

Rack. Come, come, my nose disclaims all relationship; but pray when do you proceed to Canada to join your regiment?

Ran. I don't know—I believe it is too late in the season—they tell me that the lakes will be broke up before I can get there—I believe I shall go home in the first packet—if the women will let me—you have the finest women in this place—pray is *Miss Felton* or your wife to be seen this morning?

Rack. I suppose so, we will see.

Enter Jacob.

J. Sair, dere is doo peopies vaunts you.

(Ranter walks back.)

Rack. What do they want? Is it any of the English gentlemen I have had goods from, *Mr. Wringe*, or *Mr. Gripe*, or *Mr. Twist*? If it is, I am not at home.

J. Sair, it is doo, contre peopies son Long Island, for coods out of de store.

Rack. Oh—hang it—I can't attend to business—ask them to call again—

J. Sair, *Mr. Quill* vaunts to know if dere is any coods to go to vendue to day, and if you'll open store.

Rack. No, it is too bad weather—no, I shall do nothing today—I'll tell my wife you are here, *(to Ran.)* Excuse me a few minutes.

(Exit with Jacob.)

Ranter alone, advances.
A convenient fellow this, he sends his wife with as little jealousy as a Frenchman. His wife is a fine woman, and as giddy and vain as I could wish; I think she will not hold out long; in the mean time I will make use of the husband's purse to defray necessary expences, and make presents, or else my diamond must soon go—what does *Miss Felton* mean by rivetting her eyes so constantly on it? I hope she never saw it on any other finger—hang fear of detection; if I can seduce *Racket's* wife, marry her sister, secure her fortune, and get off, I shall—ha! my dear *Mrs. Racket*, good morning.

Enter Mrs. Racket.

Mrs. R. Good morning, *Capt. Ranter*.

Ran. Upon my soul you have the most elegant taste in dress that ever I saw; there never was a more enchanting undress in life.

Mrs. R. Oh syc, you flatterer! but do these dresses become me? Sincerely now, without flattery.

Ran. By all that's pretty and amiable, you look divinely: let me die, but that I see the roses come and go, I should think you had been putting on rouge this morning. I should swear nature could not show so charming! so delicate a tint!

Mrs. R. (aside). Well, there is nothing like a British officer after all: *(aloud)* oh this is too gross, I am angry: you make me blush.

Ran. (aside) I am much mistaken if you do not blush the same tint all day for all that: *(aloud)* I never was convinced of the reality of witches till I saw you.

Mrs. R. How so?

Ran. Why besides that bewitching power you have over every heart: *(takes her hand, she draws it away and frowns)* you, you, you must deal with the devil, to get these English fashions so soon; for as I live, you exhibit the modes of *Westminster* at *New-York*, before they have got t'other side *Templebar*.

Mrs. R. I never wore it but once before to day, and then there was so many ill-natur'd observations made, that it was delightful. *Modesty* always makes it her business to come and tell all the remarks that are made upon me that she thinks will mortify, with a pretended friendly officiousness; but she quite mistakes my feelings:—law, says one, "what an out of the way thing *Mrs. Racket* has got on; that woman tries to deform herself, tho' there's little need." Says another, "why the thing would look well enough if it was on a person of tolerable shape, and put on with any taste." Aye, cries the third, "she has always some extravagant new dress or other, we shall have her husband calling his creditors together for a shilling in the pound."

Ran. Ha! ha! ha!—envy is the shadow of *Madam*, that always attends superior elegance or taste of any kind—but apropos, the ball last night.

Mrs. R. Oh! ha! don't you think we have a very curious set of originals in our city? We are a match for the most polished nations in Europe; we can shew you lawyers without common sense, soldiers without courage, gentlemen without politeness, and virtuous ladies without modesty.

Ran. You have some very pretty fellows.

Mrs. R. Yes; There's *Jacky Prig*, with his arch'd eye-brows and white teeth; I protest I am ready to scream out in his face when he advances to speak with me—and *Billy-Smelter* too: *(Rack. without)* It is not to be borne, nor shall it.

Mrs. R. Oh heavens! what's the matter?

Enter Racket, putting on his coat, and a silk handkerchief round his neck.

Rack. Never was a man plagued with such mulish people about him—all the plagues of hell are combined to torment me.

Mrs. R. Bless me what's the matter?—I shall faint—

Rack. Faint!—you faint?—

Ran. Lean on me, *Madam*—for shame *Racket*