

Miss F. But, Doctor, did you hear anything further of *Capt. Ranter*?

Qui. Ah! he likes to hear me rail against my rival—dear little soul—no Ma'am, not a word; he is a most egregious coxcomb; wonderful people will make themselves ridiculous;—keep up your spirits; I will return in the evening; must meet three of the faculty, to consult on *Obadiab Olump's* case—ha! ha!—good bye—well, good bye—adieu—pretty creature.

[Exit.]

*Miss Felton alone in surprise.*

Surely the poor Doctor has lost his senses—beigh ho! I am cruelly disappointed; I thought to have heard something to ease my anxious soul; Oh *Henry!* *Henry!*

(*throws herself on a sofa, weeping*)

Enter *Col. Duncan*.

*Col.* My *Caroline* again in tears! I am all impatience to hear the cause—speak quickly, my child—I will seat myself beside you—now my child—

*Miss F.* I need not blush to say my grief proceeds from my doubts and fears for the welfare of an amiable man; a man who won my heart nobly, and honourably gave me his own in return.

*Col.* You need not, indeed, be more particular.

*Miss F.* When you was last here, Sir, at the marriage of my sister to *Mr. Rackit*, you will recollect I was on a visit at *Halifax*; there, Sir, it was my fortune to attract the attention of a British officer, amiable in his manners and person—but why should I praise him? The sequel shews that he is amiable in my sight; his many virtues and accomplishments gained my esteem—my love! his post in the army (he being a Captain) might have enabled him to marry; but I proposed, and he agreed, that should the affair be acceptable to you and my other friends, he would as soon as he could, sell out, follow me to *New York*, and settle in some of the states, as fortune should hereafter determine.

*Col.* Yet I see no cause of grief.

*Miss F.* Now, Sir, I come to what alarms me; oft had he shewn me a ring, richly set, hung round his neck by his dying mother, prized dearer than life; and told me, when his brave father fell close by his side—he strove to utter something which much distressed him, but death stopped him short, and he dying cried, the ring—your father—

*Col.* Gracious heaven!

*Miss F.* Sir!

*Col.* What was his name?

*Miss F.* *Haller*.

*Col.* (*falling upon one knee*)—It is!—he lives!—it is!—it is my son!—

*Miss F.* (*rises*) Oh wondrous mercy!

*Col.* (*rises*) Come to my arms, dear messenger of peace—(*embrace*)—now indeed, my daughter!—but where—where is he?

*Miss F.* Oh! Sir—fear—

*Col.* Speak, quickly speak—

*Miss F.* For six weeks I have not heard from *Henry*, and that ring is worn by another—

*Col.* By whom?

*Miss F.* *Capt. Ranter*.

*Col.* Oh my foreboding heart; the villain has murder'd my child; nothing but death could have torn it from him—where is the ruffian—vengeance—vengeance—

*Miss F.* Oh, Sir, calm these transports—I will see and question him—he has not killed him, Sir—see, Sir, he is coming this way to go out—

*Col.* Where is he? Oh my impatient soul!

*Miss F.* Do not you speak to him, Sir, Permit me—Oh grant me fortitude.

Enter *Ranter*.

*Ran.* *Miss Felton*, I am happy in this meeting—he here—

*Miss F.* Sir I was wishing to see you—

*Ran.* I am proud to think I have been for a moment the subject of your thoughts—

*Miss F.* I wish, Sir, to know if you was acquainted with *Capt. Haller*, while you were in *Halifax*.

*Ran.* *Haller*!

*Col.* Yes, *Haller*—did you know him?

*Ran.* Oh yes—yes, Ma'am—Oh yes—

*Miss F.* You knew him?

*Ran.* As well as I knew myself—ah, poor fellow—poor *Harry Haller*! we were sworn brothers—

*Col.* Were ye? Are you not now?

*Ran.* Alas! Sir, death has divided the pleasing tie—

*Miss F.* Dead! oh!

(*faints in the Colonel's arms.*)

*Col.* Look up, angelic tenderness; Oh just heaven, let me not lose both!—help—look up my child!

*Ran.* What does this mean? (*Aside.*)

*Col.* She revives—

*Miss F.* Where am I—too soon memory answers, and overwhelms me with a tale of woe.

*Col.* Let me lead you to your chamber.

*Miss F.* No Sir, (*starts from him*) I must know more—that ring was his, Sir.

*Ran.* I—yes Madam—I know it Madam—this ring he, with his almost lifeless hand, placed here as a dear remembrance of our friendship.

*Miss F.* I am sick (*Col. supports her*) I wish to retire now, Sir.

*Col.*