

[This dialogue replaces that which follows Sir Joseph's Act II entrance and precedes "The hours creep on apace".]

Sir J. Captain Corcoran, I am much disappointed with your daughter.

Hebe. Yes, we are much disappointed with your daughter. We don't think she will do.

Captain. She won't do?

Hebe. No, I'm afraid not.

Sir J. I have urged my suit with as much eloquence as is consistent with an official utterance; but hitherto without success.

Hebe. I endorsed all Sir Joseph's remarks, and added some of my own, but, so far, ineffectually.

Sir J. Cousin Hebe, your interference was well meant, but I do not think you materially assisted my cause.

Hebe. You do not.

Sir J. I do not.

Hebe. Crushed again!

Captain. Really Sir Joseph, I can scarcely account for it. Josephine is, of course, sensible of your condescension.

Sir J. Of course.

Hebe. Of course.

Sir J. Don't.

Hebe. Crushed!

Captain. It may be that your exalted rank dazzles her.

Sir J. True, it may be so.

Hebe. It may.

Captain. Her social position is far below your own.

Sir J. Very true.

Hebe. Very true indeed.

Captain. She comes. If your lordship would kindly reason with her, and explain to her that you are willing to overlook this discrepancy, she might, perhaps, be brought to look upon your offer in its proper light.

Sir J. It is not unlikely. I will act upon your suggestion.

Hebe. And I will help you.

Sir J. Captain Corcoran, oblige me by taking this lady away and showing her the wonders of the forecastle.

Hebe. Crushed!

[This passage of dialogue replaces Buttercup's recitative "Hold! Ere upon your loss".]

Sir J. Josephine, I cannot tell you the distress I feel at this most painful revelation. I desire to express to you, officially, that I am hurt.

Hebe. If you have five and twenty minutes to spare I will explain how it has effected (sic) me.

Sir J. Do not interfere.

Hebe. Crushed.

Sir J. You, whom I honoured by seeking in marriage, you but the daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy.

Buttercup. Hold! I have something to say to that.

Hebe. You had better be quiet.

Sir J. On the contrary, she had better proceed.

Hebe. Of course, anybody but me. Go on, vulgar old woman.