refuse him but yourself."

"That may be, and yet he would not be my choice. I acknowledge he possesses all the qualities you have enumerated; his conversation is exceedingly brilliant; his wit inexhaustible; and judging from his continual smiles, I should say he is very good-humored; and yet it is this that disappoints me. Strange as it may appear, I should like him better were he sometimes otherwise. I do not mean cynical or morose, but occasionally grave. He is superficial, his learning, his accomplishments, all seem to float on the surface; his affections are evanescent; like the butterfly, he is continually roving from flower to flower; there is no wellspring of generous feeling, that gush irresistibly forth, keeping the heart pure from the defiling touch of fashionable life. He is a complete 'man of the world;' sentiment is on his tongue, but it never awakes noble and lofty impulses in his heart. No, no, though I like him much, very much, as an acquaintance, he could never be a near friend. There is no sympathy, no congeniality between us."

"How foolish you are, Belinda; when you are as old as I am you will have become less fastidious, or you surely will be an old maid."

"That is very possible; indeed I have almost made up my mind to it, for I see nothing dreadful in that appellation."

"I have just thought," said Lavinia, who had been silent during the foregoing conversation, "of the person who would suit you exactly, and that is Captain Elton. He has

neither beauty nor riches, so I am sure you could not fall out with him on that account. To be sure some persons call him distinguished looking, but I cannot tell why. By the bye, Belinda, do you think it is his pride that keeps him aloof from you? He believes papa is very wealthy, at least from what I have heard; and I suppose it is his nice sense of honor that obliges him to act thus, for I observed his eyes following you this evening with a half wistful expression. Now I am, sure the candles did not require snuffing, and it makes me nervous to see any person walking about while I am talking.

"Bessy, the maid," continued Lavinia, "was relating to me, while arranging my hair this morning, the accident that happened to her brother, who you know is Captain Elton's groom. The poor fellow met with a serious fall some weeks ago, which fractured his arm, and otherwise disabled him. Of course he expected to be dismissed from his situation, as the doctor said he would not be able to do anything for several months. Sad news for a man who has a wife and six children to support. But what do you think his master did, when he heard of it? Went immediately to see him; sent him the best medical advice, and promised to pay him his wages as usual, until he should be fully recovered, and able to renew his service. And this, too, from a man comparatively poor. What a pity, Belinda, that he is not wealthy, though I suppose you would like him the better for that, then you would be able to give a practical demonstration of 'Love in a cottage.'"

Belinda smiled, and taking up her candle declared she must retire to rest, for morning was dawning.

"I am afraid these late hours do not agree with you," said Alice, as she looked up to bid her sister good night. "How flushed your cheeks are, you really appear feverish."

"I feel a little weary, certainly, but a few hours' rest will perfectly restore me. Good night."

"By the bye, Belinda, what day was named for the sleighing party?"

"Next Thursday."

"Ah, I had forgotten. Good night."

SCENE III.

THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

"A PLEASANT winter's morning this," said Belinda, as she entered the breakfast parlor, on the Thursday named for the sleigh-ride.

"Yes," responded her brother Charles, "we shall have a capital time of it, I have no doubt. But Belinda, in whose sleigh do you intend to ride? I should think there would be some trouble in distributing the ladies among the vehicles, so that the arrangement would prove agreeable to them, and the gentlemen also."

"Dr. Fleming proposed lots, the other evening, to obviate that difficulty. You were not present; however, one of the company acted as proxy, and I suppose you have no objection, when you hear sweet Annie Malvin, her mother, and cousin, have fallen into your charge. If they knew you as well as I do," she added, archly laughing, "I do not think they would so willingly have risked their precious lives with such a wild scamp; but, to say the truth, they did not look very dissatisfied with the arrangement, for I noticed that Annie's beautiful blue eyes sparkled with unwonted pleasure."

"Saucy girl!" exclaimed her brother, evidently delighted with the intelligence, as he bent over her chair, and pressed his lips to her forehead, "have a care how you mightly value my abilities, or perhaps I shall bring an action against you for libel. But you have not answered my first question. How is Alice, Lavinia and yourself, disposed of?"

"Alice goes with Dr. Fleming."

"Certainly the old Doctor contrived nicely," said Charles, laughing; "I am suspicious it was not all fair play."

"Lavinia with Harry Palmer, and I with Captain Elton."

"Lavinia with Harry Palmer!" ejaculated Charles in astonishment. "I am sorry that the arrangement is not more in your favor," continued he, "but I dare say we may be able to make an exchange. It will be of little moment to Lavinia, whether she rides with Harry, or Captain Elton, as Mr. Layton is away, but to you, who dislike the Captain, it would be of no slight consequence; I trust,

however, I shall be able to transfer you to Harry Palmer, and Lavinia to Captain Elton."

"Do not think of it for a moment," said Belinda, as her brother turned to leave the apartment. "You misunderstood me altogether. When did I say I disliked Captain Elton?"

"Well, not exactly disliked, perhaps, for that is too harsh a word, but certainly you prefer Harry Palmer."

"Prefer him, no indeed. I have a sincere respect for Captain Elton, I have nothing more for Henry Palmer."

"Why, sister, you surprise me! Report has it, and I am sure I gave credence to it, that Harry had distanced all competitors in the race; and nearly won the prize," he added, laughing, and glancing at his sister's flushed and somewhat discomposed features.

"Report was mistaken, and so were you, dear brother," said Belinda; "but I must go and see what detains Alice and Lavinia; they will be late if they do not hasten."

The town clock had just chimed the hour of two, when several sleighs drove up to Mr. Dalton's dwelling. The hall door opened, and their owners sprang forward to receive their fair charges. Captain Elton, with a courteous salutation, handed Mrs. Dalton, and an elderly female friend, into the vehicle, and placing Belinda on a front seat, sprang up by her side.

"Belinda certainly does appear very happy," mentally ejaculated Charles, glancing at her, as he passed by to enter his own sleigh; "I have seldom seen her look better." And beautiful, indeed, she looked. The crimson velvet bonnet with its plume of white feathers, seemed in admirable contrast to the rich black tresses that fell in luxuriant curls beneath; the cheeks were flushed, perhaps with excitement, perhaps with pleasure, and the whole countenance seemed illumined, as she replied to some question of Captain Elton's. The black velvet pelisse, with its trimming of fur, the tippet and muff of the same material, completed her costume; a very becoming one, at least so thought Captain Elton. But the signal was given, and swiftly and merrily the sleighs passed over the smoothly trodden snow. On they went, through the streets of Halifax which seemed unusually gay — for Christmas was at hand, and the shop windows displayed numberless toys, fancy articles, &c, gift

for the coming holidays. The sky was clear and deeply blue; the rays of the sun glistening on the pure snow, rendered it dazzlingly brilliant; the pedestrians hurried to and fro with smiling faces, for there was something wonderfully invigorating in the frosty air; the merry sound of the bells, that warned of an approach of sleighs, freighted with fair forms and happy faces; the richly caparisoned horses, gay with scarlet housings and streamers, appearing to participate in the enjoyment to which they so largely contributed, — all formed a scene of pleasure, unknown to the dwellers in a tropical climate.

The destination of our party was a house of entertainment on the Windsor Road, where they had made arrangements for dining, and passing the evening. The conversation was at first short and interrupted, but as they entered the more unfrequented roads, the gift of speech seemed awakened to renewed vigor; and lively repartee, and careless laughter, told of hearts apparently at ease.

“How beautiful,” said Belinda, as they entered a road skirted by woods, “how beautiful looks the evergreen spruce. It seems to flourish as fair amid the snow, and the blasts of winter, as when surrounded by other verdure, and warmed by balmy summer breezes.”

“An emblem of constancy,” replied Captain Elton, “that does not in the winter of adversity, but seems to acquire fresh beauty amid surrounding desolation.”

We will not weary our readers by giving a detail of the varied conversation of the parties. Suffice it to say, that she was intelligent and agreeable; and at the termination of the ride, its apparent shortness was the subject of general remark. On alighting at the inn, the ladies retired to divest themselves of their riding-dresses, and soon returned, at the summons for dinner. Captain Elton conducted Belinda to the dining-room, and sat by her side; his aversion to beauties having passed away, at least so we might judge, the thousand nameless attentions he lavished on his fair neighbor.

“Miracles will never cease!” said Lavinia, who sat opposite to them, laughing, and turning to Mr. Palmer. “That he has been very efficacious, for Captain Elton has really grown handsome; do you not think so?”

Henry Palmer looked, and his brow darkened as he did

so, for Captain Elton was conversing, in low tones, with Belinda. She was listening attentively, and from the flushed cheeks, and beaming eyes of both, the subject appeared of a very pleasing character. Lavinia repeated her question, before she received an answer.

"It would not be polite," said Harry, bowing, to differ from a lady, "and besides, you know, gentlemen are not good judges of each other."

At this moment the ladies rose to withdraw, and Lavinia was spared the necessity of replying.

The gentlemen soon rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room, and enlivened the company by their performances: on several musical instruments they had brought with them. Music and conversation chased the swiftly-winged hours away, and it was with regret that they beheld the time approaching for their departure. The placid beams of the cloudless moon cheered their homeward ride; and, as they entered the road that winds round Bedford Basin, the picturesque scenery was the subject of much admiration. The evergreen spruce that skirted it, formed a fine contrast to the pure expanse, solid, apparently, as marble, dotted by a long line of sleighs, hurrying rapidly over its frozen surface, while the silvery appearance of the parts on which the moonbeams glistened, heightened the effect of the scene. Pleasant, very pleasant, to all parties, was that homeward journey, one of those periods, that, hallowed by delightful associations, dwell on the memory, and can be called up vividly again, through the lapse of many intervening years.

SCENE IV.

THE VISIT.

"A NOTE for Miss Belinda," said the servant, as the family were seated at the breakfast table, one morning in the ensuing May. Belinda opened the note, read it, and laid it down with a sigh.

"Mamma," she inquired, "do you not remember my favorite school companion, Clarissa Nelville? Though several years older than I, what a cordial friendship subsisted between us."

“Yes, you were indeed intimate,” replied Mrs. Dalton, but I always thought Clarissa too romantic, and her imprudent marriage proved it.”

“I remember,” said Mr. Dalton, a fine looking man of about fifty years of age, “when she was first introduced into society, a beautiful girl truly, and one calculated to win admiration wherever she went. I can scarcely wonder at her father’s anger, at marrying so far beneath her.”

“Was there anything against the young man, except his poverty?”

“He was not her equal in station. Her father, as the younger son of a noble family, expected his daughter to marry a gentleman of rank, but instead of that, she refused several eligible offers, and accepted a shopkeeper.”

“But papa,” persisted Belinda, “was there anything against his character?”

“Oh, no; had his station and means been equal to her’s, she would have been an excellent match, for few could surpass him, physically or mentally.”

“I saw him several times after his marriage,” said Lavinia, “walking with Clarissa, and I thought then, I had seldom seen a handsomer couple.”

“He published some poems in one of our papers, under a fictitious signature,” chimed in Charles, “which were generally admired. I wonder what has become of the poor things. I do not think they reside here still.”

“I made frequent inquiries, but never could obtain a satisfactory answer, for you know all her fashionable friends forsook her, on her marrying, as they expressed it, beneath her. This note, however, has dissipated the secrecy which apparently attended her movements. It is from her, and she begs me, if I have not entirely forgotten the friendship which formerly subsisted between us, to call and see her. I am afraid she is in great distress, judging by the manner in which she writes.”

“But where does she reside, Belinda?”

“In Irish Town, two doors south of Mr. Winton’s grocery store.”

“Do you intend going?” said Alice.

“Yes, surely, this very afternoon.”

“I do not know why you need do so. I am sure I pity her very much, but, for all that, would not venture into

those disagreeable streets, and dirty dwellings. Could you not send her relief by the servant, for I suppose it is that which she needs."

"Surely, Alice, you do not mean what you say. What turn coldly away from one, who, if she had any faults, they leaned to virtue's side. She may have been imprudent, but nothing more, and she has suffered deeply for it. It is not for me, erring fellow-mortal that I am, to judge; rather let me leave that to a higher Power, and hasten to pour into the wounded breast the consolations of sympathizing friendship. Well I know, were I in her case, they would be more highly praised than the gold of Ophir."

"Well, well, Belinda, you were intended, no doubt, for a heroine of romance; I am but a common-place character; however, my purse is not very heavy, but it is at your service," handing a crimson one elegantly wrought with gold beads, and adorned with fringe and clasps of the same precious metal.

"Thank you, dear Alice. I believe I shall have to levy contributions on all, but not now. I will first go and ascertain her condition."

"It is commencing to snow," said Lavinia, in the afternoon of the same day, as she stood by the drawing-room window. "You will postpone your visit, will you not?" she inquired, addressing Belinda, who had just entered the apartment equipped for her walk.

"Oh, no. A little snow will not injure me, and, even if it should come on heavier, I am too well wrapped up to fear it much. It would seem unkind in me to delay longer after the receipt of Clarissa's note."

"Had you not better ride, then?"

"No, I prefer walking. I shall be able to find my way without difficulty, and it might remind her too forcibly of past times, and the contrast between our conditions, were I to go in a carriage."

At this moment the hall clock chimed the hour of three, and Belinda hastened to depart.

"You will be back to dinner, of course?" said Lavinia as Belinda walked to the door.

"Yes," she replied, laughing, "unless I should be lost in the snow storm; in that case, you must tell Alice to send Dr. Fleming in search of me, for I am sure his stentorian

ld you
is that
"I think you would be much more likely to hear Captain Elton ; so beware, for remember, if you do not arrive home at the appointed hour, I shall send him after you."

What,
s, they
at, but
is not
her let
to the
riend-
uld be
"Belinda replied gaily, as she closed the drawing-room door, and descending the staircase, with light steps, soon found herself in the street. Holding an umbrella, to protect her from the now fast falling snow, she walked rapidly unheeding those around, until her attention was arrested by the sound of her name ; and, pausing, she beheld Captain Elton.

bt, for
racter;
ir ser-
a gold
same
"I was just about visiting you," said he, when the first congratulations were over, "for I thought you would hardly have ventured out such a day as this. I am afraid we shall have a very severe storm before evening."

o lev-
ascen-
"I should not have done so, except in a case of urgent necessity. I received a note from a friend this morning, requesting a visit, and, as I wished very much to see her, I could not consent to postpone it."

after-
-room
ot ?"
ed the
ven it
up to
onget
"Will you allow me to be your escort?" inquired Captain Elton, "and I shall be able, at the same time, to return the object of my errand to you."

ed the
ven it
up to
onget
"With pleasure," replied Belinda, and taking the umbrella, which he declared too heavy for her, he held it over her head, placing, at the same time, her arm gently in his. In what a different light, circumstance places the same objects. At another time, Belinda could not but have acknowledged that the walk was long and unpleasant, but now, how short and agreeable it seemed. No doubt, the course of her companion contributed to this, although one flattering expression escaped his lips.

r wat-
oly c-
went
hree
vinia
ost in
sent
-oriate
"I was about calling on you," said Captain Elton, "to tell you a tale of woes, which, I am sure, will enlist the sympathies of your heart. A day or two ago, I heard of the distress of a lady, who had formerly belonged to the high-society circles here, and had been for a time the reigning belle. She married imprudently, and against her father's wishes, she was immediately disowned her. During the first year of her marriage, everything prospered with the young couple ; but in the second, misfortunes overtook them. Some mercurial speculations, in which the husband had engaged,

proved unsuccessful ; his affairs became embarrassed ; debts accumulated ; until at last, he was thrown into prison, where he languished for some time, and then died. After his death, his afflicted widow strove to support herself and children by her needle, but the sedentary occupation, combined with the deep grief that preyed upon her mind, threw her into a slow fever. During her illness, her poor neighbor took charge of her children, and she is now, I believe, convalescent. It is a delicate matter, to offer relief to one who has been brought up so tenderly, and whose feelings, no doubt, are as refined and sensitive as ever, and I believed that one of her own sex would be better than I, to enter into her case ; but to no lady would I so willingly apply, for from none would I feel so sure of success, as yourself."

Belinda blushed, but answered promptly, "I shall be most happy to do all in my power to assist you in your benevolent undertaking ; but what is the name of the lady to whom you allude ?"

"Mrs. Kenyson."

"*Mrs. Kenyson!* It is the very one whom I am about to visit. She was an intimate companion of mine, in school-girl days."

"A singular coincidence, truly, and an extremely fortunate one," exclaimed Captain Elton.

Belinda then related to her delighted listener many little anecdotes which came under her observation, and which displayed, in a striking light, the excellencies of Mrs. Kenyson's character.

"What so beautiful as the confiding friendship of youth," mentally ejaculated Captain Elton, as he gazed on Belinda's countenance, glowing with enthusiasm ; on her eyes, beaming with the remembrance of affection ; and, as the musical tones of her voice fell upon his ear, pouring forth words of untutored eloquence, fresh from a warm and generous heart, he thought the cause of humanity could not find a more efficacious pleader. At length, they arrived at the place designated in the note, as Mrs. Kenyson's residence. They opened a low gate, blackened by rain, dust and smoke, which led to a long alley. Emerging from this, they beheld before them an old dwelling, whose rafters almost appeared coeval with the patriarchs. On the irregular and broken steps that led to the door, a number of squalid children were playing ;

; debts the whole aspect was most forlorn. Belinda sighed, as she
 prison, followed Captain Elton up the stairs, and then on, through
 After his several long dark passages, with their damp, and yellow-
 and chil- chred walls, and floors so black, that it was difficult to
 ombined know of what material they had been composed. At length,
 rew her she paused at a door on the left hand, and inquired from the
 ighbour person who opened it, if Mrs. Kenyson lived there ? ”
 ve, con- “ Yes,” was the reply, “ but her room is two flights of
 one who stairs above this ; ascend them, and the first door you come
 ngs, no to, on the right hand, is hers.” Again they mounted, but
 believed found it a difficult task, for the stairs were in total darkness.
 to enter there was not a single pane of glass to light the passage,
 apply, but they groped their way along, and at last found the door
 self.” to which they had been directed. Knocking at it, “ Walk
 hall be- l,” was faintly uttered by a weak voice, and Belinda opened
 n your the door of the miserable apartment. It was a small attic-
 lady to room ; the irregular, sloping and smoky ceilings, the damp,
 mildewed walls, the rough boarded stretcher, with its straw
 ed, and scanty covering, the broken table, supported
 about against the wall, on which were placed several articles of
 school- self, apparently arranged for a meal, and the narrow window,
 with its cheerless prospect of snow and blackness withal, —
 fortune- l sent a thrill of horror to Belinda’s soul. How much more
 as this increased, when she surveyed the miserable inhabi-
 y little- tants. Near a rusty stove, on which stood some cooking
 sh dis- tensils, was seated a female. An old and well-patched
 Keny- wrapper partly covered over by a large shawl, a white mus-
 n cap, under which was smoothly parted tresses, once golden,
 outh, formed her attire. A little boy, about three years old, who
 inda- ould have been beautiful, but for the pallid hue of the
 aming eeks, and the melancholy, prematurely stamped on his fine
 usical ountenance, sat on a low stool at her feet, shivering with
 rds of old ; while his little sister, scarcely more than an infant,
 heart- y in its mother’s arms, asking in plaintive tones for bread.
 more- rs. Kenyson turned towards the door as it opened, and
 place- id down some plain sewing, which her hands, still feeble
 They- om sickness, refused to perform. Belinda stood for a
 which- oment motionless on the threshold, then springing for-
 efort- ward, threw her arms around Mrs. Kenyson’s neck, and
 oeval- ey mingled their tears together. Captain Elton walked
 that- the window to conceal his emotion, and in a few moments
 ing ; the whole party had become somewhat confused. Belinda

introduced Captain Elton to Mrs. Kenyson, who received him with a gracefulness of manner that would have done credit to a drawing-room, though her cheek flushed, as she remembered her miserable apartment. He noticed it, and apologized in kind and respectful terms for his seeming intrusion, and then turned to address the little boy. Naturally fond of children, he soon succeeded in attracting his attention, by lifting him up to the window, and showing him the various objects in the street below, while Belinda was conversing in low tones with Mrs. Kenyson. After some time spent thus, she rose to depart, but not before, in the most delicate manner, she had prevailed on her friend to accept of money sufficient to relieve their present wants. Promising a removal to a more suitable dwelling, and a situation in which she could procure a respectable living, Belinda and Captain Elton took their leave. Having expressed a wish to hear Mrs. Kenyson's history, she promised to relate it at some future visit. Pleasant was that night to the poor widow; her spirits, so long depressed under a heavy burden, became comparatively light, at the blissful thought of being able to maintain her children comfortably, and of giving them a suitable education, while the infant, solaced by a plentiful meal, and warmed by the abundance of wood that now filled the stove, had sunk into sweet and refreshing slumber on their bed of straw.

Belinda and Captain Elton returned home, moralizing on the sad scene they had witnessed. On arriving at Mr. Dalton's dwelling, Captain Elton accepted Belinda's invitation to remain and dine with them; and, on passing the dining-room, the folding doors of which were open, they could not help contrasting it with the apartment they had just left. An ample fire of coal blazed in the highly polished grate, throwing light on the spacious dining-table, with its glittering array of china and silver, and on the tastefully arranged dessert of the side-board. And, in the pleasant society of those who were no happier persons than Belinda and Captain Elton, for the consciousness of having added to the comforts of others, enabled them more fully to enjoy those which Heaven had bestowed upon them.

SCENE V.

THE NARRATIVE.

I INTEND going on a shopping excursion this afternoon, will you not accompany me?" asked Alice, a few weeks subsequent to the visit, as she opened the door of her sister's apartment.

"I am sorry I shall not be able to do so, for I have promised to accompany Captain Elton on another visit to Clarissa. You know she has moved now, and I wish to see how she likes her new abode."

"Well, I suppose I must excuse you this time, but remember, you do not get off so easily again."

At this moment the door opened, and Belinda's maid entered, with the intelligence that Captain Elton was in the drawing-room. Belinda, whose punctuality was proverbial, immediately joined him, and they set out on their walk.

It was the month of June, laughing June; the spring had been somewhat backward, but now smiling skies, balmy breezes, and verdant landscapes, told of the return of summer. Slowly they pursued their way, inhaling with delight the soft air, till, at length, they arrived at Mrs. Kenyon's residence. It was a pretty cottage in Dutch Town. A small

plot of ground before the door was enclosed by a neat white railing, in which were planted several kinds of flowers and shrubs, and over the white front of the cottage the jessamine and honeysuckle clambered, refreshing the eye by their beautiful tints, and scenting the passing breezes with their fragrance. The little boy opened the door, and ushered the visitors into a neat little parlor, modestly furnished, but bright and cheerful looking. Most interesting was the appearance of the widow, as she hastened to welcome her friends to her new abode. The neatly-fitting black bombazine dress, displayed to great advantage her slight delicate figure—while the black crape frill, that surrounded her neck, contrasted well with its whiteness. Her abundant and rich brown tresses, no longer concealed by a cap, were divided, in the form of a crown, at the back of her small and elegantly formed head, and parted in smooth bands on each side of her marble brow. Her cheeks were pale from

recent sickness and sorrow, and the lustre of the cerulean eyes were somewhat dimmed by tears; but the pensive grace and sweetness of the countenance were irresistibly attractive. After some conversation, the promised history was referred to by one of the party, and Mrs. Kenyson readily consented to relate it.

“My days of childhood,” said the widow, “were indeed days of happiness. I often look back upon them now, and long for their return in vain. My father, who held a situation as head of the —— department, and possessing an income exclusive of it, for he was the younger son of an ancient English family, purchased an elegant mansion in the suburbs of Halifax, and furnished it in the most costly manner. There was I born, and there passed happily away my childhood and youth. I lost my mother in infancy, but a respectable elderly woman, who had become reduced in circumstances, officiated as housekeeper, and lavished on me every tenderness. You remember, Belinda, our happy school-girl days, and how exultingly I used to allude to the shortness of the time that must elapse before my education was finished, as compared with the length of yours. At length eighteen, that happy age, arrived, and my education was completed, at least so my teachers affirmed, and with delight I looked forward to taking my place in society. I dreamt not then of its hollowness; I knew not that smiling faces often concealed hearts torn by anguish; that friendship with it

‘Was but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade, that follows wealth and fame,
And leaves the poor to weep.’

“Alas! I have grown wiser since then, but how gladly would I exchange it for the trusting confidence which characterize that spring-time of life. Soon after my first *entrée* into society, I became acquainted, at an evening party with my ever regretted husband. How vividly the events of that night come back on my memory. It seems but yesterday, since I stood in my dressing-room before the mirror, adjusting the folds of my white satin dress, and glancing admiringly on the band of pearls that encircled my brow, and on the pearl bracelets and necklace which my adoring father had, a few hours before, presented to me.

remember, too, on descending to the drawing-room, the warm kiss which he pressed on my forehead, as he smilingly surveyed me, and exclaimed in a laughing tone, 'You are attired very becomingly, Clarissa.' But I fear I shall weary you. I pass over details, suffice it to say, we there met; and I, who had turned with a feeling akin to disgust from the flattery of admirers, listened with delight to his manly and sensible conversation. I soon found that Mr. Kenyson possessed a mind more than ordinarily gifted, combined with an amiability of disposition, that endeared him to all around. I forbear to dwell on his personal appearance. "This," said the widow, unclasping from her neck a guard, which was suspended an ivory miniature, set in gold, "this is a faithful representation of him." Belinda gazed at it for a few moments, and then handed it to Captain Dalton, who, after a lengthened survey, returned it again to me.

"It is indeed a countenance radiant with beauty," he said. "Observe, Miss Dalton, those raven tresses that cluster around that sunny, open brow; mark the intellect that beams in those dark eyes, softened by tenderness; and that smile, what an expression of sensibility it imparts to the countenance."

"But oh! had you seen him as I have," observed the widow, "when some favorite subject would become the topic of conversation; had you marked, then, the lighting up of each feature, — the eyes kindling with enthusiasm, the cheeks glowing with emotion; and, above all, had you listened to his fervid eloquence, — now overpowering as the mountain torrent, — and anon, winning, as some strain of exquisite music, you would not have wondered at my preference, nor marvel, that I returned home that night under the influence of new emotions. My father, who accompanied me to the party, had not been an unobservant spectator, and the next morning he spoke of Mr. Kenyson in somewhat harsh terms, especially at his presumption, as he termed it, at endeavoring to obtain an intimacy with his daughter, and commanded me, in future, to hold no intercourse with him. This very circumstance served but to increase my attachment. I looked upon Mr. Kenyson somewhat in the light of a martyr, for I was not proficient enough in the ways of the world to understand that nobility of

person, or of mind, could never compensate in the eyes of those with whom I associated for aristocratic birth, and I thought my father's command unreasonable and unjust. We met again at the dwelling of a mutual friend, who encouraged us by affording many opportunities for intimacy. At length Mr. Kenyson proposed marriage,—I hesitated, knowing well my father's wishes; but all my objections were overruled, and in the abode of our friend, four years ago, this month, we were united by 'the silken tie which binds two willing hearts.'

"Our friend promised to intercede for us with my father, and I had but little doubt that his efforts would end in our being forgiven; for though I knew my father would never give his consent, I thought when he ascertained that opposition was now fruitless, he would relent, especially as I was his only and darling child. Alas! it was but a futile expectation; in vain our friend besought, he was deaf to all entreaty, and in a paroxysm of anger declared, that from that moment he disowned me." Here the widow paused, for her voice was choked with emotion. Again she continued:—

"I called at my former home, but was denied entrance. I sent letter after letter, but they were returned apparently not opened, and in a few months after my father resigned his situation, disposed of his mansion, and returned to England, but without seeing or sending a message to me. I heard lately that he had married a young and beautiful woman, and his undutiful child, no doubt, is forgotten. During the first year of married life I should have been happy, but for the remembrance of my father's displeasure that embittered all my joys. Beloved by my husband, possessing, not the luxuries I had been accustomed to in youth, but still a home full of comforts, I felt contented with my lot; but life was not to pass thus happily away. I forgot to mention that Mr. Kenyson's father had been a merchant, and, at one time, very prosperous, but had become greatly reduced. His dying wish was, that Mr. Kenyson should continue the same business, and though my husband's predilections were in favor of the Bar, yet he complied with his father's wishes, and became a shopkeeper. His affairs prospered at first beyond his most sanguine expectations, but unfortunately he speculated largely, and proved unsuc-

eyes of successful. This, of course, impeded his progress for some
 and I time; but just as he was about recovering from it, the
 unjust circumstance, which I shall relate, took place.
 d, who "One day a friend called into his store, and after some
 imacy, conversation, informed him that he had purchased a cargo,
 itated, and freighted a vessel with it, for the purpose of sending it
 actions, come to England, where he knew he should be able to
 year obtain a good price for it. Not having funds at his disposal,
 which he had given the merchant, from whom he purchased the
 father, cargo, a note of hand, and begged to know if Mr. Kenyson
 in our could indorse it, to which he readily consented. The vessel
 never sailed, but unfortunately the purchaser had neglected to
 oppose insure his cargo, and it was never heard of after. The
 I was owner, who had, unknown to my husband, previously made
 le ex several unsuccessful speculations, was totally unable to meet
 to all the demand, and on Mr. Kenyson devolved the payment.
 from his was indeed an unexpected blow, and one for which he
 caused as entirely unprepared. Our goods were seized, our fur-
 con- niture sold; and, finally, Mr. Kenyson was thrown into
 ance prison. I applied to the merchant who held the note of
 ently and, but was referred by him to his attorney. Nothing
 signed stern necessity could have induced me to apply to Law-
 ed to er Levit. He had once been a suitor of mine, for though
 o me I disliked him much, yet he was a favorite of my father's,
 utifu while my aversion to him daily increased. I disliked him
 otten for his intense selfishness, and for the coldness of heart
 been which, like ice, seemed to chill those with whom he came
 sure into contact. He was, indeed, a utilitarian; the ideal seemed
 pos above his comprehension; the beauties of nature, the charms
 1 my poetry, and the exquisite delineations of the pencil, were
 orgo objects, to him, of contempt, which, though not openly
 hand expressed, was nevertheless plainly discoverable in the in-
 eatr ference of manner, or the scornful smile with which they
 100k were greeted. The result of my application to him proved,
 pre I had expected, unsuccessful. Vainly I urged that the
 with not, for which my husband was harassed, was not his own;
 affair said that did not make the slightest difference, that he
 100k had chosen to become responsible for the amount, and must
 100k bear the consequences. He hinted that I had a wealthy
 100k father, who could easily forward the money if he chose;
 100k 'In all events,' were his closing words, 'I intend doing my
 100k duty by my client,' and with this he bowed me out of the

apartment. Thus without any means of rescuing him, was obliged to behold my beloved husband languish in the miserable prison, until, at last, he sank under accumulated sorrow of body and mind, and passed to that blessed state of existence, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'

Here the widow paused for some moments. At length she continued: — "I need not attempt to describe my feelings, as I beheld the desire of my eyes borne to the house appointed for all living! How gladly could I have lain down beside him, and slept the 'sleep that knows no waking,' but for the remembrance of my children; for their sakes I struggled with sorrow; but the struggle, combined with the tedious and incessant occupation necessary for gaining even a scanty subsistence, threw me into a slow fever, from which I had scarcely recovered when you paid me your welcome visit. I was revolving in my mind the night before, what I should do, and longing for a friend with whom to advise when, in a happy moment, I thought of you. I remembered the intimacy of former years, and penned the note which you, by your presence, so promptly answered. May Heaven reward you for it, and may you ever possess a friend in the hour of need." Silence reigned in the apartment for a few moments after the widow had concluded her narrative. At length Captain Elton broke the stillness.

"I shall return to England in a few weeks; in what part does your father reside?"

"In London."

"I am going direct there, and might, perhaps, be able to find him out. Had you not better write by me? Absence, I doubt not, has, before this, softened his heart, and I think when he hears an account of your sufferings, he will forgive and receive you again into favor."

"Thank you," said the widow. "I shall embrace the opportunity of writing to him by you with gratitude, though I am afraid it will prove in vain."

Captain Elton had never before alluded to his intended departure, and Belinda with difficulty concealed the various emotions which this unexpected announcement called forth. As they bade adieu to the widow, Captain Elton promised to call again, for the purpose of receiving the letter, and bidding her 'good bye'; and with her heart-felt thanks they took their leave.

SCENE VI.

THE BOATING PARTY AND PIC-NIC.

A GAY party are assembled on the King's Wharf, at which a yacht is lying. Its sails are flapping in the September breeze, as if impatient to proceed on its way.

"Allow me to help you into the boat," said Henry Palmer to Belinda, who composed one of the group. She thanked him, and accepting his proffered aid, stepped lightly on, followed by her sister Alice, now Mrs. Fleming, and the other ladies of the party. The gentlemen succeeded, and upon the yacht was swiftly dividing the smooth waters of the harbor. Henry Palmer had dexterously contrived to obtain a seat next to Belinda, whose attention he endeavored to gain by his witty and delightfully entertaining conversation. At length he paused, and, after a few moments silence, inquired, "Have you heard from Captain Elton, since his return to England; Miss Dalton?"

Belinda strove to keep down the color which was fast passing to her cheeks, and answered in a tone of indifference, "No."

"Then, of course, you have not heard of his intended marriage, or his accession to a large fortune. I received a letter from a friend of mine in England, who stated those particulars, adding, also, that the lady possessed many charms, both of person and mind."

"Were you speaking of Captain Elton?" inquired Dr. Fleming, who was standing at the farther end of the boat.

"Yes," was the reply.

At this moment, a parasol, which Mrs. Fleming held in her hand, slipped from her grasp into the water, and was recovered with much difficulty. This little incident served to divert the attention of the party, and the conversation was turned into a different channel.

Deep and poignant as Belinda's emotions were, at the intelligence respecting Captain Elton, a surprising self-command, which, in after days, appeared astonishing even to herself, enabled her to reply coldly and indifferently, and to maintain, throughout the day, her ordinary demeanor. There was but one person in that company, who, watching every movement with the lynx-eye of jealousy, noticed

that the frequent smiles, the laugh that rang out musically, yet with a sort of wildness on the clear air, and the gay repartee, that caused one of the gentlemen to exclaim, "Miss Dalton seems in excellent spirits to-day," were prompted by a heart, whose anguish nothing around could allay, yet whose native dignity, awakened, and well sustained a resolution similar to the one so beautifully expressed by Eliza Cook —

"Oh well I know, whate'er my fate,
I'll meet and brook it firmly proud,
And rather die beneath the weight,
Than tell it to the soulless crowd."

He marked the pallor which sometimes stole over the countenance, the half-suppressed sigh, the dejected attitude, when the attention of the party were otherwise engaged, and he judged, and judged rightly, that the lustre of the eyes, the deep glow of the cheeks, were but premonitory symptoms of fever.

After an hour's pleasant sail, up and down the harbor, the company landed at a pretty spot, a little above Dartmouth, where they had made arrangements for a pic-nic.

They had selected a beautiful grove for the site, while an adjacent cottage supplied them with utensils for cooking the provisions they had brought with them. The servant who had sailed thither early in the morning, soon announced that dinner was ready, and the company gathered around the long wooden tables, which were surrounded by benches of the same material, in the midst of the grove, and commenced their repast with appetites, heightened by the fresh air and agreeable sail. Ceremony was banished for a time. The trees, that stood in native grandeur, their tops, longed, apparently, to pierce the blue expanse that smiled above them; the breeze, that wandered at its own sweet will through the branches, acknowledging no control but that of its Maker's; the insects, that flitted about, now alighting on the table, and now as quickly flying away, all seemed to protest against ceremony. At length, the rural repast was ended, and the junior members of the party gathered around the swings, which were speedily in motion, while the seniors, seated on a bank at a little distance, amused themselves by watching the others, and an elderly gentle-

sically, an, an excellent musician, varied the conversation by
 he gay performances on the flute, which he had brought with him.
 xclaim, thus agreeably passed away an hour, when a change of
 ' were amusements was proposed.

d could "I have never seen an Indian encampment," observed a
 ll sus- young lady, a stranger, who had lately arrived from Eng-
 lly ex- land, "and should like to visit one very much."

"Your wish shall be gratified," said Charles Dalton, to
 whom the remark was addressed. "Ladies and gentlemen,"
 continued in a tone of mock solemnity, "I propose that
 we adjourn to the adjacent forest, and hold communion with
 the Red tribe that inhabit there."

The resolution, seconded by Harry Palmer, was joyfully
 preceded to by all the party, except one elderly lady, who
 with difficulty was prevailed upon to accompany them.

"Perhaps you fear the fatigue of the walk. It is half a
 mile to the nearest Indian encampment," said Belinda. "If
 you prefer remaining, I will, with pleasure, stay with you."

"Thank you," was the reply. "I do not mind the walk
 at all, but there is a painful incident of my early days, so
 interwoven with the Indians, that the sight of one of them
 induces it to come back vividly to remembrance."

The company gathering round her, eagerly besought her
 to relate it.

"Willingly, if it will afford you any gratification," was
 her reply, "but not now; I will accompany you on your
 return, and defer the relation of it until you return."

The curiosity of the party was awakened, and the promise
 of its being satisfied on their return, made them more eager
 to set out. Charles Dalton, with Annie Malvin on his arm,
 was chosen leader, as possessing more knowledge of the
 route. Their way led, at first, by the sea-shore, and then
 branched into the forest. It was a narrow path, but pre-
 tended to the broad road, on account of its shortness. The
 trunks of the trees frequently obstructed their passage, but
 pushing them away they stepped lightly on, careless of the
 thorns and briars which strove to arrest their progress,
 until they emerged from the dense woodland path, and had
 entered a large and open space, where some Indians had
 pitched their wigwams. Charles, who had spent a night
 among them, during a hunting expedition, claiming an ac-
 quaintance on that account, introduced the company as his

friends. They were gravely and courteously welcomed by the Chief, who informed them that a marriage had just taken place between his son and a young squaw to whom he pointed. The ceremony had been performed in Halifax but they had returned thither, to celebrate the auspicious event. Charles communicated the intelligence to the party who were delighted at having chosen such an occasion for their visit, and watched, with much interest, the behavior of the Indians. The old Chief was seated at the door of a tent, and round him were grouped the senior Indians while at a little distance, the younger members were standing in a circle, apparently about to commence dancing. Prominent among them, in attire and personal appearance was the bride and bridegroom. A fine black cloth skirt tastefully embroidered, a brilliant chintz gown, a blue cap surmounted by a bow of ribbon, and most ingeniously and even elegantly worked with colored beads;—moccasins gaily wrought with porcupine quill, and a light blue sash encircling her waist, and almost touching the ground, completed the attire of the bride. She was apparently quite young; her form and features very pleasing; her long shining black hair hung from beneath her cap, and was braided and tied with crimson ribbon, while around her neck glistened a necklace of large white beads. We must not omit a passing mention of the groom. He was a tall, fine-looking man, whose dignified appearance would have been creditable in a civilized community. The company observed that he seldom smiled, except when his bride addressed him, then, that a look of softness would steal over his countenance, in vivid contrast to its somewhat stern appearance, and there was a touching tenderness in his voice when he spoke to her, that told volumes, for the depth of affection that lay hidden in that warm but untutored heart.

The white tents that dotted the slightly undulating ground, forming a fine contrast to the deep green of the unbroken forest that lay behind the figures of the Indians, some seated gravely on the ground, others in a standing posture, their swarthy, and, in many instances, intelligent countenances, rendered more striking by their gay and singular costume, the officers in their regimentals, their epaulettes glistening in the sunbeams, the civilians in their plain clothes, the ladies that stood near them attired in

ed bright and elegant dresses, their white veils and auburn curls just waving in the breeze, all made vividly distinct, by the peculiar clearness of a September atmosphere, formed a highly picturesque scene, and one on which a lover of the beautiful would gaze with great delight. But time wore on, and the tea hour was at hand. Purchasing some specimens of bark-work from the Indians, and flinging some money to the children, our party retraced their steps, returned to the grove, and were soon seated once more around the social board. As soon as tea was over, the promised incident was referred to, and, pausing a few moments, to collect her thoughts, the lady commenced.

"It was during the time of the French and Indian war," she said, "that the circumstance took place. I was then ten years old; my parents resided in Halifax, where my grandparents dwelt in an adjacent settlement. I was spending a summer vacation with them, when one evening, just before the expiration of my visit, my grandfather entered the apartment in which I was seated with my grandmother. She looked up from her knitting as the door opened, and, observing his troubled countenance, inquired what was the matter.

"The combined hostility of the French and Indians,' he said, 'is the subject of general conversation. There are numerous reports of their depredations current; the latest is, that they have burned a settlement sixty miles from this, and massacred the unhappy inhabitants. Neighbor Andrews says, they are prowling about our woods, and he should not wonder if they attack us to-night.'

"I do not think we have much occasion to fear,' said my grandmother. 'The Indians here, appear extremely civil, and I am sure we have done all in our power to propitiate them, so do I think they would injure us. You know what a forward neighbor Andrews is. Three months ago, he predicted the same thing, but proved himself a false prophet.'

"Heaven grant that it may be so in this instance,' replied my grandfather, 'but I much fear it,' he added, with a foreboding shake of the head, which told that even a man's arguments could not silence his convictions. 'I only wish that child,' glancing at me, 'were safe with her parents.'

"That night, my grandfather sat up long after his usual

time, for early hours were then customary. But all was still around, and believing neighbor Andrews had been deceived again by a false report, as he had been often before, he retired to rest, but not without careful examination of the guns, to satisfy himself that they were all in order. The night passed off undisturbed by the dreaded attack another and another, until the fears of the settlers had nearly subsided, and their caution in preparations to meet the dreaded enemy proportionably diminished. The eve of the day arrived, on which I was to set out for home. Fatigued by a long walk, for I had been roaming in the woods near the dwelling in pursuit of wild flowers and fruit, I retired early to rest, and sank into a deep and peaceful slumber. This continued for many hours, but at length it seemed somewhat broken. Confused images of Indians now chasing me, now on the point of killing me, haunted my visions. At length I dreamt I was seated by my mother, relating to her the incidents of my visit, and the conversation of my grandfather, with respect to the Indians. 'Grandmother was right, after all,' remarked I, 'for I am sure the Indians would not do us any harm, would they, mother?'

"A shout that seemed as though it would rend the air, a shout of savage exultation, awoke me from my slumber. I started up and looked around. The whole apartment was illuminated. At first, I thought it was morning; but how different that glaring light from the cheering beams of the blessed sun. The one was the emblem of life and hope, the other, of devastation and death. My first act was to run to an adjoining apartment, in which a woman, who was frequently employed by my grandmother in spinning, &c. had slept, but to my unspeakable grief, the bed was empty. What should I do. I returned to my room, slipped on a wrapper and a warm shawl that was hanging up, and throwing a hood over my head, determined on venturing down the stairs. Cautiously I first glanced out of the window. What a scene presented itself to my view. The night was dark, intensely dark, but the flames, fed by the adjacent cottages, revealed distinctly the work of death that was going on. The poor inhabitants made many attempts at the escape. Sometimes they would endeavor to burst the doors which were guarded by savages; at other times, they would look cautiously about, and when the attention of the Indians

I was otherwise engaged, endeavor to steal from some low window, half concealed by shrubbery; but, just at the moment they were congratulating themselves on their not having been observed, an Indian from behind a tree, or crouching low among the bushes, would start up, and with the blow of his tomahawk, decide their hapless fate. The vivid glare of the fire, the heart rending aspect of the wretched settlers, as they rushed from the raging element within, to savage fury without, the painted visages of the Indians, as they flitted about, demon-like, in their work of destruction; and, above all, the mingled sounds of horror, the shrieks of women and children, the piercing war-whoop, the roar of muskets, for the settlers made what resistance they could, and the mournful howl of dogs, and bleating of cattle, will never pass away from my memory. I was nearly paralyzed with fear; I did not dare to scream, lest I should attract their notice. The fire had not reached our dwelling, and my grandfather and grandmother were, I knew, busily engaged in preparing to defend themselves. 'If I must die,' I thought I, 'I would rather die with them,' and I opened the door to descend; but, as I stepped on the threshold, an old man, a servant of the family, who was very much attached to me, rushed up the stairs, caught me in his arms without saying a word, and flew down another flight of steps that led to the cellar. Again, a shout told of the near approach of the enemy; a sound of many steps, a fearful war-whoop, and the rushing of doors, informed us they had entered the dwelling. Faster and faster went my conductor; he paused as he came to the farther end of the large cellar which was underground, and touched a door which I had never before seen. He opened by a spring, and carefully shutting it, he led me to a narrow path, well concealed by boughs of trees, until I came to a cave. Thither we entered, and as soon as I was seated, I inquired after my grandparents. 'Alas,' was the reply, 'I much fear for them. We defended ourselves as long as possible, and, at first, thought we would be successful; but a party of Indians, who had been in ambush, rushed upon us, and hurried to the dwelling. When your grandfather saw them approach, he bade me run and hasten with you to the cave, which he had long ago intended as a place of refuge. Whether, he said they would follow us, as soon as they had detected some papers, &c., but the Indians burst into the

dwelling sooner than they expected, for you remember when we were descending the cellar steps, the crash and shout. Perhaps they have contrived to conceal themselves and will soon be here.'

"How heavily passed the time away. We waited and waited, but they came not. At length, worn out with fatigue and sorrow, I fell into a deep slumber, from which I was aroused by a confused sound of voices. The bright rays of the sun were gleaming into the cave; familiar faces were around me, a party from an adjacent settlement. With great difficulty a man had made his escape to the village, and informed them of the dreadful carnage. They had immediately set out, trusting to save the lives of those who might perchance be concealed in the woods. Under their kind protection I arrived at home in safety, and great was the joy of my parents at my wonderful escape; but bitter, alas! was the grief, for my grandparents, and the woman I mentioned before, were found scalped at the threshold of the door."

The moon sheds her soft and silvery light over the placid waves; the yacht glides slowly and gracefully along, while the sweet sound of vocal and instrumental music, is borne across the waters.

"How very quiet you are, Belinda," said her sister, Mrs. Fleming, who sat near her.

"I have a violent headache," was the reply, "no doubt occasioned by our long walk in the sun."

"It has not robbed your cheeks of their wonted bloom, nor your eyes of their lustre," remarked Henry Palmer, as the moonbeams revealed Belinda's countenance.

Alas! when the shades of evening again descended on the earth, Belinda, in a delirium of a fever, was unmindful of all around.

SCENE VII.

THE LETTER.

THE bright rays of the sun stream through the opened window of the invalid's apartment, from which the crimson curtains are drawn. Belinda, for the first time for many weeks, has exchanged her couch for an easy chair. A bright fire burns in the highly polished grate—for the morning, though pleasant, is slightly frosty—and, propped up by pillows, she is seated near it with her feet resting on the richly wrought ottoman; her eyes, now closed, and now opening, with a melancholy and abstracted air, on the beautiful geraniums that have been ranged on the stand before the window. The door opens, and Lavinia enters, with a bouquet of the choicest flowers in her hand.

"Another bouquet, Belinda," said Lavinia, "with Mr. Palmer's compliments, requesting to know how you are this morning? Is it not beautiful," she continued, advancing to her sister, and pointing out the rich rose-buds and magnificent dahlias. "I am sure he must lay all the hot-houses under contribution, to supply you so constantly with flowers."

"He is very kind," faintly responded Belinda, as she took the flowers from her sister's hand, gazed at them for a moment, and then laid them down with a sigh. "Yet I should prefer his not sending them."

"Why not, Belinda? Never, surely, was there a man more attentive and devoted than he. He has never omitted calling one day through all your illness; all his gayety has vanished in his anxiety for you; and Anne Malvin tells me, he has entirely forsaken all parties of pleasure."

"He is very foolish to act so for me," was Belinda's reply, as her head sank listlessly back on the velvet cushion.

"How different his conduct from that of Captain Elton," continued Lavinia. "If actions and looks told anything, I am sure his spoke plainly enough; but as soon as he heard papa was not as wealthy as he had supposed, he deserted, and has never written a line since to inform us of his safe arrival, which even common civility might have prompted; and now that he has come into the posses-

sion of a large fortune, he is about marrying a lady of wealth."

"Do not, I beseech you, Lavinia, accuse him so harshly," said Belinda, her sweet voice gathering strength to defend her friend. "I am very sure that Captain Elton does not value wealth except as it enables him to do more good; and you know he could not avoid returning home, for urgent business called him thither. As to his intentions, as you are pleased to style them, we were certainly very intimate; but you know that he often remarked that I strongly resembled his sister, and I know he regarded me in that light for he treated me with all the kindness and frankness of a brother."

"I pray to be exempted from such brotherly regard," said Lavinia, laughing, and glancing earnestly at her sister, "for I think it is rather dangerous."

"I have too high an opinion of Captain Elton to imagine he would marry for wealth," continued Belinda, unheeding Lavinia's last remark; "the lady to whom he is engaged, if engaged at all, possesses, doubtless, superior attractions than money to win his regard."

"It may be so," said Lavinia, "though I am inclined to doubt it. But you must not talk any more, Belinda," she said, observing the growing pallor of her sister's countenance; "you have really exhausted yourself."

"I feel a little fatigued, and will try to sleep."

"You had better do so, and, in the meanwhile, I will peruse the book I began yesterday."

Two hours passed away, and when Belinda awoke from an uneasy slumber, she found her father standing near her, holding a letter in his hand. Advancing to her, and affectionately inquiring if she felt better, he remarked:—

"The English packet has arrived."

"Indeed!" was the reply.

Mr. Dalton was silent for a moment, and then continued

"It has brought you a letter, Belinda."

"A letter, papa, from whom?" inquired Belinda anxiously.

"Can you not guess?"

"No, papa, how should I?"

"Perhaps a glance at it may solve the mystery," he said, handing her the letter. "I, too, have received one from

dy of the same writer, and my answer shall be in compliance with
 our wishes ;” and imprinting a kiss on her forehead, the
 shly, and father left the apartment. Belinda was alone, for La-
 efens, nia had descended to lunch. She broke the seal, glanced
 s no the superscription, and burst into tears. What familiar
 ; and name was that which met her sight? Ah! it was one that
 rgen had been long treasured up in her heart, that of Captain
 you lton. Her hand trembled so, that she could scarcely hold
 nate the letter; at length her agitation somewhat subsided, and
 ly re- taking it up again, she read as follows: —

“ *London, G. B.*

DEAR MISS BELINDA : —

ard, With mingled feelings of hope and fear I address you,
 ister and should I in the subsequent part of my letter appear too
 agin presumptuous, I throw myself on your clemency for forgive-
 lding ness. I should have written at an earlier date, but deferred
 -gen till my affairs were fully arranged.
 tion Three months have passed since I last beheld you; need
 ed to say how long, how tedious they appeared. I bless the
 , sh- of memory, for by it I can revert to the pleasing past,
 inte those happy moments which I spent in your presence, and
 . wil- imagination you again rise to view. I see your sweet
 from smile; I hear the soft tones of your voice; I behold you
 he alleviating the miseries of the poor; standing, like a minis-
 . ffee- tering angel, at the couch of the sick, listening to their
 es of woe, your eyes suffused with tears of pity, and
 ur whole countenance portraying the tender emotions of
 ur soul; but alas! the blissful vision vanishes, and

‘ Recollection at hand,
 Soon hurrying me back to despair.’

ow often have I envied the warbling choristers of heaven,
 o, taking their departure with the beautiful summer from
 led the woods tinged with the hues of autumn, have soared
 an- ft, and on light wings, traversed the mighty space which
 between them and the wished-for land, regardless of
 and or wave; and how often have I thought that were I
 ilarly gifted, soon would I be at your side.
 said May I hope for your indulgence while I refer to the past,
 rom and from it draw hopes for the future.

I do not know that you remember our first meeting, but it is visibly present to my mind. Before entering the drawing-room, shall I say it, I was prejudiced against you. You were beautiful, with the prospect of wealth, at least so I understood; and having early in life beheld a lady similarly endowed, whose coquettish and vain conduct I exceedingly disliked, I had erroneously and hastily concluded that all possessed of similar gifts must resemble; hence my prejudice. We met; I need not tell you how agreeably I was disappointed. A modest dignity of manners; a gentle yet winning grace pervaded every movement. Perfectly unaffected, frank and confiding, I beheld each day reveal new traits of your character, traits, requiring only to be seen, to be admired. I loved you at first as a fond brother loves a devoted sister, for my circumstances forbade me to aspire higher. I felt a delight unknown before in your society; your conversation, elegant, solid, and improving where genius shone forth in its most winning and unassuming form; your breathless attention when reading aloud some choice selections, and the intelligent and responsive glance, which told that the listener well appreciated the beauties, all served to rivet more closely the chains of affection. But I need not dilate.

My heart was won, without being aware of it. I was happy only in your society. Dearer a smile from you, than the applause of the world; and your image irresistibly presented itself to my view, alike amid the busy throng and the solitude. My poverty forbade me to speak of love; but forgive me, if I erred, when I imagined I read in the voice that sometimes faltered when it addressed me, in the glance that I now and then caught, in the blush that would steal over those beautiful cheeks, and especially at our sad farewell, when I beheld the tearful eyes, and heard the tremulous 'good-bye,' I trusted that my attachment might be, in some measure, reciprocated. And now, dear Miss Belinda, my wishes in a pecuniary point of view are satisfied. Soon after my arrival in England, the death of a distant relative put me in possession of means which will not only enable her I love to live in the manner in which she has been accustomed to, but that which I know her tender heart prizes the most, allow her to contribute largely to the relief of her fellow creatures.

And now what shall I add. Deeply as I feel my own unworthiness to possess such a treasure, yet if a heart devoted to your service, and a love, whose sincerity and fervor, I trust, shall fully prove,—if these avail ought, they will be at your service. My heart throbs, as the question arises, 'What shall be the response?' It is in you to decide; and the period which must intervene between this and the receipt of your answer. Farewell, then, my beloved, farewell; my heart is full, but my duty refuses to perform its office, for I fear to weary you. Here I near you, how eloquently methinks would I plead your cause. Farewell, farewell; and that the choicest blessings of Heaven may attend your path, is, and shall ever be the sincere prayer of

Yours, devotedly,
ALFRED ELTON."

The letter was ended, and the reader sat absorbed in thought, her whole countenance irradiated with a deep glow of happiness, rendering it almost angelically beautiful. Would this be the Belinda who, a few hours before, reclined listless and melancholy on her couch! Now, how altered; how life, blissful life, seemed imparted to her frame. What the potent power that had effected so magical a change?

'Read ye the secret, who have nursed
In your own breasts as blissful feelings,
That came upon ye, at the first,
Like bland and musical revealings
From some untrodden Paradise.'

And we say, that the answer to the letter was one which, in every respect, fully satisfied Captain Elton.

SCENE VIII.

DEATH.

"MRS. KENYSON called to see me a few hours ago," said Belinda to her mother, as the family were seated around the dinner-table.

"In what does she go," inquired Mrs. Dalton.

"In the packet, which you know has been expected hourly for the last fortnight."

"Ice on the coast has probably detained her," said Mr. Dalton, who had been an invalid for some weeks, just recovering from a severe attack of the gout. "The wind is in her favor now, and I think it probable she will be in tonight, if the fog is not too heavy."

"Is Mrs. Kenyson going to England?" inquired Charles. "I never heard of it before."

"You were in the West Indies when she received a letter from her father and Captain Elton. The latter, as soon as he arrived in London, obtained an introduction to Mr. Neville, her father. He found him very lonely; his wife having died a few months after their marriage, and so effectively did he plead in Mrs. Kenyson's behalf, that the man relented, and has forwarded money for her and her children, to return to him."

"That is just like Elton," remarked Charles. "Never was there a more disinterested mortal. I believe he would sacrifice his life to benefit his fellow-creatures. It is really an antidote for misanthropical feelings, to meet with one so noble-hearted." The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with the evening newspaper. Mr. Dalton took it up, and glanced over it.

"I suppose," he said, "there is no need of examining the shipping list, to ascertain whether the packet has arrived for a well-known foot-step would have announced it before this. Do you not think so, Belinda?" Belinda smiled in the affirmative, and Mr. Dalton glancing again at the paper, suddenly exclaimed, "why, it has arrived, sure enough," and he read aloud the paragraph. "Just as we were going to press, at five o'clock, the English packet was signalled. It will probably be up in an hour."

"I wonder why Captain Elton is not here by this time

and Charles; but observing the paleness of his sister's countenance, he inquired, "what is the matter, Belinda?"

"Nothing, nothing," was the reply; and in confirmation of it she endeavored to smile, but the effort was too great, and she burst into tears.

"How foolish you are, Belinda," said Mrs. Dalton. "It is probable the vessel was detained longer than was anticipated. Go to your apartment, my love, and endeavor to compose your mind before Elton arrives, or he will be surprised at your appearance."

Belinda retired to her room, and the other members of the family sat conversing about the expected visitor, when they were startled by a loud knock at the hall-door.

In a few moments the servant returned from opening it, accompanied by Captain Elton, but bearing a package and letter for Mr. Dalton. The package was directed to Belinda, and as Mr. Dalton laid it down to read his letter, Charles remarked:—

"Why, the superscription is in Elton's handwriting. I am going to ring for the servant to convey it to Belinda," he said, "doubtless it contains some reasons for his non-appearance." Advancing towards the mantel-piece, he was in the act of opening it, when Mr. Dalton, who had appeared too much absorbed in his letter to heed what was going on, exclaimed, "Charles, Charles, for your life do not summon Belinda; she will know it all too soon."

"Know what?" inquired the family, now really alarmed, "they had observed the deep emotion, portrayed in Mr. Dalton's countenance.

"Has anything happened to Captain Elton, papa?" asked Belinda, anxiously.

"He is dead;" responded Mr. Dalton, in low, and hoarse tones. The family were speechless for a few moments, then,—"Dead! how, when, where?" were the questions addressed to the agonized father, as he paced up and down the room, "poor Elton. My child, my child." "Charles, will you try and read the letter aloud, for I cannot do so," he said.

Charles took up the manuscript, and commenced reading, but so much emotion sometimes overpowered him, the following was the result:—

“DEAR SIR : — A painful task devolves upon me, and one from which I shrink ; but the call of duty is peremptory and must be obeyed.

Captain Elton, passenger of the English packet, of which I have the honor to be the master, expired on the last day of April, the 30th of our voyage. I promised him, a few days previous to his death, that I would call on you as soon as I should arrive in Halifax, and narrate the mournful particulars ; but, fearing that my emotions would unman me for the task, I preferred committing them to paper.

Early in the morning of the 1st of April, Captain Elton came on board, then, to all appearance, in tolerable good health, though he remarked to me, that he had been troubled for some time with an annoying cough, which he trusted the sea would cure. I replied encouragingly, and in a few hours after we weighed anchor, and set sail for Halifax. Captain Elton's cough did not wear off as speedily as we anticipated, but rather seemed to increase. After the lapse of a fortnight, however, it yielded in some measure to my medical skill, and he was looking forward to perfect recovery, when the following incident took place.

On the morning of the 16th of April, Captain Elton, as was his custom, went on deck, and commenced pacing up and down, pausing every now and then to gaze on the waste of waters that lay before him. Thus engaged, as afterwards told me, for I was below at the time, and absorbed in thought, he was aroused by the piercing shriek of a woman, issuing from the farther end of the vessel. He turned, and beheld one of the steerage passengers wringing her hands, and exclaiming, ‘ My son, my son, he has fallen overboard ! ’ With a hurried inquiry as to the spot where he sank, Captain Elton threw off his coat, plunged into the water, for the vessel was becalmed at the time, and succeeded in catching hold of the child, and keeping him afloat until the life-boat, which was lowered as soon as the sailors were aware of the accident, rescued them both from the perilous situation. It appears that the child had been playing about, and when his mother's attention was diverted, had climbed up part of the rigging, let go his hold, and fallen overboard. The boy was insensible for some hours, but recovered, and is now perfectly well. Not so, however, with his gallant deliverer. During the remainder of the

Captain Elton appeared as well as usual, but at night he was seized with a violent fever, and when, after the lapse of two or three days, it subsided; it was evident to all that a pulmonary disease had seized upon his system, and that he was fast hastening to the grave. With sad forebodings we watched the gradual progress of his illness from day to day, for highly indeed was Captain Elton respected on board. He was perfectly aware of his situation, and one more calmly resigned, I never beheld.

A few days previous to his death, while sitting by his death-bed, he said to me, 'Captain, there is something melancholy in the idea of dying so far from home, unsoothed by the voice of friendship, but Heaven's will be done. I thought, when I bade adieu to my native land, to tread its hills once more, but it may not be. My mother will search in vain for her son. My sister will never again welcome her returning brother.'

He was silent for a moment, and then continued. 'Though this is my native land, yet it is not more so than the one to which you are bound, for I shall never behold it again, nor my dear Belinda. That place is sacred, for it contains one whom I regard next to heaven. Yes, my Belinda,' he said, taking from his bosom a locket, and gazing intently on it, 'I shall never behold thee again on earth, but in heaven, in heaven, we may meet each other, never to part more. I know thou wilt mourn for me. Alas! that I must cause that bosom sorrow; those eyes will not refuse a tribute of tears, and that voice shall breathe forth sighs, but I should not have thee lament too much. No, better that we never met, than to give

' Bitter memories to make
The whole world wretched for my sake.'

my beloved, though with me the joys of earth are passing fast, and soon to be exchanged for the bliss of heaven, thy path in life be happy, and should I be permitted, I will gladly will my spirit hover above thee; in every trial I will be near thee; and when thy soul is about to burst forth from its frail tabernacle, how joyfully shall I wait to welcome thee, and bear it to the Paradise above.'

He ceased, exhausted, and spoke little more during the remainder of the day. The morning before he died, he sent

for me, and, placing in my hands the package which I enclosed, said, 'I give this, my friend, into your charge, for I know you will faithfully deliver it into Miss Dalton's hands. Will you inform Mr. Dalton of the particulars of my death, and let him break it gently to her.' My promise seemed to afford him satisfaction, for he thanked me warmly, while his smile illumined for a moment, his placid countenance.

'How far are we from land?' he suddenly inquired.

'Many hundred miles,' I said with a sigh, 'the wind has been contrary for some time.'

'Then there is no possibility of reaching it before,' — he paused, I knew what he meant, and said sadly, 'I fear not.'

'Well, Captain, it will matter but little where my body reposes. I shall sleep as sweetly in the stormy ocean, as in the quiet churchyard.'

Towards evening, and just as the sun was about setting, he begged to be conveyed on deck, that he might behold it again. In vain we remonstrated with him, and pointed out the dangerous consequences likely to attend on such an exposure. He overruled all our objections, and the physician finding his mind was bent on it, reluctantly consented. The sailors conveyed him up in their arms, and placed him on an easy-chair. He reclined for some moments, with his eyes closed, and then opening them, gazed admiringly at the gorgeous clouds that surrounded the "monarch of the sky," as he was about sinking to rest.

'How beautiful,' he said, 'how beautiful it looks; but this is the last time I shall ever behold the setting sun. It shall rise to-morrow, but all unheeded by those eyes. "The sun will have gone down ere noon;" but I go to "another world" where there is no need of the sun, neither of the moon, but the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

Again he sank exhausted. At length he unclosed his eyes, over which the film of death was fast gathering, but he did not appear to observe us. He attempted to speak, but his voice was nearly gone. We bent over him to hear his last words. 'My mother, Belinda, meet me in Heaven,' he gasped, raising his hand, and pointing to the sky. He sank back again on the pillow, a slight spasm contracted his face, and when it passed away, 'mortality was swallowed up of life.'

A day after, on a Sabbath morning, we committed his body to the waves. He sleeps in the ocean afar from home. Friendship may not erect a monument above him, nor scatter flowers over his grave; but the winds as they sweep over the billows, shall sigh forth his requiem, and his memory shall be faithfully treasured in the hearts of those he loved.

Thus, dear sir, I have endeavored to narrate, as far as I could remember them, the mournful particulars connected with the death of him, whose early removal from earth shall cause sorrow to many hearts.

My task is finished, and, trusting that you and your family may receive all needful consolation in this hour of trial, —

I remain,
Yours, with the deepest sympathy,
WILLIAM TAUNTON."

The mournful intelligence conveyed in the letter, was spoken as gently as possible to Belinda; its effect was deep and lasting. She was seldom seen to weep, but the rose faded from her cheek; her step lost its elasticity; her habitual laugh no longer made the dwelling resound with merriment, and when she smiled, which was seldom, it seemed but the mere resemblance of joy, so visibly was brooding melancholy imprinted on her countenance. She never murmured, but it was apparent to all that earth had not for her its chief charm; and it was not until an alarming recurrence of his old malady attacked her father, that she could be at all aroused from the state of listless unconcern to which she had fallen. With all the devoted love of a daughter, she watched by him day and night, scarcely allowing herself necessary repose; and when death again asserted its ascendancy, it was her sweet voice whispered consolation to the stricken mother, brothers, and sisters.

And when, on the winding up of affairs, it was discovered that nothing but a competency remained for the family, how patiently she sustained the deprivation of fortune; and in accumulated trials, which remain to be depicted in subsequent scenes, how the light of her gentle and trusting spirit was encouraged, and urged to similar resignation, those around

SCENE IX.

THE STRANGER.

TEN years have passed away ; years marked by eventful changes in Belinda's history. In the churchyard, the tombstones of a mother and sister tell of the dissolving of near and dear ties, while beneath the burning skies of the East Indies rests the well-beloved brother, Charles.

A quiet street in the suburbs of Halifax looks cheerful beneath the genial influences of summer. The dwellings are irregular, and far apart ; some of them are shaded by trees, others have a small garden before the door. At the pretty rustic porch of one of the neatest of those cottages stand two gentlemen. The silvery hair and furrowed brow of one, speaks of age ; while his companion is still in the prime of manhood.

But the door opens ; and the inquiry of the old gentleman, " Is Miss Dalton within ? " being answered in the affirmative, the visitors are ushered into a small parlor. This is one of those apartments in which a person feels at once at home. There is nothing to chill, nothing to awe. The furniture is plain, yet an air of taste pervades the room which speaks of the refined nature of its occupant. White muslin curtains shade the windows, which are nearly concealed by beautiful parlor plants ; an old-fashioned center table on which lie a few choice volumes of literature, a cottage piano at one end, a damask sofa, some high backed chairs, and a side table in which are placed several tumblers of flowers, constitute the chief furniture of the apartment. We have forgotten to mention one or two exquisitely painted landscapes, the work of Belinda in other days, and the portraits of her parents, brothers and sisters, which decorate the walls.

" I suppose," said the younger gentleman who had taken a seat opposite them, " those paintings," pointing as he spoke, to the pictures referred to, " are the portraits of Miss Dalton's parents."

" Yes," was the reply ; " and those are her brother and sister."

" Is she utterly alone in the world ? "

" No," said the old gentleman, " a widowed sister resides

with her, but she is very delicate, and rather a burden than help, though perhaps I should not say so, for Belinda is strongly attached to her. Few have experienced more trials than Miss Dalton, and fewer still who have exhibited amid them so much of the spirit of resignation."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Belinda. With graceful ease she welcomed the old man, a dear and favorite clergyman, who had known her from childhood. Mr. Weldon then introduced his companion to her, as the Rev. Mr. Frankfort, of Derbyshire England, a relative of Mrs. Kenyson's. Belinda greeted him warmly, and then inquired after her friend.

"I have brought a letter from her for you," was the reply. "She is quite well, and often talks of you, and expresses a wish to see you."

In a few moments Mrs. Fleming entered the apartment, and while the visitors were conversing with her, Belinda had an opportunity of observing more closely the stranger.

Mr. Frankfort seemed about thirty-six years of age; slight and well-formed, his frame denoted activity; his countenance was one of great intellectuality; dark locks adorned a high and ample forehead, slightly marked by time, what seemed most probable, the corroding hand of care; beneath well-defined eyebrows, beamed forth eyes of singular beauty; deep, radiant and melancholy, they fascinated the beholder. That sorrow and he had, companion-like, travelled hand in hand, was evident even to a casual observer for the pallid cheeks, the glance that so often reveals much of what the heart would fain conceal, bear witness to the fact. Many difficulties had he to contend with in youth; outward trials, and those which hidden in the recesses of the soul, are no less effectual in dimming the fire of the eye, checking the vivacity of the spirit, and causing it to spring up, amid dark locks, premature gray hairs; and though, no doubt, they had been instrumental in making him a wiser and a better man, yet nothing could restore that light-hearted and cheerful appearance which those frequently possess, to whom adversity has been but a stranger. The memory of sorrows, mellowed as it may be by the hand of time, can never be effaced, and throws a shadow over the best scenes of life. We are continually haunted by the scenes of the past; the scenes, the associations of other

days ; and if, perchance, the heart be soothed into momentary forgetfulness, how quickly, how overpoweringly will this tide of memory rush back upon our souls, and we relapse into our former state. But we have digressed.

Mr. Frankfort's manner was exceedingly prepossessing ; with the politeness of a gentleman, he united the urbanity of a Christian. Every action seemed to spring from a heart deeply endowed with all those noble principles which assimilate man, in some measure, to the Creator. To the afflicted he was indeed a messenger of consolation, for his own trials enabled him to sympathize deeply with them ; the stranger felt that in him he possessed a friend, and the poor and oppressed never left his presence, without having their minds comforted and refreshed. The flexible and musical tones of his voice lent an additional charm to his conversation, often heightened by the smile, inexpressibly sweet, that played round his lips and lighted up his intelligent countenance. A classical education displayed to great advantage a mind naturally of a poetical and meditative turn, and his appeals from the pulpit were those that spoke to the heart, thrilling, winning, irresistible. He was still unmarried ; for her who had been the idol of his youth, and whom he considered as scarcely less than perfection, had, in his absence from home, wedded another, whose only qualification was his wealth. It may be that this circumstance had somewhat shaken his faith in woman, not that he believed they were all alike, but he may be forgiven if he hastily concluded that the exceptions were few and far between. Mrs. Kenyon had often spoken to him of Belinda, and indeed, never seemed weary of expatiating in her excellencies, thus awakening in Mr. Frankfort a strong curiosity to see her ; and when at last, the desire was gratified, is it matter of wonder that the emotions to which he had long been a stranger, sprang up in his heart ? Much of Belinda's early beauty had faded, yet sufficient remained to attract admiration, and there were not wanting some, who affirmed that, more fascinating now than when lighted up by the joyous hope of youth, was the pale and expressive countenance, that told that resignation had struggled, and struggled successfully, against despair. But had Belinda forgotten the early dead ? or was still imperishable on the tables of the heart recorded the love that had thus proved stronger than death ? Let us listen to a conversation between the sisters, and then obtain an answer.

SCENE X.

THE FAREWELL.

"HAS Mr. Frankfort been here this morning?" inquired Mrs. Fleming, one day as she entered the apartment in which her sister was seated, about two months after his arrival.

"Yes," was the reply; "he spent an hour with me while you were away. I apologized for your non-appearance, by informing him you were out shopping."

"I do not think he regretted it very much," said Mrs. Fleming laughing, and glancing at her sister.

"Why not, Alice? I only wish you had been here; you would have been much interested in the description he gave of his visit to Palestine. He is certainly very kind in so frequently spending an hour with us, lone women that we are, instead of repairing to gayer and more fashionable callings, where he would be a welcome guest."

"He is indeed very kind," responded Alice; "and yet I do not think him perfectly disinterested."

"Disinterested, why not?"

"I think he esteems it as great, and perhaps a greater pleasure to visit us, than we do to receive his visits."

"Why you know our acquaintance with Mrs. Kenyson would naturally lead him to feel more at home here, for he seems her highly."

"Then you think his attentions nothing more than the ordinary civility of a friend. Had you marked him as I have done, had you beheld the direction of his glance, listened to the peculiarly tender tones of his voice, when he addressed one person in this room, and the thousand nameless attentions, which require only to be seen to be appreciated, you would have been convinced that a more tender sentiment than friendship prompted his actions."

A new light seemed to dawn upon Belinda. She grew fully pale, and her voice faltered as she exclaimed, "Oh, Alice, surely you are mistaken."

"Time will prove," was the reply; "but why are you so alarmed? Surely there is nothing so repulsive in Mr. Frankfort that the very idea should prove overwhelming."

“Repulsive! no, indeed; he is one of whom any woman might be proud; but not I. I do not forget the past, Alice, and never can.”

“Well, Belinda, your constancy would do very well in a romance, but is scarcely suitable in every-day life. Ten years have elapsed since Captain Elton's death, and though I do not suppose you have forgotten him, still I think his image should not be cherished to the exclusion of all others.”

“Alice” — and Belinda's calm and deep tones awed her sister — “you, who saw but little, comparatively, of outward emotion, could scarcely imagine the blow that my heart received at the death of Captain Elton. You heard not that bitter cry that ascended to heaven in the midnight hour, for strength to bear the terrible trial; you knew nought of that insatiable yearning to behold once again the form so much beloved; nor when, with overwhelming force, the conviction would rush upon my mind that I should never see him again on earth, how often I thought my heart would break. Years have passed since then, and resignation has assumed the sway over my spirit; but my blighted affections can never be revived, for ‘half my heart is in his tomb’; and one of the brightest hopes that now sheds its radiance on my path in life, is the trust, the blissful trust, that I shall meet him in heaven.”

Belinda ceased, and silence reigned through the apartment for a few moments.

“I do not know whether your arguments would prove very satisfactory to Mr. Frankfort,” said Alice, at length, “for I suspect you will have to repeat them to him.”

“I shall certainly not give him an opportunity of judging, but of this I am convinced, that he would never accept the hand unaccompanied by the heart.”

The day after this conversation, Mr. Frankfort called as usual, but saw only Mrs. Fleming, Belinda having purposely absented herself. He remained for some time, expecting to see her, but finding she did not make her appearance, took leave. As soon as he had withdrawn from the apartment, Belinda entered it, by an opposite door, and walking to her work-table, opened a secret drawer in it, taking from thence a locket. Little did she imagine who beheld her, as gazing in it, with a deep sigh she pressed it to her lips. Mr. Frankfort

woman had just opened the hall-door, and was in the act of stepping out on the platform, when he found that he had left his glove on the parlor table. Lightly retracing his steps, he reached the parlor, the door of which was partly open. Belinda, occupied as we before stated, did not observe him, for her face was turned in another direction; but at this moment hearing the sound of a step, hastily placed the locket, and closed the drawer. Turning, she encountered Mr. Frankfort, who had advanced too far to retreat without being observed. Mutually embarrassed, Mr. Frankfort, with a hurried apology, and a recovery of the missing glove, hastily bade her "good morning."

Two weeks elapsed before he again visited them; and the next time he called, it was to bid them farewell.

"I intend making a tour through the United States, and thence returning to England," he said.

"Do you think you will ever revisit Halifax?"

"It is not probable I ever shall," was Mr. Frankfort's reply.

Domestic affairs called Mrs. Fleming from the apartment a few moments, and Mr. Frankfort, taking advantage of the opportunity, advanced to Belinda, and, in tones of deep emotion, said, "Miss Dalton, I once thought that, when I bade adieu to this place, I might not return to my native land alone, but bear with me one, whose many excellencies have made a deep impression on my heart. Subsequent events proved, at least so I thought, that my love was not returned. Shall I say more, Miss Belinda? Will you tell me candidly, whether I have been correct in my conclusion or not?"

Belinda raised her eyes, filled with tears, to his, and said, in a tone that faltered deeply, — "Mr. Frankfort, I highly esteem you as a friend, but I have no heart to bestow. It is buried in a distant grave."

Mr. Frankfort's countenance spoke of painful emotion; he was silent for a moment, and then said sadly, "I feared much since my last visit. You, Miss Belinda," he said, observing her deeply moved, "have nothing to reproach yourself with, and I cannot but admire your constancy, though I suffer from the effects of it."

Mrs. Fleming now entered the apartment, and Mr. Frankfort, pressing Belinda's hand to his lips, and whispering, "ever you stand in need of a friend, remember me,"

bade the sisters farewell. Belinda stood at the window, and watched his form as it faded from her view. Sad were the emotions that overwhelmed her soul, and she may be forgiven, if deep sighs and tears told that she regretted his departure.

“Another scene of my life has closed,” she murmured, “when shall be the last?”

SCENE XI.

LAWYER LEVIT.

AGAIN we pass over a number of years; years whose monotonous lapse affords but little incident for the writer to record. Let us once more behold Belinda, and then bid her adieu. She is in the apartment in which we last met her. A November day is drawing to a close, and, standing near the window, she has laid down her sewing, and is gazing, half abstractedly, upon the clouds that float over the sky.

“It is the twilight hour of her life,
 When its wild passion waves are lulled to rest,
 And we can view life's fairy scenes depart,
 As fades the crimson in the glowing west;
 'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret,
 We gaze upon them as they fade away,
 And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
 But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
 Pointing to brighter scenes far, far away.”

Mournful are her meditations, for an expression of deep sadness rests upon her countenance. She is contrasting her life with that of the day now nearly gone. How brightly had its course commenced; the sun shone in an unclouded firmament, but as the hours wore on, its brilliancy became obscured, and now, towards evening, the sky was overspread with clouds.

“Alas!” she ejaculates, “thus has it been with me. Full of sunshine were my early days, but with maturer years came shadows to obscure its brightness; and now, utterly alone in the world, how dark seems the evening of life.”

dow,
were
y be
d his

ired,

hose
er to
bid
met
ding
zing,
y.

leep
her
htly
ided
came
read

Full
ears
erly
,