

I will venture to say now, that there was some unusual attraction abroad in the fields, this morning.

CAPT. D.—You have hit it. You're up to a thing or too, I see. Ha, ha! you've been a sporting dog, Speedwell, as well as myself. Don't deny it now. I see it in your eye. By Jove, if there's anything I pique myself on, it's in telling what a man is, at once—just as soon as I clap my eye on him. Now, Speedwell, you are a lad of spirit—I see that plainly.

SP.—I must certainly compliment you upon such extraordinary powers of penetration. Perhaps, if I had the same stimulus which, I doubt not, you have, I should evince more spirit than I now do.

CAPT. D.—Well, the stimulus is not so slight either. She is a devilish fine looking craft, as the Sailors say; a daughter, or neice, or something or other, of old—Heavy-sides, up at the—what-d-ye-call-it Hall here. 'Cod she has a Heavenly ancle!

SP.—I congratulate you. I have, of course, no doubt of the success of your advances.

CAPT. D.—Ho! no danger on that score. Fact is, the girl is dying in love with me, and the old aunt pleased almost to death with the match. Ha, ha, ha, she's a queer old chap too—always calling me, 'my dear child,' and all that sort of thing. By Jove, I must have something to drink. What do you say? (*rings*).

SP.—I am not in the habit of drinking at this early hour.

*Enter Waiter.*

CAPT. D.—Bring some brandy—quick. (*Exit waiter*). Nor I, but the fact is, I have been mealy-mouthed so long this morning that my throat is quite parched. Ha, ha! Doing the sublime and beautiful with that girl—talking poetry, discussing the beauties of Nature, and all that sort of thing. Ha!—If there is anything I do pique myself on, it is discussing the poets. Have them all by heart, man—Shakspeare, Werter, Byron, Michael Angelo—the whole set.

*Enter Waiter with brandy, &c. and exit.*

Come, a bumper to Miss Medwin.

SP.—Oh, certainly. She must be such an angel according to your description, that I am induced to break through my ordinary rules.

CAPT. D.—That's right, old boy. (*They fill their glasses; Speedwell sips his; Captain Dashley drinks a bumper*). I must introduce you, Speedwell.

SP.—I shall be delighted—

CAPT. D.—By Jove, though, do'nt think of attempting any rivalry. I am quite serious in my intentions in that quarter. Fact is, it is time I was beginning to settle down in life. We military men are too fond of roving, I am sorry to say—wandering, as the poet says, like the bee, from flower to flower, and sucking sweets from every one. And then this poor girl is