

situation for a father to be placed in ; his only daughter had dared to cherish an attachment without first arguing the matter *pro* and *con* with him. On learning these startling facts, he lost no time in assuring her of the impropriety, not to say wickedness, of her conduct, but finding that the young lady possessed a spark of his own spirit, he did all that a good father could do on such occasions, grumbled bitterly from morning to night, and swore upon his honor that she was the most unnatural girl he ever yet heard of. The next day, Edward happening to call with a volume of the "Man of Feeling" in his pocket, which he had borrowed a week before, and which it was necessary to his character for punctuality that he should return, Colonel Vernon took him into the parlor, and, without further ceremony, thus addressed him : "So, Sir, you have been making love to my daughter, I find."

"I believe I have, Sir."

"And are you not ashamed of yourself for doing so without my permission?"

"Not at all, sir."

"Mercy on us, here's a pretty fellow; he first comes into a gentleman's house, endeavors to run away with his daughter, and then, when her father accuses him, has actually the impudence to confess it to his face." "But I tell you what, young man," added the Colonel, "if you can't call here without talking your d——d nonsense to Laura, you must quit ; I am sorry for the alternative, but so it must be. If, however"—

He was going on at this rate, working himself sentence by sentence, into a most prodigious passion, when Edward cut short his rhetoric, and, in that frank, off-hand manner peculiar to him, informed him of his prospects in life, his connexion, and more especially of his wish to gain an interest in the heart of Laura ; when, on mentioning his father's name, and incidentally his rambles on the continent, Colonel Vernon interrupted him with,— "Daubigny, Daubigny, I thought when I first heard it I knew the name, and pray, Sir, is your father the same romantic gentleman whom I met eight and twenty years ago at Florence, and with whom I was unfortunate enough to be engaged in a duel?"

"I have heard him mention the circumstances of a duel, but never with whom it was fought, nor did I know till now that he was romantic—"

"Egad it must be him,—sure enough it's him; give me your hand, my fine fellow, you and I are sworn friends from this moment. Laura," he added, shouting till the house rung again, "Laura, I say, why the deuce don't you come down stairs; here have I been bawling for the last half hour, (it was just one half minute by Edward's watch,) and yet you refuse to come."