

lad to see you.
stance! Why
clare.
him.

early eighteen
pped. Ah sir,
er.

much. Is she

t—but young

there's plenty
s hence, Mrs.
ut when the
h pleasure in

in her own

rend sir, (if
at you have

uch good in
are not so
e very long
se you, and

n what you
ears, and a
ning days.
but I have
now, am I
eed. Ha,
quite made
d bachelor.

MRS. PARTLET.—Come, come, dear one, don't fret. At a more fitting time we will try again—we will try again.

DR. DALY.—Poor little girl. I'm afraid she has something on her mind. She is rather comely. Time was when this old heart would have throbbed in double-time at the sight of such a fairy form. But tush, I am pulling. Here comes the young Alexis with his proud and happy father. Let me dry this tell-tale tear.

RECITATIVE AND MINUET.

DR. DALY.—Sir Marmaduke—my dear young friend Alexis On this most happy—most auspicious plight—

Permit me, as a true old friend,—
To tender my best, my very best congratula-
tions!

SIR MARMADUKE.—Sir, you are most obleeing.

ALEXIS.—Doctor Daly, my dear old tutor and my valued pastor,

I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

DR. D.—May fortune bless you! may the middle distance Of your young life be pleasant as the foreground—
The joyous foreground! and, when you have reached it
May that which now is the far-off horizon,
But which will then become the middle distance,
In fruitful promise be exceeded only
By that which will have opened in the meantime,
Into a new and glorious horizon!

SIR M.—Dear sir, that is an excellent example
Of an old school of stately compliment
To which I have, through life, been much addicted.
Will you obleege me with a copy of it,
In clerklly manuscript, that I myself
May use it on appropriate occasions?

DR. D.—Sir, you shall have a fairly-written copy
Ere Sol has sunk into his western slumbers!

SIR M.—Come, come, my son, your fiancee will be here in five minutes. Rouse yourself to receive her.

ALEXIS.—Oh rapture!

"The Song Folio," 75cts., at Dufton's.