

‘but it was without my Desire, and indeed I may say against my Consent.’ ‘Indeed, indeed, Miss,’ cries the Aunt, ‘you ought to be ashamed of owning you had received it at all; but where is the Letter? for I will see it.’

To this peremptory Demand *Sophia* paused some Time before she returned an Answer; and at last only excused herself by declaring she had not the Letter in her Pocket, which was indeed true; upon which her Aunt losing all manner of Patience, asked her Niece this short Question, whether she would resolve to marry Lord *Fellamar* or no? to which she received the strongest Negative. Mrs. *Western* then replied with an Oath, or something very like one, that she would early the next Morning deliver her back into her Father’s Hand.

*Sophia* then began to reason with her Aunt in the following Manner; ‘Why, Madam, must I of Necessity be forced to marry at all? Consider how cruel you would have thought it in your own Case, and how much kinder your Parents were in leaving you to your Liberty. What have I done to forfeit this Liberty? I will never marry contrary to my Father’s Consent, nor without asking yours.—And when I ask the Consent of either improperly, it will be then Time enough to force some other Marriage upon me.’ ‘Can I bear to hear this,’ cries Mrs. *Western*, ‘from a Girl who hath now a Letter from a Murderer in her Pocket?’ ‘I have no such Letter, I promise you,’ answered *Sophia*; ‘and if he be a *Murderer*, he will soon be in no Condition to give you any further Disturbance.’ How, Miss *Western*, said the Aunt, ‘have you the Assurance to speak of him