

*Bella*—Ah! how nice you are now! And here are my note books.

*Henry*—(taking them) Poor child! how hard you must have worked! And what's this great roll of paper?

*Bella*—That is one of my drawings from life, done at the Art School.

*Henry*—I don't think as much of the Art School as I did. This does not seem the place for it. You need a wealthy town with large manufactures for such a school to do good and prosper. Your High Schools and Art Schools are simply draining the country, turning the rising young men and mechanics into pauper counter-jumpers and indifferent artists. What market is there for their talents here, if they show any? They must inevitably leave us for the States. Besides, we are beginning at the wrong end, it strikes me. Let us straighten out our pavements first, and brush up our old wooden houses; drain our streets, and plant trees in them; then, when the city has grown and prospered, it will be time enough for an Art School. Still, you must not think me dissatisfied with your work. It is charming! Stick to your drawings, dear, if you wish it, but to please me, *do* give up the degree.

*Bella*—Oh no! I must have my degree!

*Henry*—I thought it was to please me you went in for it?

*Bella*—Certainly, it was to please you, at first, but after.

*Henry*—But after?

*Bella*—But after, it was to please myself; and I thought, from the day I obtained it, you would think so much more of me. You would cease to look on me as a dunce, and talk to me as you tried to at first, before I knew anything of Science or Art, or Political Economy.

*Henry*—My dear, I can do that without taxing this little brain here (patting her head.) You are more than a match for me in some things already. A little more learning, and I should be in dread of you! What will tempt you to forego this degree you have worked so hard for?

*Bella*—Give me back the old love, dear, that really might tempt me.