

*Miss F.* If I am worthy of your confidence?

*Col.* You are, and since I ask the secrets of your heart, it is but just you should know the man in whom you confide.

*Miss F.* On that principle do not speak, I fear not to repose confidence in the friend of the orphan, the champion of virtue and religion: I only ask it as a proof of love.

*Col.* Then listen my child to what no mortal ear has ever heard; five and twenty years have passed since it pleased heaven to take from these widowed arms, a woman, who was then what you now are; lovely, virtuous, and affectionate. When I married, I was a student of physick at the university of Edinburgh, and the lady being left destitute, by means too tedious to relate, I dared not to inform my friends of my marriage; but supported her privately out of the allowance I had for my own subsistence. It pleased heaven to bless us with a son; but soon after his birth, his mother fell sick and died. Sickness and death obliged me to draw for more money than my friends thought necessary; and not daring to declare the truth, I was ordered home—now what to do with the infant, who, for his mother's sake, I loved dearer than life. I had formed a strict friendship with an officer of fortune, then stationed at Edinburgh; he knew all, and insisted on my leaving the unfortunate boy with him, to be educated as his own, till time permitted to discover the marriage.

*Miss F.* And could you leave the little innocent?

*Col.* Prudence demanded that I should. I was poor, dependant on relations. After my return, these reasons prevented my owning the boy, whilst I constantly heard from my friend, of his improvement and good qualities, so that I longed to see and contemplate the image of his much loved mother. At the commencement of the dispute between America and Britain, my friend was ordered with his regiment to this country, and brought my son with him, having previous to any sign of such quarrel, procured an ensign's commission in the regiment he himself belonged to; while I joined my country's banner, and drew my sword in opposition to my friend and child, now a youth of near fifteen years of age.

*Miss F.* Alas! how many kindred souls were thus divided!

*Col.* My affairs being now made easy by the death of relations, and the acquisition of a large estate, I wrote to my friend, and desired him to send my son, but I suppose he never received my letter,

and I heard no more till I saw their names in the long list of the slain at Bunker's hill—pardon me, my heart is full—*(they rise)*—pardon my weakness; the remembrance of former scenes have quite unmanned me; I cannot now attend to your tale; after dinner I will meet you here to learn your case of sorrow. *[Exit.]*

*Miss Felton alone.*

Alas! and even this good man has had his share of woe—then must not I complain. If thus, as in this gallant soldier, the lessons of affliction can ripen the soul to humanity, who will say the decrees of providence are unsearchable or unjust. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Susannah and Cartridge.*

*Car.* So *Mrs. Sufy*, out of my master's old boots I form all my field pieces. I have made two this morning; I only want aprons to cover the breeches.

*Suf.* Goody gracious, Mr. Cartridge, I guess you hadn't better not talk to me of such things, I guess you hadn't.

*Car.* Why! What?

*Suf.* Ay now, you only want me to say so I guess, but I won't rrough.

*Car.* I do not altogether understand you *Mrs. Sufy*, but to go on; I shall make a finish of the ravalin in a day or two, and then—

*Suf.* Law, why if you had ext me I could have given you plenty of ravalins; I unravelled the best part of two worsted stockings just now.

*Car.* Oh, I mean a half moon, a salient angle.

*Suf.* Well, you know what you mean, may-be, but I am sure I don't; I had rather hear you talk about the Colonel; law souls what a good gentleman he is, *Mr. Cartridge*.

*Car.* Good, ay, that he is! Oh if you did but know him *Mrs. Sufy*; I have known him brush away the musquito that bit him with his handkerchief, thus—'I can forgive thee' says he 'thou artest up to thy nature; but when man stings I punish, for disgracing his godlike reason.' He will not let any body that has to do with him, kill any toads and such things, for he says they are not only harmless, but useful.

*Suf.* Oh marcy! not kill toads?—Oh my goody gracious man!

*Car.* Oh, it does my heart good to see him in the winter lay the shovel and tongs from the backlog to the hearth, to make bridges for the escape of the poor creatures that the cold had driven into the wood for shelter, such as most people brush into the flames; and I can assure you, *Mrs. Sufy*, he is not one of those, who, while they weep for the fate of a