

company of a questionable character. Let us hear your reasons for this moral inference?

D.—Faith thin, she's been meandhering through the fields all the morning with Captain Dashley above stairs here—him that's suckin' the dollars out of Mr. Greeny, every night—Divil a less.

Sr.—Ha! Here is some new light. (*aside*)—Pooh! Is that all? Well?

D.—Well faix, I loithered about the big house, purtendin' that I was admirin' every thing in ginerál. You see I was in hopes I'd get my eye on Miss Jemimy—betune ourselves, it's not a bad sort of a piece, that same—Arrah, an' it's Miss Jemimy wud—

Sr.—Never mind her now. Did you see Miss Medwin again?

D.—I beg your honour's pardon—troth an' I did. She kem up to the dour a hould of that whiskered Devil's arum, an' thin I made bould to walk up thinkin' I might give the note to herself while the Captain was looking t'other way. He was sthrivin' mighty hard to rade somebody's name on a tundherin' great thrunk that the neyger was carryin' past—more be token, the awkward divil had it upside-down, so he cud'nt make it out anyhow. Well, joost thin—oh, heaven purtect us! the neyger, puffin' an' blowin', like a great black porpoise, lets out on' to me, an' wants to know what I mane by prowlin' about the primises all the mornin'; an' thin, faix I stuffed the letther into my pocket agin quicker than ye'd be saying, 'Shtick,' an' mighty glad to get away too.

Sr.—You have certainly been very unnecessarily cautious, Dennis. Why did you not give the note to Miss Medwin at once?

D.—Ah, thin, sure ye wud'nt be wantin me to give her the billy-deuce right afore the Captain?

Sr.—*Billet doux*, you rascal. Who told you it was a *billet doux*?

D.—Faix thin, maybe I was decayved. But sure, yer honour, she's the jewel of a fine lady. Ah, did'nt I hear her, when I was turnin aff, telling that ould black-a-moor, in her own soft, swate purty voice, never to be spakin to anny one—that was me, you percaive—in that manner again! Och, Saint Pathrick be with us! Little did my poor mother think—heaven rest her sowl in glory, amin—that iver the son that she rayred wud be insolted by a wully-headed haythen like that.

Sr.—Ha, ha, ha! Never mind, Dennis, man; these trifles must be borne. You can go now. I shall not want you again this morning.

D.—Thrifles, is it?

*Enter Captain Dashley.*

Och, to be bullied by a neyger! (*Exit.*)

CAPTAIN DASHLEY.—Hollo, Speedwell! Dem it, man, how are you? (*Throwing himself into a chair*) Phoo! I'm half dead—been out ruralizing all the mawning.

Sr.—Indeed! I was not aware of your partiality for pleasures of that kind