

SP.—Well Mr. Greenish, it will give me great pleasure to afford you any gratification which I can. Perhaps I may have something which may suit you. (*Looking over some books on a table*). Here are some sonnets of Shenstone's.

GR.—Oh, the very thing I wanted. (*seizing the book*).

CAPT. D.—Ha, ha, ha! What an appetite you must have for poetry. (*yawns*). What the Devil is a fellow to do with himself here, all the morning? Dreadfully dull! (*drinks*). By the bye, I must call on Younghusband and claim that bet.

SP.—What! Jack Younghusband? Is it possible this is where Jack has pitched his tent?

CAPT. D.—Yes, and a devilish fine tent it is too; and what is more a devilish pretty little wife in it to cheer up his declining years.

SP.—Jack Younghusband married? Truly, wonders never will cease. I must certainly find him out immediately. I feel curious to see Jack Younghusband's wife.

CAPT. D.—I shall be most happy to introduce you. You will find the coast clear there, old boy—at least, so far as I am concerned. She is a daughter, by the bye, of Mrs. Topton's, cousin of my friend Greenish's Lady love.

SP.—I feel extremely grateful for your kind proposal; but you quite mistake my motives. I have a few other calls to make this morning, and I can search out Jack's domicile on my return.

CAPT. D.—Ha! Speedwell, damme you're an old hand, I see that—ha, ha,—well, take your own way. (*Exit*).

SP.—Mr. Greenish, I beg that you will excuse me. I shall be under the necessity of leaving you. Here are a number of other books; and I hope you will find some of them to your taste.

GR.—Oh, thank you,—certainly, certainly. I do not mind being alone at all. Ah! then I can give full scope to the imagination, and have such sweet dreams about my dear Laura. Heigho!

SP.—His Laura too! Poor ninny! (*aside*).

GR.—Oh, my dear Sir, if you have ever felt your whole soul absorbed in a love of the most Heavenly being that ever the sun shone upon, you may know how to sympathize with me.

SP.—Well Sir, I fear I am too cold-hearted a mortal to appreciate your feelings. But I must leave you to your blissful solitude. Good morning—pleasant dreams—which, as you shall find, will be interpreted according to the old adage, by the rule of contraries. (*Exit*).

GR.—He appears to be a very civil sort of gentleman, this Speedwell. I think I shall make a confidant of him. Ah, sweet Laura—lovely angel! I wonder if that was the truth Dashley was telling. I feel almost inclined to doubt it. What business had he to see her this morning? I began to think