

pression. The low, contemptible artifices which she employs for this purpose, are, to a person who can see through her schemes, both extremely ludicrous and utterly disgusting.

Sr.—And do you suppose that a person who can be led away by such vagaries as these, is capable of following up a firm resolve? May I not, possibly, have sufficient tact to overcome, in time, your aunt's antipathy, and obtain her consent to our union?

L.—Ah, my dear Speedwell, do not attempt it. You know not whom you would have to deal with. She has no antipathy to you; neither are you in her good graces. She does not suspect our attachment; she has no designs in which you are to act a part; consequently, you are nothing in her estimation.

Sr.—Very flattering to my vanity, certainly.

L.—Although my aunt has no other motives for her designs than mere caprice, I am convinced that she will never be persuaded to alter her determination. That would be confessing that she had erred in her judgment, forsooth, that she did not know, from the beginning, the husband whom nature had intended for me. Oh no, everything favours my union with Captain Dashley. She can see nothing between Laura Medwin and the grave, except Captain Dashley's wife. I can assure you, I have been a most rebellious subject. I have openly ridiculed her schemes. I have scarcely treated her dear Captain, as she calls him, with ordinary civility; yet my obstinacy, forsooth, only seems to add strength to her perseverance. I have been not a little amused at this petty warfare; yet it annoys me—sometimes absolutely tortures me, for I see no prospect of a speedy termination.

Sr.—What, none? Can my own Laura suppose, for a moment, that I will allow her to remain any longer under such a system of persecution?

L.—But how prevent it? Ah, cruel fortune!

Sr.—The Goddess favours us. We need wait no longer for the tardy proceeds of my professional labours. An unexpected legacy has lately come to my aid—one sufficient to secure us, for a time, a moderate competence.

L.—Is it possible? Oh, Speedwell!

Sr.—Yes, and you shall be mine. I will demand your hand as my right.

L.—Never, never! Mr. Topton is my guardian. I do not know the extent of that power; but it would be made a sufficient excuse for subjecting me to every species of persecution. And although my aunt's schemes are whimsical and ludicrous enough, I would not dare take such a step in open defiance of her authority. I know we should be thwarted, and Heaven only knows what her cruel determination might then lead to.

Sr.—There is but one other recourse.

L.—That is—

Sr.—An elopement.

L.—And yet I loathe the idea even of that. The notoriety of such a step. To be pointed out as the very romantic young lady who eloped, &c.