

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 throbb'd in double-time at the sight of such a fairy form. But tush, I am puling. 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 plighting—  
Permit me, as a true old friend,—  
To tender my best, my very best congratulations!

SIR MARMADUKE.—Sir, you are most obleeqing.

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 *fiancée* will be here in  
five minutes. Rouse yourself to receive her.

ALEXIS.—Oh rapture!

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