

# LIZZIE LYLE:

OR THE

FLOWER MAKERS OF FINSBURY.

*A Tale of Trials and Temptations.*

*IN THREE ACTS,*

BY

C. H. HAZLEWOOD.

AUTHOR OF

Hop-pickers and Gipsies: or, The Lost Daughter; The Return of the  
Wanderer, Jenny Foster, Poul a Dhoil, Mother's Dying Child,  
Lost Evidence, Clock on the Stairs, Harvest Storm,  
Marble Bride, Life for a Life, Lady Audley's  
Secret, Aurora Floyd, Marriage  
Certificate, True as Steel,  
etc., etc.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

*First performed at the Royal Grecian Theatre, (under the management of Mr. Conquest,) on Thursday, October 7, 1869, a New Domestic Drama of great interest, in Three Acts, by Mr. Colin Hazlewood, entitled*

# LIZZIE LYLE,

OR THE

## FLOWER MAKERS OF FINSBURY. A TALE OF TRIALS AND TEMPTATIONS.

NATHANIEL DACRE . . . (a rich merchant, at variance with his only son) . . . Mr. J. JACKSON.  
 REGINALD { his son, headstrong, unprincipled, quitting his father's roof to sustain himself by the labours of his pen. } Mr. WILLIAM JAMES.  
 ADOLPHE DURAND { clerk to Madame Fanchon, with evil designs upon Lizzie Lyle. } Mr. CHARLES MORTIMER.  
 BATTER (41 C. a tender-hearted Policeman, looking out for a wife and a fortune) Mr. JOHN MANNING.  
 MR. FALCON . . . (a magistrate) . . . Mr. S. PERFIT.  
 JAMES . . . (footman to Mr. Dacre) . . . Mr. M. POWER.  
 MR. SHEPPERLEY . . . (lawyer to the family) . . . Mr. SHIRLEY.  
 MILFORD WHARTON . . . (a man of means, searching for a lost sister) . . . Mr. G. GILFITT.  
 MAT BARKINS . . . (a burglar, in league with Adolphe Durand) . . . Mr. H. GRANT.

|                |  |                         |
|----------------|--|-------------------------|
| MADAME FANCHON | (mistress of an artificial flower establishment) | Mrs. ATKINSON.          |
| BOBBIN         | (an orphan in her employ)                        | Miss M. A. VICTOR.      |
| LIZZIE LYLE    | (also an orphan, in Madame Fanchon's employ)     | Miss LIZZIE MANDELBERT. |
| ANNE BROWN     | } Flower Makers                                  | Miss SHEPPY.            |
| MARY GREEN     |  | Miss FLORENCE.          |
| CARRY WHITE    |  | Miss KEBBLE.            |
| BELLA BRILL    |  | Miss WEATHERSLY.        |
| JENNY JENKINS  |  | Miss MATTHEWS.          |
| MRS. DACRE     | (wife to Nathaniel Daere)                        | Miss ALICE DENVIL.      |
| GRACE          | (her maid-servant)                               | Mrs. DEARLOVE.          |

**ACT 1.**

Batter on his beat—The Dinner Hour—The Frenchman presses his suit—THE REFUSAL—THE THREAT.

**LODGINGS OF LIZZIE LYLE.**

The Interloper and evil designs—Those who hide can find—Accusation of the Flower Girl.

**A GEL IN THE POLICE STATION.**

A Friend in the Police Force—A True Consoler—A Friend in Need a Friend Indeed.

**INTERIOR OF THE POLICE COURT.**

The Accusation—The Property identified—A Cross-examination—The Witness bothered—Discharge of the Defendant.

**ACT 2.**

The making of the Will—The French Valet—Plots—Counterplots—Arrival of Reginald, and Interview between Mother and Son—The Cabinet and Spring Drawer—A Strange Meeting in the Dark—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE WILL—THE BURGLAR.

**GARDEN OF THE MANSION.**

Self Accusation—Bobbin—her Brother—The Flower Makers seeking for employ.  
DEATH OF NATHANIEL—THE COMPACT—THE POISONED DRUG—THE BITER BIT.

**ACT 3.****A ROOM IN THE MANSION.**

An Interview with a Burglar—Key of the Lodging—A Trap Laid—Batter and Bobbin think they have found it all out.

A STREET.—Acting on the Square—Nothing to fear and a secret enemy.

**A COURT NEAR FLEET LANE**

With View of the Old Buildings Surrounding,

THE WILL!—THE MONEY!—THE ESCAPE OVER THE WALL!—Bobbin won't give up the chase—  
A Lucky Accident.

**A CELLAR UNDER FIELD LANE.**

The empty barrel—Reginald in his enemies' power—Done at last—Death of the Burglar—  
Fight with the Police, and

**SUCCESS OF THE FLOWER MAKERS.**

*This Drama is the Property of T. H. Lacy.*

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LIZZIE LYLE;

OR,

THE FLOWER MAKERS OF FINSBURY.

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SCENE FIRST.—*Street near the City Road—(1st Grooves.)*

*Enter BATTER, R.*

BATTER. I declare, if it wasn't for meeting some of the girls as they come home from flower-making, I should feel as lonely as a milestone. Three years have I been in the force, and a woman of fortune hasn't fallen in love with me so far. I've been looking out for a roll of bank-notes without an owner, for the last two years, but I haven't seen 'em yet. I fancy there is more chance for a fellow in the army. I wish I was a blue Scotch grey, instead of a blue bobby. A man of my appearance ought to do something; men of my personal attractions are not picked up every day; but still I don't seem to go off, somehow. Ladies of fortune! where is your taste? Open your eyes, some of you, or I'll take a dreadful oath to die single. Ah, it's the dinner hour at Madame Fanchon's, and here come some of her hands. I wish one of them would set me on my legs—but, like me, their faces are their fortunes.

*Enter ANNE BROWN, MARY GREEN, CARRY WHITE, and others, R.*

Good day, ladies—flowers of Nature, who live by making artificial ones. May husbands of a thousand a year marry every one of you, and sprigs of little offshoots blossom in the garden of your happiness.

GIRLS. Oh, beautiful!

BATTER. What, me—yes, I know I'm beautiful, but I'm born to blush unseen, and waste my sweetness in the desert square. Is any of you got uncles with money—I don't mean pawnbrokers, but natural born uncles ?

GIRLS. No !

BATTER. Nor aunts ?

GIRLS. No!

BATTER. Nor grandfathers ?

GIRLS. No!

BATTER. Nor grandmothers ?

GIRLS. No !

BATTER. Nor ninety-ninth cousins ?

GIRLS. No!

BATTER. Then *adoo*, and farewell, my dears ! all of you are doomed to remain virgin maidens, as far as I am concerned. Go—go, my children, (*crosses E.*)

GIRLS. His children! Why, he'll never have the honour of being a father. Good-bye, Blueskin. (*exeunt, L.*)

BATTER. What, Blueskin ! Come, now, that's too bad ; it's enough to make one wild. Now, here comes a much more civil and pretty girl. I always did like Miss Bobbin—but whether that's her surname or her Christian one, I don't know—I'll ask her.

*Enter BOBBIN, R.*

BATTER. Ah, Miss Bobbin, how do you do ?

BOBBIN. Ah, Mr. Batter, how do you do?

BATTER. Well, just moving on.

BOBBIN. Not promoted yet ?

BATTER. No, not made chief commissioner at present.

BOBBIN. I'm sure you ought to be—what's Government thinking of ?

BATTER. (*aside*) Now she *is* a sensible girl—if she only had prospects, (*aloud*) I suppose you haven't got anything in your eye ?

BOBBIN. Which eye ? Is one of them watering ? (*rubbing eyes.*)

BATTER. I don't mean that—I mean, have you, at any time, anything likely to be left you ?

BOBBIN. What, money ?

BATTER. Yes.

BOBBIN. Well, I think some day there will be a little coming to me.

BATTER. Ah, Miss Bobbin, you don't know what a great favourite you always were of mine.

BOBBIN. How should I, when you never told me ?

BATTER. I didn't know it myself till just now. By-the-by, is Bobbin your Christian or surname ?

BOBBIN. It's both.

BATTER. How can that be ?

BOBBIN. Why, because my reg'lar name is Robinette Robins; my father's name was Robin Robins, and my mother had me called as near after him as possible, by naming me Robinette ; then the girls, for shortness, called me Bobin—others called me Bob ; some began to call me Bob, and Bob Robbins, until at last it got to be Bobbins, and Bobbins it seems likely to remain.

BATTER. Now, isn't it singular that both our names begin with a B ? Mine's Batter, and yours is Bobbin—Batter and Bobbin.

BOBBIN. Yes, one letter for both names ; and my friend Lizzie Lyle's name is begun both ways with one letter—L for Lizzie, and L for Lyle—L. L.

BATTER. You see it hung up in most publicans' windows—L. L., which means Lord Lieutenant's whiskey ; so, perhaps she comes of the same family.

BOBBINS. Perhaps she does, and she's a genteel girl. She don't write bad—neither do I, and if we get hold of a hard word, we mix a lot of letters together to look as like it as possible.

BATTER. Has she got a sweetheart ?

BOBBIN. There's one as wants to bo—Madame Fanchon's clerk; Mounseer Froggyvoo we call him, but Adolphe Durand, I believe, is his correct name.

BATTER. Does she like Froggyvoo ?

BOBBIN. Not at all; and when she goes out he's always following her. (*looks R.*) He's following her now, although he knows she has only an hour for dinner ; but here I am talking when I've got to get her dinner ready. I wish you wouldn't keep me talking here—my time will be up. Good-bye—things ought to be done, and time is flying, and dinner ought to be frying—this and that put to rights, and I don't know what all. (*exit, L.*)

BATTER. But Robinette Bobbins—Bobbins—Rob—Bob—stop, a word with you—half a word, stop! (*exit, L.*)

*Enter LIZZIE, R., followed by ADOLPHE.*

LIZZIE. Now, Mr. Durand, what a strange thing it is ; although there are plenty of girls working on our establishment, you will always insist on forcing your society upon me whenever you see me alone. Why do you do it ?

ADOLPHE. Because, ma'amselle, I feel confidant that you adore me.

LIZZIE. I don't—quite the reverse. You are too conceited, and fancy every girl is in love with you ; and, now, I'd better tell you what I've long had on my mind : I don't like you at all—in fact, to put a stop to your annoyance, I may say I detest you—there !

ADOLPHE. Why, you insult me ! Is it insolent in this country to say to a ma'amselle you love her ? This is insult, and insult I take from no one. *You* despise me, indeed! and for why ? You are no fine lady. I suppose you think some gentleman will offer you his fortune—bah, you will see!

LIZZIE. (*aside*) I have spoken too plainly—he has influence with madame, and may injure me in her good opinion.

ADOLPHE. Despise, indeed! A moment past I adore you—now I hate, and ven I hate it is strong—you shall be sorry—you shall be punish. Remember, I say it, Adolphe Durand. (*crosses, L.*)

LIZZIE. But I didn't mean-----

ADOLPHE. Bah ! I know—have fear—be afraid always. (*aside*) Now I will set de trap for her—she shall be ruin.

(*exit, L.*)

LIZZIE. I've made that man my enemy—he told me to beware of him. He will be coward enough to set madame against me. Well, let him ; there are more mistresses and masters than parish churches ; so while I am honest and industrious, little need I care for Mr. Adolphe Durand.

*Re-enter* BOBBIN, L.

BOBBIN. Oh, here you are ; I was coming to fetch you. Our dinner hour will be up if you don't make haste. I've bought a mackerel, and put it on to fry. I'm afraid one side will be done too much, and I suppose he won't turn over on his own account.

LIZZIE. Did madame's clerk pass you?

BOBBIN. I didn't see him.

LIZZIE. I told him I didn't like him, and you wouldn't believe how he went on—he quite frightened me.

BOBBIN. I wish I had been here—he wouldn't have frightened me.

LIZZIE. I'm afraid he will do me some injury with our mistress ; I know she listens to what he says.

BOBBIN. What, do you think he would lose you your work?

LIZZIE. I really think lie's mean enough to do it.

BOBBIN. Oh, if he does, and I catch him in my workroom I'll give him a French roll all the way down stairs— But here I'm talking, and the mackerel's frying himself to death. Come along, let's make haste.

LIZZIE. I feel rather uneasy—I don't think I'll trouble myself about it.

BOBBIN. I wouldn't. Do your best, my girl, and let your enemies do their worst—and Bobbin won't see you. done for the mack'rel's sake. Come along. (*exeunt, L.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Lodgings of Lizzie Lyle. Fireplace, R.—screen, c, a trunk near it. Door to open, L. Table, c, with table-cloth. Frying-pan on fire with mackerel in it. Music.*

*Enter ADOLPHE, cautiously, door L.*

ADOLPHE. De key vas in de door, so I open him easily. She shall be despise now. (*takes brooch from pocket*) Dis is madame's gold brooch—I have take it out of her room, to hide it in dis. Yhere shall I put him ? Ah, dat box will be de very ting, (*places it in box*) Good—I get here first, so I must get away first. Ah, ah! I have laid de train, and soon shall I fire him.

BOBBIN. (*without*) Come along, Lizzie; I know that mackerel will be spoilt.

ADOLPHE. Diable! I am too late. Vere sal I go! Ah, here is one screen, (*hides behind screen.*)

*Enter BOBBIN and LIZZIE, door L.*

BOBBIN. I hope it's all right, (*turns mackerel*) Yes, it is. Get the plates out, Lizzie, and the knives and forks, and the bread. Potatoes, of course, I didn't have time to cook. The salt, the pepper, and oh ! if you love me, don't forget the vinegar. (*LIZZIE gets the things from cupboard, L.*)

LIZZIE. Bobbin, he has certainly made an impression on me.

BOBBIN. Who—the mackerel ?

LIZZIE. No, our lodger overhead. He that our landlady says is the writer and the poet. Oh, isn't he like Byron ?

BOBBIN. Which way—in his poetry? (*cooking.*)

LIZZIE. No, in his looks ; it struck me so this morning aa he knocked at the door to borrow a match.

BOBBIN. What for—to light his fire with ?

LIZZIE. No, his cigar—Byron smoked. Then another time he asked me for a drop of hot water to make some

gin and water with—Byron was fond of gin and water.  
Oh, he's very like him.

BOBBIN. Yes, so far as the cigar and gin and water goes, perhaps.

LIZZIE. I'm surprised at you ! Our landlady says he's a real poet, and writes beautiful verses.

BOBBIN. Yes, but there's all sorts of poets ; some write it for blacking-bottles, some for bear's grease, some for tea-shops, other for tailors' shops, for little wax boys to hold in their hands at the door.

LIZZIE. Absurd ! I'm sure this gentleman does nothing of the kind.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Oh, she's smitten I see. (*aloud*) Well, I'm sure I don't know what he does—I know our mackerel's done—so please to bring a dish. (LIZZIE *does so*—BOBBIN *puts mackerel on it*—ADOLPHE *escapes by door, L.*) I know it will be beautiful, Lizzie.

LIZZIE. Bobbin, you can turn your hand to anything.

BOBBIN. Yes, either flower-making or fish-frying is all one to Bobbin, (*sits R. of table*) Which half will you have—head or tail ?

LIZZIE. Oh, which you please.

BOBBIN. Shall I send you the rudder ?

LIZZIE. The what ?

BOBBIN. The rudder—the tail part.

LIZZIE. Just as you like, I've no choice.

BOBBIN. There's less bone in it. (*gives it*) And it's perfectly *optional* which part I have, (*they begin to eat—a knock heard.*)

LIZZIE. (*starts*) I know whose knock that is—he's come to borrow another match.

BOBBIN. Oh, drat him, why does he come now ?

LIZZIE. Don't let him see what we've got for dinner—quick, quick ! (*throws table-cloth over it.*)

BOBBIN. And it was so nicely browned—what a bother! (*knock repeated.*)

LIZZIE. Come in!

BOBBIN. Keep out, I should have said.

*Enter REGINALD, door L.*

REGINALD. I beg your pardon, could you oblige me with such a thing as a match ?

LIZZIE. Oh, certainly, (*gives box from shelf*) Help yourself, sir. (*he takes one in his right hand and raises his left hand to his mouth as if to take cigar from it, and finds none there.*)

REGINALD. Well now, how absurd of me; I declare I thought I had a cigar there.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) What a pity !

REGINALD. Nice weather ?

LIZZIE. It is indeed.

REGINALD. Very tiring, though, if you walk as far as I have this morning.

LIZZIE. (*places chair*) Will you sit down, sir ?

REGINALD. Thank you. (*sits.*)

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Oh, my half mackerel!

REGINALD. My dear Miss Lyle, to the point—I fell in love with you on the stairs.

LIZZIE. Sir!

REGINALD. I did, indeed—the very first time I met you.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Soft soap.

REGINALD. No one ever made the impression on me that you have.

BOBBIN. Gammon and spinnage!

LIZZIE. Oh, sir, this from you—an author and poet!

REGINALD. Eh? oh, ah! yes I see. I suppose the landlady told you that—I certainly do a little scribbling.

LIZZIE. Oh, I'm sure, sir, you wrong yourself. I know your writing must be splendid.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Beautiful, I should think, or else he wouldn't live in the attic at half-a-crown a week.

REGINALD. I'm afraid you'd be very much disappointed, if you were to see some of my effusions. Certainly I have written some lines on my mother that might not be unworthy your notice.

LIZZIE. Is she dead ?

REGINALD. No, but I shall never see her again, perhaps.

LIZZIE. And your father ?

REGINALD. I neither want to speak nor think of him.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) We shall have the whole family pedigree directly.

REGINALD. But you are my solace now; your sweet face has won me for your own.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) He's very far gone in a short time.

REGINALD. And I feel I could stay and talk to you all day.

BOBBIN. Oh, don't please, till Sunday, for this is only our dinner-hour—and we're two of the slaves that time was made for.

REGINALD. May I be allowed to look in this evening?

LIZZIE. Oh, yes, with pleasure. Bobbin will be here, and ——

REGINALD. Bobbin!

BOBBIN. Yes, that's me, sir; I'm her guardian dragon of virtue, and fellow-lodger.

REGINALD. (*crosses c.*) Dragon of virtue and fellow lodger—I hope we shall be friends.

BOBBIN. I'm always friends with everybody as long as they're worth it, and when they're not, Bobbin winds them up.

REGINALD. Oh, we shall get on all right, I warrant. Good-bye for the present; Miss Bobbin, the same to you.

BOBBIN. The same to you—ditto repeato, all over again.

(*exit* REGINALD, L.

LIZZIE. Oh, isn't he a nice fellow, Bobbin?

BOBBIN. And I suppose you'd like to be a fellow to him, to make a pair?

LIZZIE. Well, if he thought---

BOBBIN. That's just it, we can't tell what he thinks—he may be a raging lion going about seeking who he can devour.

LIZZIE. Lor Bobbin, don't talk like that.

BOBBIN. Talking of devouring—let's finish the halves of the mackerel, and be getting to work, (*they sit, a knock heard.*)

LIZZIE. He's come back again, perhaps. I wouldn't have him see me eating such a thing as half a mackerel for the world—say I've gone to work, (*hides behind screen, knock repeated.*)

BOBBIN. The mackerel wasn't born to be eaten. Come in.

*Re-enter* REGINALD DACRE, *door*, L.

REGINALD. I beg pardon, Miss Lyle, but I forgot to say—gone!

BOBBIN. I wonder you didn't meet her, she's such a one for work, and such company for me at nights; I'm sure I don't know what I should do without her.

REGINALD. What do you mean, is she going away?

BOBBIN. Well, I suppose the time will come when you'll take her away, and if it's for her happiness, I'm sure I shan't grumble—they say marriage is the best thing for a woman.

LIZZIE. (*aside, looking out*) How can Bobbin talk so?

BOBBIN. Don't you think it's best for a man too, sir?

REGINALD. Oh, I see what you mean by these questions, you think I mean to marry Lizzie Lyle; but I never imagined such a thing for a single moment!

LIZZIE. What does he say ?

BOBBIN. You never thought of it for a single moment.

REGINALD. I like her—but you don't understand.

BOBBIN. It seems I don't, I thought by what you said just now you loved her and wanted her to love *you*.

REGINALD. So, in a sense, I do, but *you*, I'm sure, who must come from a family noble in birth, if not in circumstances that-----

BOBBIN. No blarney for Bobbin, Lizzie's good enough for a king.

REGINALD. Yes, if worth alone was in question, but I must tell you I am a rich man's only son, and marriage with her wouldn't exactly do. I shall be a man of some position before I die, and a wife like Lizzie would drag me down—pray don't put such an idea into her head.

BOBBIN. Are you quite sure *you* haven't put it there already ?

REGINALD. Lizzie wouldn't do for me to look at from a matrimonial point of view, we can be the dearest of friends—but man and wife never.

LIZZIE. (*aside*) I blush to hear this man.

REGINALD. You needn't tell Lizzie what I've said, there's no occasion.

BOBBIN. None at all!

REGINALD. I'll look in again to-night, I want to see Lizzie particularly—and bless her little heart! say I'll never forget her. (*exit, door, L.*)

LIZZIE. (*comes down*) But she will forget *you*. Oh, Bobbin this will kill me.

BOBBIN. No it won't, women don't die so easily.

LIZZIE. You heard how he spoke of me, he said I was not a lady ; he looks upon me as a coarse ignorant girl. I despise him. Bobbin.

BOBBIN. Well, I hope you do.

LIZZIE. At least I'll try.

BOBBIN. Ah, that's another thing.

LIZZIE. We'll leave this place ; let us give warning at once. I couldn't pass him on the stairs or speak to him again. I must go alone, if you won't go with me.

BOBBIN. (*takes her hand*) No Lizzie, together.

LIZZIE. I've got some note paper in my box, I'll write him a letter telling him never to dare mention my name again, for lowly as I am I think myself above him.

BOBBIN. So you are, and when you write that, score it under three times, as if you were scratching it into his memory.

LIZZIE. (*looks in box. with a cry of surprise takes out brooch*) Why this is Madame Fanchon's brooch! How did it come here?

BOBBIN. What, don't you know?

LIZZIE. *I* know! *I*—what do you mean?

BOBBIN. Has one of us gone cranky and stolen it.

LIZZIE. Let us run back with it at once,—oh, if they should miss it. (*putting on bonnet.*)

BOBBIN. Run it, run it, before all the other girls get there, (*as they are going.*)

*Enter MADAME FANCHON, and ADOLPHE DURAND, L. door*

LIZZIE. Oh, madame, this is your ornament, I found it in my box, but how it got there heaven only knows!

ADOLPHE. No, you and Miss Bobbin know ver vell how it did get dere.

BOBBIN. Don't you say anything that you may repent of Mounseer Spiteful toad of a Froggyvoo.

ADOLPHE. (*takes brooch from LIZZIE*) He is de brooch himself, saying more than I can say.

MADAME F. Oh, girls, whatever has driven you to theft? If you wanted money would not I have lent it to you?

LIZZIE. But we didn't want money; and if we had, do you think we should have taken that?

ADOLPHE. *I* think so, if madame do not.

BOBBIN. Silence you soup-maigre snivelling sneak! I know the spite you had against Lizzie and I suppose this is the way you think to indulge it—frog-eater, toad-eater and ape of mischief! we are not swallowed up yet.

LIZZIE. We are innocent, Madame Fanchon.

MADAME F. I shall be most happy if you can prove it, but how will you do so?

BOBBIN. Don't you see how things are going against us? We may say we didn't go and steal the brooch, but who'll believe it?

LIZZIE. What's the use of trying to do our best; everything is going against us, it seems just as if we were thieves.

ADOLPHE. What else can it seem!

LIZZIE. Ah, I see that triumph in your glance, that smile of malice on your lips; I remember your words of threatened mischief "remember Adolphe and be afraid," *you*—you, have laid the trap and ensnared us.

MADAME F. It is my property, and I have hardly the heart to give them into custody.

ADOLPHE. No? Why it is madame's duty ; if she fear to do it, I will do it for her. (*opens door, calls*) Policemen!

*Enter BATTER, L. D.*

BATTER. Yes, sir.

ADOLPHE. There are your prisoners.

BATTER. Where, sir ?

ADOLPHE. Don't you see do two vomen.

BATTER. No, no, sir; not them, they are two respectable flower merchants, makers, I mean.

ADOLPHE. You give them in charge, do you not madame ?

MADAME F. Perhaps I had better do so, or nothing on my premises will be safe.

ADOLPHE. To be sure not; madame is right, bring them to the station-house.

BATTER. What, two of the girls I love, I can't do it. (*weeping.*)

ADOLPHE. Do your duty, or your number sail be taken.

BATTER. Take my number if you like,—but oh, don't ask me to take *them*, (*embracing them*) Oh, Lizzie! oh, Bobbin!

BOBBIN. Don't fear, Mr. Batter, we are ready to go with you anywhere ; we may be accused, but we're not found guilty. You, madame, would have shown mercy, but for him. Some day he may want some, andwhen he does may it be denied him.

ADOLPHE. Shall we not be obeyed, are you not a member of de force ?

BATTER. Yes, but I *am* so weak at the present moment you wouldn't believe.

LIZZIE. Courage ! you feel this more than we do ; you think we are innocent but we know ourselves to be so. Come, we are ready.

BATTER. I haven't the strength to collar you, I haven't indeed ; *my arms* refuse their office for they know you ought not to be walked down ; take my arm and let us go genteel. Go on, sir, the force is coming with the weaker vessels, (*music—picture, end of scene.*)

SCENE THIRD.— *A cell in the police station* L. 1 E.,  
LIZZIE and BOBBIN are thrust in by POLICEMAN, in D.F.

LIZZIE. Oh, Bobbin, you don't know how deep this disgrace sinks into my soul—the horrible walk through the street, the rude mob around us, and the unkind remarks they made, as though we were really dishonest—breaks my heart.

BOBBIN. Don't think of it, Lizzie, I am not going to let it break mine. No, this shall make it tougher than ever. I want it strong—I want it hard ! because when all this is found out, and Mounseer Froggyvoo's time comes, I don't want to feel one touch of pity for him. He's up now, and we're down. The world's always turning round, and I know we shall come out at the right end of it after all.

LIZZIE. I fancy the very street boys will point at me in the future, and call after me as I pass along—that there will always be the belief of my dishonesty in every one's mind !

BOBBIN. They'll believe wrong, then; but there are others who know us—who'll believe we never could have done it—no not to buy bread ! I know well who did it, and you heard me tell him so to his very head !

LIZZIE. And I know why he did it! I refused to accept his addresses ! I scorned—and perhaps insulted him !

BOBBIN. I hope you did—I glory in it; I wish I had been there—I'd have helped you !

LIZZIE. I'm sure we don't deserve this disgrace cast upon us—Providence has forsaken us ; we're not good enough to be cared about now!

BOBBIN. But I say we are. Is a wicked man to trample on our good name—send us to the wall, and let disgrace flatten us down? No. I don't believe it! We shall go up—haven't you seen the cork fly out of a bottle of ginger pop?

LIZZIE. We may be sent to prison for three months—think of that!

BOBBIN. Well, if we are, see what it will save us in rent! Oh, it has its advantages after all!

LIZZIE. How can you joke on such a subject ?

BOBBIN. I am sure I am not going to cry, when laughing is just as cheap !

(BATTER *is seen through little wicket in door.*

BATTER. Oh, my doves in a cage, how are you getting on ?

BOBBIN. I'm all right, but Lizzie isn't.

BATTER. I think I can pull you through, my dears.

BOBBIN. What, through that little door, do you mean?

BATTER. No, through the charge against you.

BOBBIN. }  
and } You do ?

LIZZIE. }

BATTER. Yes. Parley voo Frunsey wanted to back out

of the charge, but I said " No, you began it, and you shall go through with it."

BOBBIN. And so he shall, Mr. Batter. Speak up before the magistrate, Lizzie; give him a bit of your mind, and then I'll give him *my* opinion. This is a land of liberty—everybody is allowed to speak, and I'll do my share with the best.

BATTER. And more than your share, if it is wanted, won't you, Miss Bobbin ?

BOBBIN. I will—I'll run on like perpetual motion

BATTER. Hark ! the magistrate is taking his seat upon the bench, I shall be wanted. I'll say all I can for you.

LIZZIE. I am afraid you can say nothing, Mr. Batter.

BATTER. Never mind, I'll say it for all that. My word goes a long way with the magistrate, he's a very particular friend of mine. You'll see, I'll pull you through.

*(exit from wicket.)*

LIZZIE. The painful moment approaches. Oh, Bobbin, you don't know how degraded I feel.

BOBBIN. Degraded, indeed! For what?—because you are falsely charged! I'll bring an action for false imprisonment, and so shall you ; damages laid at a thousand pounds, and not a penny less taken.

LIZZIE. I should die without you.

BOBBIN. You shall neither die without me, or with me; together we will weather the storm, like two sprigs of flower-girls, not yet nipped in the bud.

*Enter* POLICEMAN, D.F

POLICE. Now then, come on!

BOBBIN. *(Imitating)* "Now then, come on!" that's a nice way to speak to victims of unmerited prosecution. Go on, Bobby, we'll follow thee. Lizzie, remember your namesake Queen Elizabeth, be a hero, like her and we'll astonish their cocked hats. *(exeunt, D.F.)*

SCENE FOURTH.— *Interior of Police Court.* MR. FALCON *(a magistrate)*, c. Prisoners' bar, R., witness box, L., body of court, L. c.

*All the* WORK GIRLS and MOB *discovered.* USHER OF THE COURT, MAGISTRATE'S CLERK, OFFICERS *discovered, also* BATTER.

MR. F. Bring on the next charge. Silence in the court!

*Enter POLICEMAN with LIZZIE and BOBBIN, in box, R.*

GIRLS. Cheer up Bobbin, cheer up Lizzie—you've got friends!

USHER. Silence in the court!

BOBBIN, (*in box*) Sisters and fellow countrywomen-----

MR. F. Silence prisoner—how dare you ? Who brings this charge—who is the first witness ? (MADAME FANCHON *enters the box.*) Proceed, madame, and tell us what you know of this.

GIRLS. They didn't do it!

USHER. Silence—silence!

MR. F. Well, madame, go on if you please.

MADAME F. This morning I missed a very valuable brooch from my room, and from what my clerk, Monsieur Durand, told me, I suspected the prisoners.

MR. F. Is that your property ? (*the brooch is handed*

MADAME F. It is ! (USHER *puts brooch back on table*

MR. F. (*to BOBBIN and LIZZIE*) Do you wish to ask the witness any questions?

BOBBIN. *I* do, your worship. Now, Madame Fanchon, I ask you, if all the time Lizzie and I worked for you you ever missed a sprig of flowers, or an odd half inch of wire ?

MADAME F. No, I can't say I did !

BOBBIN. There, your worship, there !

MR. F. That is not the question. Have you anything further to ask ?

BOBBIN. Now, wasn't it that Monsieur Durand that first put it into your head that we stole the brooch ?

MADAME F. He came to me and said-----

Ma. F. We will hear what he has to say from his own lips.

BOBBIN. So we will your worship—hear, hear!

GIRLS. Hear, hear!

USHER. Silence in the court!

MR. F. Have you anything further to ask the witness !

BOBBIN. No, your worship. Have you Lizzie ?

LIZZIE. I would only ask you, madame, whether, in your heart, you really believe either of us to be guilty; or whether this vile suspicion has been instilled into your mind by others ? I hope and pray you will not be hard against us: for a good name is always dear to a poor working girl.

MADAME F. What can I say ? Was not the stolen property found in your room ?

LIZZIE. Yes, and placed there by somebody else.

BOBBIN. }  
*and* } Hear, hear!  
 GIRLS. }

USHER. Silence in the court!

MR. F. [s there anything further you wish to say ?

LIZZIE. No, sir! because if I was to speak all day I don't suppose you'd think me innocent.

MR. F. I am not so sure of that; I can tell better when I have heard the other witnesses. (MADAME FANCHON *exits from box*, ADOLPHE *enters it*, all the GIRLS *groan at him*—MADAME FANCHON *sits in body of court*.)

USHER. Silence in the court!

MR. F. What is your name?

ADOLPHE. Adolphe Durand.

MR. F. Let me hear what you know of this ?

ADOLPHE. I have had my eye on de prisoners for a very long time, and I tink dey have taken many other tings.

MR. F. Confine yourself to what you *know*, never mind anything else.

ADOLPHE. Certainly I sail do so, monsieur, and speak all de truth and nothing else.

MR. F. I hope you will.

ADOLPHE. To-day I see ma'amselle Lizzie and Bobbin look about de varehouse ver much cautious, so I vatch dem ; von keep vatch, and de oder-----

MR. F. Stay ! which one kept watch ?

ADOLPHE. I—I t'ink it was ma'amselle Lizzie.

LIZZIE. I!

MR. F. You must not think—you must be sure.

ADOLPHE. Ah, yes, now I am sure, it was ma'amselle Lizzie.

MR. F. You have recovered your recollection very suddenly. Well, proceed, sir.

ADOLPHE. Lizzie keep vatch, and Bobbin came out of madame's room vid de brooch in her hand, and dey go to dere vork again quite sly, till they go home to dinner, den I tell madame.

MR. F. But why did you wait till they went home to dinner ? Why did you not inform Madame Fanchon at once of what you had seen ?

ADOLPHE. Madame vas busy, and de time pass on, but I tell her as soon as I could.

MR. F. (to BOBBIN) Do you wish to ask the witness any questions ?

BOBBIN. (to ADOLPHE) Now you know very well if you

had anything to say to madame, you had plenty of opportunities of telling her.

ADOLPHE. I say I had not—I was busy too, and de man who wastes his employer's time is not good.

BOBBIN. And the man who hides can find.

GIRLS. Well done Bobbin—bravo ! bravo !

USHER. Silence in the court.

MR. F. Did you follow the prisoners home ?

ADOLPHE. Me, monsieur ! I know not where dey live.

BATTER. (R.) Oh, come, young man, that won't do, for I saw you come out of their house just before you told me I was wanted.

ADOLPHE. Dat must have been somebody like me.

BATTER. Your twin brother perhaps ; but if so, you're very much alike, especially *you*.

MR. F. Have you anything further to say ?

ADOLPHE. No, monsieur, I have tell all I know.

BATTER. (*aside*) And a great deal more, it strikes me.

MR. F. (*to LIZZIE*) Do you wish to ask the witness any questions ?

LIZZIE. I do your worship.

BOBBIN. Give it him, Lizzie!

LIZZIE. (*to ADOLPHE*) Didn't you always insist upon forcing your society upon me ? and didn't I say I didn't like you at all—that I detested you ?

ADOLPHE. I do not remember.

LIZZIE. You *do* remember—you know it well. Did you not say that I should be sorry—that I should be punished ?

ADOLPHE. No, I did not.

BOBBIN. But I say you did ; Lizzie told me so, and I'd sooner believe her than you, any day.

MR. F. (*to MADAME FANCHON*) Did you observe the witness leave your premises before the dinner hour ?

MADAME F. Well, I certainly did, your worship, and wondered where he could be going.

ADOLPHE. (*aside*) Diable !

BOBBIN. To bait the trap he hoped we should fall into.

GIRLS. Well done, Bobbin—well done !

USHER. Silence in the court.

MR. F. I think this is a very doubtful charge ; do you wish to press it ( *to MADAME FANCHON.* )

MADAME F. No, your worship, I do not.

MR. F. Would you receive the prisoners again into your employ ?

MADAME F. Not at present; I would rather wait until

their innocence is fully proved, and perhaps that may shortly be the case.

ADOLPHE. Dat is right, madame—have nothing more to do vid dem.

MADAME F. Neither will I have anything more to do with *you*.

ADOLPHE. What you mean, madame?

MADAME F. I know you have told one falsehood, and how do I know you will not tell me more—I discharge you, never enter my house again.

MR. F. The prisoners are also discharged.

BATTER }  
and } Hooray! Hooray!  
GIRLS. }

ADOLPHE. But madame—but madame-----

MR. F. Leave the court, sir.

GLRLS. (*at ADOLPHE*) Ah hoo !—a hoo ! (*BOBBIN comes with LIZZIE from box.*)

BOBBIN. We've got the day.

LIZZIE. Don't hurry me, I can bear no more, (*faints on BOBBIN'S shoulder.*)

MR. F. Clear the court. (*GIRLS hoot ADOLPHE, they throw bundles, bonnets and shoes at him as he escapes from box. Picture.*)

END OF ACT I.

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ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Drawing-room, in the Mansion of Mr. Dacre. c, window with curtain. Doors R. and L. Bureau, L. c. Table, c, lighted lamp on it. Pen and ink on table.*

JAMES and GRACE discovered.

JAMES. Grace, how do you like master's new French valet?

GRACE. Not at all, I can't bear foreigners ; I think they're awful spiteful if you offend them.

JAMES. What's his name ?

GRACE. Adolphe Durand.

ADOLPHE. (*without, R.*) Certainly, sare, I sail see it attended to.

GRACE. Here comes monsieur.

*Enter ADOLPHE, R.*

ADOLPHE. (*to GRACE*) Ah, *bon soir*, my good friend—do

roses still stop on your cheeks ; you are blooming, *charmant!*

GRACE. Well, I can't return the compliment, for I see no roses on your cheeks.

JAMES. (*aside*) No, they look more like cauliflowers.

ADOLPHE. When Mr. Shepperly, the lawyer, come, he is to be shown in here immediately—dere is great business to be done.

JAMES. I think I know what it is—master's going to make a fresh will, I overheard as much.

GRACE. I hope he will pop us down for something.

JAMES. And master's son, young Mr. Reginald, is to be popped out of it altogether.

ADOLPHE. I am afraid he is; he went against his father, he would not obey him—dat vas bad. Ah, my friends, we should all try to be as good as we can in dis vicked world.

MR. DACRE. (*without, R.*) Adolphe!

ADOLPHE. Yes, sare! You had better go, my friends, your time is your master's, be honest in all things always—go and be good.

GRACE. He gives good advice, don't he ?

JAMES. (*aside*) He does, but as the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so the test of service is deeds not words.

(*exit with GRACE, L.*)

ADOLPHE. I slip into dis family most lucky, and wiz a most artful false caractere. My master is most rich—de diamonds he have in de house are a fortune of demselves, besides de notes he keep. Dat bureau hold somezing very good, and I must some time see what is inside him; den will I feader my nest, and fly over once more to La Belle France.

MR. D. (*without*) Adolphe, I say !

*Enter NATHANIEL DACRE and MRS. DACRE, R.*

Did you not hear me call before ?

ADOLPHE. Yes, sare, but I thought it was here you did expect I should wait for you.

MR. D. Has Mr. Shepperly, the lawyer, been ?

ADOLPHE. No, sare, he come not yet.

MR. D. When he calls send him here, directly.

ADOLPHE. Yes, sare. (*aside*) Dere is something going on to-night dat I must know all about.

(*exit, L. D.*)

MR. D. What a long, miserable day this has seemed to me.

MRS. D. And to me also, our son being away from us.

MR. D. It is no fault of mine.

MRS. D. Then forgive him, and so much greater will be the merit of your pardon.

MR. D. You ask me too much. When he returns to beg my pardon, I will forgive him, not till then.

MRS. D. Then I am afraid he will never come.

MR. D. Oh, yes he will. I have the talisman that will entice him—wealth ! and I can leave every penny as I choose, and I will. Do you forget how he insulted me—his own father ?

MRS. D. Not insulted you, Nathaniel.

MR. D. Did he not sneer at all merchants as a mere money-getting crew of speculators? Can I forget that insult—and from my own son ? No, no, he must beg my pardon—not I his.

MRS. D. You are very stern, Nathaniel.

MR. D. And he is very obstinate; don't let us talk any more of this. I am going into my study, and if the lawyer comes let me be sent for at once, for the business I have in contemplation must and shall be settled to-night.

*(exit, L.)*

MRS. D. He will disinherit Reginald, our only son. All his childhood I feared to lose him—he is my last and only one. Better, perhaps, would it have been if child and mother had died together!

*Enter REGINALD, window, c.*

REGINALD. Mother!

MRS. D. Who's there?

REGINALD. *(advancing)* Reginald.

MRS. D. Reginald! Oh, my son, do we meet at last? It is a whole year since I saw you.

REGINALD. Where is father ? I don't want him to see me. I am not going to let him humble me.

MRS. D. Don't talk so, Reginald. I wish I could see you in a calmer state of mind ; you look pale and anxious.

REGINALD. I've had hard times ; lived in a garret, and scribbled for a little better than dry bread, so no wonder.

MRS. D. Then while you are here make some concession to your father—he is getting old now.

REGINALD. Never. I'd rather go on as I am—he'll come round at last; there's no other son to take my place.

MRS. D. Don't be too sure of his relenting—he grows sterner than ever, and if he knew you were here speaking to me, and refusing to see him, I dread to think of what

the consequences might be. How did you get into the house ?

REGINALD. I climbed over the garden wall, as I used to do many a time when a boy.

MRS. D. I hope none of the servants saw you ?

REGINALD. Only Grace; but she and I were always good friends—I know she'll say nothing.

*Enter GRACE, L.*

GRACE. Sir, master is coming.

REGINALD. Thank you, Grace, (*exit GRACE, L.*) I'll get out of the way. I'll go in your room, for I wish to see you again.

MRS. D. No ; he will be sure to go in and see you.

REGINALD. I'll go back into the garden, then.

MRS. D. It's too late, I hear his step—he's here.

REGINALD. This must do, then, (*hides behind window curtains.*)

*Re-enter MR. DACRE, L.*

MR. D. I wish the lawyer would come. I don't feel myself to-night. I worked hard when I was young, and it is beginning to tell on me now.

MRS. D. Keep up your spirits, Nathaniel, for what would become of me without you ?

MR. D. What, do you love the old tyrant still ?

MRS. D. I never called you a tyrant—but I love Reginald, and if he were only here, you could rest again. If Reginald was to come in now and offer to do as you advise, you'd welcome him, would you not ?

MR. D. When he obeys my commands I'll welcome him, not before.

MRS. D. (*takes his hand*) Don't agitate yourself in this manner—you are feverish.

MR. D. Feverish ! My veins are running ice. Have a fire lighted in my bed-room—I shall not sit up late to-night; see about it at once. I'd rather see the lawyer alone.

MRS. D. Husband ! I pray you in this business be just to Reginald, if you are not generous.

MR. D. I will be *just*—so leave me, without further argument.

MRS. D. I am going, Nathaniel. (*exit, R. D.*)

MR. D. I don't believe in presentiments or else I should fancy some evil threatened me.

*Enter JAMES, L. D.*

JAMES. Mr. Shepperly. sir.

MR. D. Don't be out of the way if I should ring for you and Adolphe.

JAMES. No, sir. (*exit, L. D.—returns, showing MR. SHEPPERLY.*)

MR. D. Sit down, Mr. Shepperly.

MR. S. (*sits L. of table*) A fine evening, sir?

MR. D. (*sits R. of table*) It is cold, I think.

MR. S. I like the cold ; but perhaps you are not well, sir?

MR. D. No, I am ill. Shepperly, I have a presentiment that I am going to die very soon. Do you believe in presentiments ? (*music tremulous during the following.*)

MR. S. I believe in indigestion! Bah ! there is no such thing! Calamities come upon us, for the most part, like thunder-claps.

MR. D. I have heard stories that seem to prove the contrary—one of a traveller who, sleeping at a lonely inn, felt so sure that some one was in the room, that he arose three times to search it, he found no one there, and went to sleep, while all the time in an old press, which was bolted on the inside, some one was waiting to murder him.

MR. S. You want a pill. But I suppose you didn't send for me on purpose to tell me this ?

MR. D. No, I sent for you that I might tell you I have made my will. Here it is. (*gives it.*)

MR. S. A very sensible thing, no one dies any the sooner for doing it, though many think they do.

MR. D. I am a very rich man, and hoped that when I died my son would carry on the business, and Dacre and Son would not cease to exist with me ; but my son insulted me—my success, and pride in business were flung in my teeth to follow in my steps would be a degradation—I told him to leave my house ; he left it—that is twelve months ago, and I have not seen him since. You can, perhaps, guess what I mean to do ?

MR. S. To disinherit him, I suppose ?

MR. D. I do.

REGINALD, (*aside, looking out*) I thought so.

MR. S. You are fixed on this ?

MR. D. I am; don't attempt to dissuade me from it.

MR. S. Very good ; we shall require two witnesses.

MR. D. I have them ready, (*rings.*)

*Enter JAMES and ADOLPHE, L.D.*

MR. S. Will you notice Mr. Dacre sign, if you please ?  
(MR. DACRE *signs*) Now, if you please, (*they sign.*)

MR. D. (*gives bank-notes to each*) That is for your trouble also for your secrecy as regards this matter ? Speak not of this to anyone—no thanks, not a word—go !

*(exeunt ADOLPHE and JAMES, L. D.)*

MR. S. Do you desire me to take charge of this will ?

MR. D. No, I will keep it myself; but I desire you to know the place of its concealment, (*goes to cabinet*) Look here, Mr. Shepperly, (*touches a spring, the doors fly open*) this cabinet I bought of a Frenchman, who had been a Government spy, it has a couple of secret drawers, (*re-enter ADOLPHE, L. D., he hides behind chair*) Here with bonds, cheques, diamonds and jewels, will I put my will; you only know where to find it. If I do not destroy it, here it will be found at my death—or here it may be hidden for ever, if I would have it so. (*closes door*) Will you take some refreshment before you go ? A glass of sherry at least, or some supper ?

MR. S. No thank you; a man who needs a cool head must beware of late suppers and late wine. Good-night, Mr. Dacre ; to-morrow I'll look in with the hope of finding you better. Good-night, sir. *(exit, L. D.)*

DACRE. Good-night, Mr. Shepperly. So, then, that is done, and my mind is more at ease. *(exit, a. D.)*

REGINALD. (*comes down*) Now, I know my fate. If I take the will, it is very likely the theft may never be discovered; or, if it is, who can lay it to me ? My mother will never betray my presence here. Must I be a beggar because my notions do not chime in with my father's ? The doors open easily, and by gliding my hand along the inside I may touch the secret spring. (*ADOLPHE blows out lamp—lights down*) The light extinguished, but I can tell the paper by the feel, if I can touch it. (*brings out the will*) I have it—yes, this must be it. (*places it in breast pocket.*)

ADOLPHE. (*aside*) Indeed! den he must not take it away. (*seizes REGINALD, and in the struggle obtains the will unknown to him.*)

REGINALD. Who is there ? Let me go—let me go. (*struggles—ADOLPHE takes out dagger, attempts to wound REGINALD—REGINALD wrenches it from him, ADOLPHE falls as if wounded; REGINALD drops dagger*) Oh, horror! it may be my father I have wounded, perhaps killed ! and I may

be arrested as his murderer. Oh, unlucky chance—ac-cursed meeting ! *(exit c. at window.)*

ADOLPHE. *(rises)* Ha, ha! my *ruse* succeeded. He tinks ho has killed his own fader—good. I sail profit out of dis. Vere is my poniard ? I must find dat, or it may tell tales against me. *(finds it)* I have him, and now dis is mine—*(shows will)* I must have vat jewels are in dat cabinet, and den my fortune is quite made, *(goes to cabinet)* Diable ! I cannot find de spring !

*Enter MAT BARKINS, C, with dark lantern.*

MAT. Some good Christian has been kind enough not to fasten the window, and that saves a poor man a deal of trouble. Hollo ! I've got opposition in my line—his back's towards me ; I wish I could see his face, just to know if he's a pal or not. *(hides under table.)*

ADOLPHE. How unlucky dis delay—I can't find him at all.

*Enter MR. DACRE, with lighted candle, R. door.*

DACRE. I heard a noise as if some persons were quarrel-ling here. Adolphe—villain ! you are robbing me. *(seizes him.)*

ADOLPHE. Let me go.

DACRE. Never, villain ! Help, help !

MAT. *(aside, looking out)* Here's a row! I shall be nailed too!

ADOLPHE. Be silent—let me go, and I'll not harm you.

DACRE. No, rascal! you shall be given up to justice. Help! help, I say !

ADOLPHE. Then let this silence you. *(stabs him—he falls—goes to cabinet.)*

MAT. *(goes to ADOLPHE)* Here, I must have a bit out of this. Why, it is my old pal the mounseer !

ADOLPHE. Vat Mathew Barkin !

MAT. The very same, and not lagged or scragged yet.

ADOLPHE. Hush! not so loud. Do you still live in de same place?

MAT. Yes. *(murmurs heard.)*

ADOLPHE. Diable ! de house is alarmed! Go—I will see you to-morrow.

MAT. Honour among thieves ?

ADOLPHE. Yes, yes.

MAT. I'm off while I am safe. *(exit at window c.)*

ADOLPHE. I sail be seen, *(blows out light)* I must no longer stop. *(exit, L. D.)*

*Enter MRS. DACRE, R. D.*

MRS. D. Are you here, Nathaniel? Is anything the matter?

DACRE. Yes, some villain struck me down; I am dying.

MRS. D. Help! murder! help!

*Enter ADOLPHE, with light, L. D.*

ADOLPHE. For mercy sake—what is the matter?

MRS. D. My husband—see, he has been cruelly murdered!

ADOLPHE. Poor gentleman—ah who can have done this? Friends, I pray you come this way and see what dreadful sight is here!

*Enter JAMES, GRACE, and SERVANTS. L. D.*

MRS. D. Search the grounds, the murderer may not have left them, (*aside*) What horrid thought is this? Son and father may have met. (*stops them from going c.*) No, no—keep back! Not this way, not this way; he could not have passed out here—not here, no, no! (*exits, fainting, by window; tableau of surprise.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Garden wall and country lane.*

*Enter REGINALD, R.*

REGINALD. What have I done? Was it really my father? No, the grasp was too strong, and yet who else could it be? A knife was a dangerous weapon to use in the dark. I am not wounded, but did I wound him? Is there blood upon me? No; then perhaps whoever it was, fell to the ground with fright. But the will! he may miss it and make another. What shall I do with it? (*discovers the loss*) Gone! I must have dropped it. Dare I return to search for it? Shall I venture? Yes, anything is worth risking to secure the will which dooms me to a beggar's lot.

*Enter MRS. DACRE, R.*

REGINALD. I am here, mother.

MRS. D. Don't touch me—don't call me mother—don't come near me. Oh, Reginald, how I have loved you, but it is over now. You are my son, so I will not tell them what I know, How can I ever look at you? I left you in the room to witness the making of a will—a will that disinherited you; it is gone, and your poor father is dead.

REGINALD. And do you think I killed him?

MRS. D. You went to take the will—it was that which caused it.

REGINALD. Mother, I swear I had no words with my father. Do you think I would have raised a hand against him? It is true I took the will, and at that moment a knife was raised against my life; there was a scuffle, a fall, and I fled from the house. If my poor father has met his death it is by pure accident, and not by the hand of his wretched son.

MRS. D. I would give my life to believe this—prove it somehow, Reginald.

REGINALD. How can I? Were we not alone—in the dark, and has not death sealed the lips of my father? Oh, mother, I am not the wretch you take me for. By my visit to the house this night I have profited nothing, for the will I took to destroy is lost.

MRS. D. Lost!

REGINALD. Yes, I must have dropped it when I left the house.

MRS. D. I do not care for the loss of the fortune. Come, I will believe you—at least, I will try. Come, come.

REGINALD. I am ready. *(exeunt R.)*

*Enter BATTER, LIZZIE, and BOBBIN, L.*

BATTER. *(wipes away a tear)* But I must give way. Ever since that unfounded confounded charge could you get any work?—No. Could you get everybody to believe you innocent?—No. Could I a-bear to see it?—No. Could I get you into situations?—No. Would they have you as policeman?—No. Very well, then, I must give way—I must discharge my tears, or I shall bust out of my uniform.

BOBBIN. Don't spoil your uniform—that would be a pity.

BATTER. It would, for I should have to pay for it. I must say good-bye now, for I've got to go on duty—England expects every man to do his duty, and so does the inspector.

LIZZIE. We owe you a deep debt of gratitude.

BATTER. No, you don't—you owe me nothing; and you've paid me. Don't let anything make you go wrong; I know you were innocent, so be so still—don't let'em take you into custody, and in the hour of black misfortune remember you have a friend in blue. Adoo, adoo, adoo!

*(exit L., crying.)*

LIZZIE. Poor fellow. What shall we do?

BOBBIN. Our names have got talked about in all the workshops. Well, we must live somehow.

LIZZIE. They must want flower-makers in the large towns, as well as they do in London ; then let us go into the country—I know that wicked Frenchman has turned the trade against us.

BOBBIN. Well, look here—the station's close by; I'll go and see how far, and how much it is by rail to the next great town. I think we have got money enough to run to it, and perhaps we may be able to start to-night. I won't be long ; just observe how quick Bobbin is bobbing off.

*(exit R.)*

LIZZIE. We are both orphans—uncared for, unloved. I did think I was loved once, and I could have loved him in return, but let him go—those who are not worth remembering ought easily to be forgotten.

*Re-enter BOBBIN, crying, R.*

BOBBIN. Oh, dear ! oh, lor! I've lost it—I've lost—it's gone.

LIZZIE. What do you mean ?

BOBBIN. I've lost all the money, purse and all.

LIZZIE. Never !

BOBBIN. I have, I have—seventeen and fourpence half-penny, a thimble, three needles, and best part of a ball of cotton—oh, oh!

LIZZIE. Lost *my* money and all!

BOBBIN. Yes, I put it along of mine. Oh, dear ! oh, I'm ruined—I'm dead, and wish I wasn't alive.

LIZZIE. This last blow will crush us to the ground.

BOBBIN. It will, and I'm the crusher. I know it was safe the last time I had it—oh, oh, oh !

LIZZIE. I feel sick at heart, and hopeless now.

BOBBIN. I must have dropped it somewhere ; let me go back and look—oh, oh! I mustn't cry, or else I can't see, yet I can't help it—oh, oh ! *(goes off, looking on the ground and crying, L.)*

LIZZIE. All one's ill fortune comes at once—I feel I can bear this no longer. Oh, if I was only at the bottom of yonder river all my troubles would soon be over. Why should I hesitate ? I have no father, no mother, no friend but poor Bobbin, and she will get on much better without me ; so welcome Death, you shall rid me of weary life—now, before I give myself time to think—now, now!

*(rushes of, R. I E.)*

*Enter MILFORD WHARTON, L.*

MILFORD. Why, what's that girl running off at that pace for? She makes for the water-side, but if she jumps in I'll jump in after her. (*rushes off—returns with LIZZIE*) You've had a very narrow escape. Do you know what you were about to do?

LIZZIE. Why did you stay me? All my troubles would have been over by this time.

MILFORD. My poor girl, your troubles would have just begun. It is only for life that we have troubles here, but beyond the grave it is for eternity. Have you no home—no friends?

LIZZIE. Only one, and I am a drag to her. I'll leave you now.

MILFORD. No, not with that crazed look upon your face, you must be calmer before I let you go.

*Enter BOBBIN, L.*

BOBBIN. I haven't got it,—Hollo, who's got you?

MILFORD. I have, she was about to commit suicide and I prevented her.

BOBBIN. Make away with herself in a *felonious felo de see* sort of manner?

MILFORD. Yes, about to jump into yonder river.

BOBBIN. What you, Lizzie?

LIZZIE. Don't be afraid, I'll never be so wicked again. I shall never forget how good you've been to save my life.

MILFORD. Enough, I'll trust you.

BOBBIN. I wish someone would trust me with board and lodging till I can get work again.

MILFORD. What, *you* are not deficient in hope, then?

BOBBIN. No; I am deficient in seventeen and fourpence halfpenny, a thimble, three needles, and best part of a ball of cotton.

MILFORD. Have you been robbed? do you know who did it?

BOBBIN. I can't tell, sir; all I know I have lost my little store that was to have taken us far away.

MILFORD. And what were you going far away for?

BOBBIN. If you please we've been falsely accused on *consumptive* evidence of stealing what we didn't take; we're poor artificial flower-makers, and when our innocence was proved, we couldn't get work, we thought it

better to go where nobody knew us ; but we've lost the means, and now can neither stay here or go anywhere else.

MILFORD. Humph, something must be done for you.

BOBBIN. I think we have been done for quite enough.

MILFORD. (*to LIZZIE*) What is your name, my dear?

LIZZIE. Elizabeth Lyle.

MILFORD. And yours ?

BOBBIN. Bobbin.

MILFORD. Is that your Christian or surname ?

BOBBIN. Both, sir.

MILFORD. That's impossible.

BOBBIN. Nobody calls me nothing else, though I believe Bobinette Bobins is my right one.

MILFORD. You amaze me in speaking that name.

BOBBIN. It has amazed others, that's why they called me Bobbin.

MILFORD. Why your father's name was Robin Robins?

BOBBIN. It was ; but how did you come to know that ?

MILFORD. You had a brother ?

BOBBIN. I had. but he's dead.

MILFORD. But he is not dead.

BOBBIN. He must be, for he wrote to say he was.

MILFORD. But now he tells you he is alive, for I am that brother!

BOTH. You !

MILFORD. Yes, who left you when a child, and now returned to England, rich and prosperous.

BOBBIN. What do you say, are you rich ?

MILFORD. I do.

BOBBIN. Then I'm sure you're my brother, (*embrace*) Oh, how glad I am to see you—Lizzie I have lost seventeen and fourpence halfpenny, a thimble, three needles, and a ball of cotton, but I have found a brother.

MILFORD. Yes, and you shall bid adieu to flower-making for ever.

BOBBIN. I am afraid I am in a dream, pinch me.

MILFORD. No dream but a reality, both your distresses are over, for next to my sister's welfare—(*to LIZZIE*) I will console you.

LIZZIE. Oh, sir, what can I say; from the depths of despair you raise me to a pinnacle of joy.

BOBBIN. Heartsease and roses are now the real natural flowers we shall enjoy for the future.

MILFORD. Come home with me, one roof shall shelter my sister and her friend. (*exeunt L.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The drawing room, as before.*

REGINALD DACRE, *discovered, seated.*

REGINALD. Had I been more considerate my father would have been alive. Oh, how my conscience will keep whispering to my heart, this is all thy doing.

*Enter ADOLPHE, L. D.*

What is it you want ?

ADOLPHE. Von little vord in your ear, suppose de will of your fader is found.

REGINALD. (*aside*) What does he mean ?

ADOLPHE. Suppose de will leaves all de property to a Charity, and leaves monsieur just nothing; suppose someone see monsieur steal de will. I see you struggle vid your fader, and you drop de will; you strike your fader down vid some weapon you carry and you escape.

REGINALD. It is false, I had no weapon, I did not strike my father down.

ADOLPHE. If I tell all I know, who vill believe you did not ? I see you come here, I see you conceal yourself—I pick up the vill! If I speak, not only poverty—but de scaffold for de murderer of his fader.

REGINALD. (*aside*) I feel convinced this man is the murderer, how can I prove it? If I denounce him he will produce the will! What can I do, must I make terms with the villain ?

ADOLPHE. Does monsieur desire my friendship ?

REGINALD. Friendship between us! Be plain, how much do you demand ?

ADOLPHE. I demand to share all vid monsieur, he sail make me his friend, den I vill not speak of a vill that leaves all to a charity. I must be your friend, not your enemy, for if I am dat, avay goes de fortune, avay goes your life.

REGINALD. (*aside*) What can I do ?

ADOLPHE. Monsieur desires time to reflect, he sail have a little time, (*goes up.*)

REGINALD. (*aside*) I feel that I could brave all, if it were not for my mother's sake, it would kill her. I must make terms with him, and if he is the murderer, I may gain time to consider the means by which the villain may be-convicted.

ADOLPHE. (*coming down*) Has monsieur considered ?

REGINALD. I consent, for you know I am in your power.  
*(aside)* Let me control myself till the proper time comes.

*Enter JAMES, L. D.*

JAMES. Mr. Milford Wharton, sir, wishes to see you.

REGINALD. Show him in. *(exit L. D.)*

ADOLPHE. *(aside)* Diable ! I did live with dat man once,  
 and did very much rob him. I must keep my face out of  
 de vay. *(ADOLPHE goes up.)*

*Enter MILFORD, L. door.*

MILFORD. My dear Reginald, I have heard of your great  
 loss and have come to offer you what comfort I can ; your  
 poor father came to an untimely end ?

REGINALD. He did indeed.

MILFORD. Have you any clue to his murderer.

REGINALD. No, not yet, but I do not despair of having  
 one at some future time.

ADOLPHE. Indeed, ve sail see. *(aside, steals off L. door.)*

REGINALD. You have come to reside in England perma-  
 nently I hear.

MILFORD. Yes, for while you have lost a father, I have  
 found a sister!

REGINALD. What her you have searched for so long ?

MILFORD. Yes, long sought for, but found at last.

REGINALD. Where have you left your sister ?

MILFORD. She is waiting in the hall with two friends.

REGINALD. Shall I send for them here ?

MILFORD. Not just now, I wish to see your mother alone.

REGINALD. Come then, we shall soon join them.

*(exeunt R. D.)*

*Enter BATTER, swellishly dressed, LIZZIE and BOBBIN in  
 fashionable dresses, L. door.*

BOBBIN. I don't think there's respect enough shown us ;  
 we're not common flower-makers now, we're ladies.

BATTER. I'm a gentleman now, made so by you. Didn't  
 I always say I should be taken notice of by a lady of for-  
 tune ?

BOBBIN. But whoever could have thought that could  
 have been me ?

LIZZIE. *(to BATTER)* I know you have a corner in her  
 heart.

BATTER. Oh, if I've got a corner in it, I don't despair  
 some day of being able to occupy the entire beat.

*Re-enter ADOLPHE, L. D.*

ADOLPHE. I do not see here de man I dread to meet. I suppose he have gone—good, good.

LIZZIE. That man here ?

ADOLPHE. Yes, I am, and why for not ?

BOBBIN. Why its Froggyvoo !

ADOLPHE. Come, let us be friends.

LIZZIE. No, sir, thank you ; when I was poor you were my foe, but now I have protectors I defy you.

BOBBIN. *I'm* able to take care of her now, you would have ruined our characters, but in spite of all your villainy the poor flower-makers are still in full bloom.

LIZZIE. (*to ADOLPHE*) What brings you beneath the same roof with honest people ? they shall know from me your true character.

BOBBIN. Let's ring the bell, and have him turned out.

LIZZIE. Are you Mr. Reginald Dacre's servant ?

ADOLPHE. *Oui*, and his master if he do not mind.

LIZZIE. This is the house, then ?

ADOLPHE. As long as he is civil, and ven he is not I will turn him out.

LIZZIE. Oh, why did you bring me here? Reginald will think I have sought him to renew our acquaintance. What terrible secret is there between him and this man ?

ADOLPHE. Ven I am wanted I am to be found here; *au revoir*; all who wish to know I refer dem to Monsieur Reginald, de wealthy heir of his poor late fader.

*(exit L. D.)*

BOBBIN. Mr. Batter, don't this seem very strange ?

BATTER. It batters me up altogether.

*Enter REGINALD, R. D.*

REGINALD. Oh, Lizzie, I have often thought of you ; but I am sorry that we do not meet under happier circumstances.

BOBBIN. You didn't come to help her when she was in trouble, and that's the time to prove who are friends and who are not; he despises the poor flower-maker now, I suppose.

REGINALD. No, I do not despise her, I love her still; when she was unjustly accused I came to this house to procure money that I might provide legal assistance, but what happened on that fatal night prostrated me in mind and body ; I can only ask your pardon for the light manner

I spoke of you ; I can freely offer you my hand now, a home in my heart, a share in my fortune.

BOBBIN. (*aside to her*) Take 'em such things don't go a begging every day; Bobbins and I will go and see how the weather is—come along, Mr. Batter, we're in the way.

BATTER. In course we are.

BOBBIN. One and one make two—two makes a pair—two pairs make four—take two from four and two remain. Come along. (*exeunt BOBBIN and BATTER, L.*)

LIZZIE. Mr. Dacre, there is some strange mystery here. Why is that base man in your house—can you be friends with him ?

REGINALD. Friends with him ? never.

*Enter ADOLPHE, L. D., he listens.*

LIZZIE. Then if he is your servant, why not discharge him at once ?

ADOLPHE. (*aside*) Dat's vhere de shoe pinches.

LIZZIE. Do you know how he persecuted me—how he has sworn falsely against me ?

REGINALD. Yes, Lizzie, I know all.

LIZZIE. Then if you have the regard for me that you profess, rid yourself of him, scorn the company of a perjured villain.

ADOLPHE. (*aside*) Ah! how I vill wring your heart for dis.

LIZZIE. You are silent—if you are in any difficulty with regard to this man, why not seek advice from Mr. Whar-ton—his clear judgment may aid you.

REGINALD. (*aside*) I will ask his advice ; tell him all, and brave the worst—come Lizzie.

*(exeunt REGINALD and LIZZIE, R. D.)*

ADOLPHE. It seems as if he had made up his mind to some plan. Bah! what can he do ? If he defies me he vill only find himself a beggar, with a murderer's doom hanging over him.

*Enter JAMES L. D.*

JAMES. Mr. Adolphe, here's a fellow asking for you.

ADOLPHE. Vat is his name ?

JAMES. He says it is Mr. Matthew Barkin, and you know him well.

ADOLPHE. So I do, send him in.

JAMES. Send him *in*—send him out you mean. Why Mr. Reginald would-----

ADOLPHE. (*snaps fingers*) Dat for Mr. Reginald, I care not for him, my friend sail come in.

*Enter MAT BARKIN, L. D., flashily dressed.*

MAT. Hear, hear ! that's what I says, and in I am!

ADOLPHE. Some vine, I say.

JAMES. You may say it, but I am not going to bring it.

ADOLPHE. You are not?

JAMES. No, I am not.

ADOLPHE. Then from this house you sail go at vonce.  
Ve vill see—ve vill see. *(exit, L. D.)*

JAMES. What, has he really the power to get me discharged? perhaps he has—and without a character too ! I'll go and see missus, and find what all this means, *(exit L. D.)*

MAT. My pal seems high cockalorum jig here, and I can well guess why—it's by reason of the paper I hold—the will—I don't blame the mounseer's confiding it to me, for what wouldn't his master give to get hold of it, but he won't. No, no, it's safely hidden in my secret crib, and is a bird in the hand that shall hatch us many golden eggs.

*Re-enter JAMES with wine, L. D.*

JAMES. I spoke to master, and he said "yes, give them rope enough"—that's just what I'd like to give 'm. *(aside)*

MAT. Now then, put it down, will you.

JAMES. Oh yes, I'll put it down, and so will you, no doubt.

MAT. Trust me for that.

JAMES. *(aside)* I wouldn't trust you with a secondhand toothpick, as far as I am concerned. I'll go and tell 'em to have the spoons locked up. *(exit L. D.)*

MAT. *(drinks)* My luck's looking up, and its plain I can be up. I have but to put the screw on whenever I like, he has only to put it on somebody else, and there we are tiled in for life, as safe as bricks.

*Re-enter ADOLPHE, L. D.*

ADOLPHE. Ha, ba! you see I am somebody here.

MAT. So it seems, we have both got into a good thing.

ADOLPHE. *(sits at table R.)* I tink we have got Monsieur Reginald between us—you have dat will safe ?

MAT. Safe—why it's stowed away, where not a soul knows of it but myself.

ADOLPHE. Good! Because you see my dear friend, the world is ver vicked ; Reginald might tink, by getting rid of me, he might get rid of de only von who knows of do vill, and ven I am rid of, he has only to search my room or my pockets to find de vill and destroy him ; but

no, no, if I come to harm, *you* step in— *you* will be as great a thorn in his side as *I* am. I sail tell him dat, and den perhaps I may remain sate.

MAT. But what's to prevent him putting me out of the way as well as you, when he finds I have got him under my thumb.

ADOLPHE. Dat is vat I vant to tell you. (*takes out vial*) Look at this—it is poison—it has no colour, it has no taste, three drops of dis in any liquid will kill him ; veil, suppose I am no more, he vill tink he is safe—ten you must come on de *tapis*—send for him to your house—let him know you know as much as I do, and dat you mean to take my place.

MAT. (*points to vial*) What has that to do with it.

ADOLPHE. He may wish to buy de vill of you—you agree to dis—ask a good price—have de money paid down—give him de vill—den you must propose a parting glass. You somehow pour one, two, three leetle drops of dis into his glass and he vill die—so you vill steal de vill, and de money he shall pay you to boot—take it. (*gives phial*).

MAT. It is a scheme worthy the devil himself.

ADOLPHE. Aha, if men vill make foes with Adolphe Durand, dey must prepare for de worst. Drink my good friend, (*drinks*.)

MAT. No more of wine, I'm not used to it.

ADOLPHE. Ah ! you prefer eau-de-vie, de brandy.

MAT. Yes, that's my drink.

ADOLPHE. And you sail have him, a bottle of  best, I know where to find him, de pure cognac. Patience a moment or two, and it sail be here. (*exit, L. D.*)

MAT. Why, here's a chance I've got; I've two pulls, one on the master and one on my pal the Frenchman. But suppose he and the young master make it up and become friends, I'm bowled out then. I shan't be wanted, I may be told to go to the devil. Why shouldn't *I* be number one instead of him, he has no friends, he wouldn't be missed—people would think he had committed suicide to escape from being arrested. I'll be number one—(*looks at vial*)—he meant this for others—let's see how he'd like it himself—(*pours it in glass*)—three drops he said—there they are then, he placed the means within my hands—ah, only just in time, for I hear him coming.

*Re-enter ADOLPHE with bottle, L. door, fills glass of wine.*

ADOLPHE. I drink your health.

MAT. You couldn't do better.

ADOLPHE. I have put you into a good thing.

MAT. (*aside*) And so have I you. (*pours out brandy*) I wish you luck.

ADOLPHE. So do I you. (*drinks*) I am sorry you like not dis wine, you get not the same sort every day.

MAT. (*aside*) No more do you. I'll go, for who knows how soon the poison may begin to work, (*aloud, rising*) I am going.

ADOLPHE. So soon.

MAT. I've got to see two or three pals—we understand, each other. Why need I stop any longer ?

ADOLPHE. Stay as long as you please, for I am master here.

MAT. I'll drop in another time.

ADOLPHE. To-morrow come and see me.

MAT. I will—(*aside*) there will be no to-morrow for you.

ADOLPHE. You are going ?

MAT. I am, (*aside*) and you're as good as gone.

ADOLPHE. Remember, you must be silent, so must I.

MAT. Silent as death; farewell (*aside*) and for ever.

(*exit, L. D.*)

ADOLPHE. What a good friend he is mine, he will stand by me to the last, and if Reginald escape me he will not escape him. Aha ! we've got him tight, (*lights cigar.*)

*Enter* REGINALD, L. D.

REGINALD. The fellow is making a very tavern of the house—I must offer him an allowance to keep away from me.

ADOLPHE. (*rising*) Ah, *mon ami!* A penny for your thoughts—are dey sweet or are dey bitter—dare you tell me we are not friends ?

REGINALD. Friends! We hate each other, and you know it. You have me in your power, and I must pay you your price ; there, let the matter rest, you do not know me yet, there are times when I feel dangerous—don't drive me to desperation for your own sake.

ADOLPHE. I also am dangerous and vill let you see I am your equal. I see you have become great friends with Ma'amselle Lizzie—you tink to make her your vife, now dat shall not be so—for I mean to marry her myself.

REGINALD. You!

ADOLPHE. Yes, and I vill do it—if she refuse me—I vill publish her all over de town, the flower maker who vas

taken up as a tief—I'll swear she vas guilty—I vill get others to swear it too.

REGINALD. Villain! (*seizes him.*)

ADOLPHE. *Murderer*—shall I call you dat; shall I rid myself of you, for I can—let me go.

REGINALD. Rascal! (*throws him off.*)

ADOLPHE. Hard words break no bones, I drink to de health of my new bride, de fair Lizzie, (*raises glass, starts*) Ha! vat was dat—somezing seemed to strike my heart like a poniard, it vas only one littel spasm—von glass more will cure him. (*drinks.*)

REGINALD. (*aside*) Oh, for some way to rid myself of him.

*Enter JAMES, with letter, L. D.*

JAMES. That rascal who was here, gave me this note for you directly, he put it in my hands at the street door, and was off again as though a policeman was at his heels.

(*exit, L. D.*)

REGINALD, (*reads*) " Sir,—Don't fear the Frenchman, the poison he meant for you, he has taken himself, it is in the wine he is drinking. *I've* got your late father's will, it is you and I must come to terms now; you will soon hear further from a friend." Oh, horror, what have I learnt ?

ADOLPHE. Your news seems to please you not. I wish you better luck, (*about to drink.*)

REGINALD. (*seizes his arm*) Hold !

ADOLPHE. Not I—do you grudge your liquor ?—it is too late.

REGINALD. Too late indeed, for death is in the glass.

ADOLPHE. (*starts*) Death, ha! ha ! is it dat feeling dat runs like ice, and then like fire through my heart—you mnst have done this.

REGINALD. No, not I, your friend; read this, (*gives letter.*)

ADOLPHE. (*looks over letter*) It is not true—and yet, why is this burning torture ? (*staggers against table.*)

REGINALD. The man is dying—James quick, fetch a doctor here—quick ! (*calls L. D.*)

ADOLPHE. I'm tricked—trapped—I lose all.

*Re-enter LIZZIE, BOBBIN, BATTER, MRS. DACRE, and GRACE, L. D.*

BOBBIN. Oh, look at Froggy now, he's turning blue.

REGINALD. (*to MRS. DACRE*) Mother, the power of retribution is in this, that man has met his doom at the hands of his villainous accomplice,—he is poisoned.

OMNES. Poisoned!

ADOLPHE. Oh, save me, I am not fit to die ; see de old man, I kill him, and now he bid me follow him ; keep him off, keep him off, I must not die, I cannot, he hare -.me now—let me go—let me go, off—off ! (*falls dead.*)

REGINALD. (*stooping over him*) The man is dead!

OMNES. Dead! (*Tableau of surprise.*)

END OF ACT II.

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ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Drawing-room, as before.*

REGINALD and MRS. DACRE *seated at table.*

REGINALD. We are now rid of our chief enemy; the villain who would have brought me down to his own level, has been laid low himself. You surely do not now believe my father met his death at my hands ?

MRS. D. I do not, Reginald, for my eyes are opened to the villany of that man.

*Enter JAMES, L. D.*

JAMES. Mathew Barkin would see you, sir.

REGINALD. Show him in. Every man has his price; I must see what this man values himself at.

*Enter MAT BARKIN, L. D.*

MAT. Good day, ma'am—good day, sir. I suppose you can guess what I've called about ?

REGINALD. A certain document, I suppose ?

MAT. Right you are.

REGINALD. You come to make terms as to giving it up ?

MAT. Right you are again ; are you willing to deal ?

REGINALD. Perfectly ; name your price.

MAT. I want to get away from this country. I shall settle down in a foreign land, become respectable, live on the fruits of my industry, and turn religious.

REGINALD. Well, you will not be the first knave who has done this to suit his purpose. Come to the point.

MAT. If you please.

REGINALD. What sum do you require for the will ?

MAT. It's as good as giving it to you— five hundred pounds.

REGINALD. (*aside*) It's less than half what I expected.

MAT. (*aside*) He bites!

REGINALD. (*to* MRS. DACRE) Shall we not rid ourselves of this man, obtain the will, and then set him at defiance?

MRS. D. Yes, I will fetch the money for you. (*exit*, R. D.)

REGINALD. You do wisely in quitting the country, for villain as that man was, you really murdered him.

MAT. Nobody knows that but you, and if I thought there was danger of being bowled out, I would swear you set me on to do it, and the reason you had for putting the Frenchman out of the way. I'm no hypocrite, but an honest, fair-dealing man.

*He-enter* MRS. DACRE, *with notes*, R.

MRS. D. There is the money, now let this business be settled for ever.

REGINALD. Come, the will ?

MAT. Now do you really think I am such a fool ? why I might lose it, or some dishonest persons might take advantage of me and steal it.

REGINALD. How am I to get it then ?

MAT. You'll have to come with me to Field-lane, *contagious* to Mutton-hill.

MRS. D. No, Reginald, don't go.

MAT. Oh, very well, if it's not worth fetching it's not worth having, (*going*.)

REGINALD. Stay! (*to her*) Don't be alarmed, you see it is necessary that I should go.

MRS. D. But had you not better take some one with you.

REGINALD. How can I, without their knowing what I wish to be kept secret ?

MRS. D. True, true.

MAT. Now then, if you're coming, 'cause my time's valuable, I've got two dog-fights and a rat-killing match to come on.

REGINALD. Good-bye for the present; don't fear for me I know how to take care of myself. I am ready.

MAT. Come along, then.

(*exeunt* MAT and REGINALD, L. D.)

MRS. D. I can do nothing, but hope for his safety and pray for his return.

*Enter* BATTER, L. D.

BATTER. Beg pardon, is Mr. Reginald here ?

MRS. D. He has just left the house, I wonder you didn't meet him.

BATTER. I wanted to meet him, because I've seen a man watching the house, who's no good; and mischief follows wherever he goes.

MRS. D. Do you mean a man called Mathew Barkin ?

BATTER. That's the individual.

MRS. D. Reginald has just left the house with him.

BATTER. (*aside*) And has he been so green ? (*aloud*) He hasn't any money with him I hope ?

MRS. D. Yes, a considerable sum; why do you ask ?

BATTER. Oh, nothing.

MRS. D. I should like to confide in some one. Is Mr. Wharton in the house ?

BATTER. No, but his sister and Miss Lizzie are, they expect him in every minute.

MRS. D. Will you ask him, when he arrives, to see me in my room ?

BATTER. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. D. Thank you.

(*exit, R.D.*)

BATTER. A considerable sum of money with him, and in company of Mathew Barkin—it's like a mouse going into a trap after a bit of toasted cheese. I know what I'll do ; I have two old suits of clothes at my lodgings, get Bobbin and Lizzie to put them on, and make them go and watch the little affair—it wouldn't do for me to go, having been in the force—and got them to meet me at the corner of Chizzleman-street, Finsbury-square. (*exit at door, L.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Chiswell Street. (1st Grooves.)*

*Enter MAT and REGINALD, L.*

MAT. You're acting on the square, arn't you? You're not playing a double game ?

REGINALD. What do you mean ?

MAT. Why, you've not set anybody to watch me—because if that's the case, we'll drop the business here.

REGINALD. You've no cause for alarm, I'm alone in this affair—and ready to fulfil my promise, the moment I gain possession of the paper you hold. I await your pleasure.

MAT. No, I await yours. Come with me, and you will get what I have in store for you.

REGINALD. The sooner the better.

(*exeunt, R.*)

*Enter BATTER, L.*

BATTER. There they go. Where are the girls I wonder ? They ought to have turned themselves into boys by this

time. I hope no dishonest persons has broken into my lodgings and stolen the ragged clothes and birch-brooms. Why, here's a lot of my acquaintance—the flower-makers, I declare! Here's Anne Brown, Mary Green, Carry White, Bella Brill, and the rest of 'em. I can't cut the girls, though I am a gentleman ; no, no, condescension to our inferiors proves us to be superiors.

*Enter all the GIRLS, L.*

CARRY. It is!

MARY. It isn't!

ANNE. It must be!

JENNY. It's his very face!

CARRY. I'm sure it's Batter.

BATTER. Batter it is, my flower, but for the future perhaps you will call me Mr. Batter, for my future better half has taken me out of the division.

ALL THE GIRLS. What Bobbin,—ah, tell us all about her.

BATTER. Not too close, if Bobbin was to see you, Bobbin mightn't like it; Bobbin had a brother who wrote home to say he was dead—at least somebody else did, but Bobbin's brother came back purposely to say he wasn't dead but was alive and rich.

ALL THE GIRLS. Rich ?

BATTER. Rich as a magog—a nabob I mean—and Bobbin now is rich as a nabobess.

GIRLS. And Lizzie Lyle, what of her ?

BATTER. Bobbin has taken Lizzie Lyle by the hand and set her on her legs and me too, I'm on my legs, they're now my own property and no longer in the pay of Government.

GIRLS. We must see Lizzie ! we must see Bobbin!

BATTER, *(aside)* Here they come, they'll see 'em sooner than they expect. But I hope they won't know 'em.

*Enter BOBBIN and LIZZIE, disguised as crossing-sweepers, L.*

Excuse me, my dears, but I've an appointment with these gentlemen.

GIRLS. Gentlemen, ha ! ha!

BATTER. And so they are gentlemen, young noblemen in disguise, that I'm going to show a little London life !

BOBBIN. Why here are the girls we used to work with.

BATTER. *(aside to them)* Keep it up, talk to 'em in that sort of way girls like—you know what I mean ?

BOBBIN. *(crosses to them)* How are you my dears, how's all your sweethearts ? when are you going to name the

happy day, and when are they going to buy the ring, eh ?  
My flowers of flower-makers

LIZZIE. Good evening, my dears, I hope you find business good in all it's sprigs and branches.

ANNE. Keep off you ragged little fellow, I don't believe you're any more a noblemen than I am. Come along girls, don't stand talking to him. *(exit L.*

MARY. Go home and tell your mother to mend your clothes. *(exit L.*

CHARLES. And give you a penny to go to the baths and wash your faces in Golden-lane. *(exit L.*

JENNY. And mind you're well off for soap. *(exit L.*

BATTER. Well, now, doesn't that prove they don't know you.

LIZZIE. Oh, Mr. Batter, I'm so frightened.

BATTER. Of course you are, how do *you* feel, Bobbin ?

BOBBIN. I don't know, I'll tell you when it's all over. How are we to begin ?

BATTER. I'll tell you all as we go along. Now, girls, be firm, act like men although you're women.

LIZZIE. I'll try ; we can do much for those we love.

BATTER. Miss Bobbin, can you do much for those you love ?

BOBBIN. Who are they ?

BATTER. Who are they, ain't they me ?

BOBBIN. Lor so they are ! then I will do much—a good deal of much, for you, for Lizzie, for Mr. Reginald, and for myself.

BATTER. Come along, then, and learn your lessons as you go. *(exeunt, R.*

SCENE THIRD.— *A wall eight feet high across stage. Common lodging-houses R. and L., on which are written, " Lodgings for travellers." The scene presents an alley, door in wall C, is unlocked.*

*Enter MAT and REGINALD, at door, MAT locks door.*

MAT. Welcome to the neighbourhood of Field-lane, Mr. Dacre ; a beautiful saloobrious bone biling neighbourhood.

REGINALD. That's of little consequence, as I don't mean to stay long in it—now to business.

MAT. By all means, you've the money, of course ?

REGINALD. When you've the will ready.

MAT. I'll fetch it (*aside*) and give the office to my pals.

(*exit into house R.*)

REGINALD. A disreputable looking place, nothing but my anxiety to possess that will could have induced me to venture here ; but the place seems quiet enough, so what need I fear!

*Re-enter MAT, with will, R.*

MAT. Here's the will.

REGINALD. And here's the money.

*Enter several ROUGH MEN, from house, R.*

MAT. Is the money in notes ?

REGINALD. It is.

MAT. I wish you had brought gold, but I suppose I must pocket the affront. Here's the will.

REGINALD. And here's the money, (*offers notes—MAT snatches them*) Ah, villain ! is it so? (*the MEN seize him*) Let me go rascals—let me go!

MAT. Let you go ! Knowing what you do of me ? when your ends are gained by the destruction of the will, you'd split on me for the murder of the Frenchman!

REGINALD. No, I will be silent.

MAT. I'll take precious good care you are. Open, the trap that leads to the vaults; (*the MEN raise trap*) now bundle him down.

REGINALD. Villains ! would you murder me ?

MAT. If you kick up a row we will.

REGINALD. Set me at liberty, give me the will, and you shall have double the amount you have taken from me.

MAT. You don't happen to have it about you, I suppose ?

REGINALD. No, but it can be sent for.

MAT. I'll consider and let you know. Down with him.

REGINALD. Rascal, thief, murderer! (*they force him down.*)

MAT. Break his infernal neck if he won't go quietly. (*gives money to MEN*) Go down to the "Pig" and have what you like.

MEN. Thank you, Mat—thankee. (*MAT unlocks doors.—MEN exit—he locks door again, puts key in pocket*) Now all's smooth and comfortable, I'll have a pipe and look at the flimsies, (*lights pipe—looks over notes*) One, two, three, four—five—hundred-pun notes—quite correct. How I does admire coves who keep their word. (*Knock heard C.*) Who's that?

BOBBIN. (*outside*) A friend.

MAT. I ain't got none; they was all hung years ago. I want the pass-word before I let you in—do you know it?

BOBBIN. Plant and pigeon.

MAT. What do you say?

BOBBIN. Plant and pigeon.

MAT. That's good English—come in. (*unlocks c. door.*)

*Enter BOBBIN and LIZZIE, C.*

Hollo, y'ou're fresh 'uns.

BOBBIN. Yes, guv'nor, we've not long taken to the honest trade of priggings, but was told if there ever was a man who could finish the eddication of two novices in the line, that gemman was the respected Mr. Mathew Barkin.

MAT. They does me proud whoever it was—has I the honour of knowing the party?

BOBBIN. You has. Vere recommended by Jack Flanagan, of Seven Dials—he would have written to you, only he says that he knows as you knows that he can't write.

MAT. No, he can't—his eddication was neglected in early life—he can only make his mark, and has lived on the cross ever since; but he's a nice man.

BOBBIN. Oh, very; nothing escapes either his obseruation or his fingers.

LIZZIE. (*aside*) I see nothing of Reginald—can he be a prisoner here?

MAT. Well, I'll see what I can make of you in the morning.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Catch me staying till then! (*aloud*) Then I suppose I and my mate can lodge here to-night?

MAT. Oh, yes; but I shall have to part you and just ax you separately about certain things when I get you alone.

LIZZIE. (*aside*) Does he suspect anything?

MAT. (*points R. house*) You'll go in there and snooze—you'll see a bed in the taproom—it's well aired, for my dog sleeps in it all day. (*to LIZZIE*) You'll sleep yonder—there's a clean truss of straw in the corner; make it nicely, and don't ruffle the feathers too much, 'cause you'll have a bed-fellow—Dick Scraggs, the fighting chummy.

LIZZIE. If my courage should fail among these ruffians!

BOBBIN. (*aside*) If we're found out, we're in for it.

MAT. Get in—you'll be in the way out here.

LIZZIE. But I thought-----

MAT. Then you needn't—I'll think for you.

BOBBIN. But I've somemut to say to him.

MAT. I'll say it for you. If I find there is anything

wrong—war hawks ! my chickens, to roost with you. (*to LIZZIE*) You first—in with you.

LIZZIE. Goodnight—I'm going; good night, Bob.

BOBBIN. Good night, Jimmy.

MAT. Bless my eyes—how complimentary we is. What boarding-school was you brought up in, I wonder ? I believe I said be off.

LIZZIE. I'm going, sir, (*aside*) and perhaps to my destruction ! (*exit into house, L.*)

BOBBIN. Oh, my—isn't things beginning to look serious !

MAT. Now, then, that's your way.

BOBBIN. I never felt in a worse one! Oh, there's a policeman looking over the wall!

MAT. There is ? (*BOBBIN hides behind house, MAT climbs up and looks over wall*) None of your lies ! I see nobody. I shall owe you one, young 'un ! (*MAT thinks she has gone in, locks door*) You'll not come out again for some time!

BOBBIN. (*aside*) I'm not in yet!

MAT. Perhaps I'm too fast! The police may be watching me ; I had better leave here while I'm safe—this will be a fortune to me. (*takes will from pocket*) As long as I've this I can draw money from the Dacre family! Mr. Reginald's safe in my clutches !

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Oh, he is, eh?

MAT. This is his pocket-book—well lined with bank notes.

BOBBIN. (*aside*) Indeed ! That's worth knowing.

MAT. I might live very comfortably in France.

BOBBIN. If I allow you to take French leave !

MAT. What shall I do? I'll just have half a pint and think it over! (*lights pipe, puts will and pocket-book into R. pocket.*)

BOBBIN. (*aside*) There goes the money—and the will that's worth the money ! (*he puts the keys in the other pocket*) Oh, if I dared! I'll try to get the keys first and set Lizzie at liberty. They say where there's a will there's a way ! (*takes keys out of his pocket—opens the house door quietly, and goes in.*)

MAT. Yes, I'll look to myself! The game's in my own hands—I'll be off and twig things from afar—I'm off while I am safe! (*goes to door, misses keys*) Have I dropped them, or have I taken them from my pocket ? Perhaps I have been locked in to be nailed—here goes over the wall. (*begins to climb wall.*)

*Enter BOBBIN and LIZZIE.*

BOBBIN. Open the door, quick! (*LIZZIE opens door in*

wall—*sees MAT climbing wall*) Ah, there ho goes, and takes his booty with him—I'll have a try for it. (*runs up, reaches the tails of MAT'S coat, pulls away desperately at them, the tails come away, she utters a cry of triumph—makes for door, MAT runs after hm—LIZZIE gets crowbar and knocks MAT down, and exit through door, locking it after her.*)

MAT. Never mind, I'll have my revenge on the fellow in the vault, (*opens trap*) Come up, I want a word with you. (REGINALD *comes up.*)

REGINALD. Now, villain, name your price.

MAT. I shan't, till I make sure. I've lost one great hold upon you—the will; and I don't part with you till it answers my purpose, I can tell you.

REGINALD. You've lost the will ?

MAT. Yes, some of your friends in disguise has done that for me. You're my last and only card, and I'll play you well before I let you loose.

REGINALD. What do you require ?

MAT. The money you brought me, the five hundred pounds, has slipped through my fingers—now I must have double that sum.

REGINALD. How can I procure it while you keep me a prisoner here ? Set me free, and I'll get it for you.

MAT. Ah, ah! I dare say—wouldn't you like it? You'd go to the nearest police-station, and have me nabbed. No, you must write me a cheque here. I'll find pens, ink and paper, and when I get the cheque, and get it changed into gold, you shall be free.

REGINALD. But even if I wrote the cheque for you, how do I know you'd ever return when you've got the money ?

MAT. Oh, what a bad, suspicious world, this is ! Surely my word of honour ought to be enough for any gentleman.

REGINALD. Shall I risk it ? it's worth the trial; he has no longer the will that renders me a beggar. I agree. Give me pen, ink and paper. (MAT *fetches pen, ink and paper from house, R.*)

MAT. Now go to work.

REGINALD. Remember your promise.

MAT. Oh, honour bright and shining! (*aside*) on a foggy night. (REGINALD *writes on chair*)

REGINALD. (*gives paper*) There !

MAT. What a beautiful hand you do write, to be sure !

REGINALD. Now, be quick, release me.

MAT. Oh, oh, what a fool I should be !

REGINALD. What do you mean?

MAT. To look to myself! What! do you think I am

such a fool as to set the man free who could accuse me of the murder of his father? Don't I know you would never rest till I was scragged? I won't be that while I have the means to help it! (*draws knife*) I hold the knife in my right hand, and cheque in my left! It gives me the means of life. You know too much—and this must give you death! Die! (*raises knife to strike.*)

BATTER. *rushes on through c. door.*

BATTER. No. Batter to the rescue—die yourself!  
(*shoots—MAT falls.*)

*Enter* BOBBIN, LIZZIE, and MRS. DACRE.

BATTER. He's safe—he's well!

REGINALD. Yes, I'm free from peril and unharmed! This is the kind friend who saved my life.

BOBBIN. And I'll save your fortune—there's the will! (*tears it*) Look Mr. Barkins, we need fear your bark no more, and the Flower Makers are in full bloom after all!  
(*Tableau and*

### CURTAIN.

COSTUMES—Modern.

### EXPLANATIONS OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Actor is supposed to face the Audience.

