

*Car.* Why *Susannah* says, 'Sir, that she is so fond of every thing military, that she makes the stock form every dish that comes to table into some kind of fortification.'

*Col.* If we had our graps plot here: we might amuse the widow-by some military matters of our directing.

*Car.* Yes, Sir, that we might. I have just come from reconnoitring one of the sweetest places for carrying on a siege that ever was made.

*Col.* Where, *Cartridge*?

*Car.* In Mr. *Racket*'s garden, your honour. If we can but get leave to dig it up.

*Col.* I will take a look at it by and bye. Have the trunks come yet, with the rest of the baggage; and the artillery trunk?

*Car.* Not yet, your honour. I have got three boots in the trunk that have not a hole in them; they will make most excellent two and thirty's. I think sometimes your honour, that your honour and I are something like Captain *Standy* and *Trim*, when we are busy in our graps plot, forming sieges and storming cities.

*Col.* I wish we were such good hearted creatures, *Cartridge*.

*Car.* Not that I am worthy to be compared to the gallant corporal, but only as you use me, as he was used; but you, one would swear was his master's twin brother in goodness: Oh your honour, how did you make me love you, when you was lying on the field at *Monmouth*, weltering in your blood, the sun scorching you to death, and you gasping with heat and thirst; I gave your honour my canteen with buttermilk, and you would not drink till you had given it to the British grenadier that was dying by the side of you.

*Col.* *Cartridge*, you should not mention these things. I would rather march up to a breach in the face of a regiment's fire, than to be told that my actions are virtuous.

*Car.* Your honour need not blush. I'm sure I did not mean to offend your honour.

*Enter Wid. Grenade and Miss Felton.*

*Wid.* Colonel, you had better have your portmanteau carried up stairs to your room; it is necessary to have an eye to the baggage, and as you intend to reinforce our garrison, I would advise to detach *Cartridge* from the main body for the present, and give that charge to him.

*Car.* Bless her, how she talks!

*Col.* *Cartridge*, let this lady's counsels always be considered as commands.

*Car.* Your honour.

[*Exit with portmanteau.*]

*Wid.* I see every day, Colonel, how well gallantry agrees with the profession of

arms? as my dear Capt. *Grenade* used to say, 'Why should I draw my sword but to preserve and serve the fair.' You Colonel, have thro' life—if we may judge by the present—made arms and the fair your study.

*Col.* I have always studied to please the fair, at least I have always felt the wish to please them, Madam; but my study of arms is of a later date: your nephew, Mr. *Racket*, has not spoken much of me, or you might have known that physic was my profession, till my country's wrongs call'd me to change the lancet for the sword, and join my endeavours to rid her of the scarlet fever, under which she groaned. Our success has made arms delightful to me, and as fortune has blest me with her favours, I indulge myself with honest *Cartridge* in playful arts of defence.

*Wid.* I should think, Colonel, that after the wounds you have received, and the various hardships you have undergone, the thoughts of war would not be pleasant. How can your country ever repay you for the blood you have shed in her service?

*Col.* I am amply paid by this, Madam, (*Shows the order of Cincinnati*). This glorious badge marks me out to my countrymen as their friend, the soldier of liberty, and companion of *WASHINGTON*.—Oh my brother in the healing art! why didst thou not live past *Princeton's* glorious day, to have worn with me the golden eagle and the honest scar? But thou, *Mercer*! wast impatient to join the heroes of *Quebec* and *Bunker's Hill*, and tell them, Britain's arms no more prevailed.—Pardon me, Madam, you have made me feel.—But why look you so said, my *Caroline*?

*Wid.* For these two months, she has looked as gloomy as the English politicians after the capture of *Burgoyne*; I fear from that sigh, some soldier has fallen in her way as clever at captures as *Gates*.

*Miss F.* Indeed, Sir, I was attentively listening to your discourse, and the sigh that heav'd your bosom at the recollection of your lost friends, caused a responding burst from the breast of your *Caroline*.

*Wid.* *Miss Felton* has not the spirits of her sister Mrs. *Racket*.

*Col.* (*to Miss Felton*). When your father lived, and I us'd to call you my little darling, your spirits were as lively as your sister's, and playful as the kitten, yet unstain'd with blood.—You was then a good girl, and you look good yet, my darling.

*Miss F.* I thank you, Sir.—I will endeavour to deserve your love.—(*Aside*) This tenderness is too much for me.

[*Bursts into tears and runs off.*]