

Give all you have to your marriage with me; my affection led me to risque all for you: Col. Duncan little thinks the return you make to me for his bounty—Oh Mr. Racket, this is too ill usage.

Rack. (Reading) 'A majority of 31 in favour of adopting it with amendments,'—pray sit down my dear, you will fatigue yourself—pray sit down.

Mrs. R. Sir, this is adding insult to insult; am I never to see you but when illness, caused by rioting and drunkenness, prevents you from going out?

Rack. (Reads) 'And we hope all the States will follow our virtuous example'—Glorious faith—(yawns and stretches.)

Mrs. R. Virtuous example truly!—I wonder, Sir, you are not ashamed of yourself—we have been married but one year—and

Rack. (Rising) No more! Oh it has been a curst long year.

Mrs. R. And you have been intoxicated almost every night since.

Rack. Excess of joy my dear—would not you have me show that I am happy in having so prudent, so domestic, so patient a wife as I have? Nothing but joy my dear—nothing else you may depend upon it.

Mrs. R. And you hope your example will be followed too—

Rack.—Ha!—oh—the new constitution my dear, the new constitution.

Mrs. R. Ay, that's one of your excuses for carousing; the new constitution will make your's an old one; and last night you must keep Sr. Patrick; I should be glad to know what you have to do with Sr. Patrick.

Rack. Why my dear, my grandfather was an Irishman, my father a Scotchman, and I, myself, an Englishman, so I am received into the societies of the three nations—I would join Sr. Tammany if he would let me.

Mrs. R. You may be ashamed to show your face so batter'd and bruise'd:

Rack. You shall make me up, my dear—bestow a little of the toil and rouge upon my face that you usually take for your own, and I may cut a very decent appearance yet.—But may I ask my love—Why do you make this extraordinary (use and rancum) about my nose?—My looks or actions have not usually been the subjects of your enquiries or contemplation of late.

Mrs. R. I can no longer find in your looks a wish to please me, and for your actions, they will not bear contemplation—and is it not enough to provoke the mildest temper upon earth, to see your face disfigured in such a manner that you cannot be seen in the boxes this evening?

And if I am seen alone with Capt. Ratter, the whole town will be talking about it—(aside) If I cannot rouse him by jealousy, I am lost—provoking—you will break my heart, Mr. Racket, you will! [Exit.

Racket alone.

Your humble servant Mrs. Racket, I am occasionally to be carried into public to be a blind, a screen, a stalking horse—ox—ox—ox—perdition!—I began to think she was really concerned for me; for to give her her due, she never troubles me in my pleasures, so they do not clash with her own—well, this drinking is not the thing for a sober citizen, (pulls out his watch) half past eleven o'clock by all that's indolent, and my store not open yet.

Enter. Ranter.

Rack. Ha! Ranter, how do ye?

Ran. What! ha! ha! ha!—What is the name of tunbelly'd Bacchus—I invoke you by your own god—have you been about it? Has your wife been scratching ye?

Rack. No, but I will tell ye—ha! ha! ha! a droll frolick, faith.

Ran. And your nose is in mourning, for't.

Rack. You must know I honoured Sr. Patrick last night with as hearty a set of boys as ever cried which whack! Stollaley, bring twelve bottles more; and returning home in company with Paddy O'Dermont, and Frank M'Connally, we overtook a very modest mitch cow, when O'Dermont cries 'look ye, honey, there's a mighty pretty occasion to try your horsemanship'

Ran. And you not to be cow'd by a cow—

Rack. With a spring I rose—

Ran. And like a calf fell i' the mire—

Rack. How I got on I know not, but she kick'd so brutishly, that in spite of my horsemanship—

Ran. Alias cowman ship!

Rack. She toss'd me clear over her head.

Ran. Most uncleanly into the mud.

Rack. And so—

Ran. You broke your nose—Cowriding—Oh that's too good—ha! ha! ha!—

Rack. Poh! poh! why it might have happened to any body, don't mention it, one would not have every body know it—

Ran. Oh it speaks plain enough for itself; look in the glass and your sins will stare you in the face;—Egad, your nose will be as useful to me as Bardolph's was to the fat knight, I shall never look on it but I shall think of an undertaker's hearse; the black pall covering the corpse of my old uncle, 'twill encourage me to persevere sans fausse, though sans fin, and look forward to his removal from the world of iniquity—