

RONALD.—Why, St. Clair, what is the matter with you? Are you in love? Have the starry eyes of the fair Grit cast their spell athwart your heart? Has your soul been captured by that smile which breaks like sunshine from the purple cloudlets of her lips, and glories each dimpled rosebud, and wreathes her snowy chin with subtle charms. Ha! ha! ha! Say—Have the darts of Dan Cupid pierced the joints of your worship's harness? Ha! ha! ha!

GEORGE.—Come, Ronald. No chaff. Good Heavens! what a beautiful girl! How she dances! What a lithe figure! Her little feet! I could take both within my hand. And her eyes! And that columned neck on which the head rests in lovely praise!

RONALD.—Yes: the neck of a swan and the eye of a Basilisk. I see you're hit hard. But there's no use; she's a Grit.

GEORGE.—She told me that herself. But what matter? I suppose mine is the oldest family in the country.

RONALD.—Barring the Indians.

GEORGE.—I'm well off; or shall be.

RONALD.—Of good appearance—go on.

GEORGE.—Come, don't chaff.

RONALD.—Well, then, your father would cut you off to a penny if you were to mingle the aristocratic blood of an earlier with the plebeian blood of a later emigrant, and a Grit too—fair though she be.

GEORGE.—Are there indeed such great causes of division between the two parties?

RONALD.—You are as ignorant of our politics