

THE  
MOTHER'S DYING CHILD.

An Original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
C. H. HAZLEWOOD,

AUTHOR OF

*Jessy Vere; Jenny Foster; Clock on the Stairs; Harvest Storm;  
Lost Evidence; Jewess of the Temple; Marble Bride;  
Traitor's Track; Life for a Life; Inez Danton ;  
Lady Audley's Secret; Aurora Floyd; &c.*



THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the Britannia Theatre, (under the management of Mr. Samuel Lane,)  
 October, 1864.

## THE MOTHER'S DYING CHILD.

SIR GERVASE LANGTON ..... (a rich English Baronet) ..... Mr. J. PARRY.  
 BARRY MALLINSON, *alias* PERCY ALLEN (an Adventurer, seeking Una Langton in marriage) ..... Mr. T. G. DRUMMOND.  
 LODOVIC STUYVESANT ..... (a German Sharpshooter and Swindler) ..... Mr. E. ELTON.  
 PHEBUS ROCKAWAY ..... (his Associate—light-hearted and tight-fingered) ..... Mr. R. BELL.  
 DR. STRASFELDT ..... (a respectable German Physician) ..... Mr. E. HARDING.  
 MR. RODERICK TRACY ..... (a Bow-street Runner in disguise) ..... Mr. J. REYNOLDS.  
 STEPHEN HARDCLIFFE ..... (a former Accomplice of Barry Mallinson) ..... Mr. C. PITT.  
 DOZEY ..... (an ancient and somniferous London Watchman) ..... Mr. W. H. NEWHAM.  
 NAP & SNOOZE ..... (his Companions in vigilance) ..... MESSRS. RODWAY & GEARY.  
 CAPTAIN GUSTAVE KENIG ..... (of the Baden-Baden City Guard) ..... Mr. J. PITT.  
 MADAME RITZDORF ..... (a wealthy Merchant's Widow) ..... Mrs. A. DYAR.  
 STELLA ..... (her Daughter—travelling with her Mother for the benefit of her health) ..... Mrs. W. R. CHAUFORD.  
 FLORENCE LANGTON ..... (Daughter of Sir Gervase, with a weakness for finding out secrets) ..... }  
 GRIZZLE GUTTERIDGE ..... (a Somersetshire Wench) ..... } Mrs. S. LANE.  
 MRS. GAMMAGE ..... (an ancient Nurse) ..... }  
 MR. HARRY RACKET ..... (a fast young Man) ..... }  
 BARNEY O'BRIAN ..... (from the Boys of Ballyragget) ..... } Miss S. MILES.  
 UNA LANGTON ..... (her Sister, betrothed to Barry Mallinson) .....

**Programme of Scenery, &c.**

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**M A G N I F I C E N T S A L O O N**

OF THE HOTEL DE RUSSE AT BADEN-BADEN,

*By Mr. Hugh Muir.*

**T H E M O O N L I T L A K E,**

*By Mr. Thomas Rogers.*

**A L O N D O N S T R E E T I N W I N T E R !**

*By Muir.*

**O L D C H A N D O S S T R E E T,**

On a Novel Construction from an Original Design. *By Mr. Thomas Rogers.*

**P U R S U E R S O N T H E T R A C K O F C R I M E,**

*The Mother's Dying Child Avenged.*

MOTHER'S DYING CHILD.

**COSTUMES —PERIOD 1821.**

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SIR GERVASE.—Blue coat with gilt buttons, white kerseymere breeches, top boots, buff waistcoat, white cravat, broad brimmed black hat. *Second Dress:* A darker suit—great coat with cape, and Hessian boots.

BARRY MALLINSON—Black frock coat, light pantaloons, white cravat, Hessian boots. *Second Dress:* of the same description but shabby.

PHŒBUS.—Blue frock coat, white pantaloons, Hessian boots, white necktie. *Second Dress:* Shabby, not ragged.

LODOVIC—Green frock coat, braided, German cap, light grey pantaloons, white necktie. *Second Dress:* Shabby, not ragged.

DR. STRASFELDT.—Black suit, black breeches and stockings.

STEPHEN HARDCLIFFE.—Green Newmarket coat, light breeches, top boots, and white hat.

TRACY.—Dark frock coat, pantaloons, and Hessian boots. *Second Dress:* Similar—great coat with cape.

UNA.—Fashionable flowered silk dress of the period, wreath. *Second Dress:* Plainer, but good, bonnet and shawl, or cloak.

FLORENCE.—Pink silk dress, *Second Dress:* Country girl's red cloak, straw hat, light wig. *Third Dress:* Frock coat, trousers and hat. *Fourth Dress:* Old blue trousers and shirt, and pea jacket. *Fifth Dress:* Walking costume, bonnet and shawl, or cloak.

STELLA.—Blue silk dress. *Second Dress:* White muslin dress and veil, in Act 2, Scene 1.

MADAME RITZDORF.—Brown silk dress. *Second Dress:* Plainer, but good.

THE  
MOTHER'S DYING CHILD.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Grand Saloon in the Hotel de Russe at Baden-Baden. Large broad marble staircase, C., under C. arch, supposed to lead into ball room at back—another archway, L. leading into garden and conservatory—on the R., folding doors, leading into ante-chamber—the folding doors are open—carpet down—candelabra on pedestal at foot of staircase, and statues, R. and L., holding lighted lustres—a small round table, on which is a small vase, containing flowers—near the folding doors, R., also is a chair—another chair, R.*

*As curtain rises, LADY and GENTLEMEN VISITORS, all well dressed discovered, dancing a quadrille, at end of which they go up staircase and exeunt at back, R. and L. Enter SIR GERVASE LANGTON, PHŒBUS ROCKAWAY, and LODOVIC STUYVESANT, at L. archway.*

SIR G. Deuce take the cards—I'll play no more,

PHŒBUS. Oh, never give in, Sir Gervase; if you were to keep on playing something would be sure to turn up.

SIR G. Not when you keep turning up nothing but aces.

LODOV. Mine goodness, what give over play already! I thought de pocket of de English gentlemen was ever so deep.

SIR G. However deep it may be you generally contrive to find the bottom of it.

PHŒBUS. *(aside)* He begins to suspect; we must let him win a little next time.

LODOV. Mine goodness! but it is a vonder for me to vin. All I play for is de leetle amusement—*(aside)* and de leetle profit.

UNA LANGTON. *(without, at top of staircase)* Papa, papa, where are you? *(Music descends staircase, leaning on the arm of BARRY MALLINSON)* Oh, here you are! why where have you been? Barry and I have been looking for you everywhere.

SIR G. The fact is, my dear, I've been in the card room, and these gentlemen were so fond of my society, they wouldn't leave me while I had a shilling.

UNA. This is such a place for amusement, and the time does fly so rapidly.

SIR G. *(aside)* And so does the money.

BARRY. *(aside)* They'll fleece the old gentleman till he begins to suspect us all. I must stop this. (PHŒBUS and LODOVIC go up in conversation with SIR GERVASE)

UNA. I hope you don't play much, Barry, for this is a dreadful place for that kind of thing; we are to be married in a week's time, and to find I had a gambler for a husband would be terrible.

BARRY. I confess I do play sometimes; but then I never lose; but, since you so wish it, I promise when we are married to give it up entirely.

UNA. Ah, now that's kind and generous of you.

BARRY. Oh, no, not at all, dear Una, for I know you'd do anything to oblige me, if I wished it.

UNA. Oh, that I would, Barry—anything on earth if it would add to your happiness.

BARRY. I'm sure of that, Una, and I would do the same.

SIR G. *(coming down with the others, L.)* I'm for a walk on the terrace; who'll join me?

UNA. I will, father, for the air was so oppressive in the ball room. *(taking his arm)* Are you not coming, Barry?

BARRY. Immediately, my dear; I only wish to speak with my friends a moment.

UNA. Make haste then! come along, father.

*Exit with SIR GERVASE, at L. arch, which leads into garden.*

BARRY. *(to LODOVIC and PHŒBUS)* You're fleecing the baronet too deeply—he will begin to suspect; you must win no more of him, for if he became acquainted with our true character, how should I be enabled to marry his daughter, and secure her dowry?

LODOV. Mine goodness! but dat is true; and for you to get introduced into dis baronet's family, and get forged letters of recommendation, to say you are de Honorable Barry Mallinson, when at the same time you are de dishonourable Percy Allen.

BARRY. Hush! walls have ears; be prudent—be secret till my marriage takes place, and you shall find it to your advantage.

*Exit, L. arch.*

LODOV. Mine goodness! but Barry is de man for de ladies.

PHŒBUS. Yes, he generally contrives to turn up an heiress wherever he goes.

LODOV. *(pointing after UNA)* Dat young woman has a sister, and I shall stick up to her.

PHŒBUS. You? why the Langton family require men of fortune as husbands for their daughters, and where is yours ?

LODOV. In mine face, sir—my face is my fortune.

PHŒBUS. Well, if you wait till your face turns up any thing in your favour, you'll wait till I turn honest, and when that will be it's impossible to say.

LODOV. (*looks towards door, R.*) I wonder who live in yonder house ! I think dey must be very strange people, for never vonce have I seen dem come out for von walk or von drive. I vill look in and see if I can get von look at their faces. (*goes up to door—looks in—starts, and comes down*) Mine goodness, who do you think is there ?

PHŒBUS. I don't know ! any of our old acquaintances turned up!

LODOV. It is Madame Ritzdorf, and Barry's wife, dat he marry, when he call himself de Honorable Percy Allen.

PHŒBUS. (*looking off, door, R.*) What! have they turned up here? Yes, by Jove, there's Madame Ritzdorf and Stella, Barry's wife ; if they know he's here, they'll spoil all—let's get out of the way—go into the ball room and see what we can turn up.

LODOV. Mine gootness ! vat a pity it is in dis land of liberty dat a men cannot take a wife like a varm bath vunce a week.

*Exeunt up staircase, and off, R.*

*Music—Enter MADAME RITZDORF and STELLA, door, R.—she appears pale and weak, leaning on her mother's arm.*

MAD. R. Come, come, you are much better and stronger today, we'll go for a walk on the terrace—it is a charming evening, and the breeze may revive you after keeping your room all day.

STELLA. In a moment, mother, in a moment ; I feel faint again all of a sudden. (*MADAME RITZDORF places chair for her*)

MAD. R. (*aside*) My poor dying child; she grows weaker and weaker every day.

STELLA. (*sitting*) Oh, what a sudden pang seemed to go to my very heart, as the thought of my faithless husband crossed my mind.

MAD. R. Think no more of him, my dear child, he is not worthy one thought of your tender, loving nature ; despise and forget him.

STELLA. Oh, mother, I cannot do that, for although he has deserted me, my fond, foolish heart tells me that I love him still.

MAD. R. (*aside*) I feared as much—since he has abandoned her, her affection for him seems to increase rather than diminish. Oh, for some way to make her forget him. (*dance music within, piano*)

STELLA. Oh, sweet music, how do you remind me of the happy time when he led me forth to the dance, the envied of all who saw me by his side, thinking that a long life of happiness was before me. Oh, if they could see me now. (*weeps*)

MAD. R. (*aside*) I must change these sad thoughts, or I fear the worst. (*aloud*) Come, come, Stella, try and seek some solace in amusement. Do you feel well enough to go into the ball room for a short time ?

STELLA. (*rises*) I'll try, mother, I'll try, for 'tis wrong of me to depress your spirits every day like this. Come, come! (*going up stage with her mother, suddenly pauses, and totters back to chair*) No, no ! I cannot—I cannot! (*sits—Music ceases*)

MAD. R. (*aside*) It is as I feared; the least exertion distresses and exhausts her.

*Enter DR. STRASFELDT at L. arch.*

DR. S. Good evening, ladies; I am late in my visit, am I not? (*crosses to STELLA*) Well, how are we to-day? (*feels her pulse*)

STELLA. I fancied until just now I was a little better, Doctor.

DR. S. You must keep yourself quiet—something has evidently been disturbing you ; this must not be.

STELLA. Sad thoughts will come, Doctor, in spite of me!

DR. S. You have some secret grief; what it is is not for me to ask; but keep up your spirits as well as you can, for on that depends chiefly the recovery of your health.

STELLA. Thank you, Doctor, thank you ; I'll try, I'll try !

MAD. R. (*taking DR. STRASFELDT aside*) Is she any worse to-day. Doctor ?

DR. S. No, much about the same; if we could get her into a more cheerful state of mind, I should have better hopes of her.

MAD. R. I fear I shall never see her happy again ; all her hopes have been blighted by a villain, who—but I beg your pardon, Doctor, I have no intention of troubling you with family matters which concern ourselves alone.

DR. S. My dear madam, I wouldn't wish to penetrate into your sorrows for the world, my only hope and anxiety is to see your daughter restored to health and happiness.

MAD. R. I know that, Doctor, I know that.

DR. S. Joyful scenes and company may do much in her case—let her see as much amusement as her weak state will permit. She has youth on her side, and that may do wonders in her case. Good evening! (*shaking hands with them*) and when I visit you again I hope I may be enabled to declare that I see a great improvement.

MAD. R. } Thank you, Doctor, thank you!  
STELLA. }

*Exit DR. STRASFELDT, by garden, L. 2 E.*

ACT 1.]      MOTHER'S      DYING      CHILD.      9

MAD. R. There, there, Stella, you heard what the kind doctor said, you must keep up your spirits, my dear child.

STELLA. And so I will, mother, for your sake.

FLORENCE LANGTON. (*without, at back of staircase, R.*) Una! Una! (*Music—descends staircase*) Not here! now where can my papa and sister have taken themselves to? (*sees STELLA and MADAME RITZDORF*) The strange ladies who are living at the hotel; this is the first time I've seen them out of their rooms, and my natural curiosity prompts me to find out who they are. (*aloud*) Beg pardon, but the young lady don't seem well.

MAD. R. No, she is not.

FLOR. So I thought! excuse my natural curiosity—I'm the daughter of Sir Gervase Langton; I've often seen you from our windows, and thought I should so like to speak to you. (*crosses, and shakes hands with STELLA, who rises*)

STELLA. You are very kind. I feel very lonely sometimes for want of a companion.

FLOR. No, do you now! (*aside*) My natural curiosity urges me to know more! (*aloud*) I should have thought now that you had plenty of friends around you to cheer you up.

MAD. R. Alas, young lady, she has no friend in the world but me.

FLOR. Ah, I see, she's fretting for some lost friend.

MAD. R. No.

FLOR. No! (*aside*) My natural curiosity must be satisfied! (*aloud*) She misses some lost sister, brother, or father then?

MAD. R. No, my dear young lady, no!

FLOR. Why, then what can make her miserable in this, the gayest of places, where there's nothing but amusement from morning till night? why, we've music when we go to bed, music when we get up, music at breakfast, music at luncheon, music at dinner, music at tea time, and music at supper time and bed time; why one could live upon music here—but, I beg your pardon, you're not well and perhaps my conversation annoys you!

STELLA. Oh not at all, it does me good to hear you talk.

FLOR. Lor' now, you don't mean that; why, my sister says I bewilder her, and my father tells me I give him the head-ache—excuse my natural curiosity, but I'm afraid some one has given *you* the heart-ache.

STELLA. I am sorry to say you have guessed aright.

FLOR. I can well guess the reason of your melancholy, you're grieving for some faithless lover?

MAD. R. No, young lady, she grieves for a faithless husband.

FLOR. A husband! thank goodness, I know nothing about those kind of creatures at present.

MAD. R. She reposed all her hopes of happiness, on one whom she dearly loved, and thought she was beloved in return, but soon she found herself abandoned and deceived.

FLOR. That's just like those horrid men. I begin to think it's high time they were abolished altogether. Forget him, my dear, forget him as easily as he has forgotten you.

STELLA. Oh, would that I could, but much as he has wronged me, I feel that I love him still.

FLOR. Oh, if that's the case, I'm afraid you're very far gone indeed; excuse my natural curiosity, but what is this deceitful crocodile's name ?

STELLA. His name is Percy Allen; did you ever hear of such a person.

FLOR. Never ! and, from what you've told me, I don't wish—well, adieu for the present; my papa and sister will be wondering where I am. (*going, L.*)

STELLA. Oh, pray don't leave us yet, I should so like your company for a short time, it would so enliven me.

FLOR. Would it ? then you shall have it, by all means.

MAD. R. I'm sure, Miss Langton, I don't know how to thank you.

FLOR. Well then don't try—you've satisfied my natural curiosity, and that's sufficient, and as for the men—(*sings*)

*Song—(Glee in Twelfth Night.)*

Sigh no more, ladies,  
Ladies, sigh no more ;  
Men were deceivers ever,  
One foot on sea, one foot on shore,  
To one thing constant never.  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into high nonny, nonny.

*Exeunt* STELLA, FLORENCE and MADAME RITZDORF, *door, R.*

*Enter* RODERICK TRACY *from garden, L.2 E.*

TRACY. I am on the scent at last; after a tedious search I have tracked Mr. Barry Mallinson, *alias* the Hon. Percy Allen, to this place—I saw him in the gardens with the baronet's daughter; is she to be his next victim then ? not if I can prevent it. Here he comes; he little thinks I am so near. (*goes up*)

*Re-enter* BARRY, *L., arch.*

BARRY. Everything is arranged as I could wish it. The baronet has given his consent to my marriage with Una, so in a week I shall pocket the dowry, and start with my new wife for Paris. (*TRACY comes down and touches him on the L. shoulder*)

TRACY. (L. C.) I'll make one of the party ! (*chord*)

BARRY. (R. C, *starting*) Tracy, the officer, here?

TRACY. At your service. You know what I want you for, of course ?—that bank robbery. One of your accomplices has peached.

BARRY. Curses on him then, and you too, for coming here just as my fortune was made. Tracy, I know you're a man of the world, and are not blind to your own interest—will you take a bribe.

TRACY. No, Mr. Barry Mallinson, *alias* the Hon. Percy Allen, I'll take nothing but you.

BARRY. I'm ruined then without a chance of escape.

TRACY. No ! there may be a chance for you if you are prepared to embrace it.

BARRY. Indeed—how ?

TRACY. You know that young Milson who was left in charge of the bank, that Sunday, was told not to leave it, but he did leave it, as you are aware, and went out; the servants in the house went out too—you and your friends became acquainted with this, and made use of the knowledge to carry off the money; now, Old Milson at present is absent from England, when he returns and finds the bank has been robbed, he will not only turn his back upon his son for ever, but cut him out of his will, and leave him a beggar for his neglect. Young Milson and I are the only ones who know of the robbery at present, so if the money is not replaced in a week young Milson will take the consequences of his disobedience, and the law will take you !

BARRY. (*aside*) How can I obtain the money by that time ? Ah; Una's dowry, that will more than pay it, and by some plausible tale I may induce her to draw upon her father for a farther sum.

TRACY. You understand me then ?

BARRY. Perfectly!

TRACY. Don't think to elude me, for escape will be impossible—I have plenty of assistance at hand, so in a week's time I must have the money, or you. *Exit, arch L.*

BARRY. If I am arrested for this and tried, so well am I known to the law, that nothing less than transportation for life will be my doom—but I'll escape that, no matter who I sacrifice to save myself.

*Enter UNA, L. arch.*

UNA. Really Barry, you are the most ungallant lover I ever met with; you are always running away from me.

BARRY. My dear Una, I've been seeking your sister, Florence, as you bid me.

UNA. Well, and have you found her?

BARRY. No, not yet; but I'll look in the ball room for her. Come with me, dearest, I've no doubt I shall find her there. (*offers his arm—as they are going up, re-enter FLORENCE, R.*)

FLOR. Una, where are you going? I've been looking for you everywhere.

UNA. And we've been looking for you.

FLOR. I've been in the hotel, listening to the career of a dreadful wretch, called Percy Allen.

BARRY. (*aside, C., starting*) My name, what does this mean?

FLOR. It seems that this monstrosity on two legs, called a man, married a young lady, called Stella Ritzdorf, and then deserted her.

BARRY. (*aside*) Who told her that, I wonder.

FLOR. The young lady and her mother are here.

BARRY. (*grasping her arm, as she is next to him*) Here!

FLOR. (*screaming out*) Oh, Mr. Mallinson, don't pinch like that!

BARRY. It was nothing—nothing!

FLOR. Oh, wasn't it; I'm the best judge of that!

UNA. (L.) Surely, you don't know these people, Barry.

BARRY. (*confused*) I—I—I—I!

FLOR. (*imitating him*) I—I—I—I. Why, if you go on like that, you'll have as many *eyes* as Argus.

UNA. Barry, my sister's information seems to have startled you.

BARRY. (*confused*) No, no, no, no!

FLOR. He's no sooner done with his *I's*, than he begins with his *No's*.

UNA. Sister, you've awakened my curiosity about this lady and her mother—have you known them long?

FLOR. Oh, yes, some time—I made their acquaintance about five minutes ago.

UNA. I should like to be introduced to them, and I'm sure Barry would.

BARRY. No, no! not now; at some future time. (*goes up*)

FLOR. (*aside, to UNA*) Sister, there's some mystery, as regards these people, at the bottom of his mind, and I'm determined to fish it up.

UNA. (*aside*) Absurd! Why didn't you hear him say—

FLOR. Yes, yes; but what men say, and what they do, are two very different things.

UNA. Whatever makes you so suspicious! I'm surprised at you! Come along, do! *Exeunt UNA and FLORENCE, R. D.*

BARRY. Ruin and misery stare me in the face—my wife and her mother are at my elbow, as it were, when I thought them hundreds of miles away from me! Yet there's one

chance of escape. They don't know me by the name of Barry Mallinson. So, if Una and her sister should mention my name they'll be none the wiser. My great object must be to keep out of Stella and her mother's way, hasten my marriage with Una, and leave this place with her without loss of time. What plausible tale can I invent to gain her father's consent to this? (*as he stands, lost in thought, C., enter MADAME RITZDORF, R.D.*)

MAD. R. I wish I could see one of the hotel servants; perhaps I may find one in the garden. (*as she is going towards L. U. E., she meets BARRY, C.—chord—they recognize each other*) Percy Allen!

BARRY. Madame Ritzdorf! (*aside*) I must dissemble here; no other way will serve me! (*aloud*) My dear madam, I am delighted to see you!

MAD. R. Say rather, that you blush to see me, villain!

BARRY. Patience, my dear madam, patience, until you have heard me. It is true, my conduct may seem strange and unfeeling towards your daughter; but I can explain all, and am here to make reparation.

MAD. R. Reparation! Can you restore to my daughter her peace of mind—her health and happiness? If not, do not dare to speak of reparation! When first we met you, my daughter was fair, innocent, and confiding—you gained her love and confidence, and then abandoned her, like the heartless wretch you are.

BARRY. I come a repentant man—to make every atonement in my power. I was pressed for heavy debts when I left you, and it was the fear of arrest that caused me to disappear for a time; but I have now arranged matters. I travelled here, I assure you, in order to seek you, that I might ask pardon of Stella, for neglecting for one single moment, so dear treasure!

MAD. R. (*aside*) Can this be true? If so, I am convinced it will give new life and happiness to my dear child.

BARRY. (*aside*) She seems inclined to believe me!

MAD. R. I cannot forget, sir, how cruelly you behaved to my daughter in the past, and now—

BARRY. All shall be atoned for! Let me see Stella, and I swear I will set all her doubts at rest as to the future.

MAD. R. This almost seems too great a happiness to be true. Well, you shall see her. You will find her much changed!—let it incline your heart once more to truth and honour! I am aware the past cannot be recalled; but if you deceive her in the future, accursed be the day, and bitter be your punishment.  
*Exit, R. D.*

BARRY. Courage, courage, Barry! This is the very turning point of your fate, and you must play your cards with coolness

and determination ! I stand on the brink of a precipice, and one false step may bring me to punishment and ruin ! She comes ! If ever I needed all my cunning and artifice, I need it now !

*Enter STELLA, R. D.—she sees BARRY, and suddenly stopping short with agitation is about to sink into a chair, when he goes to her, and leads her forward.*

Stella, dear Stella, pardon me, I implore you ! I have seen my folly, my cruelty in abandoning you ! but I am now here to ask your pardon and forgiveness.

STELLA. Oh ! my husband, do not leave me again ! If you only knew what I have suffered during your absence, you would pity me ! But you will never leave me again, will you ? for what is all the world to me if you are not by my side !  
*(leans on his shoulder)*

BARRY. *(aside)* How her every word goes to my heart like an accusing conscience. *(sighs)*

STELLA. You sigh—am I the cause ?

BARRY. You, Stella, no, no ! I sighed because I saw you were so changed !

STELLA. I shall soon recover now you are restored to me. I feel so much better even in this short time. Oh ! why did you ever leave me, and bring me almost to the verge of the grave by your absence.

BARRY. My uncle heard of my marriage, and I was forced to leave you to seek him and deny it.

STELLA. Deny our marriage !

BARRY. Yes, for the present. I have great expectations from him, and he has other views for me. He is old, feeble, and fast fading from life ! When he is gone I can proclaim our marriage publicly ! But until then I dread any one knowing we are man and wife ; particularly Sir Gervase Langton and his daughters, who are now with your mother—they know my uncle well, and if they wrote to him disclosing our marriage, the fortune I expect from him will be instantly willed to another.

STELLA. Then I promise, sincerely promise, that not a word shall escape my lips !

BARRY. Nay, nay, dearest, your promise is not enough—you must swear it !

STELLA. Swear it ! Why ?

BARRY. That our happiness may be the more safely secured. I know your artless confiding nature ; and in some moment of misplaced confidence, the secret might escape you in conversation with the baronet's daughters. So swear, Stella, swear to be secret and I shall love you dearer than ever.

STELLA. Then I do swear, and upon this sacred cross, never to divulge our marriage until you give me leave to do so!

*(she raises the cross, which she wears round her neck, and kisses it)*

BARRY. *(aside)* The first step gained!

STELLA. If you have any fear of me, and should ever think I am wavering in my promise, shew me this cross, to remind me of the oath I have taken, *(takes the cross and chain from her neck, and gives it him)*

BARRY. My dear Stella, you don't know what a weight you have removed from my mind.

*Re-enter* MADAME RITZDORF, R. D.

MAD. R. Stella, the ladies are going, and wish to bid you good evening before they go.

STELLA. I am coming. Oh! mother, if you knew how happy this meeting with my husband has made me!

MAD. R. I am rejoiced to hear you say so. Come, my dear child, come.

STELLA. I shall soon see you again, Percy, shall I not?

BARRY. Very soon, dearest, *(exeunt* STELLA *and* MADAME RITZDORF, R. D.) I've secured her silence—that is the chief point gained. This is the closest game I've ever had to play, and if I can only succeed in marrying the Baronet's daughter before the week is out, secure her dowry, and rid myself of the officer who is watching me, I can laugh at all the rest!

*Re-enter* UNA *and* FLORENCE, R. D.

FLOR. There he is, I declare, and standing in the very same spot where we left him.

UNA. Haven't you been lonely, Barry, since we've been away?

BARRY. Oh, no! I've had company — Madame Ritzdorf and her daughter.

UNA. What! do you know them?

BARRY. Oh, yes! I've know them some time, especially Madame Ritzdorf.

FLOR. Then, of course you know how cruelly her daughter was abandoned by her husband. Oh! these men, these horrible men!

UNA. Gently, sister, gently; of course you don't include Barry!

FLOR. Oh, no! present company excepted, of course; though I dare say, if we knew all, he's as great a Turk as the rest!

UNA. Oh, Barry, if I were deserted by the man I loved in *such* a manner, it would break my heart!

FLORA. Oh! no *man* would do such a thing; would he, Mr. Mallinson?

BARRY. I should say it would be an impossibility. I suppose all your conversation was about him.

FLOR. So it was, and I didn't spare him, I promise you. Now, Mr. Barry, don't deny what I'm going to charge you with. My conviction is, that you know this man!

BARRY. I certainly own to having seen him once or twice.

FLOR. (*to UNA*) Didn't I say so!

UNA. Horribly ugly, isn't he, Barry?

BARRY. About as ugly as I am!

UNA. Oh! Barry, you wrong yourself.

FLOR. Let the man alone; he knows best what he's like!

UNA. I'm for another quadrille; what say you, sister?

FLOR. I'll join you in a few moments. I'm waiting to see Madame Ritzdorf and her daughter—they'll be here directly.

BARRY. (*aside*) Indeed! then the sooner I'm off the better. (*dance music—piano*) Hark, the quadrille is commencing. Come, Una.

*Exeunt BARRY and UNA up steps into Ball Room.*

FLOR. It's very wrong to suspect any one without a cause, but the more I see of Mr. Barry Mallinson, the more I dislike him; and I also fancy his two friends are very doubtful characters, for my respected papa always goes out with full pockets, and after meeting with those gentlemen comes home with empty ones. I wonder who and what they are.

*TRACY has re-entered, L., by Conservatory.*

TRACY. (*advancing, L.*) Shall I tell you, young lady?

FLOR. (*aside*) I don't like the looks of this man. I've seen him watching this hotel at all hours. I warrant now he's one of their associates, come here to try and impose on me by some plausible tale. He don't look the honestest man in the world by any means!

TRACY. You seem to look upon me with a suspicious eye, young lady, but to set your doubts at rest, let me tell you I'm a Bow Street runner.

FLOR. I dare say you'd run in *any* street if the officers were after you!

TRACY. You are mistaken, young lady. I am here, to have an eye on certain things!

FLOR. And a *hand*, too, no doubt, if you see anything worth pocketing.

TRACY. Absurd! I've served Government these seven years.

FLOR. I wonder you didn't serve fourteen!

ACT 1.] MOTHER'S DYING CHILD. 17

TRACY. (*shews paper*) See here's my authority.

FLOR. A ticket-of-leave, I suppose.

TRACY. You're very hard to convince. I'm a thief-taker, young lady!

FLOR. Lor, now, I took you for one of the thieves!

TRACY. Beware of that man who is going to marry your sister. Get the marriage postponed, if you can.

FLOR. But what is your reason for this?

TRACY. You'll have to wait a week before I can tell you.

FLOR. A week! My natural curiosity won't let me wait so long as that.

TRACY. I know human nature well, I've been——

FLOR. Have you ever been a woman?

TRACY. Well, no, I can't say I have.

FLOR. The fact is, you've awakened my natural curiosity, and I insist on your satisfying it!

TRACY. You're almost a stranger to Madame Ritzdorf and her daughter, are you not?

FLOR. I never saw them till a short time ago.

TRACY. I know you wouldn't mind putting yourself a little out of the way to serve your sister, and unmask a villain!

FLOR. I wouldn't, sir; only tell me what you would have me do, and if it is anything in reason, it shall be done.

TRACY. Madame Ritzdorf is expecting a servant from Somersetshire. I want you to personate that servant, and learn all you can. Take this letter, don't ask me how I came by it, because if you do I shan't tell you—enter their service, and I may put you in the way of doing a deal of good, and preventing a deal of harm.

FLOR. I'll put on the dress of one of our servants, set about it at once, and satisfy my natural curiosity. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

TRACY. I suspect Mr. Barry Mallinson has some designs on that young lady's sister. If so, I'll not spare any pains to foil him in his villainous schemes. There's a very excellent law against housebreaking, but none against heartbreaking, and many a rascal who robs a woman of her honour escapes with far less punishment than he who robs her of her pocket-handkerchief. *Exit by Conservatory, L.*

*Re-enter PHÆBUS and LODOVIC, down steps from Ball Room.*

PHÆBUS. (*R., shews purse*) What a strange thing to be sure, somebody's purse has turned up.

LODOV. (*L.*) Mine gootness, vat curious things happen. I hear someting go tick, tick, in mine pocket. I put mine hand in and find somebody's vatch. (*taking it out*) I wonder how it came there.

*Re-enter TRACY, and observes them, L. U. E.*

PHÆBUS. But suppose the right owners turn up while we are talking here; where shall we put them; I wish we had some one to take care of them for us.

TRACY. (*coming down between them*) I'll do that for you, gentlemen!

PHÆBUS. Tracy the officer, turned up. I feel turned down!

TRACY. (*to PHÆBUS*) May I trouble you for change. (*takes the purse from him*)

PHÆBUS. How quick money changes hands!

TRACY. (*to LODOVIC, extending his hand for watch*) Will you be kind enough to let me see what o'clock it is?

LODOV. (*giving watch*) Mine gootness, how fast de time do fly from one to the other!

TRACY. (*taking them by the wrists*) Are you going my way, gentlemen?

LODOV. (*aside*) We are caught in de trap, like de little mouses.

TRACY. It's a nice night for a walk.

LODOV. (*aside*) I only wish I could walk off.

TRACY. There'll be a beautiful moon.

PHÆBUS. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to shoot it.

TRACY. I attend you, gentlemen.

PHÆBUS. Ugh! curse you! I know you do. I feel completely turned up.

(*Music, lively—TRACY takes them off by Conservatory*)

*Re-enter BARRY, down steps, C.*

BARRY. Una is engaged for the next quadrille; now then to see Stella and her mother, and prevent their entering the ball room, and getting into conversation with them. (*as he is going up, enter STELLA, R. D.*) Ah, Stella, where are you going?

STELLA. I was seeking you, Percy.

BARRY. I'm glad I've met you. I want you to leave this place as soon as possible, and take up your quarters at the little village, a league from here.

STELLA. That rests with my mother—come in and ask her. I am sure she will not object to do so, if it is for the best.

BARRY. It is for the best, be assured.

STELLA. Only convince my mother of that, and she'll agree at once if it will in any way secure my happiness.

BARRY. It will, dear Stella, it will. *Exeunt, R. D.*

*Re-enter FLORENCE, disguised as GRIZZLE GUTTERIDGE, a Somersetshire wench, L. 1 E.—she sees BARRY and STELLA go off.*

FLOR. Why, there's my sister's intended husband gone in there as loving as possible with Miss Stella; what does this mean? (*goes up to look off*, R. D.) He seems on excellent terms with her. There's more in this than meets the eye; my suspicions were right it seems!—and here comes the gentleman, with a smile of triumph on his face, as if he had succeeded in some sly scheme or other. So now let the pretended country girl from the West try and learn the worst.

*Re-enter BARRY, R. D.*

BARRY. I left Stella in conversation with her mother, and no doubt she will prevail upon her; if so, they will be out of the way, and I shall be enabled to accomplish my designs without hindrance! I must now join Una, and—(*as he turns to L., he sees FLORENCE—she curtsies to him*)

FLOR. (*curtseying*) Zarvant, zur—zarvant! How be 'ee?

BARRY. Who are you?

FLOR. I be Grizzle Gutteridge, from Zomerzetshire, zarvant to Madame Ritzdorf and Miss Stella—they left me behind when they went to foreign parts, but last week they sent for me to come to 'em here. Lord bless 'ee, don't be afraid o' trusting I, for I knows all the family zecrets!

BARRY. (*aside*) How imprudent of them to trust this girl with their affairs. (*aloud*) Well, now you've arrived here, don't get gossiping with the other servants in the hotel, for the Langton family must be kept in the dark?

FLOR. Lard, must they, now?

BARRY. Particularly avoid Miss Florence Langton, for she's one of the most inquisitive women I ever knew.

FLOR. No, be she, though!

BARRY. I'll tell Madame Ritzdorf you are here.

FLOR. Thank 'ee, sir, thank 'ee.

BARRY. (*aside*) There will be no stopping this girl's gossiping tongue, so the sooner they are all away from here the better. *Exit, R. D.*

FLOR. He's gone in there again: this puzzles me more than the rule of three did at Miss Swisbirche's—there is some underhandwork going on, and my natural curiosity urges me never to give it up till I get to the bottom of it. (*goes up*) Here comes my sister, I wonder if she'll know me?

*Re-enter UNA, C.*

UNA. I can't see Barry anywhere; this is very strange—where can he be?

20 MOTHER'S DYING CHILD. [ACT I.

FLOR. (*aside*) I'll soon inform her.

UNA. (*sees FLORENCE*) Here's a fright! why who are you?

FLOR. Grizzle Gutteridge, ma'm, from Zumerzetshire.

UNA. Grizzle Gutteridge? what a name.

FLOR. I be zarvant to Madame Ritzdorf, and if I were to make to you a sartin diskivery there'd be the greatest doubt of your rekivery.

UNA. What do you mean?

FLOR. Why, I be almost zure as how as he as be courting 'ee, wi' words as zoft as the zoffest of zoft zoap, be the lawful property o' zomebody else.

UNA. I don't understand you.

FLOR. The deuce 'ee don't! then, to speak plainer, if you marries 'ee, instead of being number one, it strikes me you'll be number tew.

UNA. I feel uneasy at this woman's words! oh, why is Barry not here?

FLOR. 'Cause he's along o' number one, I tell 'ee.

UNA. No, no!

FLOR. But I say yes! yes! I see'd her go in, and if you wait here you'll zee un come out; come here and bide along o' me—come—come! (*retires into Conservatory, L.*)

UNA. Can this girl be speaking the truth? no, no, I can't believe it! and yet what motive could she have in telling me a falsehood? I wish I could see Florence to tell her what I've heard—where can she be? I'll go to my father and inform him of this accusation. Barry false to me? No, no! I must have certain proof before I believe a single word against him.

*Exit, L., at Conservatory.*

*Enter BARRY and STELLA, door R.*

BARRY. Your mother, like a wise woman as she is, thinks it best to do as I wish, and so do you, Stella, I'm sure.

STELLA. Oh, yes, Percy, I will consent to anything that will secure our future happiness.

BARRY. Remain here a moment; I'll send for a conveyance, and—(*as he goes up to L. he meets UNA re-entering—chord*) Una here!

UNA. Who is that lady, Barry? I have a right to ask.

BARRY. Oh, this lady, Una—is—is—

*Re-enter FLORENCE in her own dress, L.*

FLOR. (L.C.) Your wife!

BARRY. (*aside*) What is to be done?

*Enter SIR GERVASE and DR. STRASFELDT from Conservatory, L.—COMPANY also appear on staircase and come down.*

FLOR. (*to SIR GERVASE who is L.*) Father, you have come in

time to save my sister, and see me unmask a hypocrite; that poor girl (*pointing to STELLA*) may have been your first victim, sir, (*to BARRY*) but my sister shall never be your second.

BARRY. (*aside to STELLA, R.C.*) Remember your oath! your oath remember! Sir Gervase, I can easily explain this.

SIR G. The sooner the better, sir; in justice to my family you must publicly disprove this charge that my daughter prefers against you.

BARRY. I can easily do that, Sir Gervase!

SIR G. On second thoughts, I'll not trouble you—from the lips of that poor trembling girl (*pointing to STELLA*) shall the denial come—speak, lady, and tell the truth.

BARRY. (*aside to STELLA*) Your oath—your oath! (*shews cross to her*)

STELLA. (*aside*) Oh, heaven help me; what shall I do?

BARRY. "Never will I disclose our marriage until you give me leave to do so, and when I waver in my promise shew me this cross to remind me of the sacred oath I have taken."

SIR G. What means this silence, girl—is that man your husband?

STELLA. (*faintly*) N-n-no! (*sinks across BARRY'S L. arm—DR. STRASFELDT crosses round to R. and supports her as she sinks across his knee*)

*Enter MADAME RITZDORF, door R.*

MAD. R. My poor child, what is the meaning of this? (*kneels by her side and takes her hand as STELLA is supported by DR. STRASFELDT*)

BARRY. (C.) Now, Sir Gervase, are you satisfied?

SIR G. (L. C.) Perfectly!

BARRY. (*crosses, L. C.*) Are you, Una?

UNA. (L. C.) I am!

FLOR. (*aside, L.*) But I am not. *Music—Tableau.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Gardens of the Hotel (1st grooves).**Enter PHŒBUS and LODOVIC laughing, R.*

LODOV. Mine gootness ! but we have had a very narrow escape, de magistrates refused to detain us because Tracy could not charge us with anything but swindling, aud say he must wait till he catch us in England.

PHŒBUS. Yes; so I'll take care it shall be some considerable time before I turn up there.

LODOV. So say I. Mine goodness! I wonder whether the baronet or any of de family know dat we was taken up.

PHŒBUS. I think not; for as I passed into the garden Sir Gervase nodded to me, and he never would have done that if he had heard anything derogatory to our characters.

LODOV. Very true; and if we can only keep him in de dark till Barry marry his daughter, we shall do de trick fine.

PHŒBUS. (*looks, R.*) I see the baronet turning up the walk, he's evidently coming to meet us, mind how you answer him.

LODOV. I shall be as vide awake as de leetle veasel.

*Enter SIR GERVAASE, R.*

SIR G. Well met, gentlemen. I missed you last evening.

PHŒBUS. Yes, we had a very particular appointment, and was detained very much against our will, I promise you.

SIR G. (*crossing to PHŒBUS*) A very unpleasant scene took place in the hotel relating to your friend.

PHŒBUS. So I heard; but I can assure you, our friend Barry would no more deceive you than we would. He's a gentleman you can safely trust.

LODOV. (*aside*) Yes; about as far as you can see him.

PHŒBUS. You may depend, Sir Gervase, that Mr. Barry Mallinson is not the kind of man that turns up every day.

LODOV. Mine goodness, but that is true.

PHŒBUS. I can vouch for his honour being equal to our own, and those who make his acquaintance never forget him.

LODOV. Never, and so you will say some day or other, Sir Gervase.

SIR G. I am glad to hear you say this. For I was afraid from what had occurred regarding Madame Ritzdorf and her daughter, would not redound much to Mr. Mallinson's credit.

PHŒBUS. Madame Ritzdorf and her daughter did you say ? don't credit a word they may utter, Sir Gervase. I assure you they are mercenary fortune-hunters, roaming about to marry any one who may turn up.

LODOV. Mine goodness, but it is true. They both want to marry me, but I say no. I hate all kind of people who go about and try to take in others.

SIR G. Not more than I do, sir, I assure you. Of course you will have no objection in repeating what you have said before my daughter.

PHÆBUS Not the slightest.

LODOV. Mine goodness, I should think not! It is our duty to expose all kind of dishonest schemes, wherever we find dem.

SIR G. Come with me to my daughter, then, and rest assured I shall ever remember you for this.

PHÆBUS. I am sure you will, Sir Gervase, I am sure you will.  
*Exeunt, L.*

*Enter MADAME RITZDORF, R.*

MAD. R. The events of last night seem to bewilder me when I think of them, does my daughter's husband intend playing her false? His connexion with the Langton family seems of a closer nature than mere friendship. My daughter is evidently keeping something back from me; the poor girl seems a prey to the greatest anxiety of mind, she requires an experienced nurse always with her. I heard there was one disengaged a gentleman's in the neighbourhood, and sent our new servant to fetch her some time ago. (*looks, R.*) This is the old lady I suppose.

*Enter FLORENCE disguised as Mrs. Gammage, (an old nurse made up like Mrs. Gamp,) carrying large umbrella, R.*

You are the nurse I sent for I believe?

FLOR. I am, mim, and from what your servant told me, I fancy your daughter must be in a kind of *intimating* fever, if so only let her take a couple of my *transparent* pills, and I feel certain her *Cornwall essence* will return immejently. Don't you put yourself at all out of the way, ma'am, but leave her to me. The servant tells me, the young lady is of a *sanguinary* and *rebellioustemperature*.

MAD. R. I'm afraid you've been misinformed.

FLOR. Oh no, I haven't, mim. You may depend upon it, your daughter is suffering from a conglomerated peppericict complaint.

MAD. R. And what may that be, pray?

FLOR. Oh, the sensations is dreadful, it makes your head feel like a windmill. Ah, mim, I know your daughter's institution well.

MAD. R. Indeed!

FLOR. Yes, mim, for I've had a large family myself, but not

so large as some people, mem; why, would you believe it, mim, there was a woman in our parts who had nineteen babies in five years, mim, or five babies in nineteen years; I know it was one or t'other, mim.

MAD. R. (*aside*) I'm afraid this woman's too ignorant to be of much service to us.

FLOR. I hear you're a widder, mim—so am I; matrimony's a serus thing—I declare I never shall forget how I felt when Gammage said "with my goods I thee endow"—he kept a furniture shop, mim—but when he died I found I was mistaken, and I was left *executioner* to an *intestine* estate, with everybody a trying to circumvent the poor widder's mite, mim. Oh, dear me! (*cries*)

MAD. R. You needn't trouble my daughter when you see her with your experience, for she is a sensitive and delicate girl with a refined education, and—

FLOR. Not more so than I are I assure you, mim; but now a-days I can't deceive what eddication is coming to—when I was young, if a gal only understood the rules of distraction, provision, multiplying, replenishing, and the common denomination, knew all about the rivers and their *obituaries*, the provinces and the *umpires*, they had eddication enough, but now they have to study Botany Bay, algebay, and denominate suppositions about the sycophants of circustangents.

MAD. R. Enough, enough! Follow me into the house. (*aside*) This woman will never suit us, I am certain. *Exit*, R.

FLOR. (*in her natural voice*) Madame Ritzdorf don't know me again, that's very plain. I was afraid her daughter was beginning to suspect me when I assumed the character of her servant girl; so I've put on this disguise, to satisfy my natural curiosity to the utmost. And here comes the man I'm getting more curious about than ever.

*Enter* BARRY, R.

BARRY. (*aside*) I wish I could see Stella in secret, to confirm her in secresy—not that I have much fear as to her remaining silent, still I—(*sees FLORENCE*) Who's this, I wonder?

FLOR. (*curtseying*) How do, sir, how do?

BARRY. I've not the honour of your acquaintance, my good woman!

FLOR. I knows that, sir, but I've heerd of you, sir, from my new missis. You're a Don Giovanni—I know you are!

BARRY. Whatever you may know of me, keep to yourself, or it may be the worse for you!

FLOR. Don't be afeared of me, sir, for if there is any one I hold in utter excesence under the cannister of heaven, it is

a slanderer, who goes about circulating his calomel upon honest folks! I declare when I think of sich people, my wery umbrella wibrates to its wery whalebone.

BARRY. Contrive to see Stella for me. I'm in a hurry, and—

FLOR. Nothing is ever gained by being in a hurry. When Gammage married me, he was in a hurry, and nearly married one of the bridesmaids instead of me, by mistake. Gammage was such a queer man, sir! he joined the Fire Brigade, and one night in a hurry he put on his boots hind part afore, and as he ran along everybody behind him got tripped up!

BARRY. (*gives coin*) Take that! procure me an interview with Stella, and I will give you another!

FLOR. Thankee, sir; I'm sure you're a very worthy member of society. I'm off like a slocomotive! *Exit, R.*

BARRY. I can't rest while Stella remains here, so near the Baronet and his family. I am certain that Una's sister still suspects me, and until I see Stella and her mother depart, I shall not feel safe.

*Enter TRACY, L.*

TRACY. (L.) Good evening, Mr. Mallinson; I have had letters from England, which concern you most materially. That money you took from the bank must be paid to-morrow.

BARRY. Why, you said yesterday, that—

TRACY. No matter what I said yesterday—it's what I say now is the point. Young Milson's father is expected in London in two days, and if the money is not restored, all will be known, and you taken up for the robbery.

BARRY. Tracy, for heaven's sake, give me further time!

TRACY. I can't—it don't rest with me to do so! One word for all, to-morrow you must place the money in my hands, or I must place these on yours. (*shews handcuffs to him, and exit, L.*)

BARRY. I'm fixed! if I can't escape that man, he'll ruin me! I'm being driven into a corner, without the remotest chance of fighting my way out! The golden prize I have been so long scheming for, seems slipping through my fingers, and punishment and degradation stare me in the face!

*Enter STELLA, R.—she now wears a white dress, and veil on her head, but not to conceal her face.*

STELLA. Oh, Percy! I am so glad to have an opportunity of meeting you!

BARRY. Not more than I am, dear Stella, believe me.

STELLA. Oh, why did you make me take that fearful oath,

and who was that woman who seemed to regard me as a rival—I who am your wife?

BARRY. Have patience, dearest, and all your doubts will soon be set at rest. I am obliged to keep friends with her and her family, in order that I may borrow money from her father, to release me from certain debts, which prevent me leaving here with you, until they are paid.

STELLA. What sum do you require?

BARRY. It is very considerable, dearest, it will be no use telling you the amount—how can you procure it?

STELLA. I have my diamonds—they are of considerable value. May they not be of service?

BARRY. True, they may; but have you any means of getting them at once!

STELLA. Yes, instantly; the keys are in my possession, and I can easily get them without my mother's knowledge. Perhaps before they are missed you can redeem them.

BARRY. No doubt—no doubt.

STELLA. If I am doing wrong—it is for your sake, Percy! I know I am not long for this world; yet I feel I could not die, if you were not by my side!

BARRY. Oh! how absurd you talk, Stella, we have many years of happiness before us yet.

STELLA. *You* may, Percy, but I feel *I* am doomed not to see them! But why should I make you miserable by dwelling on such thoughts? I'll fetch you the jewels, and say no more of this!

BARRY. Quick then, dearest, for you don't know the danger at atens me.

STELLA. Wait in yonder walk for me, I'll not be long.

BARRY. If I had a heart, that girl's devotion would touch me to the soul. *Exit, L.*

STELLA. Even if my mother misses the diamonds she'll not be angry with me when she knows to what use they have been applied, but be as it may, he shall have the jewels at any risk.

*Enter UNA, R.*

UNA. I beg pardon, but after what passed last evening I think your speaking to that gentleman who has just left you, is strangely out of place.

STELLA. (*indignantly*) Madam, that gentleman is—(*aside*) My oath, my sacred oath, I was forgetting that.

UNA. Well, madam, go on; that gentleman you say is—

STELLA. A friend of mine, very near and dear to me.

UNA. I am sorry to hear you say so, for he is my affianced husband.

STELLA. Your affianced husband? why he is my—(*aside*) Oh, that oath, that fearful oath—why did I ever swear it?

UNA. I can understand your confusion perfectly—you were his mistress.

STELLA. (*indignantly*) No, madam, I am no more his mistress than you are his wife. Be more charitable in your thoughts, for time will soon show whose claim is the better, yours or mine.

*Exit, R.*

UNA. What does this assurance mean? there seemed to be a kind of truth in her words that fills me with alarm. What will be the best course for me to pursue?

*Enter TRACY, L.*

TRACY. Break off your acquaintance with Mr. Barry Mallinson immediately.

UNA. Sir, as an utter stranger to me, you take a very great liberty in presuming to give me such advice.

TRACY. Believe me it will be for the best.

UNA. I shall believe nothing of the kind, sir, and think it a great presumption on your part to address me at all. I presume you do not know to whom you are speaking?

TRACY. Oh yes I do, perfectly; but I see you are like most women, fond of having your own way—so since you refuse to listen to me—

UNA. Which I most certainly do.

TRACY. I'll leave you to repent at your leisure. *Exit, L.*

UNA. There's something in that man's looks I don't like at all. I suspect he is some needy adventurer, who thought to impose upon me, by some false tale and extort money, but he has found himself mistaken.

*Enter PHŒBUS and LODOVIC, L.*

Good evening, gentlemen; can you tell me who that man is that has just left me? (*points, L.*)

LODOV. (*looking, L.—aside*) Mine goodness! it is Tracy the officer.

PHŒBUS. (*looking, L.*) Oh, that fellow! why he is one of the greatest rascals in the world, how dare he come where respectable people are? I wonder how it is he's not arrested.

UNA. He soon shall be. I'll go instantly to my father, and inform him of this. Thank you, gentlemen, thank you. *Exit, L.*

LODOV. Oh, mine goodness, but dis is fine! If I sal only see him lock up instead of us, I shall die wis laughing.

PHŒBUS. Let's go to the baronet, I'll swear all manner of things against him.

LODOV. And I'll help you. Come along. *Exit, L.*

*Re-enter* STELLA *with jewel case, followed by* FLORENCE *(still disguised as Mrs. Gammage), R.*

FLOR. Now, my dear young lady, consider your institution, and don't dispose yourself to the evening hemisphere.

STELLA. I have no need of you just now. I wish to be alone.

FLOR. Ah, my dear young lady, you mustn't incite yourself like this. I know what a family is. I had twelve daughters, the very moral of you, and all about the same age.

STELLA. I don't wish to hear anything about that now; another time, nurse.

FLOR. No time like the present as I used to tell my second husband—for you must know I've been married twice—but I didn't marry the second for love, but because he was the size of my first husband, and could wear out his old clothes.

STELLA. I have already told you, I do not require your company.

FLOR. Now, don't be cross, for there's nobody I respects more than you. You're not taking to a *nipocrite* when you're talking to me, miss. No, no, for if there is one being under the *canister* of heaven that I hate more than another, it is a backbiter who goes about to circulate calomel about honest folks.

STELLA. (*aside, looking R.*) Here comes my mother—how vexing! she'll want me to go into the house with her, and I shall have no opportunity of giving Percy the jewels. (*aloud*) Mrs. Gammage, can I trust you?

FLOR. My dear young lady, I am as honest as any poor widder.

STELLA. (*gives jewel case*) Then give these to a gentleman who—

FLOR. Who you was a talking to just now—I know!

STELLA. And mind, not a word to my mother. *Exit, R.*

FLOR. Not a syllabub! (*looks in casket*) What are these? jewels! and to be given to that scamp? not if I know it—Mrs. Gammage shall take care of these instead of Mr. Barry Mallinson, and, thank goodness, my natural curiosity has not been exercised in vain.

*Re-enter* MADAME RITZDORF, R.

MAD. R. Nurse, was not that my daughter who was speaking to you just now?

FLOR. It were, mim!

MAD. R. She turned down yonder walk to avoid me, what could be the reason of that?

FLOR. The fact is, mim, I think your daughter is a suffering from a *suggestion* of the brain; my husband's aunt's second wife's father fell a blessed victim with the same complaint, aggravated

by a veneration for the brandy bottle. Ah, there's no blessing like health, particularly when you're sick; see what I've got, mim! (*shews her jewels*)

MAD. R. Why, here are Stella's jewels! from whom did you receive these ?

FLOR. From your daughter, mim, and it strikes me as how she's going to delope with a certing gentleman who's now waiting for her.

MAD. R. And the foolish girl no doubt was going to place these diamonds in his hands.

FLOR. Which makes me very glad, mim, as I've placed 'em in yours ; and see here comes the artful indiwiddival—you just step behind the *popular* tree, mem, and listen. (MADAME RITZDORF *retires behind R. wing*)

*Enter BARRY, L.*

BARRY. Well, have you seen Stella ?

FLOR. I has, and disarranged everything !

BARRY. I'll not forget you.

FLOR. (*holding out her hand*) Thankee, sir.

BARRY. Oh, the other sovereign I promised you. (*gives it*) Now the jewels. (*holds out his hand*)

FLOR. I hasn't got 'em.

BARRY. What!

FLOR. I gave 'em to somebody to mind for me.

BARRY. To whom ?

MAD. R. (*advancing*) To me, sir. (*to FLORENCE*) Go to my daughter, nurse, I wish to speak to this gentleman alone.

FLOR. (*to BARRY*) Young man, your *turpentine* is dreadful. Le me advise you, by all means, not to be so relaxed in your morals. *Exit, R.*

BARRY. Madame Ritzdorf, hear me !

MAD. R. Not another word. I now insist that my daughter and you become strangers for ever! I know more than you may possibly be aware of. My daughter will be better—much better parted from you—much better in her grave. *Exit, R.*

BARRY. All the accursed devils of ill luck and mischance seem leagued against me ! Is there any way by which I can elude Tracy ?

*Enter TRACY, L.*

TRACY. No, Mr. Mallinson, there is not—it must either be the money or the man ! I have overheard all!

BARRY. Give me till to-morrow, and I can——

TRACY. You can do nothing.

BARRY. Yes! I may again induce Stella to procure her jewels for me, and so——

TRACY. And if you did, do you think I am base enough to take money derived from such a source? No, sir! your time has come, and you may as well surrender with a good grace.

*Re-enter* SIR GERVASE, LODOVIC, PHÆBUS, CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD, *and* SOLDIERS, L.—LODOVIC *and* PHÆBUS *get round to* R.

SIR G. We're in time, I see. (to SERJEANT) There's your man. (*points to* TRACY)

TRACY. What does this mean?

SIR G. It means that the law has traced you at last, Mr. Percy Allen.

TRACY. Percy Allen! Why, my name is Tracy.

LODOV. Mine gootness, what wicked stories some beoble vill tell.

PHÆBUS. He's an escaped convict, I can swear it!

LODOV. So can I! Dere's a reward offered for him! I swear it, on the vord of an honest man!

BARRY. I shall escape him, after all.

TRACY. (to SIR GERVASE) Suppose I give you proofs as to identity?

SIR G. If you could do that, of course I should be satisfied.

TRACY. (*feeling in his pocket*) I'll shew you my passport, made out in my name, Roderick Tracy—also other papers referring to me.

LODOV. (*aside*) I have bickhis bocket of demas we come along.

PHÆBUS. (*aside*) Good! that'll turn him up.

TRACY. Why, they're gone!

SIR G. They never came, you mean.

TRACY. Send to the Commandant, he knows me well.

SIR G. He went to Brussels this morning.

TRACY. The British Consul, then.

SIR G. He's at a diplomatic dinner, and can't be seen till to-morrow.

TRACY. (*aside*) And by that time my birds will have flown. Curse the fellows, they've outwitted me, and are laughing in their sleeves to think how cleverly they've trapped me! But I'll keep my temper as well as I can, for they'll only triumph over me the more, if I lose it. (*aloud*) Your victory is only shortlived, gentlemen. (to BARRY, LODOVIC, *and* PHÆBUS) It is your turn to-day; to-morrow it will be mine.

SIR G. Follow me to the guard-house, gentlemen, your testimony may be necessary. (*Music—march—exeunt* SOLDIERS with TRACY, L., *followed by* SIR GERVASE)

BARRY. Well done, lads, well done! To the guard-house, and clinch this affair, so that the officer may be secured until to-morrow.

PHŒBUS. What's going to turn up then ?

BARRY. Meet me here when you return, and I'll tell you.

LODOV. Tracy thought to take us, and we have taken him!  
Mine gootness, but dis is droll!

PHŒBUS. It's the best idea I ever turned up ! Come along!

*Exeunt PHŒBUS and LODOVIC, L.*

BARRY. The time grows short—nothing but desperate means can serve me, now! If I were only rid of Stella, I should fear nothing; but while she lives, I shall be in constant dread of the Baronet's family discovering all. I can get rid of my wife one way! It is a fearful perilous step ; but I would rather risk if that they endure poverty, and punishment ! (*after a moments pause*) If Stella is missed, they will think she has eloped with me! It shall be so!

*Re-enter STELLA, R.*

STELLA. Did you get the jewels, Barry ?

BARRY. No, Stella.

STELLA. No ! why I sent them to you by the nurse.

BARRY. Who gave them to your mother; but it's no matter, I think I can venture to do without them.

STELLA. Oh, I'm so glad to hear that.

BARRY. Of course you are. I have a great deal to say to you Stella, but we had better not stay here. Your mother is no doubt looking for you, and we shall be most likely interrupted. Come with me to the boat-house on the lake, we can speak without fear there.

STELLA. The boat-house on the lake; that is such a lonely spot.

BARRY. What of that, shan't I be with you ?

STELLA. True ; what should I fear with my husband by my side.

BARRY. What, indeed ! To-night, Stella, I'll set your fears at rest for ever.

STELLA. Come, then, come. *Music.—Exeunt, L.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Extensive Lake and Moonlight Horizon. A boat-house open to the Audience on the lake, R. C.; a door in the boat-house faces, L. ; in front of this door a small terrace on a level with the water. (The wings are taken out for this scene.)*

*Music—BARRY rows STELLA on in a boat from L. The boat reaches house, BARRY secures the boat, and assists STELLA from it.*

STELLA. What a lonely place. I should be so terrified if you were not with me.

BARRY. It *is* rather lonely; so much the better, we shall not be seen. Hark! what was that?

STELLA. I heard nothing. Why, how you tremble. (*takes his hand*)

BARRY. Do I? Oh no, that is merely your fancy.

STELLA. And your hand is as cold as ice.

BARRY. It's the breeze from the water; it has chilled me a little.

STELLA. Is the water very deep here?

BARRY. I hope so; I—I—~~mean~~—I think so. Hark! I heard the splash of oars, we are followed. Stay here while I see. (*he goes out of house on terrace, and looks towards L.*) By heaven it is Una! and coming here! If she enters the house and sees Stella, I am ruined. (*goes in house*) Stella, one of my friends is coming here, I wouldn't have him see you for the world.

STELLA. Why not?

BARRY. For most particular reasons, go into the next room till he's gone.

STELLA. This seems very strange.

BARRY. It is a friend of the Langtons; I have a great wish he should not see you—pray do as I wish!

STELLA. I will then, if it is so very important.

BARRY. It is indeed.

STELLA. He won't stay long, will he?

BARRY. No, no, I'll get rid of him as soon as possible.

STELLA. Do, Percy, do! (*she exits at door facing audience, BARRY locks it after her, a key being in the door*) I've locked her in, so she's safe till I release her again.

*Music—Enter UNA, steering a boat, L. (a wing higher up than where BARRY'S boat came on)—UNA paddles her boat to terrace, secures it, and knocks at door of house.*

UNA. Barry, are you there?

BARRY. It will be no use denying myself, for she'll enter whether or no—(*opens door*) Ah, Una, is it you; why what brings you here?

UNA. (*entering house*) Barry, you are not alone, here!

BARRY. Why don't you see I am?

UNA. I saw you row a woman across the lake; don't deny it, for I'm certain—what does this mean?

BARRY. It means that you are mistaken—what you took for a woman was a friend of mine in a light coat, we have come here to get some tackle to go fishing early to-morrow morning. (*STELLA comes round back of house on terrace, and listens outside door*)

UNA. If it were really a man why, of course, you can have no objection to my seeing him ?

STELLA. *(aside)* Why that is the voice of the baronet's daughter !

BARRY. *(aside)* What excuse can I make ?

UNA. Barry, you are deceiving me !

BARRY. I am not I tell you! can't you take my word ?

UNA. No, I can tell by your manner there's something wrong.

BARRY. *(aside)* I must rid myself of Stella somehow! *(aloud)* Well, Una, since you are so hard to be convinced, I'll fetch the gentleman here.

UNA. Do so, and then I'll believe you. *(BARRY goes out of house and meets STELLA at the door)*

BARRY. *(aside)* You here, Stella; I—I was just coming to you.

STELLA. Una Langton, the baronet's daughter, is here, and I must and will see her. *(UNA turns towards door, listening, as she hears them speaking)*

BARRY. *(seizes her by the wrist as she is about to pass him)* Remain where you are !

STELLA. I will not; you shall not keep me in this suspense—I will know the worst; I am your wife, and have a right to know all.

BARRY. Be silent !

STELLA. I will not!

BARRY. Then be silent for ever! *(suddenly stabs her with poniard, which he takes from his vest—with a scream she falls into water, and disappears)*

UNA. *(starting)* Oh, heavens ! what was that! Something has happened! *(as she is going to open the door to look out, BARRY enters)*

BARRY. Where are you going, Una ?

UNA. What is the matter, Barry ?

BARRY. N—nothing! The friend I brought with me has gone—let us go also—come ! *(extends his hand to lead her out)*

UNA. *(with a start of terror)* Ha! there is blood upon your hand!

BARRY. Blood!

UNA. Oh, Barry—Barry ! what have you done?

BARRY. What have you to fear! Come with me to the boat—come—come!

*(Music—he leads her, half fainting, into the boat—when she is in the boat, she sinks down, insensible—BARRY steers towards C.—as he does so, the form of STELLA floats on L., illuminated by the lime-light, which also makes the waters appear transparent)*

BARRY. (*seeing the form of STELLA*) Ah! see—see! the form of my victim rises before my eyes, as if to track me to justice and retribution! Oh! horror! horror!

(*as he is endeavouring to steer the boat, the form of STELLA follows it—Tableau.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

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Six Months are supposed to elapse.

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ACT III.—LONDON.

SCENE FIRST.—*Front Street—Time, Winter.*

*Enter BARRY, L., shabbily dressed, but not ragged.*

BARRY. My good fortune seems suddenly to have deserted me. Ill-luck pursued me on the Continent; I became a defaulter to a considerable extent, and am now obliged to seek shelter in the universal refuge for the scamps of all nations, London. Still I am far from being at my ease here; for I know Tracy will never rest till he finds me; and that makes me suspicious of every stranger I see! (*looks, R.*) And here comes two men it may be better for me to avoid, until I can assure myself they are not enemies. (*retires, R.*)

*Enter LODOVIC and PHŒBUS, R., shabbily dressed, not ragged.*

LODOV. Mine gootness, of all de unpleasent tings in de world, de vorst is being vot you call "hard up."

PHŒBUS. Oh, something will soon turn up. After the trick we played Tracy, the officer, it was the best for us to make ourselves scarce, to avoid unpleasent consequences.

LODOV. Mine gootness, but dat vas a desberate trick, vorthy of Barry Mallinson himself.

BARRY. (*advancing*) Thank you, Lodovic, for the compliment.

LODOV. *and* PHŒBUS. What, Barry!

PHŒBUS. Huzza! I knew he'd turn up.

LODOV. (*to BARRY*) Why, mine dear frient, you seem as badly off as ve are.

PHŒBUS. Didn't the baronet's daughter turn up a prize?

BARRY. No, a blank! She slipped through my fingers after all.

PHŒBUS. What! turned you up?

BARRY. Even so.

LODOV. Mine gootness ! how was dat ?

BARRY. Well, the last night I saw you, a little business took me to the boat-house on the lake—Una followed me there, and in consequence of what she saw or suspected, took a sudden dislike to me, and when I called next day at the hotel to try and see her, I found that her father, the baronet, had departed and taken his daughter with him.

PHŒBUS. Well but they'd have turned up if you had followed them.

BARRY. I did follow them, but without success; at last, just as my money was all gone, I heard they were in Switzerland, and from thence would proceed to London, so to London I came in the hope of meeting with them.

PHŒBUS. What became of your wife, Stella.

BARRY. (*starting*) I've not seen her lately. I—I don't think it likely that she'll trouble me again.

PHŒBUS. Not turn up again ! why not ?

BARRY. I came to an understanding with her, and set her doubts at rest.

LODOV. Mine gootness! but dat was clever—how did you manage it?

BARRY. Oh, it was done very suddenly.

LODOV. Ah, you may fancy you've got rid of her, and she'll sink down into a state of quietness, and never trouble you no more, but, depend upon it, she'll keep her head above vater till she finds you.

BARRY. (*starting*) What do you mean ? (*calmly*) No, no, my secret is safe enough with her now.

PHŒBUS. But are *we* safe enough ? Think of the trick we played Tracy the officer—suppose *he* turns up.

LODOV. I fancy he's looking for us abroad, long may he stop there.

PHŒBUS. (*looks L., and starts*) Hollo! somebody turns up the street yonder—he seems to be watching us; do you know him ?

BARRY. I do! he's a friend of mine ; I made his acquaintance abroad. (*beckons L., and calls off*) This way, Hardcliffe!

*Enter* STEPHEN HARDCLIFFE, L.

HARD. Good day, gentlemen.

BARRY. (*pointing to LODOVIC and PHŒBUS*) Friends of mine; gentlemen you'll be delighted to know, I'm sure.

HARD. (*to BARRY*) A word in your ear! I've news for you ! (*whispersto him*)

PHŒBUS. Something's going to turn up.

HARD. We'd better talk it over at your lodgings, that will be the best way.

BARRY. Perhaps so. (*to LODOVIC and PHÆBUS*) Follow us, lads. This way, Steve. *Exeunt BARRY and HARDCLIFFE, R.*

PHÆBUS. Who this new friend of Barry's who's just turned up I wonder.

LODOV. Mine gootness! I hope he's clever at his business, if not—

PHÆBUS. Why then we'll turn him up. Come along!

*Exeunt, R.*

*Enter TRACY, L.*

TRACY. Once more in England then! I wonder if I shall get on the scent here. It was a clever trick of those rascals to get me arrested—their scheme didn't avail them long though, I was at liberty by the next day, but by that time my birds had flown. I hear the baronet's daughter has cast off Mr. Barry Mallinson—I should like to know her reason for doing so. Madame Ritzdorf's daughter was found drowned too the day after Mallinson's flight, but whether she met her death at his hands, or committed suicide, it's hard to say; I fancy the baronet's daughter could solve the mystery if she liked, but how to meet with her? her sister Florence, who is living here in London with her uncle, refuses to let me know, because she fears if the world knew that her sister was so near falling into the hands of a gambler and reprobate, the family honour would be tarnished. If Una had only possessed the courage and sense of Florence she never would have been blind so long to Mallinson's villainy—Florence is determined to help me hunt him down though, and this extraordinary girl is for ever putting on some fresh disguise to assist me in the business—here she comes to aid me in our usual daily search.

*Enter FLORENCE, disguised as MR. HARRY RACKET, L.*

FLOR. Well, Tracy, any news?

TRACY. No; I can't see my way clear at present; but if your sister were here, and would only tell me what she knows—

FLOR. Mr. Tracy, I'm like Morgiana, on me depends the safety of the family, neither my sister nor my father must know I've embarked in this business. If they did, they'd fancy that the aristocratic reputation of the Langtons had vanished for ever.

TRACY. Be careful, I beg. London is full of traps, take care that you don't fall into one of them.

FLOR. Well, if I do, you must get me out.

TRACY. Aye, aye, but the danger. It's nothing to joke upon, young lady, and when I retire from Government service, and—

FLOR. Retire! why surely, you don't expect to die a natural

death in your line of business. Absurd! Government pays you to be killed at so much a-year.

TRACY. Miss Langton, I'm afraid I shall get myself into trouble by letting you interfere in this dangerous business.

FLOR. Very likely you will, but then you see I *should* interfere in it whether you let me or not.

TRACY. But consider, Miss——

FLOR. I won't consider anything, and don't keep calling me a miss. Now, do I look a miss?

TRACY. Yes; but when all becomes known——

FLOR. Yes, but all mustn't become known. If it were, who'd marry me?

TRACY. Desist, then, leave me to myself.

FLOR. My good man, you're not in a fit state to be left to yourself, you're out of your reckoning, you want a clue and I shall have to find it for you.

TRACY. But you're more trouble to me than use.

FLOR. Women are troublesome creatures, everybody knows that, but you know I've entered into partnership with you in this business. I'll find money, you find brains, and when you break for want of stock, I'll do the same.

*Re-enter* STEPHEN HARDCLIFFE, R., *and listens.*

TRACY. Beware you don't repent your determination.

FLOR. Whether I do or not, Mr. Tracy, I'll run the risk of having my own way.

HARD. (*aside*) Tracy it's the officer, then, who's in search of Barry and his friends. Now I know what to do. (*aloud, coming down, R.*) Good morning, Mr. Tracy, I've some information concerning Barry Mallinson. I hear there's a reward offered for him. I was once an associate of his. I know his haunts, and if you'll follow me, I'll place him in your hands.

TRACY. Ah, I see, you are one of those fellows who sell their comrades!

HARD. You needn't despise me on that account, for were it not for such as me giving you information, you officers wouldn't find out half the things you do.

FLOR. I say, Tracy, he seems painting your likeness.

TRACY. It strikes me I've had you in my hands.

HARD. Not yet, you often tried, but never succeeded, for of late years I've been abroad.

FLOR. And, of course, Government paid the expenses.

HARD. You're wrong, young sir; I paid for my passage with ready money.

FLOR. Aye, but whose ready money was it?

HARD. My own; I made my way in the world in the hemp line.

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FLOR. And I've no doubt you'll make your way *out* of it by the aid of the same material!

HARD. Don't you be so severe, young gentleman; I've got my feelings as well as other people.

FLOR. Ah! they'll pay no attention to that; you'll have to take your swing with the rest.

TRACY. No more of this. Put me on the scent, and the moment the men I want are secured, the money is yours!

HARD. I can't take more than one of you.

TRACY. Neither do I wish you. (*to FLORENCE*) Wait for me at my lodgings.

HARD. (*crossing to L.*) This way, sir.

TRACY. Walk fast, then, for the weather's cold.

HARD. It is, but you'll soon find it warmer.

*Exit, L., followed by TRACY.*

FLOR. I don't like the look of that fellow, but of course Tracy knows more about these things than I do; so I'll not meddle in the business. (*laughter without, R.*) Why, here come the very men that fellow swore he was going to point out to Tracy, and if I follow and tell him, I may lose sight of these villains. That won't do; no, no! I'll remain here and watch them. I think I'm sufficiently disguised, and to increase the deception, I'll pretend to be disguised in liquor. (*staggers towards R., and meets BARRY, LODOVIC, and PHCEBUS entering, R.*)  my Romans, which is the way to Aldgate Pump, I want to light my pipe there. (*takes pipe out of her pocket*)

PHCEBUS. (*aside*) It strikes me a prize has turned up.

FLOR. I say, where are you six fellows going to?

LODOV. Six! ha! ha! ha! Mine gootness, only hear him! dere are but tree of us.

FLOR. Nonsense; I can see six as plain as possible.

BARRY. Where have you been?

FLOR. Everywhere!

BARRY. Where are you going?

FLOR. Somewhere!

BARRY. Where do you live?

FLOR. Nowhere!

BARRY. What's your name?

FLOR. Racket!

LODOV. Mine gootness, and a very fine racket you seem to have been on.

FLOR. German sausage individual, mind your own business. I've been keeping my birthday!

PHCEBUS. In company, I suppose?

FLOR. Yes, sir, as you observe, in company.

PHCEBUS. And of how many friends did the company consist?

FLOR. Only myself; I always keep my own company, and then I can never quarrel with 'em. I say, my nobles, is this yesterday or to-morrow ?

LODOV. (*laughing*) Mine gootness, only to hear him! Why dis is to-day, before to-morrow!

FLOR. Well, now; I thought it was quite a different day of the month. Hollo, who's been chalking the houses ! (*looking at snow on houses*)

LODOV. Chalking de houses ! Mine gootness, only to hear him ! Why, dat is snow!

FLOR. What, snow in July!

LODOV. July ! Why, dis is vot you call Guy Faux mons—November.

FLOR. Well, I know it was July when I got up; so, if this is November, I've been out of bed five months. Not because I owe any rent, no, no! I've plenty of money; look here, my boys! (*shews purse*)

BARRY. (*aside, to the others*) I'll go to my lodgings; bring him with you—he may prove a prize ! *Exit, R.*

PHÆBUS. (*to FLORENCE*) You seem completely turned up ! I'd advise you to take care of your money, for there are lots of rascals about here.

FLOR. Are you one of 'em ?

PHÆBUS. Would you insult a gentleman, sir ? Confide in us, and we'll see you to a place of safety, where nobody shall rob you—(*aside*) but ourselves!

FLOR. Where's your mansion, then ?

PHÆBUS. (*points, R.*) The second house from the corner—don't you see it ?

FLOR. (*looking, R.*) What, where the pump is waltzing along with the lamp-post ?

PHÆBUS. Yes; that's where you turn up.

FLOR. Then I'll go first, because it is evident to me you've been drinking! Steady, steady ! (*makes several efforts to cross to R., and eventually gets off, R., followed by PHÆBUS and LODOVIC, laughing and exulting*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Plain Chamber—four-post bedstead with curtains, R. C.—window in flat, L. C.—door, L.—table, C., and two chairs.*

BARRY *discovered looking from door.*

BARRY. Hark! I hear them coming up-stairs. Our exchequer will be replenished sooner than I thought.

*Enter PHÆBUS, LODOVIC, and FLORENCE, arm-in-arm, door, L.*

PHÆBUS. Here we are.

FLOR. Yes, here am I, but where are you ?

PHÆBUS. At your elbow !

BARRY. *(to FLORENCE)* Come now, what do you say to a game of cards to pass the time away ?

FLOR. The very thing I was going to propose—what shall we play at ?

BARRY. Cribbage is what I'm most used to.

FLOR. Then cribbage be it! *(BARRY takes cards and cribbage board from table drawer and deals)*

LODOV. *(aside)* Mine gootness ! and cribbage it will be, to some tune. *(BARRY sits R. of table, FLORENCE, L.)*

PHÆBUS. *(aside)* Barry can turn up anything he likes! *(aloud)* Before any cards are turned up I should like to turn something down.

FLOR. So should I! *(takes out clasp purse)* I say, old fellow, there's half-a-crown, fetch us two bottles of Burton ale, and mind you don't bolt with the change! *(gives money to PHÆBUS)*

PHÆBUS. Oh, don't be alarmed, I shall soon turn up again.

*Exit, door L.*

FLOR. We'll play for something handsome—I stake a five pound note. *(puts one down)*

BARRY. And I cover it with a cheque. *(does so—FLORENCE takes up the cards which BARRY has dealt and holds them in her hand the reverse way)* Stop, stop, there are no pips on my cards.

LODOV. Mine gootness ! look at dat, why you are holding dem inside out.

FLOR. *(turning them round)* So I am. *(they play)*

BARRY. That's good—I take twelve! *(taking twelve holes, they continue to play—BARRY always taking holes)*

LODOV. *(aside)* Mine gootness! Barry will clean him out like a new swept chimney.

*Re-enter PHÆBUS, door, L., with two bottles of ale, he places them on table, goes to cupboard, brings out two glasses and corkscrew, and draws the corks.*

BARRY. That's twenty more ! *(taking holes)*

FLOR. Why they all seem to be yours.

PHÆBUS. *(aside—pours liquid from a phial which he takes from his vest into FLORENCE'S glass)* That'll soon turn him up !

FLOR. *(aside, overhearing him)* Indeed !

BARRY. *(playing his last card)* I'm out! *(takes up stakes)* You'll see me again, won't you ?

FLOR. *(rising and pretending to stagger)* Why I see you now don't I? *(crosses to R.—PHÆBUS takes up her purse which she has left on table)*

BARRY. *(coming down)* I mean you'll have another game ?

FLOR. Not if I know it; your cards have got a knack of

turning themselves inside out—besides, I've got to see my young woman.

PHŒBUS. Then surely you won't refuse to drink her health?

FLOR. Certainly not! (*goes up to table and sits in the seat that was occupied by BARRY, R. of table*)

PHŒBUS. This is your seat. (*points to chair L. of table*)

FLOR. I know better than that, the table was on this side of me, and if it likes to change places I'm not going to follow it! (*LODOVIC crosses round to R.*)

BARRY. (*sitting L. of table*) It doesn't matter. (*taking up the glass of liquor which PHŒBUS drugged*) Here's your sweetheart's health.

PHŒBUS. *aside—restraining him*) Don't drink, it's drugged. (*aloud—taking the glass from him and offering it to FLORENCE*) This is your glass, Mr. Racket.

FLOR. Drink it yourself, old fellow. What's good for the goose is good for the gander.

PHŒBUS. (*aside to BARRY*) I think he suspects something.

LODOV. (*aside, R., taking out knife*) This is slow work, I shall make an end of him at once. (*he raises the knife to stab FLORENCE, and at the same time she takes up the glass of ale that was poured out for BARRY, and throwing it over her shoulder it goes into LODOVIC'S face, who stamps with rage*)

LODOV. Curse him! he have smother me! (*a whistle heard without*)

BARRY. Hark! that's Steve Hardcliffe's signal. (*they go up and look off at window as if they were looking below*)

FLOR. (*aside*) Hardcliffe! Why that's the fellow who led Tracy away on a false scent. If he comes here he'll recognize me.

LODOV. (*looking from window*) He shake his head, he vill not come up.

FLOR. (*aside*) I breathe again.

BARRY. (*coming down with the others*) But I want to know what has become of Tracy the officer.

FLOR. (*aside*) So do I.

PHŒBUS. Certainly; I for one want to know if he's likely to turn up again.

BARRY. We are all interested in that question. Let's go to the door and persuade him to come upstairs.

LODOV. and PHŒBUS. So we will. (*going up*)

FLOR. I say, old fellows, don't leave me like this, your room is pitching about like a vessel in distress, can't you put me somewhere.

PHŒBUS. Go and turn yourself up in the bed.

BARRY. Let him go to the devil if he likes, we've got all we want of him.

*They exeunt, D. L*

FLOR. Oh, my natural curiosity, that is your only refuge. (*points to bed, looks in it and brings out portmanteau*) I suppose this is some of their plunder, my natural curiosity must be satisfied. (*Music—she unbuckles portmanteau, and looks into it*) Some old clothes I declare, they say any port in a storm, so I say any portmanteau in a difficulty. Hark! they're coming. Oh, blankets and sheets preserve me! (*Music—goes in bed, taking portmanteau*)

*Re-enter* BARRY, LODOVIC, PHÆBUS, and HARDCLIFFE, D. L.

HARD. Yes, my lads, Tracy nibbled the bait, and I hooked him, and then came here to tell you the news to set your minds at rest.

PHÆBUS. But do you think he won't trace up again, and trace us here?

HARD. He can't, for I enticed him into the cellar of the Ship at Bankside, and there, aided by the landlord, who's one of us, we gave him one on the head that dropped him like a sack of coals, then we bound him hand and foot, and left him in the cellar till the tide rises, and when it does, the runner will be a floater.

OMNES. Ha, ha! Good, good!

BARRY. Luck once more befriends us. We've met with a prize, who—But stay, he may be listening. (*listens at curtains of bed*) I don't hear him moving.

LODOV. How can he when he is as drunk as de pig?

BARRY. Let's share the notes, then. Hand them out, Phoebus.

PHÆBUS. (*taking notes from FLORENCE'S purse, and placing them on table*) This is something like a prize to turn up—four fifties, and five twenties—which will just come to—

HARD. (*who has been examining note*) To just nothing at all. You've been duped!

OMNES. (*starting, and coming down*) What!

LODOV. (*examines note*) Mine goodness; but he speak true! Look! de ugly vords say de "Bank of Elegance!"

PHÆBUS. (*striking his forehead with vexation*) I feel regularly turned up!

BARRY. What does this mean? Was that young fellow's drunkenness merely assumed, to play us a trick, and follow us here?

HARD. Who did you take 'em from?

BARRY. From a young fellow we picked up in the street, a fast-going youth, dressed in—(*describes the dress FLORENCE wears*)

HARD. You've been duped! that chap's a companion of Tracy, the officer.

BARRY. Indeed; that  have him safe in our hands.

HARD. How so, where is he ?

BARRY. Asleep, in yonder bed.

HARD. (*taking out knife*) Then he sleeps to wake no more !  
" Dead men tell no tales ! "

BARRY. So say I. Guard the door, lads, in case he struggles past you.

(*Music—LODOVIC and PHŒBUS go to door L.—BARRY and HARDCLIFFE go to the bed, throw back curtains, exclaiming, " Die, Traitor !"—they start back surprised, as FLORENCE, disguised as an Irish Boy, comes from bed—she wears a rough straight-haired carotty wig*)

BARRY AND THE REST. (*bringing her down*) Hollo, who are you ?

FLOR. Barney O'Brian, your honour.

BARRY. Where did you come from ?

FLOR. The bogs of Ballyragget.

LODOV. What! just now?

FLOR. No, eighteen year ago. (*BARRY and the others rush up to bed, and pull back the curtains*)

BARRY. Why, there's a panel at the back of the bedstead, that lades into a passage.

HARD. And you didn't know it ?

BARRY. How should I?—I only came in here yesterday.

FLOR. Not I, sir. I was taking a quiet sleep in the court beyant, when a young slip of a fellow tumbled over me, and ran up the street, as though old Nick was at his heels.

BARRY. I'm after him! (*to HARDCLIFFE*) Come with me, Steve. (*to LODOVIC and PHŒBUS*) Detain that boy ; we must question him further.

*Exeunt BARRY and HARDCLIFFE, door L.*

LODOV. (*to FLORENCE*) You are von ragged dirty little rascal! How long do you wear your shirts?

FLOR. Thirty-six inches, sir !

LODOV. And have them boiled in pea soup, I should say, by de colour! Now, I put on von clean shirt every day.

FLOR. Ah, sir, it isn't everybody's father that's a washer-woman !

PHŒBUS. (*laughing at LODOVIC*) Well done, Paddy, a good answer. And what use did they make of you at sea ? I suppose you were one of the boys under the mate.

FLOR. No, sir, I was one of the boys that boiled the *mate!* I was one of the cook's boys, sir.

LODOV. Mine gootness, and a curious boy you are.

FLOR. And it's curious things I've seen on the salt say, your honours. Can either of ye now tell me the name of that thing which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws ?

PHÆBUS *and* LODOV. Feet and nails, but no legs, toes, or claws?

PHÆBUS. Oh, turn it up ! what is it ?

FLOR. Why, a yard measure !

LODOV. Mine goodness, but dat is goot, ha, ha, ha!

*Re-enter BARRY, door L.*

BARRY. No success ! He has slipped through our fingers, and I think the sooner we slip off, the better.

FLOR. I'm after thinking the same! Good day to ye! (*going up, is detained by BARRY*)

BARRY. Stay ! I mean to keep you!

FLOR. Kape me ! That's the very thing I'd like ye to do, for it's mighty hungry I am! What's for supper ? Do ye take the hint ?

BARRY. (*seizes her*) If I thought you were a spy, I'd take your life!

FLOR. What are ye after wanting wid my life ? Haven't ye got one of your own ? If it's your servant I'm to be, I hope you keep a good table, for the only thing I've tasted these twenty-four hours has been an Irish pheasant!

BARRY. What's that?

FLOR. A red herring, sir !

BARRY. You've not come here with a false tale, have you?

FLOR. No, sir, nor a false head either !

BARRY. Do you know Tracy, the Bow Street officer ?

FLOR. No more than I know you, sir !

BARRY. Look me straight in the face.

FLOR. I can't, sir—I squint! (*Music*)

*Re-enter HARDCLIFFE, door L.*

HARD. We are betrayed! The house is surrounded! There's only one way to escape, and that is over the leads! (*points to window*)

BARRY. What's to be done with this boy ?

HARD. I'll secure him ! Quick! quick!

*(Music continues till end of Scene—HARDCLIFFE takes cord from his pocket, and secures FLORENCE'S wrists, retains the end of the cord in his hands—BARRY, LODOVIC, and PHÆBUS escape by window, and are supposed to descend towards L., HARDCLIFFE is looking from window to observe the escape of BARRY and the others, his back towards FLORENCE, who during the following speech is untying the cord from her wrists with her teeth, having done so she ties the cord to leg of table)*

HARD. (*looking from window*) Quick, quick! keep straight on over the houses, lower your heads, lower your heads—lower,

lower, or they'll see you from the street below; that's better, that's better, we shall escape them after all, not that way, over the right, over the right.

FLOR. (*aside*) Over the left, over the left. *Exit, D. L.*

HARD. I'll follow you, lads, I'll follow you. (*pulling the cord without turning his head*) Come, boy, come, it's no use your resisting. Come I say. (*turns and sees FLORENCE has escaped*) Gone! then here's after him. (*going hastily, D. L.*)

*Enter DOZEY, suddenly meeting him, other WATCHMEN also enter at D. L., they all seize HARDCLIFFE, they struggle with him, he throws them off and knocks them down one after the other as they are advancing, and escapes by window, WATCHMEN all springing their rattles as scene is closed in.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Front Street.*

*Music.—Enter BARRY, LODOVIC, and PHÆBUS, hastily, R.*

BARRY. I think we've escaped unseen, let's stay here a moment and take breath.

LODOV. But mine gootness! is it safe to do so?

PHÆBUS. Yes, yes, our pursuers have turned up the next street. (*distant murmurs and springing of rattles, R.*)

*Enter HARDCLIFFE, hastily, R.*

HARD. Away, away! we're pursued. They're in full chase after us; let's all separate when we get to the top of the street—quick, quick, they're here! *Music—Exeunt, hastily, L.*

*Enter DOZER and WATCHMEN, hastily, R.*

DOZER. Run, run, you must come up with them, we can never go back to the watchhouse without somebody, follow me. (*crosses, L.*) If you see any suspicious characters about, take 'em up, and if you can't take 'em up, knock 'em down, and let us show the world when we're on our beat we're not to be beaten. Come, come. *Exeunt, L.*

*Slow Music.—Enter SIR GERVASE and UNA, R.*

SIR G. (*to UNA*) Come, come, there's no cause for alarm, you are in London now; and any apprehension of danger on your part shall soon be set at rest, my child, what is it you fear?

UNA. I dread to meet with that man I was once weak enough to love so blindly. Oh, father, I shudder to think how providentially I was rescued from the brink of ruin. If I had only listened to the advice of my sister Florence I should have discarded him long since, but weak, credulous, and trusting, I reposed confidence in one who has proved to be a trickster, a gambler, and—(*shuddering*)

SIR G. What is it you mean? If you know anything that can lead to the detection and punishment of this Barry Mal-linson you are bound to disclose it, surely you would not wish to screen him? Can it be possible that any spark of love for him still lingers in your heart?

UNA. Love for *him*, father? hate and aversion have now taken the place of my once misplaced affection, an affection which blinded me to the remonstrances of all my friends.

SIR G. Come, come, don't blame yourself too severely; I am certain that could you have foreseen the consequences of your rash attachment to that man, nothing would have induced you to have continued your acquaintance with him.

UNA. Nothing, father, nothing, I would have died first.

SIR G. Come, come, try and be a little more cheerful.

UNA. I cannot—I cannot, a fearful weight upon my heart seems to forbid me ever knowing a moment's happiness. Oh, father, if you only knew what I dread to tell you.

SIR G. Why should you dread to tell me anything that can ease your mind?

UNA. But I am not certain that my suspicions are correct, and yet they must be, or why each night when sleep has closed my eyes do I seem to behold before me the form of the murdered Stella?

SIR G. The murdered Stella! what do you mean? the poor girl drowned herself, there does not seem to be any doubt upon the subject; she was driven to despair by this man's desertion of her and approaching marriage with you, and the poor girl no doubt, weak, ill and dying slowly as it were of the dread malady of consumption, terminated her life in a moment of delirium and despair.

UNA. No, no, I do not believe she took her own life.

SIR G. But what are your reasons for thinking otherwise?

UNA. Oh, father, let me unburden my mind to you, and ask you what I ought to do. On the fatal night the poor girl met her death, I saw *him* row her across the lake and enter the boat house, jealousy prompted me to follow, and when I arrived at the house I saw Barry and told him my suspicions, he said it was a man that had accompanied him there, and that he would bring him before me and convince me—he left me, and in a few moments I am certain I heard the voice of Stella outside the house—high words arose, I heard a struggle—a cry—and then oh, horror, horror! a sound of some one being cast into the lake.

SIR G. Indeed! how strange of you not to mention this before.

UNA. I can see now it was weak and foolish of me to conceal it, and how much I was to blame.

SIR G. Madame Ritzdorf is the first person you should have told of this.

UNA. But I was not *certain* it was her daughter, and I thought if I alarmed her needlessly, and said her child was dead, when perhaps she might have been living, the shock to the poor woman might have been most dangerous.

SIR G. But it was Stella who was drowned, you see.

UNA. Yes, yes, I learnt it afterwards and became conscience-stricken, delirious, and lost all recollection of what afterwards passed, and you, my father, alarmed at my condition, instantly took me from the spot that I might have the benefit of change of scene, when I recovered and could reflect calmly, I felt that I was bearing about in my bosom a secret which embittered my life while it remained untold.

SIR G. You will soon see Madame Ritzdorf, and then tell her all, I beg of you.

UNA. I will—I will father!

SIR G. It will be a mercy to do so, and it will also relieve her from a suspense that is killing her. I see you do not know the worst. The night she missed her daughter, she thought she had fled with Mallinson, and the distracted mother followed him on that fatal evening, and by the next morning was many miles away. A day afterwards her daughter's body was found—but how to find the mother? I advertised for her in the newspapers of the Continent. I employed the authorities to search for her, but all in vain; and it is only by mere accident that I have found her out to-day. So no more hesitation, Una, disclose all, and let justice take its course.

UNA. It shall! it shall! I am resolved upon it! Stella shall be avenged, and her murderer meet the doom he so justly merits. *Exeunt, L.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Extensive set Street—set House, C., with roof lamps lighted in the street, R. and L.—the entrance door of house to face L., window, C.—Music—distant shouts and springing of rattles.*

*Enter BARRY, hastily, R. U. E.*

BARRY. Which way can I turn for safety? Every street seems surrounded. I must find a hiding place somewhere. I wonder who lives here. (*looking at C. house*) I'll make an enquiry of some frivolous nature, so that I may let my pursuers pass me. (*he goes towards house, and meets MADAME RITZDORF entering from it—chord*) Madame Ritzdorf!

MAD. R. So, villain, we meet at last! My daughter, I command you to tell me where I can find her!

BARRY. (*aside*) She is ignorant of her death, then! Lucky chance! This will serve my turn admirably!

MAD. R. Speak, villain!—for since we last met, I know you in your true colours. You are a hunted felon ! Tell me where to find my daughter, or the law shall soon know where to find you.

BARRY. You shall know all, if you will conceal me for a short time. Your daughter bears my name, remember, and if I am taken, will not your name suffer deep and lasting disgrace ? So quick, screen me and yourself at the same time.

MAD. R. (*aside*) For my dear child's sake I shall be compelled to shelter this man, or never behold my daughter again.

BARRY. (*aside*) She hesitates, and the woman who hesitates mostly yields. (*shouts without, rather nearer*) You hear, madame, another moment's delay may be fatal.

MAD. R. (*aside*) Oh! heaven pardon me, if I am doing wrong ! It is for my daughter's sake, not his. (*aloud*) Go in, sir, go in.

BARRY. Safe, once more, by Jove! *Exit into house.*

MAD. R. This man is our bane, our curse, our evil genius ! and yet it seems to me as if she would rather cling to him than me—I, who love her dearer than my life.

*Enter TRACY, L. U. E.*

TRACY. (*advancing*) I beg pardon;—Madame Ritzdorf, is it not ?

MAD. R. Yes, sir, that is my name.

TRACY. You forget me, perhaps. I am Tracy, the Bow Street officer.

MAD. R. I remember you perfectly now, sir. (*aside*) Did he see Barry enter the house, I wonder ?

TRACY. I am in pursuit of Barry Mallinson. You have no idea where I can find him, I suppose ?

MAD. R. No, sir, no! My daughter and he fled together, and—

TRACY. Fled together! What is it you mean, madame ? Do you not know that your daughter is— (*aside*) How shall I break the news to her ?

MAD. R. You were about to speak of my daughter. Is she not well?—is she not safe from harm ?

TRACY. Oh, yes, madame, perfectly safe from all harm in this world. Let me undeceive you, madame ; your daughter never fled with Barry Mallinson, as you supposed!

MAD. R. Never fled with him ! Where is she, then ?

TRACY. (*solemnly*) In her grave !

MAD. R. (*with a cry of horror and surprise*) What! would you madden me, man! You are deceiving me !

TRACY. I wish I could say I was, madame ; but with my own eyes I saw her dragged from the deep waters of the lake, and followed her body to the grave!

MAD. R. (*shuddering*) Dead! dead! and I not to know it! oh, horror! horror!

TRACY. For six long months I sought for you in vain—but no one knew what had become of you, or where a letter would find you!

MAD. R. It was my own fault. I thought my poor daughter had ungratefully abandoned me, and determined to close my heart against her for ever! I entered a convent in France under an assumed name, and resolved to look upon the world no more. But after a time my heart began to soften towards my daughter, and I again resumed my station in life, in the hope—the vain hope it seems—of meeting with her. Oh, my child, my poor, poor child! Cruel, heartless treatment must have driven her to take her wretched life.

*Enter UNA and SIR GERVASE, L. 2 E.*

UNA. No! no! she was cruelly, foully murdered!

MAD. R. Murdered!

UNA. Oh! I have been much to blame in keeping this terrible secret from the world! but I feared to name what I suspected in case poor Stella might be living; but now an inward conviction assures me she perished by the hand of Barry Mallinson. I saw a boat cross the lake, with Mallinson and your daughter seated in it. I followed them—I entered the boat house—I heard your poor child give a cry for help—but in vain—for Mallinson, the betrayer, the murderer, had cast her into the water!

MAD. R. And you knew this, yet kept it from me! Oh, cruel, cruel girl!

UNA. Bewildered with doubt, horror, and uncertainty, I knew not what to do or say. The next day I was taken far from the spot, and knew not where to send or write to you. But I sought you out upon my arrival in England, and came here to-day to tell you all. Ask my father, I beg of you, if I am not speaking the truth.

SIR G. Such is indeed the fact, madame.

TRACY. And the murderer has escaped!

MAD. R. No, no, he is there! (*points to house*) in my house.

TRACY. In your house? Why, did you not say you had not seen him?

MAD. R. I did, but knew not then he was my child's murderer, he told me she lived, and implored me to conceal him for her sake, but now let justice take its own.

TRACY. I have him at last then, and to make certain I will

procure such assistance as shall render his capture certain. Now, Barry Mallinson, escape me if you can. *Exit, R. U. E.*

MAD. R. And yet he may outwit us all if help does not soon arrive. Sir Gervase, pray go with me to the guard house, and ask the commander to grant us some aid at this critical moment.

SIR G. I will—come Una!

UNA. No, no, I'll stay here and watch the house till the officer returns.

SIR G. We shall only be a few moments.

MAD. R. Quick, sir, quick, for as the raging tigress longs for her prey, so does the wronged mother thirst for vengeance on the murderer of her child—come, come!

*Exeunt SIR GERVASE and MADAME RITZDORF, L. 2 E.*

UNA. Oh, how grateful I feel to Providence that saved me from being that man's wife; one innocent victim perished by his hand, and it might have been my lot to have met with a similar fate—I can never be too thankful each hour of my life for having been preserved from so horrible a doom.

*Enter BARRY cautiously from house, he sees UNA, whose back is towards him.*

BARRY. (*aside — coming down, L. C.*) A woman here! No matter, the chances are she don't know me—the streets are clear, so I'll leave here at once. (*UNA turns and recognizes him*) Una here!

UNA. (*going, R. U. E.*) Help! Help!

BARRY. (*seizes her*) Stay, let me escape unnoticed, 'tis all I ask!

UNA. Never, murderer. Help, help! (*Music — desperate struggle, he at length overpowers her, she falls back senseless across his left arm, he raises knife over her with his right hand, then pauses*) No, no, I'll spare her for the present, she may prove a hostage to me, and secure my safety. (*Music — carries her in house*)

*Re-enter TRACY, R. U. E.*

TRACY. In a few moments the streets will be so surrounded by my men that escape will be impossible. Miss Langton and her father not here? I hope they have not been foolish enough to go in the house. (*going up*) Hark! I hear some one coming from it. I must see who this is. (*retires, L. 2 E.*)

*Enter BARRY, from house.*

BARRY. On second thoughts, it will be better to escape while the girl remains senseless, so here goes. (*going hastily*) L. 2 E., *is met by TRACY and seized—picture*

TRACY. So, I have you at last! you have been a bad man, but now your career will soon be ended. I have suffered deeply in my time from men of your class—villains who bring ruin and desolation into many a happy family—men like you

not necessity,—made me resolve to become a follower of the law—for in the first prime of manhood I was the captain of a trading vessel sailing between England and the Cape. I returned from one of my voyages to find my wife and only child had been induced to leave me through the artifices of a villain ; when the tempter had gained his ends, his victim was cast off to mourn—to repent and die ; but as for the child, his end I never knew.

BARRY. (*aside*) By heavens! a ray of hope breaks in upon me at the eleventh hour. (*aloud*) If you are the man I take you to be, your name is not Tracy ?

TRACY. No, it is not, I assumed it when I first became an assistant of the law that I might trace the man who had so wronged me

BARRY. But you never found him.

TRACY. How do you know that?

BARRY. Because I was acquainted with him.

TRACY. And no doubt know where he is now ?

BARRY. I do!

TRACY. You do! Tell me where I can find the villain !

BARRY. In his grave !—he died in my arms!

TRACY. I begin to see it all. You are that man's son.

BARRY. No; I am yours !

TRACY. Mine!

BARRY. I swear it by my numbered days and guilty life! If you doubt me, I can give you proofs. (*takes paper from pocket-book, and gives it to TRACY*) Read that.

TRACY. (*reading*) " I, Arnold Grayson, the writer of this, being on my death-bed, declare upon my sacred oath, that the bearer of this paper, is the son—the true son—of the man who calls himself Tracy, the Bow Street officer."

BARRY. Now do you believe me ?

TRACY. Yes, yes! Oh, heaven have mercy on me!—this is horrible ! horrible !

BARRY. You have tracked your own son, only to bring him to the scaffold!

*Re-enter* MADAME RITZDORF, L. U. E.

TRACY. Oh ! my son ! my son! May heaven pity and forgive you!

MAD. R. (*aside*) His son!

TRACY. But guilty as you are, I cannot find it in my heart to see you condemned to a dreadful, shameful death ! (*gives purse*) Go, go! escape if you can! live to repent—to pray that you may become a penitent man, for the innocent life you have taken ! Go, go, go! *Exit*, R. U. E.

BARRY. By Jove, this is the narrowest escape I ever had! I'm off! (*going*, L. U. E., *meets* MADAME RITZDORF)

MAD. R. Not yet, Barry; it will not be safe ! Go into my house again for a short time.

BARRY. But do you think I shall be safe there ?

MAD. R. I hope so.

BARRY. You won't desert me, will you ?

MAD. R. I wouldn't desert you, for the world !

BARRY. I wish to leave here soon, that I may join your daughter!

MAD. R. You soon shall!

BARRY. (*aside*) She knows nothing, then! good! good!

*Exit in house.*

MAD. R. (*takes key from her pocket, and locks him in*) I have the murderer of my child safe—safe ! and will not rest one moment till I see him in the hands of justice! (*going.*

L. U. E.—LODOVIC and PHÆBUS enter, meeting her)

PHÆBUS. Not a step ! I can guess your errand.

MAD. R. Stand back, the spirit of my murdered child calls aloud for justice on the murderer, and when I cease to pursue him, may I be as cold and lifeless as she is in her lonely grave! (*Music—she attempts to pass them—they seize her*)

*Enter FLORENCE, in female costume, R. U. E., with TRACY and WATCHMEN, who seize PHÆBUS and LODOVIC, and take them to R.—SIR GERVAASE and SOLDIERS enter, L. 2 E.*

FLOR. I presume, gentlemen, this is a turn up you didn't expect!

LODOV. Mine gootness, we are done for !

PHÆBUS. Not yet; I'll turn King's evidence, and claim the reward offered for Barry's apprehension.

*Enter HARDCLIFFE, L. 2 E., down L. C.*

HARD. I'll save you that trouble !

LODOV. Mine gootness, what are you going to do ?

HARD. What you'd do if you could—sell my friends at the very best price!

LODOV. Mine gootness, what rascals dere are in de world !

PHÆBUS. Take me away—I'm completely turned up!

*WATCHMEN take them off, R.*

FLOR. (*to TRACY*) Before we proceed any further, my natural curiosity prompts me to have that man searched.

TRACY. It shall be done. (*searches HARDCLIFFE, takes out locket from his pocket and starts*) Why, where did you get this, it was once mine ?

HARD. Yours! I had it from a man named Arnold Grayson, who left a child in my care. Also a paper on which was written these words, " I, Arnold Grayson, declare upon my sacred oath, that the bearer of this paper is the son of the man who calls himself Tracy, the Bow Street officer."

TRACY. (*aside to him*) I know, I know; my guilty son showed me that letter.

HARD. Your son ! when ?

TRACY. A few moments ago. Here is the letter. (*shows it*)

HARD. Why, your son died in my arms! What is the man's name who gave you this ?

TRACY. He calls himself Barry Mallinson.

HARD. Why, he's no more your son than I am.

TRACY. Thank heaven!

HARD. It was Barry then, who stole the paper from me.

TRACY. (*aloud*) Barry Mallinson has escaped, friends. £50 to the man who secures him !

MAD. R. No, he has not escaped—he is there, in my house.

I locked him in—here is the key ! (*gives it to TRACY*)

TRACY. (*to SOLDIERS*) Follow me, men! (*BARRY appears on house roof, C.*)

BARRY. Stay ! one word first!

TRACY. No ! I hold no conversation with murderers. (*to SERJEANT of SOLDIERS*) Bid your men fire upon him !

BARRY. (*brings forth UNA, and places her before him*) Aye, do, and let your bullets reach my heart through hers !

SIR G. What do I see ? Una again in that villain's power !

FLO. (*to BARRY*) My sister! Oh! spare my sister!

BARRY. (*to TRACY*) Draw off your men, or I'll hurl her to the ground a mangled corse !

FLO. Oh! gentlemen—Madame Ritzdorf—consent to his escape, that my sister may be saved!

MAD. R. No, no! Soldiers, do your duty—I demand it in the name of my murdered child!

UNA. Ah ! I see a friend coming over the roof. (*pointing to back of house*)

BARRY. Ah ! where? (*as he turns to look UNA slips from him, and escapes down trap-door—BARRY turns to follow*)

SERJEANT. (*to SOLDIERS*) Fire upon him!

(*SOLDIERS fire, and BARRY falls from house on Stage—SIR GERVASE and FLORENCE, with TRACY, who unlocks door—they return with UNA—BARRY is brought down Stage by SOLDIERS bleeding, C.*)

BARRY. The end has come, and death pays for all! And see—see—rising before me even now is the spirit of the murdered Stella !—she I doomed to an early grave, although she was a poor widowed MOTHER'S DYING CHILD ! (*Music—dies*)

SOLDIERS.

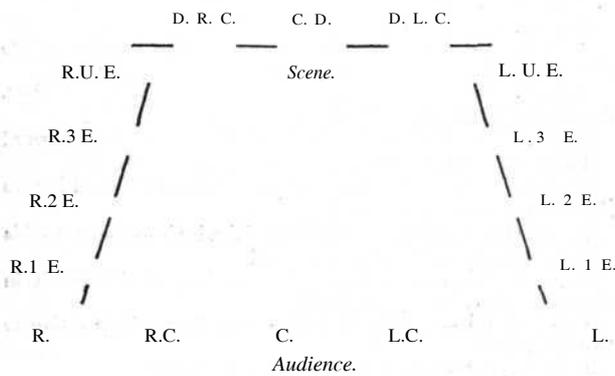
HARD. TRACY. MAD. R. BARRY. FLO. SIR G. UNA.

R.

L.

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>L. Left.</p> <p>L. C. Left Centre.</p> <p>L. 1 E. Left First Entrance.</p> <p>L. 2 E. Left Second Entrance.</p> <p>L. 3 E. Left Third Entrance.</p> <p>L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance<br/>(wherever the Scene may be.)</p> <p>D. L. C. Door Left Centre.</p> | <p>C. Centre.</p> <p>R. Right.</p> <p>R. 1 E. Right First Entrance.</p> <p>R. 2 E. Right Second Entrance.</p> <p>R. 3 E. Right Third Entrance.</p> <p>R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance.</p> <p>D. R. C. Door Right Centre.</p> |
|---|---|