

a sweet place for the whisperings of love—for the sweet commune of hearts so devoted to each other as my Laura's and my own! Now, my anxieties will be soothed, and, I trust, forever.

*Enter Laura.*

Ah, my angel! ever true—ever faithful.

LAURA.—My own Harry! (*Throws herself into his arms.*) How long have I been scheming, how impatiently have I waited, for this interview! Oh, do not blame me—but I know you will not—for the coldness I have lately shewn towards you. You do not know how I have been situated.

SP.—Blame you? Never, for a moment, has such an idea crossed my mind. (*Leading her to a rustic seat.*) I have felt that reserve—Heaven only can tell how deeply; yet I knew it was not real. I have judged your heart by my own, and, with that test, I could never, for one moment, doubt your constancy. But my Laura has been unhappy. Tell me all. I am already aware that there are obstacles to our union—that I learned from your cousin, this morning; but of the nature of those obstacles I know nothing.

L.—Has Mrs. Younghusband then spoken to you of this in confidence?

SP.—She has; but for reasons which she refused to give, and which I could not guess, refrained from entering into particulars.

L.—Poor, unfortunate Mary! She had indeed good reasons for not being more particular. It is her own mother's whims which form such a barrier to our union; and she herself is a victim of that same caprice.

MR. SP.—That explains it. I have been in utter amazement, ever since I saw your cousin, at the idea of Younghusband's having such a wife. Heavens, what a mother must Mrs. Younghusband be, to sacrifice her daughter thus, by forcing her into such a union!

L.—My aunt does not force marriages. At least, she herself would repel such an accusation with scorn. She heartily despises the tactics of all ordinary match-makers.—So far, I can perfectly agree with her. She pretends to have reduced match-making to a science; and considers that, as an art, she has worked it up to a point of perfection far beyond the reach of any of her contemporaries. In short, she has set herself up as a sort of female Napoleon in the tactics of this gentle warfare.

SP.—And pray, what are the fundamental principles of this new science which your aunt has unfolded to the world?

L.—Oh, according to her theory, no young couple can be found who have not some feelings and tastes in common; or rather, both must have some qualities which tend to draw them together—somewhat on the principle of the doctrine of affinities, as I have heard it explained in some lectures on chemistry. Her tactics consist in drawing out by conversation, or any other means, manifestations of these qualities, and in placing her subjects in such situations as will naturally call them into prominent view, in order to make a mutual im-