

My, a sparrow, or a kitten, will turn a deaf ear to the plaints of the widow and orphan :—No ! no Mrs. Sufy, he saves from sorrow all that fall in his way, the man as well as the insect.

Suf. Well I declare and protest I like to hear you talk ; you know grammar, as the doctor says.

Car. Not much of that, Mrs. Sufy, I had the benefit of a country school, and since I have been with his honour I have read for him, and under his instructions ; when his honour was wounded, I used to set by his bed side and read to him his favourite stories out of *Tristram Shandy*, till he forgot his long confinement, and his pain, the tears trickled down his cheeks for poor *Le Fevre* and his boy, and like *Capt. Shandy*, he would say, ' *Cartridge*, I wish I was asleep.'

Suf. How a body could love such a gentleman.

Car. Well, Mrs. Sufy, they say ' like master like man,' ha ! I am a tough bit of hickory, well seasoned and fit for service ; my face is the oldest part about me Mrs. Sufy.

Suf. Law Mr. Cartridge.

Enter Jacob.

J. Susan, der is de cook vaunts you ; I wish you'd git into the kitchen and mind your own pusiness.

Suf. Well I guess that's nothing to you, you surely Dutch hog you. [Exit.]

Car. Brother soldier, when you speak to a woman always remember that you are a man.

J. Vaut ? I don't know vaut you say—

Enter Doctor Quiescent.

Qui. So Jacob, did you see that gentleman part from me at the door ? A man of great reading—a good grammarian, and excellent latinist ; curious that he should employ me when he has a brother in town a physician !

J. Sair !—my master's at tiner, Sair.

Qui. You are the Colonel's servant ? [Car. bows.] Our surgeons made fine laughing work during the war—

Car. I believe, Sir, our soldiers were properly attended to, I can answer for my master's regiment, he visited the sick, every day, and saw every necessary for their recovery properly administered, he would walk from tent to tent, and—

Qui. A curious case, Mr. Cartridge—

Car. It is a pity it should be so, Sir.

Qui. Pity ! Oh no ; I am very sorry of it, the same occurred once before, when the whole brother was a medical man, on a case—

[To Cartridge] He's crazy.

Car. Oh, thank you, he does logic wild.

Qui. I ordered—

J. I'll tell my master, Sair. [Exit.]

[Car. bows respectfully and exits. Quiescent alone.]

Qui.—Tartar emetic, quantum sufficit. Enter Susannah.

Qui. A very curious case, Mrs. Susan.

Suf. Yes, Sir ; but its a nation deal too large.

Qui. Too large ! ha ?

Suf. The bookcase ; the carpenter has made it so large ; that I guess it won't go up stairs—I want Jacob to help—

[Exit across the stage.]

Quiescent alone.

'Tis wonderful people can be so fond of hearing their own organs of articulation, that they cannot attend to plain matter of fact, though ever so curious—Oh ! here he comes—I shall have an opportunity of proposing the matter ; no notion of making many words in such affairs—

Enter Miss Felton.

Qui. Ahem !—pleasant day, Ma'am.

Miss F. Rather rainy I thought, Sir—

Qui. True, Ma'am, rather rainy—it is rather rainy, indeed, but that's good for the country—ahem !—ahem ! Miss Felton, I have something to communicate of vast consequence to you and all your connexions—

Miss F. (aside). Surely he has heard something about this *Capt. Ranter*, and the ring—

Qui. Ahem ! pray Miss, how long has *Captain Ranter* been in town ?

Miss F. But a few days, Sir—it must be so. (Aside.)

Qui. It is said that this *Capt. Ranter*—

Miss F. What has he done, Sir ?

Qui. He has visited you very often.

Miss F. He has often visited at the house, Sir—pray, Doctor, if you have heard any thing of him tell me—

Qui. Dear little heart, she thinks what I am about ;—this *Ranter*, Ma'am, is a mere coxcomical spendthrift—how impatient she is, pretty creature, I have her—now I should think, *Miss Felton*, that a young man of character—scientific—philosophic—versed in the languages—high in his profession ; profound in his meditations ; deep in his cogitations ; would be more likely to gain your attention, than such an empty fellow as *Ranter*—

Miss F. Certainly, Sir, a gentleman who has improv'd his mind, and—

Qui. Very true, Ma'am, very true ! I need ! I always thought that you were a lady that looked for mental qualifications, ever since you listened so attentively to the case of the poor fellow that was killed by a mad ox—very extraordinary situation !

ho—