

passionately fond of me, and old Topton, I understand intends feathering her nest well. But then I needn't be afraid of you. You are not a bad looking fellow, it is true; but, 'Cod, she could never make up her mind to fall in love with a man who has neither moustache, nor whiskers.

SP.—If Miss Medwin's predilections run that way, I should certainly hold but a very humble position in her affections, especially with such a killing moustache, and such undeniable whiskers as yours, arrayed against me.

CAPT. D.—Well I do rather pique myself on my whiskers. Ha! Speedwell, you ought to give some attention to those matters—dem it you ought. Believe me there's nothing twines itself round a woman's heart like a moustache. Yes, I believe I shall marry this time, and settle down.

*Enter Greenish.*

Mum!

GREENISH.—(*bowing very low*). Gentlemen, your most obedient.

CAPT. D.—There's antediluvian manners for you (*aside to Speedwell*). Tittering). Oh, Greenish, how do your prospects look, with regard to Miss Medwin—still inexorable, eh?

GR.—Ah now, Dashley, what will Mr. Speedwell think. (*aside to Capt. D.*)

CAPT. D.—Never mind Speedwell. I have been just telling him all about your unfortunate case. He thinks just as I do, that, if he were in your place, he would persevere. By Cupid, I'd never give it up so.

GR.—(*to Speedwell*). Oh, do you think there is hope? Heigho!

CAPT. D.—Come, man, keep your heart up. I have some good news for you myself. I saw her this morning. She spoke very complimentary of you. 'Mr. Greenish,' says she, 'has elegant manners—quite a second Chesterfield; and then he is so gallant, and has so many romantic ideas! Ah,' said she, 'how few young gentleman of that stamp we have now!' She did, 'pon honour.

GR.—Did she, did she?—Say I was gallant and romantic? Now, you are not deceiving me?

CAPT. D.—Deceive you! By Jove, Sir, do you accuse me of deceiving you?

GR.—Oh, no. I beg a thousand pardons—you have always been so friendly, I—I—couldn't think it. Well I always was very fond of romances. It is my nature. I can't help it. But, what a place this is! One can't get a book worth reading. (*to Speedwell*). Can you tell me where I can get 'The Children of the Abbey,' or 'The Romance of the Forest,' or 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' or—or—any other good novels?

SP.—I am very sorry to say, Sir, that I do not.

GR.—Or any books of poetry? I do'n't mean your long, dreary poems; but short pieces—scraps of sweet, pretty verse?

CAPT. D.—'Cod, you had better send him to a confectioner's shop to buy a peck of sugar kisses. (*aside to Speedwell*).