

ing negus we sipped together ; and when in the afternoon I seal the office letters, my emotion causes me to drop the hot wax on my hand instead of on the envelopes—see these blistered fingers (extending his hand) the ribalds in the office say it is screwiness—but I know it is veniment.

Angel. (looking at his hand).—Poor fellow ! Have you tried arnica ?

Sam.—Of what avail is arnica for a wounded heart ! (Aside.) I will make the plunge. Angelina, your love is the only arnica that can cure my wounds.

Angel. (indignantly).—Sir ; you forget to whom you are speaking. (Aside.) Oh ! my poor heart.

Sam.—No, lady ; I know too well you are my chieftain's daughter, and I only a humble clerk ; but I have expectations—my corkscrew !

Angel.—Sir, I am amazed at your audacity to talk to me of *corkscrews*. I shall begin to think you have been using your corkscrew too much already. (Aside.) Oh ! how eloquently he speaks.

Sam.—No, haughty lady ; nothing stronger than whiskey, I mean *water*, has passed my lips to-day. I have spoken, and I await your answer.

Angel.—You shall not wait long. Your proffered love I haughtily reject. Go, sir ; and learn to cast your eyes upon some maiden in your own rank ; they should be lowered before your chieftain's daughter.

DUETT.—*Clerk and Angelina.*

Angel.—Refrain, audacious youth,
You're too assuming,
And on my condescension
Are presuming.
You are a humble clerk
Who seals the letters,
And I the very best
Of all your betters.

(Aside.) If cruel fate, my love
Did not look cross on,
We'd glide through life in one
Delicious "Boston."

Sam.—Proud lady, cease ; refrain
My hopes to crumble ;
I know that, like "Uriah
Heep," I'm 'umble ;