

"And," said Lionel, "since this is your resolve, if we must part, will you still love me with the same pure and holy love with which we have ever loved each other? Dear Margaret, shall I ever hold the first place in your memory?"

"Lionel, I can never cease to love—to worship and cherish thee in my heart; my soul's happiness is in thee and thy prosperity; if thy life were forfeit, and mine could ransom it, gladly would I lay it down. We must part; but oh! Lionel, could you but bear me company, rather would I pass the portals of the grave—I would not thou shouldst live without me—I would not wish to live after thee; but could we depart from this world together, oh! how welcome would be death!"

"Now dearest!—one look from thy dear eyes—one kiss from those dear lips, and fare thee well; for why should I longer distress thee?" Throwing herself upon his breast, twining her arms around his neck, and passionately kissing him; she, with a convulsive effort, tore herself from his embrace, and fled from the apartment. Lionel hastened home; and his father, anticipating this result, having during the last few days made every preparation, that night departed from the scene of his unhappiness. The next day found him at Portsmouth on board the Frigate; and soon the "boundless waste of waters" intervened Lionel and the object of all his joys and sorrows.

The situation in which Lionel was now placed, by its novelty, tended to divert in some measure his thoughts from dwelling too acutely on the late unhappy events. The duties of his station—the new scenes which every day presented, had their charms; but when viewing the strange and interesting objects of, to him, new countries, he would think with how much greater pleasure would he behold them, were she but with him to participate in his pleasure. During two years since his departure, the Frigate had, after fulfilling her mission at Buenos Ayres, visited several other parts of the world. He had received several letters from his father, in not one of which was the name of Margaret mentioned, or any allusion made to any of the past circumstances.

The ship had now one year to complete the term of her commission, after which she would return home; she was now bound for the Mediterranean. Upon her arrival, the commander found orders awaiting, directing him to perform certain services, which being done, the G—a was to return home. Several of

those floating bulwarks, of which England so justly proud, were at anchor; and an interchange of visits of course took place between the officers of each. A party of midshipmen from one of these vessels, came on board to visit those of the G—a. In the course of the conversation which Lionel had with one of them, he found that he was a relation of the De Veres. This stranger had lately received a letter from home which informed him, *en passant*, that Miss De Vere was shortly to be married to a son of the Earl of S—; and added, "by what I can understand, it will take place about the time of your arrival, so no doubt you will be there." Deep as these words pierced Lionel's heart, he betrayed no emotion, and shortly the visitors returned to their own ship. This information which Lionel had received was true.

About eighteen months after Lionel's departure, the Earl of S—, a particular friend of his and who had been a classmate with De Vere at Oxford, came on a visit. Much pleased with Miss De Vere, and having himself a son a few years older than Margaret, he proposed, if it could be arranged agreeable to all parties, that his son should pay his court to Margaret, with a view to their future marriage. De Vere expressed his willingness; and it was agreed that the Earl's son, Marcus, should make a visit to De Veres for that purpose, which he very soon did.

Marcus was a handsome, amiable, intelligent young man, twenty-five years of age; and if Margaret had been mistress of her own heart, would probably have met with no opposition to his suit. But Margaret, true to her first love, gave him no encouragement. The Earl, however, who wished much that a marriage should take place between the parties in question, earnestly prayed Margaret once more to be persuaded by him, telling her that in so doing she would confer much happiness on him, and although he intended to keep his promise with regard to compulsion to marriage against her will; that if she did not consent to receive Marcus as her future husband, he could not regard her in the light of as dutiful a child as he previously had done. Having heard no tidings of Lionel since his departure, though he was constantly in her thoughts, urged by the earnest solicitations of Marcus, and influenced by her father, she at last reluctantly consented and the time fixed for the marriage to take place. While these arrangements were going on in the De Vere's house, the G—a with a fair breeze was ploughing her way homeward,