

ing to send a composing draught, took his leave. As soon as he was gone, the Canon hastened to the bedside of his daughter, whom he found still weeping; her pillow wet with her tears. As soon as she perceived him she started up, and the Canon bending over her, he threw her arms round his neck and embraced her, in the most passionate and earnest language, to explain the meaning of his words; and, still under the impression that her father had intended her to believe that Lionel had been guilty of some misdemeanor, the fear of the consequences of which had caused his flight—before the Canon could answer, she entered into an energetic and eloquent defence on his behalf; and with eyes flashing with indignation through her tears, declared her firm conviction that he never was or would be guilty of anything criminal or dishonourable; and that until she had substantial and undeniable proofs of such misconduct on his part, she would be the champion of his innocence at the risk of life itself. The Canon with a feeling of pride in his daughter for her spirit, yet mixed with regret at this demonstration of a firm and unalterable attachment, and fearing she would again, from exhaustion, sink in insensibility, immediately explained the circumstances causing Lionel's departure, assured her of the high estimation in which he himself regarded him, and implored her to calm her agitation and endeavour to forget her sorrow in sleep.

While this explanation was going on, she gradually, as she listened, became less agitated, and, at its close, sunk on her pillow; and though she still wept and sobbed, her tears, instead of leaping from her eyes like globules of molten lead, now gently flowed, soothing and relieving her almost bursting heart, and the heavings of her bosom were as the gentle undulations of a lake when the fury of the storm has long passed over its surface. A servant having now arrived with the draught, it was administered to her, and shortly after she sunk into a profound sleep. The Canon bending over, regarded her for some time, with looks expressive of the tenderest affection, and kissing her flushed cheek, as she lay in blissful unconsciousness, left the chamber and descended to his parlour.

Canon De Vere, though a man in whom every virtue that can adorn mankind was inherent, was possessed of one strong and unconquerable worldly feeling—this was pride of birth. The De Veres were descended from an ancient and illustrious line; and as the Canon beheld his daughter growing in beauty and

every day becoming more lovely in person and amiable in disposition, he would, in imagination, anticipate the time when she should appear in, and take the station in society to which as a De Vere, she was entitled; and finally, he hoped, be addressed by one as noble in birth and distinguished for good qualities as herself. And though he now acknowledged within himself, that no two persons, *as far as the latter qualifications were considered, could be so exactly by nature suited to each other*, as Lionel and his daughter; yet the want of the former one, on Lionel's part, was a barrier to their union, which he never could suffer to be removed. He therefore determined at once to send for Mr. Weston, and endeavour to make some arrangement by which, by their joint authorities and plans, this intercourse between Lionel and Margaret might effectually and for ever be broken. With this view he despatched a note to Lionel's father, requesting his immediate attendance. When Mr. Weston arrived, the Canon acquainted him with the discovery he had made, candidly stated his views with regard to his daughter, expressed his admiration of and regard for Lionel, and his readiness to advance his interest and welfare by any possible means in his power, with the exception only of allowing him to become his son.

Mr. Weston of course disclaimed all knowledge of, and expressed his astonishment at the circumstances now for the first time made known to him; and promised to do all in his power, with regard to his son, to support the Canon in his desire. After considerable conversation, in the course of which the Canon enquired what profession Mr. Weston had destined his son to engage in—it was agreed between them, that if Lionel could be sent away to a distant part of the world, and for some years, the end to which they were desirous might be accomplished. The Canon having relations and friends high in the Admiralty Office, immediately wrote, enquiring what vessels were then on commission, or about to be so; and in case of a vacancy in the midshipman's berth in one of the earliest, begged to be allowed the privilege of sending a youth to fill it. An answer was in a few days returned that in about three weeks the *G—* a Frigate would be despatched to convey the newly appointed minister to Buenos Ayres; that from thence she was to proceed to the Mediterranean and other parts of the world, and would be absent at least three years; that two vacancies required to be filled, one of