NOT GUILTY.

A Drama,

IN FOUR ACTS.

BY

WATTS PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF
Thea Dead Heart, Camilla's Husband, Ticket of Leave, His Last Victory, Paul's Return, Story of the '45, Theodora, Huguenot Captain, Woman in Mauve, Land Rats and Water Rats, Nobody's Child, Maud's Peril, Lost in London, A Golden Fetter, A Lion at Bay, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.
First performed at the Queen's Theatre, Long Acre, (under the management of Mr. W. H. Liskon) on Monday, Feb. 22, 1869, a New Drama, in Four Acts, by Walter Philipps, entitled

NOT GUILTY.

"..." The main incident in this Drama, as connected with Silas Jarrett, is a fact recorded in one of the most celebrated of criminal trials.

The New Scenery by Mr. Johnson, Mr. Perkins, & Assistants. The New Music Composed by Mr. Scherzing. The Properties and Appointments by Mr. Brodden. Dress by Mr. Cross, Mrs. Reid, and Assistants.

CAPTAIN WILLOUGHBY  }  Mr. S. Embet.
SILAS JARRETT  }  Mr. J. L. Toole.
JACK SNIP  }  Mr. L. Brough.
TRIGGS  }  Mr. J. Howard.
TRUMBLE  }  Mr. John Clayton.
MR. ST. CLAIR  }  Mr. Henry Irving.
ROBERT ARNOLD  }
POLECAT
ISAAC VIDLER
WATTLER
WATTLES

Mr. C. Setton.
Mr. H. Mellon.
GOVERNOR
Mr. Kent Webb.
Policemen, Bakers, Recruits, Jailers, Villagers, Convicts, Warders, Officers, Soldiers, &c., &c.

MARGARET ARMITAGE
ALICE ARMITAGE (her Daughter) } MISS HENRIETTA HUDSON.
POLLY
LADIES

Miss H. Everard.
MRS. McJAVISH
Misses Sutherland, Norman and St. Clair.

ACT I.—1847.

SCENE 1.—A STREET IN SOUTHAMPTON.

THE BAR GATE.

SCENE 2.—INTERIOR OF A GARRET.

SCENE 3.—A PORTION OF SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS.

SCENE 4.—OUTWARD BOUND.

THE MADRAS BOAT.
THE QUARRIES AT DARTMOOR.
THE CONVICTS.

ACT III.—INDIA, 1857.

SCENE 1.—BHURTPOOR,
A Military Post and Trading Out-Station on the Banks of the Jumna.

SCENE 2.—INTERIOR OF VERANDAH IN MR. ST. CLAIR'S BUNGALOW.

SCENE 3.—A DESERTED BATTLE FIELD.—(India).

ACT IV.

OAKFIELD GRANGE, (Near Southampton).
NOT GUILTY.

SCENE FIRST.—Southampton Bar. Archway c, backed by streets in perspective. Act opens upon a corner of a street in Southampton; R. and L. of 2nd grooves, two houses built out—one L., a military rendezvous and recruiting house, called, "The Iron Dulce, kept by J. Dobbs," the sign representing the Wellington effigy. The walls of the "public" bear the usual recruiting post bills—"Fine Young Men wanted," "Who'll serve the Queen?" &c. the other house, R., forming corner of a street, is a well-to-do looking middle-class residence. On the door is a large plate, upon which appears the name of "Trumble, Solicitor." As curtain rises—to the tune of the "British Grenadiers"—Wattles, a recruiting sergeant, is discovered fixing huge bunch of ribbons on a countryman's hat. Triggs, Polly Dobbs and others, male and female, looking on a girl pouring out liquor. Some soldiers are lounging about door, and a semi-drunkened band, consisting of a drummer and a fifer are playing at intervals—while, through the large open French window of Trumble's house, first floor, R., (this window must be so constructed that the action going on within the room is visible to the entire audience) Trumble writing at an old-fashioned bureau covered with papers.

Wattles. (c, after pinning on ribbons) There, a man needn't be born a seventh son to prophecy your future career. You've commander-in-chief written in every line of your noble, and intelligent physiognomy! (OMNES laugh) Recruit. (laughing stupidly) No, you bean't serious, sergeant?
WATTLES. Not serious! (to bystanders) Ladies and gentlemen, let me call your attention to this beautiful picture. Increase the nose, enlarge the forehead, bring out the chin, and change the entire expression of the countenance, and may I never taste ale again, but we've a living breathing likeness of (pointing to sign) the Great Duke himself, (laugh) This other bow on your breast—your manly breast, and you'd be an ornament to——-

TRIGGS. (entering from house, R., who is dressed in shabby black, and has the appearance of a lawyer's clerk) A poulterer's shop! If you could only put your liver under one arm, and your gizzard under the other, I shouldn't know you from a prize turkey at Christmas, (laugh.)

WATTLES. (turning to TRIGGS) And you, my noble youth?
TRIGGS. No, don't—please don't. I've no pretension to anything of the kind; there isn't the slightest mystery-concerning either of my parents, and I haven't such a thing as a strawberry mark anywhere about me.

WATTLES. You'll take the Queen's money?
TRIGGS. Not if I know it! I wouldn't rob her of a farthing.

WATTLES. A young fellow like you should serve your country.
TRIGGS. So I do—that is, I serve my countrymen. I'm a lawyer's clerk. (WATTLES turns away in disgust and joins recruits. &c. about door, while POLLY DOBBS comes forward. RECRUITS and SOLDIERS gradually enter house, L., SERGEANT and DRUMMER remain.)

POLLY. (with affected surprise) You here still, Mr. Triggs?
TRIGGS. Mister Triggs! Call me Joe—I can dispense with respect till we're married.

POLLY. Well, what nonsense you do talk, Joe; when you know I'm engaged to go to India with Mrs. Doctor McTavish, and before many hours are over shall be a tossing on the briny ocean.

TRIGGS. With those wavy outlines—oh!

POLLY. I've just taken leave of uncle, and my boxes are already on board. A girl must better herself, Joe.

TRIGGS. Better herself! Haven't I filed my declaration and made you a legal offer of marriage—before witnesses, mind you—before witnesses!

POLLY. (contemptuously) Marriage on seventy pounds a-year!

TRIGGS. With prospects, Miss Dobbs—with prospects!
POLLY. Most people who live in garrets have lots of those—acres of tiles, and forests of chimney pots!
TRIGGS. Oh, don't turn up your delicious little snub at seventy pounds a-year! Economically managed it's a fortune.
POLLY. Economically managed! do I look like economy?
TRIGGS. Fat and feelings should always go together.
POLLY. Nonsense! the husband that I choose must be like a snail in one thing—he must bring me a house on his back, (with change of manner and extending hand) Good-bye, Joe; this is about the forty-fifth parting we have had during the last twenty-four hours. Good-bye, I shall come back again. (POLLY exits into house, L.)
TRIGGS. (with emotion, and dropping her hand) Come back! of course you will—thin, perhaps, and wife to a Nabob, and mother to half-a-dozen india-rubber looking children, (looking after her) Oh, woman, woman! once it was love, and now it's furniture. But I'm a neglecting business, though love is so much a matter of business now-a-days that it's difficult to know one from the other, (looking up at window of house, L.) There's Trumble, hard at work at the quarterly accounts, twisting noughts into sixes and nines—topping and tailing, he calls it. I was to be back in twenty minutes with Mr. St. Clair, but, bless me—what can time matter to old Trumble, except to charge for it? (SOLDIERS singing within tavern as TRIGGS exits, R. U. E. TRUMBLE rises from chair, comes to window.)
TRUMBLE. (irritated, aside, and gnawing feather of pen) Calculation's impossible with all this noise, (glancing out as SOLDIERS, &c, come down stage; POLLY also re-appears talking to inn-keeper) Gallant fellows—they're to be shipped off in a few hours, and it's a consolation to think that we mayn't see any more of them. (RECRUITS and SOLDIERS sit at table. Goes back to bureau and re-seats himself, as ROBERT ARNOLD, in the costume of a journeyman locksmith, enters at back, R., as turning the corner of tavern. He carries a basket of tools at his back, and is whistling merrily.)

Re-enter POLLY, from house, L.
ROBERT. Hilloh, sergeant! Hilloh, Polly! (seizing her round the waist, gives her a kiss before she can prevent him) If you will put such tempting cherries in a hungry fellow's way you must expect he'll have a snap at them. Don't pout, Polly, or I'll repeat the offence out of desperation.
Let's have more beer—oceans more! I stand glasses round. (all shout and come forward). And Polly—(stopping her as the is going) touch the rim of my glass with your lips, just to correct the acidity. 
Polly. (laughing and shaking herself loose) You'd be all the better for correction of some kind, (pretends to box his ear, then enters house, L.)
Wattles. A parting glass, eh, Bob?
Robert. Parting glass? not a bit of it—I go with you.
All. You! You go to the Injies—you!
Robert. (laughing and striking attitude) No less a person than Robert Arnold! Bob Arnold on week days, and Mister Robert Arnold when he walks out on a Sunday.
Wattles. (shaking hands) I’m delighted! (MEN shout "bravo") We’re all delighted!
Robert. All but the women, (chucking Polly under chin as she pours out ale which she has brought) Bless their little hearts, ’tisn’t my fault if they love me.
Polly. (clapping hands) We shall be fellow passengers, then. Oh, how nice! (RECRUITS exit into inn, L.)
There are my tools which I have used to-day for the last time, to take up the trade of war, and Mister Ormond Willoughby—
Wattles. Our Captain!
Robert. Takes me out with him as confidential clerk, and (laughs) to reflect a lustre on the British army, (loud, laugh in house, L. They go up stage laughing and talking. TRUMBLE rises, places papers in bureau, which he locks, then re-appears at window.)
TRUMBLE. That fellow, Triggs, has loitered on the road as usual. I’d better meet Mr. St. Clair half way, for this noise is unendurable, (shuts window, as he does so) SILAS JARRETT appears at back, from L. Loud laugh in tavern as he enters. He pauses at sight of group before the tavern, and surveys the scene. He is a ragged young fellow with a sort of hybrid appearance, between a mendicant tramp and a dock labourer. A taste for gaudy colours is shown in the greasy red and yellow handkerchief twined about his neck, and the equally greasy ribbon that dangles from his torn straw hat. His hair, which is uncombed, hangs in tangled masses over his forehead, a sort of thatch, beneath which his eyes peer out in a sinister and savage manner.)
SILAS. Curse them! what a row they’re making! If I knew how to stop their merriment I would! I can’t bear to see people enjoying themselves; it’s an insult to my
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... rags and misery, (still unperceived by the joyous group about tavern door, he comes slowly forward, limping slightly, as footsore) Enjoy themselves! the fools! it's brief pleasure without money! There's Robert Arnold, honest, hardworking Robert—who's always mocking me, or patronising me with the insolence of his pity, (savagely) Honest Robert! good Robert! hardworking Robert! Ah! if hate could kill you'd have been dead long ago. (leans against wall of Trumble's house in the shadow, as TRUMBLE comes out, closes door behind him, and passing SILAS without notice, exits R. c.) There goes another sort of fool, a rich, one, who plods! plods! plods! plods! like the working bee, not caring to enjoy the honey he creates. They're looking this way, and are talking about me no doubt. (changing manner suddenly to that of a man labouring under semi-intoxication) There's no mask like drunkenness, behind it one can learn the thoughts of others, and conceal one's own.

POLLY. (speaking in group about tavern door) Isn't that Silas Jarrett?

ROBERT, (sitting on table, c.) Drunk as usual.

POLLY: Why don't you get him to enlist, Sergeant Wattles?

WATTLES. Because I'm the only man from whom he won't take a shilling. By the way, have you ever remarked the singular likeness that exists between him and our young captain?

ROBERT. Who could be off remarking it. It's one of those freaks of Nature which Captain Ormond Willoughby has a right to complain of—that is, if he were aware of the existence of such an idle, quarrelsome vagabond.

WATTLES. How long has he been in Southampton?

POLLY. About a month, I think.

ROBERT. He landed from one of the French boats, and has been a loafer in the docks ever since, (during the above conversation SILAS, with a staggering step, has approached them. He tries to overhear what they are saying under cover of lighting his pipe, which he makes assumed drunken and ineffectual efforts to do.)

SILAS. (trying matches on sleeve) Hang the matches! they won't take fire! That's because I'm as damp outside as I'm dry within, (staggering as if by accident against ROBERT) Hilloh! somebody's drunk here, (hic) Ha! it's you, Robert Arnold, it's you! (hic) Drunk as usual! I'm (hic) ashamed of you! (all laugh) Give me a light.
ROBERT. (giving light) Here's one; will you have anything else?

SILAS. (quickly) Who's to pay? I haven't (hic) had the ghost of a farthing in my pocket for weeks; I've been, going on tick like a clock, but (hic) I'm run down at last!

ROBERT. (as POLLY fills glass and SILAS eagerly drinks) I stand treat! (giving POLLY money.)

SILAS. You seem flush of money just now. I shouldn't wonder but you could tell me what the taste of meat is like? I've quite forgotten.

ROBERT. Why don't you work?

SILAS. (with a drunken laugh) Working! (holding out hand which is shaking visibly) Who do you think will engage a hand like that? Why (hic) it's more unsteady than my feet. I live like a dog and shall die like a dog.

ROBERT. There's my last half-crown, Silas, (gives money) but the captain's promised me an advance on my salary to-morrow.

SILAS. (who has clutched the half-crown) The captain! What do you mean? I didn't (hic) know there was a captain of locksmiths?

ROBERT. (laughs) Locksmith! I screwed the last lock I ever intend to make, on a door, a couple of hours ago. After to-day I belong to the British army! (putting his arm round a girl's waist.)

Re-enter RECRUITS and SOLDIERS, L.

Lead the way, sergeant! We're going round the town for a spurt. We've light hearts, and (slapping trousers) empty pockets! (the DRUMMER and Fifer who are now very drunk and unsteady, lead the way; WATTLES, ROBERT, and all the rest, except POLLY and SILAS, go off singing "The British Grenadiers." POLLY re-enters tavern, closing door in SILAS' face. SILAS comes down stage with an utter change of manner—steady as a rock, and with a face of fox-like cruelty and cunning. Night has been slowly drawing on.)

SILAS. (tossing coin in his hand) What's half a crown to a man who has shaken a dice-box and cut cards with lords? Who has ridden in Rotten Row, and in the Bois de Boulogne, dined at the London Clubs, and swallowed ices at Tortoni's? It's something though, to a hunted and hungry devil just escaped from the hell of a French prison to suffer worse punishment—poverty in England. Poverty in England! ugh! I know no deeper hell than that! (as he is about to pocket half-crown, MARGARET ARMITAGE, poorly
and thinly clad in widow's weeds, enters L. C, hurriedly and labouring under strong nervous excitement. It is now night.

MARGARET (aside, as catching the last word) Who spoke of poverty? Surely he who speaks of that should feel for me! (as urged by a desperate impulse, she lays her hand upon Silas's arm) Sir! oh, sir!

Silas. (starting back) Who are you? what do you want?

MARGARET. A poor widow, sir, without bread, and without a halfpenny to purchase any, though the life of my child------(she stops, and her voice breaks into a sob.)

Silas. Your child! Oh! you've a child then? It's an old story—but I like to have it complete. A baby, I suppose: "a little fair-haired, blue-eyed thing;" they're always fair-haired and blue-eyed, the children of the poor!

MARGARET. A girl, six years old, and—starving!

Silas. (with a coarse laugh) Six years old! Why doesn't she work?

MARGARET. Work! she is dying with hunger! and the fever that------(laying her hand on his sleeve.)

Silas. (shaking her roughly off) Fever! Touch me again, and I'll give you in charge! (aside, as he exits) Fever!

Life's worth something though one has only a half-crown's lease of it. (enters tavern, L., slamming door behind him.)

MARGARET. (endeavouring to follow him) Oh, sir! in mercy! not for me—but for her! (raising her hand, with a gesture of despair, as the tavern door swings to) My child! my child! Heaven give me strength to crawl home, and die beside her! It's all I dare pray for now! (she again totters a few paces, supporting herself by wall, then sinks with a low cry on seat by table. ROBERT ARNOLD is heard singing off L.)

ROBERT. (entering gaily, and slightly exhilarated by drink)

Now fare-thee-well my own true love!

A long farewell from me,

I go to fight my country's foes—

Far, far beyond the sea!

My own true love! (he laughs) It wouldn't be easy to give her a name! not that I'm blind to the attractions of the sex. Bless it! but it's the difficulty of selection that has been my safe guard. The candidates are all so beautiful! (going to tavern) Now to fetch my basket of tools I've promised them to a shopmate as a legacy if------(while he is speaking MARGARET has half risen but sinks down again with groan) Hillo! what was that? (turning and seeing
MARGARET in the shadow, as she is again striving to rise
A woman! (raises her a little) What's the matter? are you ill? lean on me! I'm not quite so steady as I should be, but lean on me. There! so, all right now! we're firm as a rock! as a couple of rooks! (he has supported her towards door, recognises her) Mrs. Armitage! ! ! !
MARGARET. (faintly) Robert Arnold !
ROBERT. What's the matter? you are crying? what do you want?
MARGARET. Bread!
ROBERT. Bread?
MARGARET. Not for myself, but for Alice, bread for my child!
ROBERT. Bread! bread! oh! brute, beast, that I was lodging in the same house yet never to have guessed it! I knew that you were poor, very poor! but I never knew it had come to this pass—never! 
MARGARET. Help me, Robert, Alice is starving!
ROBERT. (now thoroughly sobered) And I without a penny—my last money gone to that idle skulking ne'er-do-well Silas Jarrett. (feeling hastily in pockets) Not a penny! not one! not one!
MARGARET. (very faintly) Take me home! only take me home! oh! Robert, I must see my child before I die.
ROBERT. (with forced gaiety) Die! nonsense! don't talk like that; we are close to the door of your house! You go up stairs to Alice, and—and console her till I come. Oh! never fear but I'll come! I've no money, but I've friends, heaps of friends, crowds of friends! oceans of friends! (speaking aside as he leads her off. c.) But how to find one at this time of night, I don't know! (gaily as her head droops on his shoulder) Tell Alice, dear little Alice! that Robert won't be five minutes! Tell her, I'll be there! I'll be there! I'll be there! I'll be there! (aside, with a gasp as overcoming his emotion) Damne! if I go down on my knees and beg for it in the streets she shall have it! (they exeunt, ROBERT half carrying MARGARET, as they disappear, SILAS JARRETT re-appears from tavern.)
SILAS. (wiping mouth) That beggar woman's gone I see! She gave me quite a turn—first by laying her hand so suddenly on my arm, and then by talking about fever. Since I escaped from that cursed prison I'm nervous at my own shadow. There's, ah! India's the place for me! where a horsekeeper may become a prince or at least a prince, prime minister if he has his wits about him. (he shivers and draws his ragged coat about him)
this foggy climate where at every step you're asked for a certificate of character. I'd work my passage anywhere so I could get out of this place, but with every ship it's the same result—one glance at these rags, and "kick him overboard," roars the captain, (he kicks out his leg as he says this, and strikes his foot against the basket of tools which Robert has placed by seat at table) What's this? a basket (taking it up) of tools! locksmith's tools! It must be Arnold's! a hammer, a file, a screwdriver, pincers, and keys, and no end of keys, and a bunch of skeletons! (holding up skeleton keys with a chuckling laugh) I should know their utility—the crooked little darlings! each one looks like a note of interrogation! an "enquire within" that's sure to be profitably answered, ha, ha! I always welcome old friends! Somebody's coming! more passengers for the Madras boat! I'll place these tools in a safe place. (laughs) Where their owner won't find them in a hurry. (slinks off at back, keeping in the shadow, as Mr St. Clair and Trumble enter. R. C.—St. Clair is dressed as for a voyage, he carries a small valise.)

Trumble. But my dear sir, my very dear sir, as a man, I may approve your motive; but as a lawyer——

Clair. (laughing, and placing hand on Trumble's shoulder) My dear Trumble, sink the lawyer in the man!

Trumble. Impossible! do that, and what becomes of the law courts? What you propose Mr. St. Clair is to sacrifice at least one-third of your fortune.

Clair. The whole business is one of simple justice. My uncle's death has left me master of an ample fortune—a portion of which is gained from an estate in India to which our family has no right in equity.

Trumble. But in law? your uncle gained the cause.

Clair. Unjustly, as I'm most reluctantly compelled to believe. It's then for me, as my uncle's inheritor, to make restitution to Mr. Armitage.

Trumble. He died in India——

Clair. Very poor! leaving a widow, as I understand, and a daughter in England. My voyage to Madras is, as you know, to attend the bedside of my sick mother. Spare no pains in my absence to trace out the surviving members of the Armitage family. The re-assignment you already have, and this case which I have just received from my agent contains a sum sufficient to meet their possible necessities till my return.

Trumble. Will you come up into the office while I write out an acknowledgement?
CLAIR. I'll wait for you here. We won't say good bye till the last bell rings. (SILAS JARRETT who has again appeared at back just as ST. CLAIR passes the leather note case to TRUMBLE, starts as he hears the latter mention the money it contains—he creeps nearer, keeping within the shadow of wall, then crouches down close to ground, the head raised, the neck outstretched, listening.)

TRUMBLE. (with hearty burst of emotion) You're a good fellow. St. Clair, and were there many like you, you'd be the ruin of our profession, that's all I know, (he crosses over to house, opens door with latch-key, enters and closes it behind him. ST. CLAIR, down stage, lights cigar. SILAS JARRETT, who almost seems to have changed his body as well as his manner, creeps down the stage with all the lithe quickness and silence of the snake, till he commands a view of first floor window, through which TRUMBLE is seen to enter room with light. He opens bureau, closes it, re-locks it, and then disappears. As he disappears, SILAS, who has gradually raised himself first to his knees, then to his feet, retreats again into shadow, and glides of, rapidly, with a gesture of triumph, as ST. CLAIR turning, goes slowly up stage.)

CLAIR. Jolly old boy, Trumble! With a rough outside, he's full of the milk of human kindness.

Enter ROBERT ARNOLD, in great agitation, hastily, R.

ROBERT. I beg your pardon, but just one word if you please, (he makes a movement as to place his hands on ST. CLAIR'S arm, the latter draws back.)

CLAIR. Who are you, fellow?

ROBERT. Oh! don't be afraid, sir! There's nothing wrong about me. My name's Arnold—Robert Arnold, locksmith—leastways, I was a locksmith a few hours ago, but I shall be a soldier when———

CLAIR. (impatiently) What's all this to me? What do you want?

ROBERT. (abruptly) Charity!

CLAIR. (stepping still further back) A beggar!

ROBERT. (drawing himself up with a momentary pride which he suppresses) It a beggar! Well, I suppose I'm something of the kind, though, heaven be thanked, I've never had need to ask help of anybody for myself, and if I hadn't been scattering my money all day like a fool, I shouldn't now be begging for another.

CLAIR. What other?

ROBERT. A poor woman, sir, starving! and her child,
too! An angel of six years old! Dying! dying! sir! for want of that which a few pence could purchase!

CLAIR. Can this be true?

ROBERT. True! I left her but just now, praying her to take heart and wait for my return; I rushed off to my employer, woke him up by throwing a stone through his window, and asked him for a loan, but the granite-hearted old hunks, knowing that I leave Southampton at daybreak, cursed me for a drunken rogue—me! Robert Arnold! and slammed down his window—I tried elsewhere with like success! Don't go, sir, don't go. Beggar! (snatching off cap, and holding it out) Yes, sir, I am begging! and when I think of her and her child's suffering, I'm not ashamed of it!

CLAIR. (hesitating) But——

ROBERT. Bring it home to yourself, sir; suppose that you had a child, or a mother——

CLAIR. (with emotion, and speaking hastily as the door of Trumble's house is heard to open, and Trumble comes out) Hush! take this! (giving a crumpled paper) I have a mother—a sick mother. Let those whom this money relieves, pray that she may live to look once more upon the face of her son. (aside, as he crosses to Trumble) Not a word of this to Trumble, or he'll lecture me again! (he takes Trumble's arm, and they exeunt hurriedly.)

ROBERT. (who has unfolded paper) A five pound note! (cuts a caper) There'll be more than one joyful heart tonight in Southampton, (cutting another caper) I'll buy Alice a doll! (as he runs off, R., Silas Jarrett creeps on with a rapid crouching step, he carries hugged up, half concealed by his rags, Robert's basket of tools; he opens door with a skeleton key, enters stealthily, closing it again silently, is seen to open the bureau, with the skeleton keys from Robert's bag and to take out papers, he closes the bureau, leaves the room—the scene changes to

SCENE SECOND.—Interior of a garret, miserably furnished— the bare walls blotched with damp—the ceiling showing the rafters in places. Door, R., (diagonal.) Another door, L. half glazed, leads to an inner room. Window at back, R. c, looks out into a narrow street, and upon the parapet of opposite house. The furniture of room consists of a chair, a table, a candlestick, in which about an inch of candle is burning, and a pallet bed in recess in L. flat. On the bed, Alice, a child of about six years old is lying, covered by a ragged counterpane. Moonlight.
Enter MARGARET, with candle and jug of water, door, R.

MARGARET. (in accents of terror, leaning over child) Alice! Alice! my own darling! My dear, dear little girl! speak to me! only look at me! Ah: (with a cry) Not a word, not a glance! (starting to her feet) She is dying! And yet Robert Arnold told me to wait and hope! Oh, what shall I do? what shall I do? Not a breath! not a movement! Tears and kisses, all—all are alike useless! (her tone changes to one of strong bitterness) And why should I wish to call her back? Why should life exist, when hope is dead? Enough of suffering! I cannot fight the battle of life alone! (she falls across bed fainting, as ALICE, raising herself slightly, speaks in a faint voice.)

ALICE. Mamma! mamma! (frightened, and placing her hand upon MARGARET's head) Oh, my dear mamma!

MARGARET. (with a cry rises to her feet, and looking vaguely round, takes several steps as one in a dream) Yes, dear! I cannot see you, but I hear your voice! Alice! (she makes a step or two forward from the bed, then with another low moaning cry falls on face; there is a momentary stillness, followed by a loud knocking at door, and ROBERT ARNOLD calls from outside, R.)

ROBERT. Open the door, open the door, Mrs. Armitage; it is I—I, Robert Arnold! I bring you help! What was that cry—that noise? Open, or—— (the door is thrust open, and ROBERT enters precipitately on scene, carrying a basket of provisions, which he places on the table, then recoils aghast as he sees MARGARET stretched on the ground—bending over her) Ah, miserable woman! what have you done? She's only fainted, thank heaven!

MARGARET. (repulsing him) Not me, not me—my child is dead. It is I who have killed her—I have killed my child!

ROBERT. (rushing to bed and taking ALICE in his arms) No, no—she still breathes! It is this stifling atmosphere that is killing her!

MARGARET. There is more air in the next room. Carry her there—quick! quick!

ROBERT. Heaven be praised—we shall save her yet! (they exeunt, L., into the inner garret. As they do so, a confusion of voices is heard in street below—"Stop thief, stop thief!" &c. &c, and SILAS JARRETT, panting and out of breath, dashes into the room, R., the bunch of skeleton keys
still in his hand, and the leather case, which he holds, tight to his breast.)

SILAS. The door below being open, I took the liberty of entering without knocking. Where am I? (SILAS, who has approached the half glazed door, L., recoils) Robert Arnold! (he re-crosses stage to door, but again recoils, as voices are heard, and confusion, as of several persons ascending stairs)

VOICES. It was this house! I saw him enter! Keep the door fast below!

SILAS. They're mounting the staircase—ah, the chimney! In a minute I'm on the roof, but first of all I return, with many thanks, your bunch of keys, Mr. Robert Arnold—(throwing them down on table) and with them this pocket-book, (while speaking he has taken out the contents and crammed the notes and papers into his pockets) If I can but get down to the Docks before the boat starts, I have once more my foot upon the ladder of fortune, (throws pocket-book on the floor) I leave you a ten pound note. It's a parting gift, honest Robert, but I doubt if you'll thrive with it. (disappears with a laugh behind the counterpane which conceals fireplace. As it drops behind him several persons, with TRUMBLE and two POLICEMEN, enter room hastily, R. door. One of the POLICEMEN carries ROBERT'S basket of tools.)

TRUMBLE. (to POLICEMAN) You're sure the man entered this house?
1ST. POLICE. Quite!
TRUMBLE. You didn't see his face?
1ST POLICE. No, he rushed by me with his head down as I opened the door of the office. I would have caught him, but I tumbled over this basket which he had left in his haste.

TRUMBLE. (taking it) A basket of workman's tools!
ROBERT. (entering from, room, L.) Workman's tools—they are mine! (general movement.)
ALL. Yours!
ROBERT. Who brought them here? and what's the meaning of all this?
1ST POLICE. (taking some things from table and holding them up triumphantly) A bunch of skeleton keys!
ROBERT. They're mine also.
TRUMBLE. The same, I've no doubt, that were used to force my bureau.
ROBERT. (turning sharply upon him) What's that? What
the devil do you mean? (looking angrily round) Do any of you dare to suspect---------

A MAN. (who looks a working baker, pushing forward)
Stop a moment—I can settle all this: That's the man who a few minutes ago rushed into my shop as I was just putting up the shutters and wanted to change a five pound note to buy a quartern loaf!

TRUMBLE. (to ROBERT) Where did you steal that note from?

ROBERT. Steal! It was given to me in the street to save this poor woman and her child, (pointing to MARGARET, who, entering from the inner garret, L., stands petrified by the scene before her, the two POLICEMEN having quietly moved, one on each side of ROBERT.)

MARGARET. It is true, gentlemen; it is true.

1ST POLICE. (picking up leather case from floor) Whose is this letter case?

ROBERT. (indignantly) How should I know?

TRUMBLE. It's mine—the one just taken from my bureau. (opening it) It still contains a note marked on the back "Edward St. Clair."

BAKER. That was the name on the back of that note he offered me.

TRUMBLE. (to ROBERT) What have you done with the rest of the money?

ROBERT. (aghast) Done! (quite bewildered) I don't know what you mean.

TRUMBLE. (to POLICEMEN) I charge that man with theft!

ROBERT. Me!

MARGARET. Robert Arnold! Robert Arnold is incapable of such an act---------

TRUMBLE. Let him explain how this letter case containing money and papers, which has just been stolen from my office, came into his hands? one of the notes it contained having already been offered for change by him!

MARGARET. By him!

TRUMBLE. But a few minutes ago, and let him also explain how his basket of tools came to be by my broken bureau?

1ST POLICE. Minus, this bunch of skeletons which I found on the table here! (one of the POLICEMEN slips handcuffs on ROBERT, while the other places his hand on his shoulder) I am not guilty! not guilty, on my word!!! (MARGARET utters a cry of horror—Tableau, and closed in,
SCENE THIRD  a portion of the Southampton Docks,  
Steamer bell ringing.

TRIGGS enters greatly excited, L. He has a bunch of ribbons,  
fastened to his tall napless hat.

TRIGGS. (sings)  
"Solomon Lobb he lost his nob,  
And all for love and glory."  (stops abruptly.
I've done it! I've been and gone and done it! I've taken  
the shilling—the fatal shilling! and Polly and I sail in the  
same ship, and we'll have our game of pitch and toss  
together! I couldn't stand the idea of that nabob, and  
the India rubber accessories,  (bell ceases—stopping PORTER  
who enters L., with portmanteau on shoulder) What's that  
bell?

PORTER. The Madras boat just started.

TRIGGS. What's the Madras boat to do with me? I  
belong to the troop ship—you may possibly have perceived  
a military air about me?

PORTER. Well, you look like a sort o' Johnny Raw; but  
clear the way, please, here's more luggage coming,  (exits  
R. as more PORTERS come on L.—TRIGGS stops their trucks, and  
insists fussily upon reading the addresses.)

TRIGGS. Now, my good men, my good men! you may  
possibly be unaware that I form a part of the British army  
respect the defenders of your country, respect the-----  
(reads address) "Mrs. Turmeric," Mrs. Turmeric may  
pass. Captain Ormond Willoughby—ah! we belong to  
the same regiment—fellow soldiers, fellow soldiers. Ah!  
this is what I want, Mrs. McTavish! here we have it.  
"Miss Dobbs," Miss Mary Dobbs, one trunk and four  
bandboxes—quite correct!  (after making a memorandum)  
My luggage, (placing a very small brown paper parcel with  
much solemnity on top of luggage) My luggage it goes with  
ers, (turning to side as PORTERS, highly irritated, wheel off  
truck, R.) Here she comes! wrapped up in me, and other  
comforters!

POLLY enters hurriedly, L., enveloped in cloak and many muf-  
flers as for a voyage—she trips across stage, but pauses  
in c, without seeing TRIGGS.

POLLY. I've been looking everywhere for Joe Triggs  
I thought at least he would have seen me down to the
boat. Poor Joe! I never knew I liked him so much till now I'm about to leave him—ah! (screams as Triggs, who comes down stage, throws his arms about her) You've given me quite a turn!

Triggs. In the right direction I hope. Having issued an attachment I take the body!

Polly. (bridling) You'll take yourself off, Mr. Triggs, such conduct at parting too!

Triggs. Parting! (shows ribbons on hat) Permit me to call your attention to this—the last new article in ribbons.

Polly. (with a little scream) Why, Joe, you don't mean to say you've 'listed?

Triggs. (sings) "My boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea." And I sail from Albion's shore, with thee Miss Dobbs with thee! I couldn't stand that idea about the nabob. Wattles tossed up the shilling, and woman won! Don't speak! I know what I have sacrificed—I might have been Lord Chancellor, but I gave Trumble the sack in preference to sitting upon it myself.

Polly. Mr. Trumble! oh! haven't you heard the news, Joe?

Triggs. What news?

Polly. Robert Arnold has been taken up for robbing the office! Mr. Trumble's office!

Triggs. Robert Arnold! Oh, come now, that won't do!

Polly. The money's been found upon him and———

Triggs. I don't believe it! I won't believe it! (he walks about stage pounding hat which he has taken off till it is knocked entirely out of shape) Why I'd rather suspect myself!

Polly. And so would I—much rather!

Triggs. It's a plot of some kind, or a case of mistaken identity. It's anything—everything, but the one thing, and that's the truth! Polly, dear! a man doesn't rub shoulders with the law as I've done for fifteen years and not know the signs of a thief when he meets him. The first thing is to engage counsel; I know one, with a face like a warming-pan, and lungs like a blacksmith's bellows. It's more difficult, of course, when a chap's innocent, because he's not up to the thing, but we'll pull him through, we'll pull him through!

Polly. You're a good fellow, Joe. Mind we sail in an hour.

mere child—couldn’t prove an alibi if he tried! and quite unaware in a legal point of view of the power of lungs and brass, but I’ll sift the case, I’ll —— (moving to side, he encounters SERGEANT WATTLES, stiff and stern, with several SOLDIERS and RECRUITS from L.) Ah! my dear Wattles!

WATTLES. (with crushing dignity) Your what?

TRIGGS. Wattles, I’ve a favour to ask of you; could we arrange it, that I come out by the next boat?

WATTLES. (in a voice of thunder) Fall in, sir, or we shall fall out!

TRIGGS. Haven’t you got a heart, sergeant?

WATTLES. Yes, of oak.

TRIGGS. But that’s no reason your head should be made of the same material; I want to do a friend a service.

WATTLES. Your services belong to the Queen.

TRIGGS. Of course they do; but I know her, bless her, she’s a kind, good-hearted lady, and will stretch a point—besides, she’ll have her shilling’s-worth out of me before long, having taken the money. I shall not shirk the liability. I’ve a character to lose, sergeant.

WATTLES. Then take my advice, and lose it at once.

TRIGGS. You wouldn’t advise that if you knew the trouble I’ve had to get it together. You know Robert Arnold?

WATTLES. I know nothing but the captain’s orders. Private friendships must give way to public duty.

TRIGGS. But Robert Arnold———

WATTLE. Leave him to the law.

TRIGGS. That’s a pretty style of baby-farming; you haven’t spent fifteen years in a lawyer’s office.

WATTLES. Recruits on board! Right shoulder forward—march! (SOLDIERS gather about TRIGGS, and he is hustled off, R., vainly protesting.

SCENE FOURTH. — A portion of the deck and interior of a sleeping cabin on board the "Begum," packet ship to Madras. The ship is seen lengthways. The scene divided, so as to show in perspective the elevation of the poop with mast, sail, rigging, lifeboat, &c. &c. Man at the wheel, Officer of the Watch near him; the latter nodding asleep. On the level of the stage, the whole interior of cabin is visible, berths on each side, ladder ascending to poop-deck, stern portholes showing the rippling sea, which is also visible beyond the poop-decks in a shimmer of moonlight. Cabin fable, chairs, &c, as in passenger boat of the second class. At table, beneath the usual
swing lamp. Silas Jarrett seated, his head is uncovered, showing a bush of red hair, while the lower part of his face is concealed by a thick beard of the same, colour. He wears a loose greatcoat. Two bottles are on table, and he is drinking from a glass which he constantly refills.

Silas. (listening) All quiet! Nothing but the pleasant lap of the water against the vessel’s sides! I’ve slipped down here to enjoy a glass in quiet, (drinks) Champagne! champagne! (fills, and laughs) What a wine! This is my second bottle, and I deserve it after my exertions, (pushing up wig, and discovering face) How stifling hot this cabin is, and the more I drink, the more it increases my thirst, (drinks) Well, I can afford it—I can afford oceans of drink! I can drink gold if I like, (looks stealthily towards ladder at back, then draws out a packet of papers and notes, which he turns over greedily and hurriedly) A fortune! A fortune! But what’s this paper? (examining it) "Edward St. Clair’s assignment of estate in favour of—" Bah! better burn all this! (he rises unsteadily, reaches at lamp, then falls back in chair) Damn—the lamp! or rather the lamps, for that confounded steward must have lighted another—where’s the bottle! (clutching it after several ineffectual efforts) The ship seems spinning round like a tee-to-tum! A storm brewing, I suppose! Let it brew! I’m rich enough to laugh at storms of every kind! (drinks from bottle) Glorious wine! I haven’t tasted it for many a long day, but as the (hic) bird returns to its nest—so I (hic) return to the bottle! (drinks) It’s empty! (in replacing it on table, he knocks over glass which falls with a crash. In endeavouring to save it he sweeps with his arms the notes and papers from, table. At same time a pile of cloaks is thrust aside, and St. Clair rises from one of the sofas beneath the berths, with angry impatience.)

Clair. Hillo! what are you making all this noise about? (sleepily approaching table and yawning) If you can’t sleep yourself don’t deprive me of that privilege.

Silas. (his greed overcoming in part—but in part only—his intoxication) Stand back! don’t come a step nearer! keep back! I warn you! (he throws himself upon his knees, clutching up the scattered notes and papers with the threatening grasp of a wild cat.)

Clair. (aside) He’s drunk, (kindly) Let me help you—I fell asleep before I could undress and get into my berth.
I think I ought to thank you for waking me up. (stooping to pick up one of the notes) Do let me help you.

**Silas.** (crouching over and grasping notes) Keep back—keep back—they belong to me! If you touch them I'll call for help—I will! I will!

**Clair.** (laughing) Oh, as you please; I don't wish to rob you.

**Silas.** (on his knees with a start) Rob! what do you mean by that? (rising to his feet) Who spoke of robbery?

**Clair.** (same pleasant tone) Not I. There, don't excite yourself. Here are some of your notes, and—(about to hand paper, he glances at it and starts) My signature! (stepping back, as the other advances, and placing paper under lamp, holding Silas back same time at arm's length) The assignment I gave to Trumble! How came you by this?

**Silas.** It's mine! It's mine!

**Clair.** (casting him off as he endeavours to grasp paper) That remains to be proved, (snatching up note from table) And this note endorsed by me! It's for you to stand back, rascal! (throwing him off as he makes a cat-like clutch at note.)

**Silas.** (hoarsely and mad with excitement) My money!

**Clair.** (covers him with pistol, and extending the other hand, speaks with intense calmness) Give me the remainder of those notes!

**Silas.** (aghast) Who are you?

**Clair.** Edward St. Clair. This paper bears my signature, and these notes are mine.

**Silas.** Give them back? Never!

**Clair.** (the same calm determination) Then I summon the captain to judge between us.

**Silas.** (as struck by a sudden thought) Two can play at that game. Help—help! murder! thieves!

**Clair.** Rascal! (he seizes him and thrusts him back over table, from which the bottles roll to floor. In the struggle Silas's wig and beard come off) Ha!

**Silas.** (half choking) Help! Murder! (during the struggle) Sailors appear on deck, descend ladder, and enter cabin confusedly. They precipitate themselves on St. Clair, drag him back, and wrest the pistol from his hand. Taking advantage of his release, Silas, with the agility of a cat, springs up the ladder and appears on deck, as the Captain of the steamer approaches St. Clair.)
CAPTAIN. What does all this mean?

CLAIR. (shaking himself loose from the SAILORS’ grasp and pointing to wig and beard on table) It means that you have seized the wrong man, and are letting the thief escape!

(followed by the SAILORS, he makes a rush to the ladder, but recoils as the cry of “Man overboard, man overboard!” resounds through the ship; SILAS having sprung up on the bulwarks, as the “man at the wheel,” and others make a rush at him, stands for a moment, his figure illuminated by the moonlight; then, as their arms are stretched out to grasp him, with a laugh of defiance, takes a “header” into the sea.

Act closes on tableau, SAILORS unslinging boat, &c. &c., with effective groupings above and below deck.)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—The Quarries at Dartmoor. The convict prison in middle distance, R. In extreme distance a vast extent of moor, wild and undulating, with large boulder rocks or tors. Down stage, L., huge boulders of slate, partially worked, a rough road is quarried among them, descending by a gentle incline to stage. To R. near C, and somewhat further up stage the dark boulders rise into a sort of hill, from the top of which another road is quarried, also descending amidst rocks and ferns to and off stage. On the summit of this heap of rocks, stunted trees with other varieties of wild, coarse vegetation; framed, so to speak, by this foreground; the quarries stretch out behind, full of caves and crevices, towering up or descending suddenly into deep fissures; old or neglected workings half-hidden by the hardy herbage which clings even to these rugged rocks. The prison is on a height. A gloomy range of buildings, which, though distant, dominates by its very presence, the savage scene. CONVICTS are grouped everywhere at work, quarrying or wheeling off slate in red trucks, under the guard of WARDERS, in dark blue uniform with white metal buttons (frock coat, leather belt, black varnished cap.) Some of these WARDERS carry muskets, others wear swords. The “Good Conduct” CONVICTS wear loose a frock with knickerbockers and coarse woollen stockings, all of a dirty blue with pink stripes. The “Bad Characters,” B. C., are clad in drab and black parti-colour, and they work with a belt fastened round the waist under the frock. All have the tunic cut frock, with
buttons in front, knickerbockers of same pattern—the B. C. "Bad Conduct" have one knickerbocker of black, the other drab, ditto stockings—the caps, more like those of the Chasseurs d'Afrique than the Glengarry, are of the same stuff as frock with same stripes—the boots strongly made highlows. The Convicts carry various quarrying tools, picks, &c. As curtain rises, Robert Arnold, in "good conduct" dress is discovered at work, L.

Enter Jack Snipe, with Two Convicts, R., also in "good conduct" dress, stops in his work, looks round to be sure that no warder is listening, then comes down stage. Several Convicts, who have also stopped work, follow his example. At rising of curtain, the Convicts are all at work, sows wheeling barrows from, back and off, L.

Jack. (as Convicts group about him) How did I get the name of Jack-in-the-Box? H'ignoramuses! consult the Hannals of your country. Ah! it was a caper! (sings.)

"When first I did start, with my eye on some mart,
Not caring for bruises or knocks,
Like a nimble young boy, I jumped with much joy,
As I hit on my plan of the BOX.

"I'd a caution on top to ' keep this side up,'
Addressed to the Liverpool Docks,
And the Company's man, not knowing my plan,
Would forward ME pack'd in my box. (all laugh.

"When landed on shore and put into store,
I'd creep round the place in my socks;
If I found the coast clear and had nothing to fear,
What swag I cram'md into that box.

"At last I was sold, like many of old,
By one I had helped in distress,
I was taken and tried, and the judge did decide
For five years I should wear this grey dress."

(All join in chorus.

For five years he should wear this grey dress.

Enter Silas Jarrett, from back, wearing a warder's dress, appearing up among rocks.

Silas. Skulking work, you rascals! If I hear that noise again I'll report everyone of you.

Jack. (in hurried whisper) It's the new warder! he is a c
Tartar! (they disperse, and resume work as before—Jack works by R. 1 wing.)

SILAS. Is that you, Jack Snipe?

JACK. I wish it warn't! 'Appy and proud to make the situation over to somebody else.

SILAS. How dare you answer me?

JACK. (with mock surprise) You! I'm blessed if I knowed you afore! (takes off cap with ironical humility) You're the hemperor of all the Rooshias, you are! When my respect for myself becomes flabby, I'll come to you for starch.

SILAS. Get to your work—and that other skulker there, No. 47! (pointing to Robert Arnold, L., who, at the sound of his voice, has staggered to his feet, but without turning towards him) I'll soon have him stripped of his good conduct dress and put on the chain-gang, if I see more of his idling. (exit at back, R.)

JACK. (looking after him as he exits) You're a cock as knows how to crow, you do! You ain't been here more than a week, but you've made yourself already a marked man among us—one as will have his comb cut afore long. (gets to work at c. of stage—watching Robert Arnold, who has re-commenced work, but, after a few strokes with the pick, pauses utterly exhausted) Hilloh! No. 47 is a workin' up for the sick dodge—not a bad dodge neither! (the pick drops from Robert's hand, and he supports himself against a piece of rock. Jack Snipe, a little up stage watching him)

ROBERT. I can bear this fate no longer. Strength, hope, patience, everything has deserted me—everything but despair. What dreary months have passed since that terrible condemnation, and yet the crowded court is always before my eyes, and the stern voice of the judge sounding in my ears! Merciful heaven! what a fate for an innocent man! The very education my dear mother impoverished herself to give me that I might make my way in the world, only increases the sense of degradation. To be condemned to seven years companionship with men whose very aspect makes me tremble, better death in any form, so that it be swift and sure, (his head droops upon his breast, but he raises it quickly as Jack Snipe creeps up and slaps him on the shoulder.)

JACK. Cheer up, 47! I never see a chap take on as you do. When things can't be mended, grin and bear 'em, that's the motter of youm to command, Jack Snipe.

ROBERT. But I was innocent.

JACK. (with cheerful briskness) Of course you is! There's
not a chap in this 'ere delightful com-munity as doesn't
say the same, on'y he's speaking his conviction.

ROBERT. I swear to you--------!

JACK. (stopping him, and looking hastily round) Don't!
that is, don't do it in that solemn manner. Some o' these
fellers might take it into their heads to believe you.

ROBERT. Well!

JACK. And you'd lose their respect, that's all!

ROBERT. (turning away with a gesture of despair)

JACK. Into what an abyss have I fallen!

JACK. (aside, with rapid change of manner) He's a cryin'!

(again looking round cautiously, he comes close to ROBERT,
and touches him on the arm) I say, stow that! If I've said
anything at cuts ag'in the grain, I'm sorry for it. (very
kindly) Oh! never mind me ! give 'em vent! I've paid
the water rates too often myself to cut 'em off from any-
body else, besides, I've taken a liking to you, No. 47,
you're so like a brother of mine.

ROBERT. Indeed!

JACK. (quickly) He wasn't one o' my sort, mind yer, but
a soldier as died out in the Injies ; had he lived, p'raps I
shouldn't be here—I wasn't born a thief.

ROBERT. No man is--------

JACK. No, but he's born with a happeite, and some are
born with big 'uns, without any means of satisfyin' 'em.
It's all very well for people to talk about the 'ead and the
'art, but the stummick, the stumnicks the vulnerable part
of man's anatomy.

ROBERT. (carelessly) So your brother's death made you a
thief?

JACK. He died a fightin' the battles of his country, and
his wife, who'd followed him half round this world when
he was alive, thought it her dooty, poor thing ! to follow
him into rother, and there was a little kid left for me to
purwide for.

ROBERT. A heavy responsibility !

JACK. It were. Bless its 'art! it was a baby ! Give it
an oyster shell, or an old stocking to suck, and it 'ud be
'appy for hours. It nestled in my arms the fust time it
saw me, and if I hadn't lain upon it now and then acci-
dentially, I don't think it would have cried much !

ROBERT. Surely you might have supported it honestly ?

JACK. (with sudden fierceness) I worked day and night,
but it wasn't no good, 'twasn't often I could take the little
'un's stummic by surprise, and astonish it with a lining.
Trade was bad, and I got out of collar. There's two roads
—the right 'un and the wrong 'un. The right 'un got shut up, and the kid [His voice grows husky, and he wipes his eyes] 'twasn't half as high as this pick, got ill—I took the wrong road, and the wrong road brought me here (as if ashamed of his emotion he turns away, and commences working with his pick, singing, with a sort of bravado.)

"I'd a caution on top to keep this side up,
Addressed so the Liverpool Dock."

ROBERT. And the child?
JACK. (dropping pick and turning towards him, his eyes full of tears) You won't chaff me, No. 47? But to see that boy again I'd let 'em chop these two hands off!
ROBERT. (very kindly) Poor fellow!
JACK. (speaking rapidly) I know the streets—know 'em well, mind ye! And when I think of a bit of a baby a' pickin' up its livin' like a houseless dog in the gutters, it's a wonder I don't break out, or do something despirit!—It's the devil's cunning agin a child's innocence! You wouldn't offer odds on the child, No. 47, would ye?
ROBERT. I feel for you.
JACK. (recovering his brisk manner) Thank ye. Then kindness for kindness (lowering voice) its a friend as gives you the office—be on your guard, No. 47!
ROBERT. Of what?
JACK. Of the new warder, him as was appinted last week—you two have met afore?
ROBERT. We have—often. How he comes here is another mystery I cannot solve.
JACK. Well, there isn't much love lost atween you! Chut, here he comes, an' with that creepin' creature as we calls the Polecat. I'd give somethin' to know what them two are conversin' about (they both resume work at SILAS JARRETT re-appears at back from R., accompanied by the POLECAT, a mean, cadaverous looking convict in "good conduct" dress.
SILAS. (in low voice to the POLECAT, as they come down stage) You're quite sure of what you say?
POLECAT. (in a low piping voice, interrupted by cough) Yes, the plan of escape is all arranged—No. 50, that's old Isaac Vidler, you know him as we calls the "Patriarch," takes the lead and gives the signal. The warders are to be overpowered, and then each man makes a run for it.
JACK. (R., striving to hear) What is that sneakin' creatur' saying?
Silas. This will get you a free pardon (aside, as he moves down stage) and me increased confidence. It was a great thought of mine to come here. When the wolves are on your track there's no place of safety like the lion's den! It's better to be the guardian of the cage, than to be shut up in it one's self. Had I only secured the money and papers before I leaped from the deck of that cursed boat, I might have put myself beyond the possibility of pursuit. Now I have worked my way here to watch over my friend Robert Arnold—while he's in England there's no real safety for me! Fear and hate (he is glancing furtively towards Arnold as he speaks) are both powerful agents, but when combined they are irresistible! (The Polecat, who from nature is always sneaking about, comes face to face with Jack. Snipe, unexpected by the latter who is trying to listen—Jack immediately resumes work with superfluous energy.)

Jack. (hammering at slate and singing)

When landed on shore and put into store
I'd creep round the place in my socks!

Polecat. (with quick movement back to Silas) We're watched! (coughs as usual behind his hand)

Silas. (angrily to Jack) How dare you sing?—'Tis against regulations!

Jack. (R.) Is it? Well if I don't conform to the rules of the establishment, you can dismiss me—I ain't attached to the situation.

Silas. (to Arnold, who has paused in his work and turned towards them) I'll report you both (crosses to L.) and you, too, No. 47.

Robert. I hear, but refuse to exchange words with you, Silas Jarrett.

Silas. (raising small cane he carries) Take care! (Jack moves to C. and works so as to be at the elbow of Silas for his next turn)

Robert. (throwing aside pick, and folding arms) Of what—of you? (Silas lowers cane and draws back) I can't fear what I despise.

Silas. (laughs, but lowers cane) The contempt of a felon. (Arnold turns away) When we last met in Southampton I didn't think to see you in this interesting costume, Robert.

Jack. (who has again sidled up) Well, they don't seem the right sort of togs for him, do they guv'nor? while
30 NOT GUILTY. [ACT 2

(glancing meaningly over Silas) to some I know they'd come nat'ral—like their own skins, in fact.

Silas. (turning upon him) What do you mean?

Jack. Nothing, my means are limited!

Silas. Now I give you fair warning.

Jack. Wish you would give me warning—I'd take it and go (aside) Oh, he’s enough to make a bed-post savage!

WARDER. (who enters hastily, addressing Silas) Get your fellows together. The governor is showing some visitors over the quarries. (Silas gets back of Jack, who is at work—Jack throws a shovel full of dust over his back. Several other Warders enter, all armed; the Convicts, good and bad conduct men—all form oblique line from R. 1 E., double file and pass by flote to go off c. platform. Jack and Robert last—this must be timed as Robert gets close to Margaret at recognition—Arnold and Jack Snipe side by side—While this is going on, the Governor of the Prison descends by the road, R. U. E. conducting St. Clair, Margaret, Trumble and several other Visitors, ladies and gentlemen, to the prison.

Govern. (c.) These are the new workings, we have only lately been quarrying here—quite new ground.

Margaret. (L., aside and clinging to St. Clair’s arm, as some of the Convicts, sullen and scowling, slouch past and disappear, two and two, by middle road at back) Surely poor Robert Arnold cannot be among these men—not among these!

St. Clair. (L. c, also in aside) Restrain all emotion, I beg of you. Remember I am here to save—my return from India had no other object! but in these places all must be done by rule!

Trumble. (L., same tone) A little patience—a little patience, that’s all, my dear lady!

Margaret. (shuddering and drawing back) What dreadful faces! And that fetter on the leg! (as she speaks Arnold and Jack Snipe, walking in double file across stage, past before her. At the sound of her voice the former starts, and moved by sudden impulse, turns towards her.

Arnold. Margaret!

Margaret. Robert Arnold! (she is springing forward, but is stopped by St. Clair, who draws her back with a gesture of caution—Arnold passes up and of stage, as the Governor, &c. gather about Margaret.

St. Clair. (with a forced gaiety) This lady has lately risen from a sick bed, and this strange scene has tried her nerves a little (aside to Margaret) Pray be careful!
MARGARET. (same tone as the GOVERNOR and party move up stage) I must speak to him!
ST. CLAIR. Think of Alice, your daughter.
MARGARET. I do think of her, St. Clair, and remember she owes her life to Robert Arnold—I must speak to him!
(they move up stage and off at back, as they do so SILAS and the POLECAT come quickly on L. 1 E.)

SILAS. (much excited) Say it again—over again! This evening you say? It can’t be true—it’s too good to be true?

POLECAT. Everything’s arranged to take place before the return call. Their plan is to overpower the Guard, and under cover of the moor fog that’s now rising, scatter and run. (coughs) A Dartmoor fog is sudden, but convenient.

SILAS. (aside) Very convenient! (aloud) It’s a mad attempt.

POLECAT. If I hadn’t given the office, not so mad as you think. The plans were laid long ago, and once they’d got the free run of the Moor, they’d be as hard to find as the fog itself when the sun shines out in the mornin’.

SILAS. (placing hand upon the POLECAT’S shoulder) Go back to them, and when the attempt is made take care that No. 47 is among the mutineers. Keep close to him—close as wax, and when the moment comes to act, give me a signal that I may know my man.

POLECAT. What signal?

SILAS. Cough, and cough loudly. Now go, and don’t lose sight of him for a moment. (POLECAT exits, L., SILAS looking after him) I’ll provide for you, too, my friend. You know too much for Silas Jarrett. (unslings the carbine and tries the double barrels with ramrod, laughs) The cat had need of nine lives, who pulls my chesnuts from the fire!

(while he is speaking, MARGARET appears behind, looks anxiously round, then comes down,)

MARGARET. Sir!

SILAS. (turning starts and recoils).

MARGARET. (greatly agitated) You are an officer of the prison, (pressing purse into his hand) take this—don’t count it—there is more, much more, I am sure, than you would ask; but answer me a question.

SILAS. (who has lowered peak of cap, and in a rough voice) What question?

MARGARET. You know Robert Arnold, a prisoner?

SILAS. NO. 47. Yes.

MARGARET. Can I speak to him—but for five minutes?
SILAS (motioning, as he would give back purse) No; against regulations.

MARGARET. You shall speak for me then, you are an honest man, and it is from honest lips I would have Robert Arnold hear the good news. To-morrow he will be free—we're only waiting for the necessary papers from London, but I would spare him another night of agony. (grasping him by sleeve) Pray, don't refuse me this favour—but whisper it in his ear—say that the lives he has preserved, are devoted to his service, His innocence is known—that there is one who can identify the real criminal—tell him that justice is already on his track, and—but why do you turn away? Say this for me, I implore you—and I will double your reward to-morrow—I am rich.

SILAS. (with a momentary forgetfulness) Rich! You! (correcting himself) 'Tis rare indeed, to find rich ladies taking an interest in one of our black sheep.

MARGARET. Ah! but I tell you, Robert Arnold is one whose innocence can be proved. However, you shall run no danger for me, I will go the governor.

SILAS. (stopping her). No, no, there's no necessity. I'll do what you ask—trust in me—and—and—No. 47, shall know the good fortune that's in store for him.

MARGARET. I shall not forget your kindness. What is your name?

SILAS. Oh, for so slight a service, I'm amply rewarded already. The real culprit is known, you say.

MARGARET. By a strange chance he was discovered on board ship by the very person he had robbed!

SILAS. Who arrested him, of course?

MARGARET. No, he escaped by leaping overboard.

SILAS. He was drowned, then?

MARGARET. We have learnt that he was picked up and landed at a small port on the Devon coast—but I must rejoin my friends, (moves a little up stage—again pauses, and turns towards Silas, taking locket from neck) Stay—give Robert this locket; it contains the hair of the mother and the child whose lives he preserved, and who have ever remembered his name in their prayers, (she exits c. platform, and off R, at back.)

SILAS. (makes a prolonged whistle of dismay) My luck again! Forewarned, forearmed though, (opens locket while speaking and reads) "Margaret and Alice." Two locks of hair intertwined—one dark as night—that's Margaret's; the other like a ray of sunlight—that's the little Alice's, I suppose, (short laugh) Curse the sentiment! I
wish the case was heavier. However, I'm not too proud to refuse the unexpected donation, so in it goes to my jewel box; and now to put my brother warders on the alert. (as he goes off CONVICTS re-appear in various parts under guardianship of WARDERS as before. WARDERS pace stage at back, appearing and disappearing. SNIPE, who has contrived to place himself so as to work close to ARNOLD—as before, down stage—speaks in a low quick voice.)

JACK. Keep your eyes and ears open, 47; it's Isaac Vidler as gives the word. They'd have given it long ago, but they were afraid of you. (as he speaks CONVICTS begin to group stealthily in C. of stage, some as sentinels watching WARDERS off stage; each time the WARDERS re-appear, the men scatter, and make a feint of being hard at work.)

ROBERT. Of me ?

JACK. New comers are always suspicious, and as you seemed to hold your head so high they thought no good of you, but I squared it by swearing as you were a regular out and outer—one of them desperit coves as 'ud scrag their own grandmother for her silver thimble. Oh, no thanks; When I takes to a cove he's sure of my good word.

ROBERT. (aside) Escape from here ? yes, at all hazards. No friend who ever knew me in the past shall see me in this dress again, (murmur increases among CONVICTS at back—they draw closer together and come down stage.)

JACK. (much excited) Here comes old Vidler—a patriarch, as has grown grey in prisons; but, shut him up as they will, Isaac is like the measles—he is always a breakin' out.

(crowd of CONVICTS separate to give passage to ISAAC VIDLER, an old, wrinkled convict in "bad conduct" dress and fetter on leg. His head, when he moves his cap, is bald, but his grizzled brows hang over his sharp, gleaming eyes. His figure is slightly bent, and he has a way of rubbing his hands together, with a low, chuckling laugh. The POLECAT stands near him, coughing at intervals behind his hand—his manner cringing, but eagerly watchful.)

ISAAC. (putting back crowd with extended hands as he advances) Let me breathe, my children, let me breathe. You're a bad lot—a very bad lot, but you wouldn't rob the old man of his breath, would yer ?

CONVICTS. No! no! (the POLECAT coughs as he catches sight of SILAS, visible for a moment among the rocks.)

ISAAC. (turning sharply) Stop that cough, Polecat! or I'll find you a lozenger that shall be "cough-no-more."
with a vengeance! (to CONVICTS) Then it's agreed, my flowers o' beauty! that we wants a change of air?

JACK. We can't do without it.

POLECAT. Prisons, isn't what they used to be!

JACK. (oratorically) They're a-cuttin' us down with the rest of the Government establishments. If things ain't made more comfortable, how can they expect us to stop? (plain-tively) Once the old institooshuns gone, and—(throwing wide arms)—where are we? (murmur of approbation which he suppresses—POLECAT coughs again wider cover of the excitement, and SILAS again appears and disappears among rocks after exchanging signal) Patri-arch! if I may be permitted to advise------?

ISAAC. (snappishly) No, yer mayn't, (addressing CONVICTS) I takes the lead or I washes my hands of the bus'ness. Is there anyone here as can say he knows more of a prison than Isaac Vidler? (amidst an abashed silence, ISAAC draws himself up with great dignity) It's not for me to boast of my fam'ly, but since George the Third was king there hasn't been a Vidler, male or female, as hasn't enjoyed the hospitality of the British Government! So shut up, my hemp blossoms! and if the old man's to pilot the ship, he does it his own way.

ALL. Hear! hear!

ISAAC. Unfortunately, my blessed babes in the wood! you are here, and it's just where you don't want to be. (turning with a fierce gesture to POLECAT) Stop that cough! do ye hear? (the deep booming of prison bell heard) There goes the return bell! (to the CONVICTS watching at back) The warders will be here in a moment, keep your eyes skinned and your hands ready, my dandelions! and now, as I'm tired of public speaking, do you, Jack, tell 'em the way they must take, if they wishes to return to the buzzums of their affectionate families.

JACK. (the CONVICTS group round him as he speaks, with outstretched necks, devouring his words) All right, Patri-arch. First then, you catches hold of one of them branches—(pointing to tree on rising ground or hill to R)—a-top of that heap of boulders, and make a drop into the gully below, (some of the CONVICTS draw back, and give a whistle of alarm) When, if you haven't broken your necks, as I did pretty near, when I tumbled into it t'other day—you'll keep along down 'mong the fuzzes and bushes till you comes to a deep hole—where you'll get another cropper if you don't take care—at the bottom you creeps and crawls till you finds yourself in the deserted workings of an old lead
mine, and then I leaves you to take your chance of coming out somehow or somewheres, and take advantage of the night fog to make tracks for the coast.

1st Convict. (shaking head) It's a ticklish job—who leads the way?

2nd Convict. (drawing back) There's a fall of thirty feet to begin with?

Other Convicts. (also drawing back) Yes, who goes first?

Vidler. (with an air of superb generosity) As Jack Snipe discovered the road, he shall have first chance!

Jack. Oh, no! Of breaking his neck! thank'ye, patriarch (grandly) I accept with one proviso! (laying hand on Arnold's shoulder) that No. 47 is the pal as goes with me.

(qick—aside to Arnold) Trust to me, I know the way and the workings, and I'm sure as a cat it's liberty any way?

(as Jack and Arnold cross quickly, Polecat coughs violently, and Silas is seen to appear and disappear on boulders at left. Then the Convicts, who have been watching in different attitudes behind come quickly down stage.)

Convicts. The screws! the Warders! the Warders!

Vidler. (all activity, and springing on rock) There's only half a dozen on 'em! At 'em, my tiger lilies! give it 'em hot—and then for a rush!

(The Convicts, armed with picks and other mining tools, attack and keep off Warders, driving them back. At the same time, Jack and Arnold have reached top of hill on right, closely followed by the Polecat, who crawls after them rapidly—keeping low down among rocks, like a snake. Jack swings himself by branch, and, drops immediately, Arnold catches branch as it rebounds, and is following his example, when Polecat suddenly springing up from the low brushwood, which has hidden his advance, endeavours to detain him, Arnold eludes his grasp and disappears amidst the sound of breaking branches and a shower of leaves. The Polecat, who springs into his place is shot from off stage L.)

Silas. (entering L. musket in hand) No. 47! It's No. 47! he was escaping! (dropping butt of musket on ground) and he's dead!

Margaret. (who, with St. Clair has entered at back c, rushes forward) No. 47! dead! (she rushes up the rocks and bends over body) Dead! No! (rising up with a joyful cry) Robert Arnold has escaped!

(While Margaret is rushing up rocks, Silas Jarrett,
whose cap has fallen off, comet quickly down stage and
faces ST. CLAIR, who, in following MARGARET has
taken c. The recognition is mutual, and as ST. CLAIR
raises his finger as to denounce SILAS, down stage L.,
recoils thunderstruck, dropping musket.)

TABLEAU.—The background filled by WARDERS who
present muskets. The CONVICTS clustering down stage
R., and casting aside weapons in token of submission,
as Act Closes. Curtain descending rapidly. It rises
again almost as rapidly and show change of Tableau.
ST. CLAIR upon hill half supporting MARGARET, and
pointing to SILAS, who, as in custody is between two
armed WARDERS, while TRUMBLE C. is in conversa-
tion with GOVERNOR as explaining situation. The
CONVICTS are sullenly forming into file, under the
menacing attitude of WARDERS.

ACT III.
INDIA—A.D., 1857.

SCENE.—Bhurtpoor, a military post and trading out-
station on the banks of the Jumna. R., exterior of bunga-
low belonging to Mr. St. Clair—verandah, &c., of light
trellis, and relieved by a profusion of creeping plants in
flower. L, exterior of counting-houses and cotton stores.
Two or three Natives busy marking cotton bales, &c. At
back, view of the cantonment of Bhurtpoor. The extreme
distance (painted cloth) the Jumna bright with sunshine,
and gay with boats.

As curtain draws up SERGEANT WATTLES comes down with
TRIGGS and POLLY, the two latter shaking him heartily by
the hands.

TRIGGS. I'm so glad to see yer!
POLLY. When did you come?
WATTLES. About an hour ago; and a hot march we've
had of it, the country's swarming with rebels—and for
the devils who have cut off our little detachment, and
driven us in here, we'll give a good account of 'em, never
fear.
POLLY. Fear! Joe Triggs is brave as a lion; I've heard
him say so, often,
TRIGGS. Yes, certainly, but that was when I was a
fraction of the British army, now, having bought myself out and taken a clerkship with Mr. Arnold, that I might be near you, Polly, I've dropped the lion, and (endeavouring to take her waist) cottoned to the lamb.

Polly. Have done, sir! how dare you, and the sergeant present!

Triggs. Don't, Polly, don't turn your back to me in that broad way! Who could resist such a wide expanse of English waist land?

Wattles. Don't make a stranger of me. There's nothing I admire so much as love-making, or a marriage, always providing I'm only a spectator. But I want you to tell me all about Robert Arnold! I heard something of the story when our regiment was back in England—it was quite a romance.

Triggs. Ro-mance!

Polly. You never read nothing so interesting even in the "London Journal."

Triggs. After making his escape from Dartmoor, quite ignorant of the steps that were being taken for his release, he got away on ship-board and worked his passage out to India, here, after no ends of ups and downs, he hears of his innocence having been proved, and of the arrest of that skulking, ne'er-do-well, Silas Jarrett!

Wattles. Silas Jarrett! who's Silas Jarrett?

Triggs. Lor! you ought to remember him! The drunken chap as you wanted to 'list, when Polly's cruelty driv' me to take the shilling ten year ago in Southampton.

Wattles. Ten years ago! (touching forehead) Don't answer to call—wiped off the muster-roll of memory.

Polly. Him as was the living, breathing image——

Triggs. (interrupting) Less the rags and dirt.

Polly. Of your captain, Mr. Ormond Willoughby.

Wattles. (with dignity) Colonel, Sir Ormond Willoughby——got the title on the death of his brother; he's as rich as Croesus, whoever that chap may be, but what's become of Silas, him as did the robbery for which Robert—I mean Mr. Arnold, was condemned?

Triggs. He was trounced for that and some other little affairs of the same character, and is now working out his fifteen year in Anstraly. But I say, Wattles——

Wattles. Sergeant Wattles! keep up the respect though you have left the army.

Triggs. Confidence for confidence—without prejudice, you know, as we used to say in the law——what's all this about. Sir Ormond and Miss Alice Armitage?
WATTLES. That the colonel proposed marriage at Madras and was accepted, only the match were put off as Miss Alice was too young.

POLLY. (surprised) Accepted! not by Miss Alice?

WATTLES. Same thing—he was accepted by her guardian, Mr. St. Clair.

TRIGGS. Our resident collector—that is to say, who was our resident collector, for he's now again away at Madras on business.

POLLY. Leaving Miss Alice, under the care of my mistress, Mrs. Doctor Honoria McTavish. Have done, Joe, will you? I hear Mr. Jack's voice in the counting-house.

WATTLES. Who's Mr. Jack?

POLLY. Oh! such a duck of a man!

TRIGGS. Duck of a man! there you go again, Miss Dobbs, it's your nature to be expansive, even in your compliments. After all, who is Mr. Jack? what is Mr. Jack? Mr. Jack is only Mr. Arnold's factotum! Mr. Arnold's confidential servant, who takes a position no one knows why, and comes from no one knows where—that's what Mr. Jack is. (bugle calls heard at L. side.)

ALL. What's that for?

WATTLES. Nothing, nothing, (aside, as he erases stage.) Mustn't alarm them, but something's up.

TRIGGS. You ain't going, sergeant?

WATTLES. (at side as bugles sound again) Duty before pleasure, my children, (aside, as he exits C. and L.) The scouts have come in—we shall have hot work before long.

POLLY. (going) And I must be off, too.

TRIGGS. (bitterly) To talk to Mr. Jack. Cruelty, thy name is Dobbs; but what can I expect, when even the sun of India has failed to melt you.

POLLY. You'll break my heart, Joe.

TRIGGS. I wish I could, but I'm not a stonemason.

POLLY. I won't hear anyone speak against Mr. Jack; and, though he certainly never speaks of his life in England, yet he's everything a man should be.

TRIGGS. Is he? an undersized, brown-visaged feller!

POLLY. Who has always a kind for-----

JACK. (entering from counting house he has come quietly down, his appearance is much changed from previous act, he is no longer the cadaverous convict with the close cropped hair, he wears whiskers and his face is browned, he has the usual light colonial costume, slightly exaggerated) One of his own countrywomen, and really Miss Dobbs, to see such a face and figure as yours in this land of rice and curry
powder, is to think of strawberries and cream, fresh batter and new laid eggs, streaky bacon, ginger beer, and all other kind of dairy produce.

POLLY. You don't like India, Mr. Jack?

JACK. (R.) Like it! Do you take me for a tiger, or what's worse, for one o' these gamboge coloured raggamuffins, who are rampaging about the country, a warring with babies and women. 'Ere's a costume for a man as has known what cord'roy and fust'in means, and has enjoyed a real London fog (aside and winking) and a Dartmoor one too! Lor! I get quite cold when I think of it—even in this bakehouse of a place!

POLLY. (C.) But the Indian sunshine!

JACK. Bother the Injun sunshine! Hasn't our English women got a better article in their eyes—though if all heyes was like yourn, Miss Dobbs, they'd singe us into hashes!

TRIGGS. (who has been fuming about, interposes between them) Beg pardon! but you're not as yet appointed overlooker to this estate, Mr. Jack.

JACK. If I've offended the lady I apologise, but when in the Injies we does as the Injuns do, and a little extra warmth is allowable.

POLLY. (bridling) Offend me, not a bit of it; I know how to take care of myself under all conditions of the atmosphere, but when I do want a special constable I shan't send for you, Joe Triggs. (she goes up stage.)

JACK. (to TRIGGS) There, there, you've been and gone and done it, Joe Triggs, if you will do the tyrant and interfere with the little fancies of the sex, Joe Triggs, why don't you stop till you're married, Joe Triggs?

TRIGGS. Married! thank you, I don't see it; if Miss Dobbs must bring down game she shan't do it with a certificate.

POLLY. (coming down like a hurricane) What do you mean by that, sir? (hysterically) You, you want to insult me! (staggering back and sinking suddenly against JACK) I throw myself on your protection, Mr. Jack! (aside) I'll give Joe a lesson!

JACK. (aside) I wish she wouldn't throw herself so heavily.

TRIGGS. Protection indeed! It is I who should apply for that, (touching breast) It's all bankruptcy here, Miss Dobbs—all bankruptcy, I assure you.

POLLY. Then why don't you take your declaration off the file and give better people a chance?

JACK. (exultingly) Better people, Joe Triggs, better people.
TRIGGS. Better! (aside) I can't stand that, (to JACK, who is looking off) Mr. Jack!

JACK. (turning round) Sir, to you.

TRIGGS. (eyeing him over with intense grandeur) We shall meet again!

JACK. (offering hand) Dee-lighted!

TRIGGS. (trying to get at JACK, who avoids him behind POLLY) Where the intervention of a third party will be impossible.

POLLY. (aside and delighted) He's working; himself up like new beer, (stopping TRIGGS as he is going up stage) What is the matter, Joe?

TRIGGS. (suddenly breaking down) Oh, nothing to speak of, it's the buzzum, miss, the buzzum, that's all. The Triggs's was always tender—tender, though brought up to the law! This is the spot where our family feels, Miss Dobbs, in the buzzum, this side o' the weskit—here! (he strikes breast violently, and rushes off c. to L.)

JACK. Oh, Miss Dobbs, if it hadn't been for you I should have killed him. Did you see how he ran, when I went like this? (places himself in a ridiculous attitude—appoaching POLLY, who stands aghast) What's the matter with him, Polly?

POLLY. (turning upon him) Matter, sir—matter! I'd have you to know that true love is not a matter to be sniggered at and made fun of. You've made us both unhappy, that's what you've done, (begins to sob.)

JACK. Done! what have I done?

POLLY. Haven't you made love to me before Joe? (sobs again) But you men are always so stupid!

JACK. I say, don't! you'll become too moist if you go on in that way—if I did make love to you, I give you my word of honour, I didn't mean it—I swear I didn't mean it!

POLLY. (stopping dying suddenly) You didn't! you didn't! (giving him a sounding box of the ears) Then that will teach you not to come between two loving hearts again! (as she exits R.) Men have no feelings!

JACK. (rubbing his ear) No feelings! That woman doesn't know her own power. (as he speaks, the laughing face of ALICE ARMITAGE appears at the half-opened trellised window above verandah, amongst the creeping plants and roses) And now to see Mr. Arnold, who's gone down to the stores to arm as many of our coffee-coloured friends as may prove faithful in case of attack, (seriously) And by what I seed this morning you may count them on your
fingertips. (ALICE, who has plucked a handful of flowers from the plant about window, throws them at JACK without their touching or being perceived by him) Ah! Robert Arnold! when I think of what he's been and gone and done for me and the risk he still runs 'acos for me—I'd—I'd—(as he raises his hand to give emphasis, a little satin slipper, which, ALICE has taken off, hits him in the back—with a jump he straightens himself up) Wot's that? (picks up slipper) Ah! you come from Miss Alice, there isn't such another tiny little trotter this side of the Thames, though Heaven forgive me speaking of that blessed river, with its Isle of Dogs, and ile-y logs, alongside of this cursed place, all blue and yeller like a bad cheese, or a poached heg.

ALICE. (whispering over balcony) Hist! Mr. Jack.

JACK. (in centre, bending over slipper, back towards her, epeaks aside) I hears yer! It's one o' them voices that even to hear is a privilege.

ALICE. Mr. Jack.

JACK. (still without turning) She's up to some mischief now—some bit of wickedness, and she'll get me into it as sure as eggs is eggs! She's generalissimo, and when she says, "Jack do it?" "Jack does it, mind yer! (turning) Yes, there she is, one o' them bits o' heaven as we can't 'elp blessin' whensoever and howsomdever we sees 'em.

ALICE. (stamping foot) Why don't you answer?

JACK. (eagerly) Don't throw t'other slipper Miss, you'll catch cold. (aside) She's capable of chucking her whole wardrobe. ( aloud) What do ye vant, miss?

ALICE. (pettishly) I want to get out—I'm locked up.

JACK. Who's locked you up?

ALICE. Mrs. Mc.Tavish------

JACK. (aside) She's a dragon, she is.

ALICE. She says, there's going to be a battle—a dreadful battle!

JACK. (with sudden seriousness) Well, miss------

ALICE. (clapping hands) And I want to see it------

JACK. (turning round in half aside) She wants to see it. She talks of a battle as if it were a bit of barley sugar. ( aloud) Where's the key, miss?

ALICE. In Mrs. McTavish's pocket.

JACK. Then I collapses, and shuts up like a two foot rule------

ALICE. You wont help me?

JACK. I would, if I could—but——

ALICE. You won't help me—you wont?

JACK. (emphatically) I can't.
ALICE. Then I'll help myself—and down I come—(as she speaks, she prepares to descend by creeping plants around pillars of verandah.)

JACK. (greatly excited and rushing to her as she descends)
Oh, I say, don't! What are you up to—that is, I mean what are yer coming; down to? You'll hurt your precious little tootsy, it's without a slipper. Oh, lor! oh, lor! here, lean on me; gently does it! But what a hass I am! (placing her carefully on ground) As if you could do a thing as wasn't the gentlest of the gentles!

ALICE. (hopping about) Jack, give me my slipper.

JACK. (as he puts it on, she resting her foot upon his knee) Ah! what wouldn't Mr. Arnold give to be in my place?

ALICE. (pulling away her foot) If you talk like that—I'll—I'll—tell Mrs. McTavish that you let me out! (with sudden change of manner—in great alarm, looking off R. U. E.)

Here she comes—hide me!

JACK. Oh, but miss, where am I to hide you? Here get behind a flower.

ALICE. (stamping foot imperatively) Hide me, I tell you! (running behind verandah) And get rid of Mrs. McTavish.

JACK. (aside, as he places her behind a creeping plant in corner of verandah) It's weak, I know, but the chap as says "no" to her is a beast, (he is moving up stage as MRS. McTAVISH and ARNOLD appear at back, R. U. E.)

ALICE. (thrusting her head through leaves) Do take her away, Mr. Jack.

JACK. (aghast) Take her away? Me! take her away? Oh, lor! how am I to do it?

ALICE. (coaxingly) Oh, do! there's a good, dear, Jacks! Talk to her in Scotch, you know. I want to speak to Mr. Arnold, par-tic-u-leer-a-leeraly!

JACK. I understand! But I can't talk Scotch. (he moves up stage, as MRS. McTAVISH and ROBERT ARNOLD come down. ROBERT wears beard and moustache, carries a rifle in his hand, the strap of which he fastens about shoulder while he speaks.)

ROBERT. I fear the worst, Mrs. McTavish; and would give all of which I'm possessed if every woman in Bhurtpoor were now in Calcutta.

MRS. McT. An' d'ye think these loons will have the owdacity to attack the station?

ROBERT. Sir Ormond Willoughby, who has just arrived, and takes command of the cantonment, thinks it more than likely, they are in the neighbourhood, and in large force.
MRS. McT. The devils!

ROBERT. (anxiously) Where is Miss Armitage?

MRS. McT. (L.C.) In her ain room, (aside, touching pocket) under lock and key. (as she speaks, ALICE'S laughing face is protruded from among the flowers, and after a quick gesture to both ARNOLD and JACK, is again withdrawn.)

JACK. (R.C., coming down stage, touches MRS. McTAVISH on arm, and speaks in a whisper) Ay Mistress McTavish, there's a' the soger's wives ben the house asking for ye.

MRS. McT. (sharply) What for?

JACK. Ay, I canna say for certain; but they say the medicine chest has a' gane wrong, and they doot the prescriptions.

MRS. McT. Doot the preescreeptions! An' every one o' them wreetin' out in the learned languages by the late Dr. McTavish, M.D., F.R.S.S.!

JACK. (aside) And STUPID! Better go right through the alphabet while you're about it. (aloud) It's like their impudence—and I tell 'em so. That Mrs. Flanagan says that you canna read your ain labels, and that you've given her an embrocation to swallow in twa doses.

MRS. McT. Where is she?

JACK. Ay, she's been to the house, and Mrs. Flanagan says your—your----- (he can't think of any more Scotch, so rattles out) "So Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," "What's a' the steer, kimmer," Rob Roy and Tullochgorum.

MRS. McT. The ungrateful hussy! Didn't I attend her husband in his last moments?

JACK. (highly delighted at the success of ruse) This way, mum, this way! I think I see her over there by the barric door! Ay, they are all swallowing the sticking plaster, (exit MRS. McTAVISH, R. 2 it JACK, with a glance of triumph at ALICE) Well, I've got rid of Mistress McTavish for you.

ALICE. (coming down) Oh, I'm so glad to have the opportunity of speaking to you alone; but if you look so glum as that I won't say a word!

ARNOLD. (coming down, s. c.) Dear Alice, if you only knew the weight on my heart—I don't know what to do!

ALICE. (L.C.) But I do! I'm going to speak to Sir Ormond Willoughby myself.

ROBERT. You?

ALICE. Haven't you said he is the noblest of men?

ROBERT. I've every reason to believe it.

ALICE. Then be sure he'll act up to his reputation. Half
the mischief in this world is made by people not having things put before them in their proper light. When poor dear mamma made Mr. St. Clair my guardian, I promised to obey him of course; but then, equally of course I never expected he’d ask me to do anything I didn’t like.

ROBERT. This dreadful rebellion has been a heavy blow to Mr. St. Clair, and it is said that but for Sir Ormond’s assistance he’d be now a ruined man. Sir Ormond Willoughby now offers you a princely home in England, while I—(taking both her hands) You know my past, Alice?

ALICE. (with feeling) And do you think I could ever have loved you so much if I hadn’t known it? Yours was the name that my dear mother taught me to utter in my prayers; and, being always in my mouth, it—it—it—somehow got down into my heart, and there’s an end of it.

ROBERT. (still holding her hands and raising them to his lips) You colour everything with your own bright nature, Alice; but, as I have said, St. Clair is under deep obligations to Sir Ormond Willoughby.

ALICE. And how does that affect me?

ROBERT. (dropping her hands and half turning away) And greater, a thousand times greater are the obligations I’m under to Mr. St. Clair.

ALICE. (slowly) I see; the refusal must come from him— I will manage that, (as she speaks COLONEL SIR ORMOND WILLOUGHBY enters, R.U. E., in undress, and CIVILIANS, with SERGEANT WATTLES, all armed, enter hastily at back, c.)

COLONEL. (speaking to ARNOLD, who advances up stage, Alice remaining down stage near verandah) How many of your people can you rely on, Arnold?

ROBERT. Few, I fear.

JACK. (entering, R. 2 E.) None. The copper-coloured scum have struck work to a man.

ARNOLD. This must be seen to. (going up stage with JACK.)

COLONEL. (to WATTLES) Sergeant, accompany Mr. Arnold. (to CIVILIANS) Gentleman, this is a matter that concerns us all—your wives and families. Give Mr. Arnold your aid, I entreat you. (they all pass out—aside, as he comes down stage) I dare not hint at the extent of the danger. If the fugitive bands have united, we shall be scattered like a handful of sand. They blockade every road, yet if I could but convey the news of our peril to the general’s camp we might still hope for relief. It will be a mission of life and
death—almost certain death, and therefore to be undertaken by myself, (as he turns to move up stage he comes face to face with ALICE—removing cap) Miss Armitage! Alice.

ALICE. Oh! Colonel Willoughby, can I have a few minutes conversation with you?

COLONEL. I fear not now. but when the danger that threatens us is over—not that there is any real danger to alarm you—but——

ALICE. (seriously) I know the full extent of the danger that threatens—and it is at such a time, when young and old alike tremble between life and death—that I would speak of a matter that is life and death to me.

COLONEL. (astonished) Alice!

ALICE. My guardian Mr. St. Clair, has been more than a benefactor to my family—he has been it's saviour. He is also under great obligations to you! You are rich and I am comparatively poor—with Mr. St. Clair's approval you have honoured me with the offer of your hand.

COLONEL. (fervently) An offer Alice, which I trust——

ALICE. Oh! if you speak in that way I shall break down before I've got half through what I have to say!

COLONEL. (laughing) And what's that? I'm a soldier Alice and can stand fire?

ALICE. It's only that I want you to give up all idea of marrying me—and also I want you to take upon yourself all responsibility of breaking off the match.

COLONEL. (much startled) Miss Armitage!

ALICE. (naively) Of course, I know it can't be any great sacrifice to you, because we're almost strangers to each other!

COLONEL. (much pained) Excuse me, Miss Armitage, but I have passed the age of light fancies and fickle determinations.

ALICE. Oh! I'm sure I feel greatly flattered and honoured—and I daresay I might have been proud and happy if—(she hesitates.)

COLONEL. Well! "if"——

ALICE. If I hadn't loved somebody else!

COLONEL. Does Mr. St. Clair know of this?

ALICE. Nobody knows anything about it, but myself and Robert!

COLONEL. (starting back) Robert Arnold! Impossible!

ALICE. (with dignity) The choice I have made, Sir Ormond Willoughby, carries with it no disgrace to me and no insult to you! I was early taught that I owed my life, and what was more to me, my mother's life, to Robert
Arnold, (she breaks out again in her natural gay, sunny way) And so, somehow you see, I grew to love him even before I knew what the word love really meant. Young as I am I know the honour reflected by a great name, a name such as yours, Sir Ormond; yet were Robert Arnold as obscure and penniless as he was when his name was first breathed into my childish ears, I would choose him above all others that the world contains—I daresay you think me romantic, imprudent, silly if you will but—(drawing herself up)—I love Robert Arnold! I love him with all my heart! (as WILLOUGHBY turns away with a despairing gesture and as to hide his emotion, ALICE advancing, lays her hand quickly on his arm) You mustn't think me heartless or unfeeling, but Robert is so unhappy and—I—(brushing tears from eyes)—am so very, very miserable, and we can never be happy unless you help us. I know it's my guardian's ambition I should be your wife, and—and—he's under great obligations to you so that --

COLONEL (with generous warmth and taking both her hands) Oh! you mustn't speak of that—I'll be your friend Alice, though—(with an effort)—I'd have given him half my fortune had it been otherwise------

ALICE. You'll be my friend then?

COLONEL. It's a heavy sacrifice, but a true love should shrink from no sacrifice. (raising her hands to lips) And both Robert and yourself shall find a true friend in me. (rattle of drums off scene—WILLOUGHBY dropping her hands and moving a step or two up stage as ROBERT ARNOLD, WATTLES, OFFICERS and CIVILIANS enter hurriedly c. from R. and L.) What's the meaning of this?

ROBERT. The rebels have crossed the river in force! (sound as of distant discharge of artillery) and have begun the attack.

COLONEL. (rapidly, aside to ARNOLD, and grasping his hand, comes down stage) Robert! to your care I entrust Miss Armitage------(taking stage as he goes up and addressing the armed men who group behind) Gentlemen! if we are but few in numbers, let us be strong in our heart! Baulk the tiger in his first spring and you may beat him back into the jungle with your knotted handkerchiefs. (up stage SIR ORMOND turns with an assuring gesture to ALICE who is now clinging to ROBERT'S arm, and amidst an enthusiastic cheer and clash of arms, the tableau is closed in by
SCEKE SECOND.—Interior of Mr. St. Clair’s bungalow—
the sun blind of verandah down, C. At intervals sounds of
firing as at a great distance.

POLLY rushes on L., her hands to ears, in great alarm, followed
by TRIGGS endeavouring to console her.

TRIGGS. Polly—but I say, Polly, listen to reason.
Polly. I shan’t.

TRIGGS. Of course you won’t, and I was wrong to expect it of you. Cast your cruel eyes on this, (showing gun
which he carries. POLLY half turns round, gives a scream,
and again averts face) Oh, I say! come, draw it mild; you
won’t win the race by such a false start as that. You’ve
been through your military exercise long ago. (bitterly)
Ah! I know the sort of arms you like, only you’d have
‘em round your waist instead of in your hands.
Polly. (turning upon him like a tigress, her arms a-kimbo)
What do you mean by that, sir. Say that again and I’ll
box your ears!

TRIGGS. Oh, Polly! can you speak to me like this when
I shall soon be face to face with gunpowder?
Polly. (softening) Then why do you go? can’t we both
hide in the cellar?

TRIGGS. The temptation’s great, I confess, but I’m an
Englishman!
Polly. Then try to remain one.

TRIGGS. My country calls me.
Polly. Then let her keep on calling.

TRIGGS. But some one must answer the knocks, Polly.
Polly. Well, as far as these chaps are concerned, I wish
they was run-away ones. (POLLY crosses to R. Noise as of
a smash off stage. POLLY springs away from TRIGGS, they
having approached each other. JACK SNIPE, who is armed
at all points, enters hastily R.)

Jack. (clinging hold of Joe’s arm and half fainting with
fear) Don’t be alarmed, don’t be alarmed! It’s only a shell
that’s entered the kitchen and knocked over a coffee
service—that’s all! which reminds me, Polly, that Mrs.
McTavish has just fainted, and is now shouting for you.
Polly. (with sudden alarm) I’ll go to her.

Jack. Oh, never mind her—she can take care of herself
—but just go and see after Miss Alice, who’s crying her
little ’art out on the sofa.
Polly. (as she runs off R.) Bless her! if she take on she’ll
cry my heart out too. (shots. They both seek support in each other's backs.)

JACK. Don't be alarmed, Joe, I'm with you—I'll never leave you.

TRIGGS. (looking round confidentially) How do you feel, Mr. Jack?

JACK. Well, as—as—speaking man to man yer know—not so well as I expected. These chaps don't tire far enough off. I'm not a coward, not naturally, as far as a black eye goes, but—but perhaps it's constitutional; I like to fight with plenty on my side.

TRIGGS. (taking his hand) I respect your feelins'!

JACK. (returning his grasp with fervour) And shares'em I know—we're not made of common clay Mr. Triggs—not pipe clay, you know. Delicate minds shrink from observation, and I don't mind confessing to you, that if left to myself I would have the moral courage to choose the rear.

TRIGGS. We must have been born under the same planet! I'll stick to you like a mussel to a rock—(at he is about to embrace JACK, he suddenly stops) But how about Miss Dobbs?

JACK. What of her?

TRIGGS. You like her?

JACK. Of course I do.

TRIGGS. You love her?

JACK. Get out! Love! Look you here! A man loves as he must, not as he chooses. For my part there's been only three human creatures as have ever warmed me up to that point. The first, was a little chip of a child—as, happily for itself p'raps—died afore it could know how-dear it was to me. The second as was Mr. Arnold, as has stuck and will stick here (touching heart) mind yer—as bright and as fast as a pin in a pin cushion—and last of the three is Miss Alice, who's a cryin' herself blind for one as I knows on—even to see them together in poetry—'

"If you loves me as I loves you,
No knife shall out our loves in two."

Shakespear

TRIGGS. (delighted) Then you don't love Polly?

JACK. Make your mind easy! It was only my fun! a chap must amuse himself somehow! But once you places her afore me as Mrs. Triggs, I wouldn't touch her with a pair of tongs! 'Pon my soul I wouldn't!

TRIGGS. (indignantly) What do you mean?

JACK. (very kindly, and as wishing to kill an ill-feeling) She's not my sort! Too much of her----------

TRIGGS. (with difficulty restraining his passion) Indeed!
SC. 2] NOT GUILTY.

JACK. (same amiable business) Besides—if I did love her, I wouldn't marry her.

TRIGGS. (exploding with passion) What do you mean?

JACK. Oh! bless you! I don't mean what you mean! What I mean is this! that there are circumstances connected with my family history, which I'm not called on to explain; I wouldn't marry any mortal woman.

Enter WATTLES, L., hastily, in great disorder, musket in hand, followed by SERVANTS.

WATTLES. What are you loitering here for—are you going to be killed like sheep? The rebels have crossed the river.

TRIGGS. (faintly, getting to R. of TRIGGS) Crossed it? Oh, lor!

WATTLES. It's fearful odds—a hundred to one!

JACK. (dubiously) One to one is quite odds enough for me!

WATTLES. You coward! (going) Why don't you take example of Arnold? I left him fighting like a man, surrounded by scores of sepoys, and in deadly peril.

JACK. (springing forward) What—what's that you say? Robert—Mr. Arnold! oh, curse the mister! Robert Arnold in danger—in deadly peril? (rushing at the astonished TRIGGS, and wresting gun from his hand) Here, give me hold of that thing of yours! I'll be among 'em before my name's Jack Snipe!

WATTLES. Jack what?

JACK. Robinson! I said Jack Robinson. Where's Mr. Robert Arnold?

WATTLES. You can't reach him! He's keeping the fort at the other side of the river.

JACK. Not reach him! I should like to see who'll stop me. (flinging hat on ground, and grasping gun firmly) I'm not one of them as look at a benefactor as if he were only a cold joint in the cupboard to be cut at when one wants him; I looks at him as something to live and die for—and now the hour is come, I'm blesse'd if I don't die for him! (to SERVANTS, who stand at side) Here, make way! I wouldn't advise anyone to stop me now!

TRIGGS. (plucking up courage) Now only look at him—blessed if I don't have a shy too. (as he rushes out, L. 1, E., followed by the others, the Venetian blinds, C, are lifted cautiously, and SILAS JARRETT, haggard, ragged, and wounded, crawls into the verandah.)

SILAS. (after advancing a few steps, and listening) It's
like my luck! Escaped at the hazard of my life from Australia, that land of kangaroos, to the land of curry powder, and only to find myself as usual, out of the frying pan into the fire—cursed luck! I'd always an ambition to be an Indian prince of some sort, or a rajah at least. Ha, ha! so as brown seemed to be the winning colour, I staked on that, like a fool; for suddenly they take it into their heads that I meant to betray them, the stupid rogues! As if I haven't more to fear from capture than they have! I gave them leg bail, and swam the Jumna, with the bullets sputtering round me like hailstones, I reach the bank, and, surprised by a party of soldiers, put a bold face upon it, and begin with "this is smart work, my lads," expecting a bayonet stab before the words are out of my mouth; not a bit of it, each chap draws himself up as stiff as a ramrod, and salutes, (laughs) Salutes me! me! I don't stop to ask 'em why, but hurry on, but not before I hear one of them whisper "fancy our colonel in that disguise, he's been to have a squint at the enemy!" Who they take me for, I'm blessed if I know, and as long as I'm not re-
taken, (laughs) I'm blessed if I care, (starts, listens, and with a frightened movement retreats and crouches back against wall) I thought I heard a footstep! (wipes forehead) How nervous a fellow gets who holds his life by the skin of his teeth, as I've done for the last three months! (suddenly crouches down and listens) It's a woman's step! I thought my ear couldn't deceive me! (a distant discharge of firearms and ALICE enters hurriedly, R.—SILAS huddled back, keenly watchful, and crouching against wall.)

ALICE. What terrible firing! and it seems to come nearer! Oh! Robert! Robert! heaven preserve your life! it is the dearest thing on earth to me.

SILAS. (aside and creeping forward) Robert! a lover or husband, I suppose, what fools women are!

ALICE. And yet I must look again! (she thrusts back her hair which has become loosened from the comb as she approaches sun-blind.)

SILAS. (aside, creeping nearer) I've seen that face before! But where? (another discharge of firearms much nearer, ALICE, whose hand is upon the sun-blind, starts back.)

ALICE. (with a low cry) Robert! Robert Arnold! I haven't even the strength to die with you. (she sinks back fainting, and is caught in Silas Jarrett's arms.)

SILAS. (as he supports her) Robert Arnold! Robert Arnold! who is she like? (bending over her) Ha! I've dropped into a hornet's nest indeed! (rolling of drums and confusion of voices.)
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SILAS. It's a retreat! and where there's a retreat there's plunder! (looking into ALICE'S insensible face) You are pretty enough to be an angel, my darling! but earthly matters are of more importance to me just now. (takes her off, L. 1 E.—loud rattle of artillery—SILAS re-entering L. 1 E.) Hilloth! they're shelling the house! (standing close against vwindow and glancing off to L.) I'm sorry for the girl, poor little thing! but in such times as these I've only one number on my slate—(laughs as he stands in balcony of verandah, preparing to spring)—and that's number one! (exit through blind, c.—then scene rapidly draws away and discovers)

SCENE THIRD.—A deserted battle field in the neighbour- hood of Bhurtpoor. In foreground, some broken gun carriages, fascines and other military debris. In extreme distance the cantonment in flames—in middle distance a confused mass of oriental vegetation, interspersed with blocks of stone, &c., above which a feathery palm rears its tall and graceful head—a piece of rock, R. 2 E.—platform raking from L. 2 E. to nearly c. of stage. Mound of earth behind 2nd grooves, and rising to back of stage with platforms raked to go off at L. u. E. and R. u. E. The firing which has been heard at intervals, grows more and more distant, then dies utterly away as ROBERT ARNOLD and JACK SNIPFE enter down raking piece from L. 2nd grooves—the latter wildly excited.

JACK. (R. C.) Hurrah! I've potted another! that makes the fifth!

ROBERT. Why, Jack, you're quite a fire-eater, I never thought you'd so much courage.

JACK. Well, you can't be more astonished at it than I am—they says, as every bullet has its billet, and I'm blessed when this precious pop popping began, if I didn't think I was the billet for the whole lot of 'em; but never mind me, sir, let's talk of things of more consequence. Where's Sir Ormond?

ROBERT. When I left him he had determined to make a desperate attempt to reach the general, who can't be more than a few miles from here, and hurry reinforcements.

JACK. (who is re-loading gun) I'm afraid, unless some- body or something arrives pretty soon, we're cut grass.

ROBERT. Our only hope is to get the women and children into the fort and defend it to the last.

JACK. (slapping gun stock) Which we'll do! (looking at ARNOLD, approaching him, and placing hand on his arm with change of manner) You're thinking of Miss Alice, ain't yer?
ROBERT. (half averting force) Always! I can think of nothing else.

JACK. I know what it is, that is I did know afore the little 'un died. When one o' these innocent things gets into one's heart, they ain't to be picked out like a thorn, mind yer.

ROBERT. (offering hand which JACK grasps) You're a good fellow, Jack!

JACK. And if I am, whose fault is that—I mean, who's the merit?

ROBERT. (very kindly) Should I fall------

JACK. (interrupting) There'll be two on us gone, and no mistake! You've made me what I am.; I should be a precious sight was than nothing without yer! Ha! would yer? (throwing himself quickly before ARNOLD, as a sepoy glides on at back from R. u. E. and is about to level musket, but seeing himself discovered, disappears.)

JACK. Another o' the warmints! (rushing up stage-cocking gun) Don't go! stop where you are my friend and you shall have my immediate personal attention. Come along Mr. Robert, there isn't more nor half a dozen on. 'Em. (as JACK exits R.U. E. COLONEL WILLOUGHBY appears on mound L. 2 E. badly wounded and walking with extreme difficulty, ARNOLD following JACK, pauses on seeing COLONEL and rushes to his assistance. Shot is heard R. supposed to he from Jack's rifle.)

ROBERT. Sir Ormond! wounded!

COLONEL. (faintly and leaning on ARNOLD) To the death! Could I but have reached the river all might have gone well. (staggers, and is supported down stage by ROBERT ARNOLD, who places him upon portion of rock R. 2 E. then unbuttoning uniform endeavours to staunch wound.)

COLONEL. I'm dying! I feel I'm dying! The villain who-fired at me, crouched behind a tree and has escaped.

JACK. (entering R. u. E.) No, he hasn't, I reckoned up his account—struck the total and give him his receipt in full. (ARNOLD makes gestures to JACK to keep back as the COLONEL again, and with difficulty, speaks.)

COLONEL. Arnold—Arnold—Alice has spoken to me—I "know all! all! (stopping him by a gesture, as he is about to speak, and grasping his hand, then in a whisper) For her sake you will undertake the task in which I have failed. Unless the General is here within an hour—these demons (raising himself up by an effort and placing his hand upon the shoulder of ARNOLD, who is kneeling)—will work their will! 'Tis almost certain death, yet------!
ARNOLD. (rising to his feet) I would go—and should I drop on the road—
    JACK. (coming down) The message shall be carried on!
    COLONEL. (staggering with difficulty to his feet, draws paper from bosom, which he extends to ARNOLD) The route is marked here—a moment's hesitation may cost a hundred lives! women and children, but for us defenceless—Go! and heaven speed you! (ARNOLD returns grasp of hand, passes ever mound and disappears, JACK is about to follow when a groan from, COLONEL causes him to pause. The COLONEL by an effort drags himself painfully up to rock, and after supporting himself for a moment with difficulty, falls to the right oehind it. His head is thrown back against ground, and half his body, from waist downwards, is still in view of audience, and one arm, to which still hangs the uniform, which ARNOLD has previously unbuttoned.) [To manage the situation which follows, a "super" dressed as COLONEL WILLOUGUBY stands prepared behind the rock, and falls instead of him to extreme right. The actor playing the two parts, disappears by means of a trap under the stage, and re-appears almost immediately on opposite side as Silas Jarrett]

    JACK. (coming down quickly) He's fainted, (stoops as glancing at body behind rock) He's dead!!! (looking up aghast) War's a terrible thing after all. To see a man one moment full of life and vigour, and the next smeared out like a paid tavern score—(with a shiver) it's awful! I'm afayed they'll never make a soldier of me. It's the suddenness of the thing as I objects to. (again glancing at body) Poor fella, poor fella! (sound as of firing heard in direction where ARNOLD has disappeared. Rushing up and springing on mound) They've seen Robert! Yes, there he goes head first into the river, (jerks himself about ridiculously—alarmed at every report of rifle) with a string of black devils peppering after him! (tossing gun and catching it) After all I like it—it quickens the blood; and if I am toppled over, what does it matter what becomes of such poor scum as me? (he rushes off, L., SILAS JARRETT appears at extreme back, R. His head appears at first above block of stone, upon which he painfully climbs, then crouches like a lizard, watching and listening.)

    SILAS. Yes, the reinforcements have arrived, but they've come by another route, (as he descends and comes downstage) My luck again. From England to Australia, in company with Vidler and that vindictive villain, the Polecat, who owed me a grudge for the bullet I put in his leg—I wish it
had been in his heart! A nice life of it I had among them till I slipped the chain, got on board ship, and worked my passage out to India. Yes, yes, it's only here, amongst the dead and dying, the boom of the cannon and the clash of steel, that I may hope to be passed over and forgotten. It has been a thundering good fight, though the very stream I paused to quench my thirst at, left a red stain on my lips. A grand fight—a tussle between bull-dog and wild cat; (distant roll of drum) and, as usual the bull-dog has the best of it. (as he moves up stage he starts) Hilloh, somebody behind the rock! (approaching stealthily)

An officer! (stooping, he gently pulls the uniform coat, which comes off the extended arm) Phew! gold swabs too! (leans over as looking attentively at face—starts violently as recognising it, then with another whistle of surprise) Ormond Willoughby! the swell captain they used to chaff me about in Southampton, (as if a sudden thought had struck him—looks at his own hands, passes one of them quickly over his face, looks again at body, then casts a hurried glance over his own figure) It would be a desperate game to play—it's worth the trial, (coming a little down stage, the uniform coat in his hand) What have I to lose? what have I to gain? Momentary safety, perhaps, and opportunity of escape. Now I know why those fellows saluted me, even in these rags, (searching pockets of uniform as he speaks) Yes, I'll do it! (casting aside his own ragged garment—he commences to invest himself in the COLONEL'S uniform, speaking rapidly the while; takes out purse, which he weighs in his hand)

The sinews of war to begin with. What's this? a book! a diary. (hurriedly turning leaves) Queer notion—jotting down one's actions and ideas, (thrusting it back in pocket with short laugh) What a book I might have written! (all the time the action of this scene has been going on he has been looking nervously to R. and L.—suddenly he starts, clutches up his garments from ground, and retreats to rock; at same time the roll of drum is heard close off stage, then a glad shout) Nothing venture, nothing have. I've begun, and I'll go through with it; but first to get rid of—Silas Jarrett! (he disappears with body behind rock, L. U. E. The rolling of drums continues, then a crowd of SOLDIERS and CIVILIANS—male and female—surges upon stage from various points, all in great excitement—TRIGGS, POLLY and WATTLES in their midst.)

POLLY. Our brave defenders! (about to throw herself into WATTLES' arms—she is stopped by TRIGGS, who comes between.)

TRIGGS. Excuse me, Miss Dobbs, but you're too expansive.
POLLY. What, would you have me restrain my feelings at such a time as this?
TRIGGS. Certainly not! let 'em overflow by all means—
(opening arms) on me!
POLLY. Well, I'm so happy that I must hug somebody, so for once, Joe, it shall be you. (she hugs him—all laugh.
TRIGGS. Grateful woman! (releasing himself, and very grandly) I am now rewarded for my exertions.
POLLY. Your exertions! (all laugh) But where's Sir Ormond Willoughby?
WATTLES. Yes, where's our brave colonel?
TRIGGS. and POLLY, (joyfully) Here he comes!

Enter Silas as SIR.ORMOND, L.U. E., and comes down, c.
OMNES. (with wild delight) The colonel! the colonel! (movement—tableau. ALICE rushes on from L. 1 E., and takes Silas Jarrett's hand.)
ALICE. Ah, you are safe—safe! Thank heaven, you are safe! (tableau.)

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.
ENGLAND.

SCENE FIRST.—Oakfield Grange, Mr. St. Clair's house, near Southampton. Picturesque entrance to house, L.—
small pavilion, R. U. E. Shrubberies, masking garden walks, L. c.—gates on country road—towards R. there is a
garden fence—a small wicket gate, this gate, like the larger
gates, is open—at extreme back trees, above which is seen ivy-
clad tower of church—garden tables R. and L., with chain
—bird on table, R.
POLLY is busy with birdcage, R., hung against pavilion into
which she is putting water and seed—rustic benches, seats,
tables, &c, dispersed about stage. TRIGGS, who is dressed
in tweed suit and billy-cock hat, half-seated on rustic
table, his foot on bench.

TRIGGS. So you ain't gone to the races, Polly?
POLLY. (sharply and without turning) Judge for yourself,
you can see me, I suppose?
TRIGGS. Well, your's is not one of them forms as requires a tourist's telescope. (rising and approaching her) What makes you so snappish? Here have I come over from Southampton a purpose to see you and instead of saying "Joe Triggs, I am happy to have the honour," you insinuates, "Joe Triggs, get out!"

POLLY. (jumping suddenly off stool and falling against him, head on his shoulder) Joe! I ain't happy, far from it.

TRIGGS. (with difficulty, supporting her) That's your fault! you might be Mrs. Joe Triggs, to-morrer.

POLLY. Yes, but I won't be Mrs. Joe Triggs, nor Mrs. Anybody else as long as Miss Alice is so miserable. (laying her hand confidentially on his arm) You know, Joe, she loves Mr. Arnold.

TRIGGS. And I know that Mr. Arnold is over head and ears in love with her, but what of that?

POLLY. Simply, that it can't be.

TRIGGS. Why, can't it be? Is there a more faithful lover in the world, except me? Why, when Mr. Arnold was brought wounded to the hospital and nursed through his long illness by Mr. Jack, was there any other name in his mouth but hers?

POLLY. He couldn't have a sweeter-----

TRIGGS. And, when we'd got him on his legs again and he learned that Mr. St. Clair and Miss Alice, and yourself had departed for England, didn't he sell up everything to follow her? And wasn't it only when we got to Madras, that we learned that Sir Ormond Willoughby had sold out and also left for England.

POLLY. (mysteriously) He's more than ever in love with Alice?

TRIGGS. What, Sir Ormond?

POLLY. Whether it was the siege, or the sea, or a sun-stroke, or some unpleasantness of that kind, but, of all the changed men, Sir Ormond Willoughby is the changest.

TRIGGS. Why?

POLLY. That's what I want to find out, as Mr. Jack used to say——

TRIGGS. Oh, don't talk of Mr Jack to me! that's another thing as upset Mr. Arnold. No sooner had our ship touched England's shore, than Mr. Jack disappeared and though a month has elapsed, we've never again clapped eyes on him.

POLLY. (mysteriously) Praps he'd a sunstroke too! I hear they're catching! But is Mr. Arnold coming to the luncheon to-day?
TRIGGS. Do you think he'd lose a chance of meeting Miss Alice?

POLLY. Then he'll meet Sir Ormond Willoughby as well, for the baronet joined Mr. St. Clair on the race course and returns with him. But what's the matter? You're not going, Joe?

TRIGGS. Yes, I am. (aside—and moving up stage) Better let Mr. Arnold know of this—I left him at the inn, reading Miss Alice's letter.

POLLY. (down stage) You'll be sure to come back, Joe?

TRIGGS. To doubt it, Miss Dobbs, shows your ignorance of anatomy. Where his heart is, there must Joe Triggs be. (as he turns to go up stage he runs against ISAAC VIDLER, who, disguised as a mendicant, is entering garden, C. He carries a walking stick) Beg pardon, but--------

ISAAC. Please pity the poor blind—please pity!

TRIGGS. Polly, dear, if you've such a thing as a ha'penny about you give it him, and we can settle the account when we're married, (bustles of at back, as POLLY approaches ISAAC, who stands C.)

POLLY. (giving money) Have you been long blind, my poor man?

ISAAC. Dark from my birth, your ladyship. Could never tell one colour from another—it's only by the feel (slyly rubbing money) that I know the world is green.

POLLY. (at door of house) You may rest on that seat till the guests arrive, (as she exits into house, VIDLER opens first one eye, and then the other.)

ISAAC. This is the splendidous crib; and the servants are all out on the common, to see the people come back from the races, (glancing slyly into pavilion) There's where the luncheon's laid. Nobody took heed of the poor blind man, an' I spotted 'em carrying in the plate, (music—looks cautiously round, gives a low whistle, which is answered by a cough, and the POLECAT glides stealthily in at gate and pauses up stage—he limps slightly.)

POLECAT. Is it all serene, patri-arch?

ISAAC. (impatiently) Vy don't yer come quicker? You'll have Jack Snipe here in a minnit or two interferin' with bis'ness.

POLECAT. (limping slightly as he comes cautiously down) If you'd have had a bullet in your leg for ten year, as I've had, your tongue wouldn't run so fast, to say nothin' of your other jinks, (with a sudden and painful limp) Ah! (clenching hand viciously) When I comes across that Silas Jarrett!
ISAAC. Labour and wait, my blessed infant—labour and wait. Vote's the good o' vurritting?

POLECAT. (peeping into pavilion over VIDLER'S shoulder)
My eye! what forks and spoons!
ISAAC. (with trembling eagerness) The 'all mark on everyone on 'em! Ah, in such matters there's nothing like havin' to deal with the real gentle folk, (coaxingly) In with yer, child of my 'art—in with yer! (urged on by ISAAC, who keeps his two shaking hands on his shoulder, POLECAT is creeping cautiously towards door, when JACK SNIPE darts through open wicket, c, and with lightning rapidity glides between the two thieves to door of pavilion, he is dressed like a gipsy tramp.)

JACK. (fiercely) Stow it, Polecat; and you, patriarch, I'm ashamed of yer. (drawing himself up as they threaten) take the vally of a penny piece and I'll blow the gaff my self!
ISAAC. (still threatening) Who'd lose by that? We've our tickets, but you haven't yourn, my cherub!

JACK. Why, you'd lose one hundred pounds to begin with—that being the valuation they've kindly set on me for this ten year. Help me to carry out this one thing that I've set my 'art on and you shall make that amount out of me; do the other thing, and I walks to the nearest station and gives myself up at once, (takes c, between them and looking from one to the other) A hundred pounds is a large sum.

ISAAC. (with dignity) A Vidler wouldn't sell his own father for less.

JACK. 'Spose I adds another hunderd to the figger, and another hunderd to that!

ISAAC. Yer takes my breath away!

JACK. (grasping each by wrist and drawing them to him) I've seen him!

BOTH. (in same anxious whisper) You don't mean---------

JACK. Your enemy! my enemy! anybody's enemy! the ghost of the man I saw dead—dead, mind yer, dead! (drawing back with a shudder—POLECAT, who is sneaking behind, coughs—JACK laying his hand quickly on VIDLER'S arm) It's three hundred clear, mind yer! a winning game for you, if a losing one for me. (music—passes rapidly up stage and takes place by side of principal gateway, repeating the monotonous whine "Pity, &c," as SILAS JARRETT, in elegant morning costume—Mr. ST. CLAIR and SILAS enter at back, L. c.—ST. CLAIR looking at his watch—SILAS, as he comes through gateway, tosses money into VIDLER'S hat, but
without looking at him while "VIDLER who has stooped so as to peer into his face, draws back with a start, and disappears quickly, R. u. E.)

SILAS. (aside) I like to scatter money—charity after all, is but another name for ostentation and it's a new feeling for me to be able to fling gold away, (turns to ST. CLAIR, who, as the LADIES execu!t by shrubbery, R., comes down stage—ST. CLAIR's manner is grave and preoccupied—SILAS is very grave and mercurial) And when shall we fix the marriage day, St. Clair? business and pleasure, you know I'm all impatience till your charming little ward becomes my wife.

CLAIR. (coldly) It will be for Alice to fix the day, Sir Ormond—I shall not force her inclinations.

SILAS. Inclinations! Have you any reason to believe her inclinations are fixed elsewhere?

CLAIR. (with hesitation) No, no positive reason, or frankly, Sir Ormond, I would give my sanction to the match. I'm under great obligations to you, Sir Ormond Willoughby—I am a man of business and know that such advances must be repaid.

SILAS. When Alice Armitage becomes my wife I cancel all such obligations, (airily) It is but an affair with the lawyers after all.

CLAIR. (warmly) Excuse me if I differ, greatly differ with you. I fully recognise the position and noble name you offer my ward, but if such a marriage be against her will the engagement is null and void.

SILAS. (with change of air) It was my faith in that engagement being ratified that led me to extend the time for the repayment of my advances, (checking himself) However, you have been more than a father to the young lady and I'm sure when she quite understands your position she will render you the obedience of a daughter.

CLAIR. Speak to Alice yourself, she only can decide. (confusion of merry voices, as from shrubbery L., two or three ladies appear at entrance of shrubbery with croquet mallets.)

LADIES. (all together run on L. C.) Mr. St. Clair! Mr. St. Clair!

1ST LADY. We are disputing terribly!

2ND LADY. So you must come and be umpire! Sir Ormond will excuse you for a few moments.

CLAIR. (with forced laugh) I am quite at your service, ladies, (aside to SILAS as he goes up) If I find Alice, I will send her to you, but, whatever the result, I leave her free as air. (LADIES laughing and talking. surround ST. CLAIR——they execu!t to shrubbery, L. u. E.)
Silas. (looking after him, with changed manner) St. Clair thinks the young lady is ignorant of his financial difficulties, but I've taken care that she should have the fullest information and know that the prosperity or ruin of her benefactor rests entirely in her own pretty little hands. (with change of manner) Sir Ormond Willoughby of Wil- loughby Court! (exultingly) It was a great game to play and I've played it well! Oh! I could scream with ecstasy when I think that the law—the law! the eagle-eyed law has been baffled by the vagabond Silas Jarrett at last! (checking himself with a start, then lowering his voice, with cautious look round) I'm forgetting myself, (with a laugh) No! I'm remembering myself, which is just the thing I must avoid. (confusion of female voices and laughter off stage, h.) I'll join the croquet players—(yawns)—I'm beginning to feel the ennui that belongs to a great name, besides, I'm beginning to grow fond of innocent amusements—they're so new to me. (exits by shrubbery, L.U. E., jauntily dusting boots with handkerchief and humming an air—ALICE appears at back. She wears light summer walking costume. As she enters by c. gates, her hand is caught by ROBERT ARNOLD, who accompanies her—she withdraws it hastily, but without anger.)

ALICE. (coming down) No, no—you must leave me—you must indeed? I'm not my own mistress, Robert!

ROBERT. (passionately) True, you belong to me—your heart is mine, Alice—you cannot give it to another!

ALICE. (quickly) No. Arnold, I will not attempt to deny it—I love you and have ever loved you with all my heart, and can picture no greater happiness than that of being your wife—I know the full extent of the sacrifice, but the sacrifice must be made.

ROBERT. (bitterly) And, of course, you do not hesitate to make it?

ALICE. Did Mr. St. Clair hesitate in my mother's need to make a sacrifice for her? An orphan and without a friend, has he not filled a parent's place to me?

ROBERT. He has.

Re-enter JACK SNIPE, C, and hides behind tree, L.

ALICE. And would you have me reproach myself in the midst of our happiness? (placing her hand softly on ROBERT'S arm and looking appealingly into his face) That is, supposing, Robert dear, that we were married—which we cannot be—would you have me reproach myself with the thought
of his misery, of his ruin—a ruin which I might have prevented?

ROBERT. (impetuously) At the worst, it's but poverty.

ALICE. But poverty! ah, I know what poverty means—I saw and recognised its face when a child—a face as terrible as that dreadful one in the fable, which chills the warm blood in the veins, and changes all that is human in us into stone.

ROBERT. Sir Ormond Willoughby knew of our love, and he promised——

ALICE. Sir Ormond Willoughby is a changed man—to me, to all! So changed, that, at times, even his voice startles me, and I look up with doubt whether it can be the same man, once so generous and so good.

JACK. (aside) Bless her! Young or old, one woman's worth twenty men after all.

ROBERT. (with passionate tenderness, drawing ALICE towards him) Who could forego so sweet a prize? I admit the temptation, while I hate the man; but, my own darling, do not believe I will permit you to be erased thus from my life without a struggle. No, a thousand times no! I would not wish my worst enemy the torture I have felt since I received your last letter.

ALICE. Robert!

ROBERT. Mine is no common love, Alice! No love of yesterday. I have known you from a child—I loved you from a child, I may say; for in all that long, dreary, awful lime at Dartmoor, your innocent face was as a sunny memory that gave me hope even in the midst of my despair.

ALICE. (her head unconsciously drooping on his shoulder) Don't speak so, Robert, don't speak so.

ROBERT. Oh, Alice, my one thought, my only thought for years—don't give me up, dear, don't turn walk away from me.

ALICE. (suddenly breaking away from him) Good-bye! say good-bye to me, Robert; you mustn't speak to me any more, you mustn't, indeed, (sinking on garden chair, and waving him away as he would approach her) I can't bear it, Robert! Leave me, leave me!

ROBERT. (with sudden passion, as he covers her face with her hands) Leave you, yes; but lose you, Alice, never! (moving up stage) I will see this man—this man so false to his word, so changed in every way! It's not with tears and prayers that I will seek to move him, but as a
man should speak to the man who would rob him of all he holds dear on earth.

ALICE. (springing to her feet) Robert! Robert!! (moves up stage to follow him, when Jack glides rapidly between them.)

JACK. (putting finger to his lips) Don't shriek! miss, don't shriek! It's not for my sake, but your own, as I repeats, don't shriek!

ALICE. (alarmed) Who are you? What do you want?

JACK. (reproachfully) No harm to you, Miss Alice, you can take your oath of that—quite contrariwise—

ALICE. (forgetting everything in her delight and speaking joyously) Why, it's Jack! (springing forward and seizing his hands) Oh! I'm so glad to see you—but, why did you leave Mr. Arnold, and why did you leave me?

JACK. (quite overcome) Bless you, miss, it wasn't for my own good, you may be sure—that you should condescend to know me again! right off too! without any questions as to where I've been, or what I've been doing—but it's like you, miss, it's just like you.

ALICE. But why did you leave Mr. Arnold?

JACK. (seriously) Becos, he was in distress.

ALICE. Ah!

JACK. And becos, I thought as I'd made a discovery, as I dussn't even whisper to anyone.

ALICE. What discovery?

JACK. (gaily) Oh! never you mind, Missee, but I've come nigh strikin' a balance, and that balance will be in your favour, though I carried over a thunderin' debt to some one else's account.

ALICE. What do you mean?

JACK. Which meanin' shall be developed hereafter. (while speaking, he has contrived that they shall approach door of house—voice heard in shrubbery—aside, quietly and urging her into house) Now you leave all this to me, miss. (coaxingly) You used to trust in Jack once, trust him now.

ALICE. I will trust you!

JACK. (with growing excitement) And I'll bring it through as sure as my name's Jack Snipe! Yes, that's my name, miss, and—(drawing back as she extends her hands)—I'll never touch those blessed finger tips again till I've done a something as may make you and Mr. Robert in after years, mind yer, say " he wasn't such a bad 'un after all." (as she exits into house, L., he crouches back for one moment as Silas Jarrett and Robert Arnold enter from shrubbery L.U. E., and come down stage—at the same moment the heads of
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VIDLER and POLECAT appear ae watching near gate, R. u. E.—at a signal from JACK, they disappear and as SILAS and ARNOLD continue to talk, he goes up stage and off, R. u. E.)

SILAS. (laughing) A broken heart! Excuse me Mr. Arnold, but talk to me of fear, cold, hunger, or any of those ailments by which men and women die by thousands and tens of thousands, but a broken heart is like broken china—the stronger when rivetted.

ROBERT. (with passionate outburst) Sir Ormond Willoughby, do you think I have forgotten the words you uttered in India, when you lay, as I thought, dying in my arms, and I was staunching the blood that was flowing from your breast?

SILAS. (who has slightly averted his face, now stands with his back half turned from ARNOLD) What men say under such circumstances is often but the utterance of a momentary weakness. That I said something vaguely I am aware, but what the something was—perhaps you'll remind me.

ROBERT. The words you said were these—"Alice has spoken to me—I know all—all!"

SILAS. All what?

ROBERT. And Miss Armitage has herself told me of the promise you then so nobly made to her of resigning all pretension to a hand which—

SILAS. (interrupting) Really, if ever I talked such sentimental nonsense I must have been raving, and I'm grateful to the bullet that recalled me to my senses. Alice wrongs her own attractions to think I could give her up so easily, (he again insolently turns half away.)

ROBERT. (with fierce and passionate movement, lays hand upon his shoulder) Sir Ormond Willoughby you are a villain! a cold-blooded, heartless villain! The last of your name without a relation, and soon—I dare prophecy, to be without a friend; yet you do not shrink from blighting the future of two lives, (suddenly pauses as SILAS savagely looks into his eyes—both for a brief moment gace fixedly and menacingly at each other, then ROBERT staggers a step back, but immediately recovers himself, again grasps SILAS, this time by both shoulders, his eyes still riveted on his face) You are not Sir Ormond Willoughby! Your face is the face of the man I knew and loved, but your eyes—your eyes are the eyes of—

SILAS. (seizing ARNOLD, and casting him off) Touch me again at your peril! (simultaneous with this action, the croquet party come crowding on from shrubbery, L. u. E., and
Alice, followed by Polly from house, and Joe Triggs from, R. u. E., with two Officers, who remain at back.

Clair. Sir Ormond! Robert! what’s the meaning of this?

Silas. (who has recovered his sang-froid) The meaning is that Mr. Arnold forgets himself when he bandies words with a gentleman, (taking c. of stage, he points to Arnold, who, pale with passion, has made a step towards him, but is held back by Alice, who clings to his arm.)

Alice. Robert! for my sake, for mine!

Silas. The social scale has indeed become a sliding scale, when ladies and gentlemen can hold companionship with a felon from Dartmoor, (general movement.)

Clair. (indignantly) He was "Not Guilty!" (with rapid look round) He was not guilty!

Silas. Not guilty! the plea that every rascal sets up in the dock.

Clair. You know the man who robbed me was----------

Jack. (bursting through company and laying his hand on Jarrett’s sleeve) Silas Jarrett!! That’s the man! here’s the man! (by a quick movement he rips up Jarrett’s sleeve, and shows arm bare) It is tattooed, read for yourselves, "Silas Jarrett, traitor."

Isaac. (who with the Polecat has come down, same time at Jack—one on either side of Silas.) Which I tattooed myself at Dartmoor, with the help and in the presence of them all—

Polecat. We swore you should be a marked man among us. (in his ear) A feller doesn’t get a bullet in his hip for nothin’.

Silas. (by a powerful effort, throwing off Jack Snipe, looks quickly from Vidler to Polecat, glances round to company, then, draws himself up with usual mocking laugh) My luck again! (laying his hand on Jack’s shoulder) But we’re in the same trap, my friend—I go back to prison, but, you go with me.

Jack. (very brightly) Proud an’ ‘appy, afore I entered on this bis’nes d’ye think I didn’t reckon the consequences? (stepping briskly forward) Here, gentlemen, take and lock me up, but, we shall make a nice comfortable rubber at whist, (turning to Silas) I’ve won the game hven’t I? and I never doubted but I’d win it, when the stakes was—(turning to Alice)—your ‘appiness, miss, and Mr. Robert Arnold’s.

Robert. (grasping Jack’s extended, but trembling hand and shaking it heartily) You noble, generous, foolish
fellow! had you not left me as you did, you would have known that a free pardon was obtained as a reward for your bravery in India.

JACK. (turning to Silas) Hallo! You'll have to go alone—sorry to break up the whist party.

ISAAC. (with a scream) Vot! (aside to the Polecat) Sold for the hundred!

ALICE. (taking Jack's other hand) And so, you'll share our happiness.

TRIGGS. (who has advanced with Polly on his arm) And ours!

SILAS. (L. about whom the Officers have quietly gathered, as guarding him—has taken out pocket-book, which he opens) Mr. St. Clair, this is a full release, signed by the real Sir Ormond Willoughby—I found it among his papers, (tossing it, so that it falls at St. Clair's feet) I bear you no malice—(jauntily raising hat) Good-by, Miss Armitage! of all the assembled company the only person I leave with any feelings of regret, is your charming self! (as he turns to go up stage, Robert makes an angry movement, which is stopped by Alice, who quickly interposes.)

ALICE. Robert! dear Robert! do not heed what he says! For my part, I am so happy at the thought that we shall never again be parted, that I can forgive him! Forgive him with all my heart! (Robert clasps her to his breast, while Jack bursts into a rapid double shuffle of delight. The rest of characters group—Silas up stage regarding scene as—

CURTAIN DESCENDS.