

Mrs. S.—Next winter, did I say? Yes—oh, yes—next winter—why not? You do not know, my dear friend, how desolate the world appears to one who, like myself, is alone in the midst of its bustle. Ah, you have never felt that loneliness—and besides men are so faithless. I put no trust in these long engagements. Do you think he will keep a carriage? Are his habits expensive?

Mrs. T.—Oh, you can make him do anything.

*Enter Mr. Topton.*

Oh, Mr. Topton, congratulate us—we may expect to have a wedding soon. Julia and Mr. Greenish.

Mrs. S.—Mr. Greenish?

Mr. T.—Yes, so I understand. Don't blush so, child.

Mrs. S.—Mr. Greenish?

Mrs. T.—Oh, never mind Mr. Topton, my dear.

Mrs. S.—I fear there is some mistake. Is not Mr. Speedwell the person who—

Mr. T.—How? What's this?

Mrs. T.—Speedwell? The young man whom I left you with, this morning? Merciful Heavens, no!

Mrs. S.—Merciful Heavens, I say. Greenish! Oh Lord, I shall faint.

Mr. T.—Mrs. Topton, is it possible you were not aware of this before?

Mrs. T.—I aware of it? What do you mean, sir?

Mr. T.—I meant to ask if you were so short-sighted, as not to have seen this before. That was the nature of my interrogatory. I tell you, woman, that I saw it in her countenance as soon as I entered the room. I took cognizance of it at once.

Mrs. T.—I short-sighted! You saw it! How ridiculous!

Mr. T.—Madam?

Mrs. T.—Well?

Mr. T.—Pshaw! I shall take my own course. (*Retiring.*) Dictate to me? I would like to see the person who would have the hardihood to do it. Where is that dark villain—that abortion of nature?—Nero! (*Exit calling.*)

Mrs. T.—And now, Julia, I trust you have not been led, by this unfortunate mistake, to give that fellow, Speedwell, any encouragement.

Mrs. S.—Fellow Speedwell! Heavens, you do not pretend to compare him with that poor, whimpering spoon, Greenish?

Mrs. T.—Such epithets applied to Mr. Greenish?

Mrs. S.—Oh, I have seen him. Laura and I, in our walk, this afternoon, encountered the creature sighing, on the skirts of a grove, over a dead robin; and we were bored with his awkward attentions, his idiotic raptures, and his doggerel poetry, until our return home. He is your romantic, sentimental youth! His sentimentalism is quite too excessive for my fancy.