

4 *Commercial Courtship and Unselfish Union.*

MISS C.

Well, I think you are rather a forward young man
Though I'm sure you wish me well ;
I'd like to be neighbourly, sisterly too,
But I've one little secret to tell—
I'm afraid you mustn't make love to me,
For "my heart's in the highlands," across the sea !

SAM.

Now you're wrong if you think I'd tempt your heart
From your dear, distant Johnny to roam,
For I only wish you in trade to unite,
With your next-door neighbour at home ;
Our interests may link if our hearts mayn't agree
To join fortunes would profit both you and me.

MISS C.

That's very well spoken, indeed, Mr. Sam,
It's candid and perfectly fair,
And I think when friends have what each other needs,
They certainly ought to share ;
Her face is the fortune of many a bride,
But I've a fair dowry I need not hide.

(*Air*: "Rich and rare were the gems she wore.")

Rich and rare are the gems I wear,
And a royal diadem binds my hair ;