

N.—(*Advancing.*) Ha! more improprieties. Yes, she'll let that ignorant Irishman kiss her; but, lord! she'll hardly speak to me. This comes o' prejudice against colour. Yes, that 'trocious wretch knows no more of the arts and sciences than my hat—and call me neyger too, eh? Oh, the regratitude of this world to men of letters is—is—past all condurance. But there's a dreadful day of reckonin' comin'! (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*A room at Mr. Topton's.*

*Enter Mrs. Silkie.*

MRS. SILKIE.—Well, I must say Mrs. Meddlesome has stumbled upon a fortunate idea, in my case. Oh, if the attractions of his fortune are only equal to those of his person! What a noble bearing! Ha! What a conquest! My return to town will be a triumph. He is mine, that is certain. Ha, ha, Mrs. Topton, talk to me of address! I am not to be taught by her in such matters. A show of confidence—that is the thing to take with these men. But that little flood of tears did the business for him. Ha, nothing melts your romantic youth like a tear. I am much obliged to Mrs. Topton for informing me of his *penchant* for the romantic.

*Enter Mrs. Topton.*

Oh, Mrs. Topton, I must give you my warmest thanks for remembering my widowhood, and for your superior judgment in the selection of one to fill up the void in my heart—but oh, there is so much disinterested kindness in your nature, and your insight into human character is always so keen!

MRS. TOPTON.—Ha, you have seen him then? Yes, I flattered myself I could not err in finding a match to suit any person of sense. If my poor niece could only see as well what is for her own interest. Very romantic, is he not? Just your own temperament—so passionate—so imaginative—so open and candid.

MRS. S.—Ah, is he? I had despaired of meeting such a one in this chilly northern clime. Heigho! I should have been born under a more sunny sky than this. But tell me: is he wealthy? What are his circumstances? Not that I could be influenced by any such sordid considerations; but I always think one ought not to make objection to a husband on account of his riches.

MRS. T.—Rich? Immensely so. His father was a very wealthy man, and died a few years since, leaving him an only sc. He is heir to all the old gentleman's property.

MRS. S.—Indeed? Ha! I shall be able, next winter, to repay Mrs. Highflier's slight, with interest. We shall see whose parties will be most sought after.

MRS. T.—Next winter? So soon? I thought you were averse to anything further, at present, than securing the prize.