

Suf. Law souls ! I protest I can't think, nor guess nither, what you want to dress yourself in. Madam's clothes for, no ! But I vow you shan't put them on in my room, no more you shan't. You may frolick in Mistress's room, but you shan't frolick in mine, no more you shan't.

Rack. Well, well, but you must dress me—I don't know how to dress myself—

Suf. If you wont squeeze me so as you did last night, when I let you in with your face all bloody and muddy :—I guess you have got some mischief in you, I guess you have.

Rack. Me ! my pretty *Susan* ! if you did but know how I love you, you would not think I could harm ye—(throws his arm around her) Well then, *Susan*, as soon as it grows dark, get the clothes, and we will go to your mistress's chamber, there is no fear but she will be out, and then *Sufy*—

Re-enter Quiescent, (Racket disengages himself.)

Qui. So, *Racket* ! the upper portion of the bone being very much shattered, I had recourse to—

Rack. Excuse me—infernal puppy. [Exit.

Qui. So, *Miss Susannah*, the upper portion of the os femoris—

Suf. Mr. Doctor, I don't understand being call'd names, no more I don't ; I wonder folks ain't ashamed to swear as you do—I wo'n't be call'd feminine ox by any body, no more I wo'n't—it shows your breeding—feminine ox ! law souls !

[Exit. *Quiescent alone.*

She don't understand grammar :—It was a singular case. I'll publish it in *Child's*. No it deserves to be longer lived than a newspaper. I will transcribe it, correct it, and commit it to the Editor of the *American Magazine*.

A. C. T. III.

Miss Felton alone.

WEEK after week has flown, and not a word from *Henry* ;—I am strangely, uncommonly agitated ;—if he is false—false ! forgive me *Henry* ; no ! some cruel accident—death, perhaps !—he ring—let me fly these thoughts, there's mischief in them. Nought can afford a moment's respite but musick, heavenly art. Oh matchless power of passion killing sound, when old ocean has been toss'd by rude contending winds, sail having spent their rage, they leave it all convuls'd, and heaving to and fro ; then the mild south comes gently stealing from his aromatick bosom, and lulls the waves to rest :—some music softly steals upon the ear, and calms the worn mind—(sings)

S. O. N. G.

Cease, flutter cease, nor rend my breast,
Nor thus my sorrows move ;
Soon will he come, and with him rest, !

And peace, and joy, and love.

Or if to heav'n his spirit flies,

Forc'd by resistless fate ;

I'll soar aloft, and cleave the skies,

We'll meet at heav'n's bright gate.—

Enter Col. Duncan.

Col. Caroline, who is that young man in black, that I see about the house, continually chattering to all he meets ?

Miss F. That, Sir, is *Doctor Quiescent*, a young physician of *Rhode Island*, who has studied in *Europe* ; he supposes himself an admirer of mine, and pesters me accordingly—

Col. But the insolence of that *Ranter* exceeds belief, that he should pretend to you, my *Caroline*—

Miss F. Yes, Sir, and swears his attentions to my sister, are only designed to make his visits here more easy, by flattering her vanity ; begs I would not discover his passion for me, as that would deprive him of the easy access he has to my conversation—

Col. Familiar puppy !

Miss F. Thus, Sir, I am continually persecuted, while my sister and Mr. *Racket*, are driving down a precipice into a gulph of poverty, misery, and reproach—

Col. My good girl, they shall be saved, and you rid of the troublesome addresses of those coxcombs. But tell me *Caroline*, is this all ? Is there no other grief lurking in your breast, dimming the lustre of those eyes, whose sparkling once cheer'd your old fond father, and sucking the blood from those cheeks, which by long disuse, have almost lost their dimples ? Lay your breast open to me, that I may drag the traitor from his lurking place ; or if too firmly fixed, may share the sorrows of my heart's darling.

Miss F. Sir, your goodness is too much ; you have always wished me, since the death of your friend, my father, to look upon, to call you by that tender name :—Indeed Sir, you have made me love you as such.

Col. I once might have hoped to call you my daughter—but no more of that—

Miss F. Sir !

Col. What my child ? I beg pardon my dear, I was lost—proceed—

Miss F. Did you say a right to call me daughter ?

Col. I did ; you are now the only one I have to call my child : My old limbs are weary, let us sit, (they sit.) I will not trouble you with the story of an old man's sorrows.

Miss