

been a fracas, and I trust she has too much sense ever to sacrifice herself to a swaggerer with scarce brains enough to carry him across a gutter. Stop! stop! Mr. Surface, Tom's my friend and a fine fellow, I won't hear any thing against him, he is good enough for any girl. Why, for any girl he may be, but not for some. Anny Reckless shan't marry him, sir. The devil she shan't, said Bob. Why, can you prevent it? I can try, sir, Anny Reckless deserves a king. I always heard she was accomplished, answered Bob. What do you call accomplished? asked old Surface. Why, playing the piano and singing and——Fiddlestick, sir, for such accomplishments; She makes pickles and puddings, cuts out her own dresses and mends her own stockings; these are accomplishments, sir, not playing country-dances and singing lackadaisical love songs, and drawing flowers from nature, trying to gull people with stiff daubs resembling a pea stick with a red night cap on it, to frighten the crows. Well, Mr. Surface, you would recommend all women who can cook in preference to being well informed or accomplished, said Bob. No sir, I would recommend a woman such as Anny Reckless who can do a little of every thing sufficiently well to always please; not one who can play a little, daub a little, while her husband comes home after his day's fatigue, to enjoy a greasy steak and a smoky bowl of soup. Very true, said Bob, a good house-keeper is an excellent thing. Yes, and as Anny Reckless is both that and a clever little body, she shan't marry (if my reasoning has any weight) a weak-pated fool, such as your friend Tom Wellin, who is as much under the subjection of a certain person as a child of five years old, and combined with this general *debility* of mind he is something worse—don't talk to me sir of your Tom Wellin, I know him sir, since his birth and all connected with him; by the bye they give Phil Reckless credit for my last *jeu d'esprit*, did you hear that sir; do they suppose peculiarities are only to be found in Duke's place, or that scribbling is only confined to one family; they little think that Jack Surface knows them all; he can hear with an absent air, and sees more, and says little: the world, my