

Ran. Ay, Doctor, you must gain great credit by that cure.

Qui. Why, Sir, they do begin to find me out.

Rack. (*aside*) Yes, I believe you are smoked.

Qui. I will assure you I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality that the people of this country have to old women's prescriptions—hoar boun, cabbage leaves, robin run a way, dandy grey, russet, and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientifick an education, can hardly make himself known.

Mrs. R. But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Qui. Why, yes, Ma'am, I found there was but two methods of gaining reputation made use of by our physicians, so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.—

Mrs. R. What are they Doctor?

Qui. Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the faculty. Rack, did I tell you of the child that broke his—

Rack. Yes, yes—Oh, ay, you told me that—

Qui. There is a Westindia gentleman who has a curst cachetick habit, who I—

Rack. Ay, ay, so he has; but Doctor—how stands your affair with Miss Gingham? Almost married I suppose, ha?

Qui. My landlady is a clever old woman—

Rack. Ay, but you don't think of marrying her.

Qui. Ha, ha, ha! no—good—good—but poor woman, she is very much afflicted—

Rack. Ay, ay; but Miss Gingham!

Qui. Poh, poh, poh, what's Miss Gingham to my landlady's case—as I was saying, I prescribed three grains—

Rack. But Miss Gingham—

Qui. Why, damn Miss Gingham! I'm off with her. There is a fracture in our concatenation—Rack!—she required too much attention—more than a philosophically scientifick mind can bestow upon a woman. I paid my visits at the house three weeks, and then I asked her if she would have me?

Mrs. R. Well, Doctor, and what did she say?

Qui. Nothing.

Ran. Nothing! ha, ha, ha!

Qui. She laugh'd.

Rack. Ha, ha, ha! she did, ha! Well, and what did you say?

Qui. 'Damn me, Miss,' says I, 'By and I swore 'I will never come into your father's house again.—I am very glad she did not take me at my word. Rack, for I am most immoderately enamour'd of your sister. She is in I suppose—I will

look, for I have something to impart of consequence—Captain, your servant—Madam, your's—good bye, Rack—with your permission—good bye. [*Exit.*]

Ran. He is a queerity, by all that quizzish!

Rack. That, Sir, is a travelled American, who has been gaining knowledge, in England, Scotland, France and Italy; but most unfortunately, cannot prevail upon any two ideas to become acquainted with each other. His head is Newyork; on May day, all the furniture wandering.

*Re-enter Quiescent.*

Qui. Rack, I want to tell you—

Mrs. R. Could not you find my sister?

Qui. I want to tell you, Madam, of a monstrous mortification—

Rack. Poh! poh! nonsense; is Caroline at home?

Qui. Who?—Oh! ah!—I don't know—I tell ye—I had half ascended to the supreme height of your staircase, when I recollected, or rather happened to think, that I have not told you of an affair that happened last night. I told you that I employ'd an artist, commonly called a sign painter, to delineate my name upon a painted board, to put over my door: Well, Sir! it was performed: Look'd very well too—very well, I will assure you. Doctor Quiescent's gold characters: Well designated: This striking the organ of vision, denoted my place of residence; ha! good! wasn't it? I got a case of polypusses by it immediately.

Ran. Pray, Sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Qui. Instruments! Oh my dear fellow, learn grammar. Polypusses are—

Rack. Nay, but Doctor, the sign!

Qui. Ay: right:—good: so, Sir—ay—it was put up—ay—I think I told you it was painted: Well, Sir, last night—I will assure you: it look'd very well, fine large letters; well, Sir, the last night some body or other took it down, and nail'd it over a duck coop; Doctor Quiescent says the gold letters, quack, quack, quack; says the ducks:—It was illiberal, cursed illiberal—what a beautiful fracture of the os femoris, I saw this morning—the upper portion of the bone—

*Enter Susannah.*

Sus. Ma'am, Ma'am, Mrs. Bounce Flebby wants you to go a hopping with her.

Mrs. R. Shopping, I suppose you mean.

Sus. Nan! I guess she did mean so, for the nation knows she does as good much like hopping, I guess.

Mrs. R. Now we shall overrun every shop in William Street—alone! (*the Doctor and Captain officiously wait upon her*)

Rack. Sissy, you must not forget what you are to do for me this evening.