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# THE CHILD OF THE WRECK

A MELO-DRAMA

IN

T W O   A C T S

BY

J. R. PLANCHE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

*The Captain of the Watch—Reputation—Day of Reckoning—Lady in Difficulties—Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady—Loan of a Lover—Follies of a Night—Promotion—Court Beauties—Who's Your Friend?—Court Favour—Grist to the Mill—Somebody Else—Jacobite—Pride of the Market—Jenkinses—Secret Service—Queen's Horse—Mysterious Lady—A Peculiar Position—Printer's Devil—Hold Your Tongue—My Great Aunt—My Heart's Idol—Irish Post—Queen Mary's Bower—Cabinet Question—Romantic Idea—Garrick Fever—My Friend the Governor—Brigand—A Daughter to Marry—The Regent—Charles XII—Jewess—Returned Killed—Rencontre—Not a Bad Judge—Vampire—Spring Gardens—Green Ey'd Monster—Cortez—Maid Marian—Oberon—Knights of the Round Table,  
&c. &c. &c.*

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THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market

LONDON.

913515

## THE CHILD OF THE WRECK.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.*

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### CHARACTERS.

<b>MR. HARTMANN, a Retired Merchant</b>	<b>Mr. COOPER.</b>
<b>ALBERT, his Son</b>	<b>Mr. BRINDAL.</b>
<b>MAURICE, a Dumb Boy</b>	<b>Madame CELESTE.</b>
<b>GREINDEL, Steward to Madame Tremens</b>	<b>Mr. W. BENNETT.</b>
<b>FRANZ</b>	<b>Mr. McIAN.</b>
<b>CHRISTOPHER</b>	<b>Mr. HONNER.</b>
<b>KARL</b>	<b>Master FENTON.</b>
<b>OFFICER OF THE BURGHER GUARD</b>	<b>Mr. HOWELL.</b>
<b>SERVANTS of Madame Tremens</b>	<b>{ Mr. HEATH &amp; SUPER.</b>
<b>THREE FARMERS</b>	<b>{ Mr. HATTON. Mr. SUTTON. Mr. BLAKE.</b>
<b>MADAME TREMENS</b>	<b>Mrs. C. JONES.</b>
<b>SOPHIA</b>	<b>Miss FITZWALTER.</b>

### COSTUMES.

- HARTMANN.**—Square cut dark coat, dark waistcoat, silk breeches, black stockings, shoes with silver buckles, white cravat, grey hair.
- ALBERT.**—Green frock, light waistcoat, dark tights, top boots, white cravat, long hair.
- MAURICE.**—Blue tunic frock, full trousers, striped shirt and stockings.
- GREINDEL.**—Brown square cut coat, light waistcoat, brown breeches, boots, white cravat, iron grey hair.
- OFFICERS.**—Blue coats, white breeches and gaiters, cocked hats.
- FRANZ AND FARMERS.**—Square cut coats, breeches, &c., and three-cornered hats.
- MADAME.**—Striped silk gown, lace scarf, silk hat, grey hair.
- SOPHIA.**—White muslin frock, straw hat, long ringlets.

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# THE CHILD OF THE WRECK.



## A C T F I R S T.

SCENE FIRST.—*Exterior of Madame Tremens' House, near Hamburg. The City in the distance.*

GREINDEL discovered, seated at the table in the porch of the house, with account books, &c., before him—FRANZ, CHRISTOPHER, and other TENANTS, paying their rents.

GREINDEL. (*counting*) Sixteen—eighteen—twenty Rix dollars—one hundred and twenty marks. That's right, friend Christopher, to a fraction; there's your receipt.

CHRISTO. It has been hard work to scrape it together, Master Greindel, I can tell you—and knowing what a bad time we farmers have had of it, you might have made some allowance, I think.

GREINDEL. Allowance! allowance! A pretty story, indeed! Is it the landlord's fault that your crops fail, or that your sheep die of the rot? Why is he to forego his just dues, or his agent the per centage for his trouble? Go home—go home, my good friends, and be grateful that you could get the money anyhow, instead of grumbling about the difficulty. (CHRISTOPHER goes up a little)

FRANZ. (*coming down, l.*) If Councillor Tremens was living, or if Madame Tremens was here, I'm sure either would have made a remittance, or at least have given time.

GREINDEL. But Councillor Tremens has been dead these five years—and his respectable relict, Madame Tremens, my mistress, is not at present, on the estate. Her interests are in my care, and it is my duty to collect every shilling. And as you

have began to prate, Mastar Franz, where is your brother's rent—I trust you have brought it?

FRANZ. If that's the only trust I'm to hope from you, the case is hard enough. My brother is on a sick bed, as you know. He sends you twenty marks, and begs you will let the rest stand over 'till next quarter.

GREINDEL. Not a day. I'm very sorry, but my accounts must be made up.

FRANZ. Well, it's no use talking. He can't pay it.

GREINDEL. Then I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of turning him out of his cottage to-morrow morning.

FRANZ. Turn him out! Why, he's on a sick bed.

GREINDEL. He won't be on it long, for I shall take it from under him.

CHRISTO. Nay, Master Greindel, you will not do that, surely—he is so ill, 'tis thought he will die.

GREINDEL. Die! without paying his rent—the swindler! There's no time to lose, then—I shall seize this afternoon.

(crosses back to R.)

FRANZ. If you dare—I shall do something desperate!

GRIEDEL. Heyday! heyday, Master Franz! Do you threaten? I shall mark you for that, take my word for it.

FRANZ. Nay, then—

(makes a step as to collar GRIEDEL, and is stopped by CHRISTOPHER)

CHRISTO. Hold, Franz—hold! Violence will not serve you.

GRIEDEL. Oh, let him alone, master Christopher; I should like him to lay a finger on me—I'd have him by the heels in the turn of a scale—that I would.

FRANZ. Oh, that Madame Tremens was here! She's an odd sort of body—but she has a kind heart, or our good old master would never have married her.

CHRISTO. Is there no one to apply to?

FRANZ. Not a soul, but poor Mute Maurice, and he has no power.

GRIEDEL. And a very lucky thing for Madame Tremens, or she wouldn't have a dollar to call her own. But how should he know the value of money—a little beggar, saved from the deck of a sinking vessel, and brought up at the charge of Councillor Tremens—and to this day, a dependant on the bounty of his benefactor's widow.

FRANZ. It's no such thing. He has an income of his own, little enough, I grant; but still something. His poor mother, who went down with the ship, had a sum of money in a trunk, which was afterwards cast ashore, and the councillor kindly

put it into our bank for him, and you know you have to pay him the interest of it, every quarter.

GREINDEL. Yes; I've paid him this very morning. It's a mighty large sum, to be sure—he'd look rather odd if he hadn't Madame Tremens's roof over his head, and her table to dine at; for although his tongue's tied, his teeth are not. If there's nothing comes out of his mouth, there's a precious quantity goes into it. I can tell you.

FRANZ. That's right—that's right! make a joke of his calamity—it's fit you should. Poor fellow! I tell you what, Master Steward, if he's dumb, he's not deaf—he can hear the cry of the poor, and pity it, and that's more than some people can do, though their ears are long enough for a donkey. Ugh! I should like to have the cropping of them.

GREINDEL. Go on, Master Franz—I shall put this all down to your brother's account.

FRANZ. Oh! that I had the money in my hand, that I might throw it at your head.

CHRISTO. Franz—Franz!

(*Music—FRANZ breaks from CHRISTOPHER, who is trying to keep him from GREINDEL, l. 3 e. Enter MAURICE, l., who runs between them, and demands, in action, the cause of disturbance.*)

GREINDEL. Oh, it's your friend, Master Franz there, who has the impertinence to threaten me, Nickel Greindel, steward and agent of this Estate, because his good-for-nothing brother is behind-hand with his rent.

FRANZ. Good-for-nothing! (*Music.—He makes another movement—MAURICE restrains him, and motions him for his sake*) Oh, for you, Master Maurice, I'll do anything. (*Music—MAURICE demands how much money is due*) Fifty marks; and here are but twenty. But the rest shall be paid next quarter, if he will only wait. I'll be bound myself to pay it.

GREINDEL. You!

FRANZ. Yes, me. I know a way to get the money by that time—I'll sign anything he likes.

GREINDEL. I've no doubt you will—a fine security. No, no, I won't wait a day. (*Music—MAURICE entreats him*) It's no use, I tell you—I won't—out he shall go, this very night.

FRANZ. (*to MAURICE*) And he's sick, perhaps dying. (*Music—MAURICE expresses his indignation at Griendel's conduct, then hastily pulls out money, counts, and gives it to FRANZ*) Oh, Master Maurice! but can you really spare all this! (*MAURICE signifies impatiently "Yes."*) I'll pay you again, every stiver, as I'm a living man. (*MAURICE signs to him to pay*)

**GREINDEL.** *and never mind about him)* Yes, yes, bless your kind heart, I will. (*crossing c.*) There's your money, you old blood-sucker—give me my brother's quittance.

**GREINDEL.** There it is! but be assured you shall pay for insulting me, Master Franz, sooner or later. (*FRANZ crosses behind and goes up stage*) And you're a prudent young gentleman, forsooth, to lend thirty marks to that scapegrace, and leave yourself with about a couple of dollars. You get no more from me, remember, till next quarter. It's truly said—"A fool and his money—" (*MAURICE turns sharply upon him*) Well, well, there, it's no business of mine. (*aside*) He's as quick as gunpowder, too! But if it wasn't for Madame Tremens—

*Enter KARL with a letter, L. U. E.—Exit CHRISTOPHER, L. 2 E.*

**KARL.** Master Steward! Master Steward! here's a letter from Berlin.

**GREINDEL.** From Berlin! quick, give it me. Hah! this is Ma'amselle Sophia's hand!

(*MAURICE runs up to GREINDEL, and looks eagerly at the letter.*)

**FRANZ.** Ma'amselle Sophia's!

(*MAURICE makes signs "Yes" in great delight and agitation.*)

**GREINDEL.** (*who has broken the seal and glanced over the letter*) My stars! the whole family's coming. Here's a pretty business—nothing ready, no beds prepared. Run, Karl, tell the housekeeper.

*Exit KARL into house, r.—MAURICE impatiently requires GREINDEL to read the letter.*

Oh, you want me to read the letter, do you? there's nothing more in it than what I tell you. (*reading*) "My very good friend—"

**FRANZ.** Very good! (*goes up, l.*)

**GREINDEL.** "Mamma desires me to write to you and say that we shall leave Berlin, for Hamburg, on Tuesday morning, with my uncle, Mr. Hartmann, and my Cousin Albert, who have lately joined us here, and therefore hope to reach home by Thursday afternoon, at farthest. (*seeing MAURICE, who has been expressing his delight at the announcement, all the time GREINDEL has been reading the letter, in the most animated manner*) Well, what on earth is the matter with you—are you crazy? (*MAURICE signifies "Yes, with joy!"*) Oh, you are—with joy, eh? Well, just as you please—I'm sure I shall go crazy with worry and bustle. Here, Karl! Gertrude!

*Exit into house, calling, r. 1 E.*

**FRANZ.** Well, good bye, Master Maurice, I'm going to my poor sick brother, to tell him how kind you've been—you shan't

have cause to repent it, Master Maurice. Don't you fancy because I leave Hamburg to-morrow, that I shall forget what I owe you. (MAURICE *expresses surprise*) Ay—nobody knows about my going—but I've made up my mind. I've a good berth offered me on board a vessel that sails for New York to-morrow. I shall be able to help my poor brother, and pay you too when I come back—and I shall come back well and hearty, I feel I shall. (MAURICE *expresses his alarm of the sea*) Ah, Master Maurice, never you fear—you've a horror of the sea, and well you may. It has made you motherless. (MAURICE *signs to him in great agitation, to say no more of it*) I beg your pardon! I was wrong to mention it—I know I was—pray forgive me. (MAURICE *presses his hand kindly*) Thanks, thanks! And now cheer up, do. I shall come back with a bag full of dollars—and we'll all be as merry! You'll dance at my wedding, won't you? (MAURICE *nods and smiles*) Ah, that you will, I know, for I mean to be married—oh, I believe you, and you know who to. (MAURICE *makes signs that he does not*) No! What, don't you remember Louise—little Louise, the farrier's daughter?—to be sure you do. Well, it's all settled. Bless you, I've loved her ever since I was *this* high. What a thing it is to be in love, eh, Master Maurice? But perhaps you don't know yet? (MAURICE *signifies that he knows too well*) Hah! you do, do you? Eh!—oh, mercy—I say—it—it isn't Louise, is it? (MAURICE *signifies "No, no!"*) Oh, well—come—because—hang it, you put me in a fright—for we used to play all together, you know, as children—and we quarrelled about her once, and you gave me such a punch in my eye. (MAURICE *laughs and nods*) Oh, you remember *that* do you? So do I—it made an impression on me at the time. But who is it, Master Maurice—eh?—may I know? (MAURICE *shakes his head*) Oh, a secret, is it. Ah, if I wasn't going away, I'd find out, I warrant—for when a young fellow is over head and ears in love—

*Re-enter GRIENDEL, from house, R. 3 E.*

GRIENDEL. There's the devil and all to pay! Ma'amselle Sophia and her maid are come in one chaise, and the other, with madame and the gentlemen is close behind.

FRANZ. Ma'amselle come! (MAURICE *runs to look out*)  
GRIENDEL. Here she is.

*Enter SOPHIA, L. U. E.—MAURICE stands aside, and gazes at her with delight.*

SOPHIA. How d'ye do, Griendel—how d'ye do?  
GRIENDEL. Your most obedient, ma'amselle.

SOPHIA. Who's that? Franz? How d'ye do, Franz?

FRANZ. All the better for seeing you, ma'amselle—and so everybody will be in the neighbourhood.

SOPHIA. You're very kind, Franz—I'm sure I shall be delighted to see all my old friends here—we've been away six months nearly. Hark! there's the other chaise.

GREINDEL. Odso! then there's not a moment to lose!

*Crosses behind, and exit, L. U. E.*

SOPHIA. (*seeing MAURICE*) What, Maurice! (*running and shaking hands with him*) And I didn't see you!

FRANZ. Good morning, ma'amselle—good morning, Master Maurice. I say, I shall find out—(*MAURICE in a fright, clasps his hand on his mouth*)

SOPHIA. Find out what, Franz?

FRANZ. Oh, nothing, ma'amselle—at least, nothing to be ashamed of I'm sure. Master Maurice is going to be married, and won't confess to whom, that's all—but I say, I shall find out. Make him tell you, ma'amselle, do. Servant, ma'amselle—servant, Master Maurice! I must run to my brother. I say, Maurice, I shall find out!

*Exit, L.*

SOPHIA. Well—and now, dear Maurice, how have you been this age? Have you ever thought of me? (*Music—MAURICE makes signs that she occupied his thoughts continually*) Oh, of course you can pretend to no less. But have you been well and happy? (*MAURICE signifies "Well, yes! but not happy" in her absence*) Oh, you wanted me to make you quite happy, did you? Well, I believe you, dear Maurice, for I'm sure I never feel quite happy when you are not. (*MAURICE expresses his delight*) Is it not natural? We have been educated together like brother and sister ever since you were eight and I six years old. My poor dear father loved you as though you had been his son; and on his death bed—I well remember—bade us love each other as long as we lived; so we shall, shan't we, Maurice? (*MAURICE makes signs "For ever."*) To be sure—and oh! see here, you used to gather a nosegay for me every morning before I went away—so I thought to-day I'd bring one. See, we have no flowers here so fine as these. (*Music—MAURICE takes the nosegay, eagerly kisses it, and puts it in his bosom*) Well, and now tell me all the news—and in the first place, who is the lady Franz says you are going to be married to? (*MAURICE denies vehemently any such intention*) Not true! Oh, but there's something in it I can see, by your looks—what is it—you'll tell me? (*MAURICE makes signs, "No, no!"*) What, not tell your little Sophy? (*MAURICE makes signs, he dares not*) You dare not—you are afraid of me. Very well, sir, very well. Then I shall keep my secret too, I

had one to tell you—but if there is to be no interchange of confidence—(MAURICE begs her to tell him) Oh, I dare say, indeed ; the confidence is to be all on my side, eh ? Well, come, I'll set you a good example, for I know it will give you pleasure to hear of any happiness in store for me. (MAURICE, "Oh, yes, yes !") Can you guess, then, what has occasioned our sudden return with my uncle and Albert ? (MAURICE, "No !") You can't ? Well, then, I am going to be married. (MAURICE starts) It's true, indeed !—to my Cousin Albert—and we're to go to Paris, and you must come and see us there—for I mean you and Albert to be great friends. Oh, I shouldn't love him at all, if he didn't love you. (*Music*—MAURICE, in great agitation, demands if she loves ALBERT) Do I love Albert ? Why, of course. Isn't he my cousin, and have not mamma and uncle settled that he's to be my husband ? Why, Maurice—dear Maurice, what's the matter—you look quite ill all on a sudden ? (MAURICE makes signs that it is nothing) Oh, but there is something the matter with you, I'm sure. (*shouts without, L. U. E.*) Hark ! there's mamma, I declare—and I've never spoken to the housekeeper about my uncle's room. I must run. (*going away, and returning to MAURICE*) I'll be back again directly, Maurice.

*Runs into the house, R. U. E.*

(*Music*—MAURICE stands for a moment motionless, then starting, paces up and down the stage in great agitation—stops suddenly, signifies in action, the marriage of Sophia to another, and appears fiercely to forbid the ceremony, snatches the nosegay she has given him, out of his coat, flings it passionately on the ground, and tramples on it—stops again, looks at it mournfully—snatches it up eagerly, and crams it into his bosom, then bursting into tears, flings himself into the chair near the porch, and hides his face in his hands on the table—closed in by

#### SCENE SECOND.—*Interior of the Mansion.*

Enter MADAME TREMENS, MR. HARTMANN, SOPHIA, and GREINDEL, with a box, L.—TWO SERVANTS bring on table and two chairs, and exeunt, L.

MADAME. A chair—a chair, or I shall faint ! (*they place her one, c.—she sits*) The brutes ! the boors ! the horrid wretches ! to make such a hideous noise.

HART. But my dear sister, you must pardon them for the sake of their affection. It was their delight at your return—

MADAME. It doesn't signify, brother—my nerves won't bear

it! Ever since the death of Councillor Tremens—my head has been in such a shattered state, the dropping of a pin goes through my very brain. (*a couple of shots fired, L. U. E.*) Ugh! Mercy! what's that? I shall die.

SOPHIA. (*looking out*) It's Cousin Albert, firing off his pistols; you told him not to bring them into the house loaded, you know.

MADAME. And so he fires them close under my windows! He might as well have shot me through the head at once.

HART. It would have been in a shattered state then, sister!

MADAME. Don't joke, brother—my nerves won't bear it. I hate the very sight of pistols. I haven't had a fibre still since he put the horrid things into the carriage.

HART. And yet you feared to travel unarmed.

MADAME. Certainly; with a large sum of money. I should have trembled the whole way! But couldn't he have brought a sword, or anything that would have killed a robber quietly? A noise is my detestation!

HART. I suppose it's your horror of a noise that makes you patronise the dumb boy you told me of. Where is this "mute Maurice," as you call him—I want to see him. Sophia has interested me about him.

SOPHIA. (L.) I'll run and fetch him, sir, he is in the garden.

MADAME. No, no, not here—at least, not now, child. Your uncle will see him time enough—and I must really get a little composed after all these shocks before I see anybody. Greindel, where is that box I gave you?

GREINDEL. Here, madame. (*coming down, L.*)

MADAME. There's the key of it—you will find notes in it to the amount of twelve thousand florins. Have you received the rents?

GREINDEL. Yes, madame, nearly all—to-day, you know, is—

MADAME. Yes, yes, I know, I know—and to-morrow afternoon I shall want as much money as you can get together; so take care of that, and tell me in the morning how much you have in all.

GREINDEL. Yes, madame—I'll lock it up with the rest of the cash, till to-morrow, in my desk here, madame, in my own room.

*Exit into room, with box, L. C.*

SOPHIA. Here comes Albert.

MADAME. Then come with me up stairs, Sophia, for your cousin has such spirits, they quite overpower me. Not, but what I'm glad to see you all happy and merry—but he will talk,

and you will *laugh*—and really—just now—my nerves won't bear it.

*Exit, R. D. 2 E.*

SOPHIA. (*aside*) Dear me! when I wanted to go to Maurice

*Exit, R. D. 2 E.*

HART. Confound it! But this is too bad! one mustn't speak, smile, or move. It's well I'm not going to stay many days in this house, or my sister would drive me mad with her eternal nerves.

*Enter ALBERT, L.*

ALBERT. All alone, sir?

HART. Oh, yes, you've played the deuce with your aunt, by firing off your pistols. By Jove! it's nearly twenty years since we met, and if she's to keep up this cavil about every trifle, it shall be twenty years before we meet again, I'll take care. Poor Sophy must have had a terrible life with her! The girl must be glad to get married, if it were only to leave home. Albert, you will have a charming wife.

ALBERT. She is all that I could wish, sir.

HART. (*seriously, and with meaning*) Mind you prove yourself worthy of her. (*crosses to L.*)

ALBERT. It shall be my earnest endeavour, sir.

HART. I believe it. I am convinced you have seen the error of your former ways, and that I shall never have to blush for the misconduct of my son. (*crosses to L.*) If I am deceived—if I should discover, when it is too late, that I have been the cause of flinging a young, lovely, innocent, and affectionate girl into the arms of a heartless, dissipated—

ALBERT. Nay, sir, not heartless!

HART. A gamester, Albert, is ever so. Can he have a heart who stakes upon the turn of a card the inheritance of his children? who, slave of one miserable excitement, will selfishly sacrifice to its enjoyment, the time, the health, the means which should be devoted to the comfort and advancement of his family. Albert—Albert, look back upon the precipice, to the brink of which that fatal vice had lured you, and tell me where was *your* heart when you would have stained the name of your father with dishonour to escape the consequences of your folly.

ALBERT. For mercy's sake, sir, should any one—

HART. Well, well, you have had a *terrible* lesson—and I fervently hope it has not been lost upon you. I have watched you narrowly for the last three years, and am happy in the confidence of your reformation. Give me your hand, Albert; to-morrow you will be legally affianced to your cousin. To the dower she will bring you, I shall add a good round sum, for

which I have provided myself with a credit on the Bank of Hamburg. The situation I have obtained for you in Paris, opens a field for your honourable ambition. With youth, talent, money, friends, and opportunity—prudence alone is wanting to command your destiny.

**ALBERT.** You shall be satisfied with me, sir—indeed you shall.

**HART.** Enough. Come with me into the grounds, I want to see a poor dumb lad that my brother-in-law, the councillor, saved off Heligoland, some twelve years ago, and was much attached to. Sophia speaks most highly of his intelligence and amiability.

**ALBERT.** Oh, yes, they call him “Mute Maurice,” and “the Child of the Wreck,” and tell all sorts of romantic stories about him and his mother—she was an English woman.

**HART.** An English woman?

**ALBERT.** So Sophia told me.

**HART.** What was her name?

**ALBERT.** Wilson, I think she said.

**HART.** Wilson? No matter, I should like to see that boy. Follow me, Albert. *Exit, L.—as ALBERT is following*

*Enter FRANZ, R.*

**FRANZ.** I beg your pardon, sir—Mr. Hartmann!

**ALBERT.** My father—what would you with him?

**FRANZ.** A person, as I came in, gave me this letter for him.

**ALBERT.** A letter for my father! (*taking it eagerly, and looking at the direction, starts*) Distraction!

**FRANZ.** Sir!

*Re-enter HARTMANN, L.*

**HART.** Well, Albert, are you coming?

**ALBERT.** (*who has hastily concealed the letter*) Yes—sir—yes, I am ready. Come, sir, come. *Exit with ALBERT, L.*

**FRANZ.** Well now, that's rather odd, I should say, and rather rude, I should say—not to give “thank ye,” at least, to the postman.

*Music—Enter MAURICE, throwing open c. doors—he is pale and agitated, walks with a quick step, to the centre of the stage, then stops short, and indicates, by an action of his hand, that he has come to some decision—comes down, R.*

Master Maurice—how pale and strangely he looks! Master Maurice! my brother wouldn't be easy till I came back to thank, you in his name, for your great kindness; but what's the matter—are you ill? (*MAURICE signs, “No, no!”*) You

have been weeping? (MAURICE signs again, "No!") Oh, but I say you have. Who has hurt or offended you? Oh, some one has—you wouldn't be in this way for nothing! Ah, I guess it—I heard just now about Ma'amselle Sophia going to be married to her cousin—and—yes, I can see, by the very mention of her, it's her you are in love with, and—(MAURICE seems to say, "Hush! for mercy's sake.") Oh, never fear me—I can keep a secret when I'm trusted. I'll say no more—but I wish I could serve you. Can I, Master Maurice—anyhow in the world? (MAURICE signs, "You can.") No—really! Ah then I shall be happy—but to-day—directly—for you know I must sail to-morrow. (MAURICE signs "Yes, yes—I know you're going to-morrow, far—very far away.") Yes, yes, a long voyage—to the other world. But I won't go if I can serve you by staying—I'll give up my berth—do anything. (Music—MAURICE, by signs, "No, no—there is no occasion for that—you must go, and I will go with you.") What! surely I can't understand you rightly? I go and take you with me? (MAURICE, "Yes.") You leave this house—leave Hamburg, Madame Tremens, your kind friends—all? (MAURICE, "Yes, yes.") Ah, I see—sooner than stay to see her married to another—poor fellow! But, Master Maurice, you, who so dread the sea—(MAURICE, after a slight struggle, "No matter.") To turn common sailor! for you must work your passage—there's no other way.

(Music—MAURICE signifies he is willing to do anything—wear a sailor's dress, lead a sailor's life, climb the rigging, hand the sails, heave the lead, weigh anchor, &c.—expressing the whole to appropriate music)

Lord bless me! you'll work like that? And suppose a war breaks out, or pirates attack us?

(Music—MAURICE makes signs of arming himself with pistol and cutlass, as the drum beats to quarters, prepares to repel boarders, then seems to lead on his own men to board the enemy, and signifies he will either conquer or die)

Oh dear yes—I've no doubt of that! You'll fight fast enough—you were always pretty handy at that! Don't I remember the punch you gave me in the eye. But suppose we get the worst of it, and you should be killed.

(Music—MAURICE draws from his breast the miniature of his mother, and signifies that he shall die content and in the hope of joining her in Heaven)

Ah—you mean you shall go to your poor dear mother, who is in Heaven—rest her soul! And so you will, I'll venture to say; but there's time enough for that journey, Master Maurice, and I hope you'll be happy here for a long time first. I was

only thinking if you were to die, what would Madame Tremens do, and (*in a low voice*) Ma'amselle Soph—(*MAURICE interrupts him impatiently, and signifies neither will care for his loss*) Well, then, what should I do if they didn't kill me too? Break my heart, I do believe—if you come to such an untimely end through my means. No, no, Master Maurice, you shan't go, I'll have nothing to do with it.

(*Music—MAURICE seizes his hand, and presses it affectionately, but persists in his determination, and signifies that he will go in some other vessel, if he cannot go with FRANTZ*)

What! go with somebody else—in some other ship—and be killed by yourself? No, I'll be d—d if you do! If you do go, we go together—though it should be to the bottom of the ocean. (*MAURICE holds his arms out to him, he flings himself into them*) And now, listen, then—for since it must be so, there's no time to be lost. You and I must see the captain together this evening. I had already settled to meet some of my messmates at “The Blue Anchor,” close to the quay—you must go there with me, and while you make acquaintance with them, I'll find the captain, and bring him to the tavern. (*MAURICE signifies that it must be kept a profound secret from the family*) Oh, yes—bless your heart—I understand that. Nobody is to have a notion of it here—they can't have, nobody but yourself knows that I'm going. I'll come for you as soon as it's dark, and we'll steal quietly out together. (*Music—MAURICE makes a sign that somebody's coming*) Eh?—so there is. It's Ma'amselle Sophia. Good bye—I'll be sure to come this evening, as soon as it's dark. Mum!

*Music—Exit, L.*

Enter SOPHIA, R. 2 E., with a jewel case in her hands—MAURICE is leaving the stage.

SOPHIA. Maurice—Maurice! don't run away—I was looking for you. I couldn't get back to you before, indeed I couldn't, for mamma made me go up stairs with her; but see now, see what beautiful things she has given me—there's a necklace, Maurice! —you don't look at it. How pale you are still! aren't you better yet? what can be the matter? do tell me—I can't be happy if you are not; and I thought to be so very happy now. (*Music—MAURICE smiles bitterly and seems to say, “Happy, because you are about to be finely dressed and wear jewels.”*) No, not merely because I am to have fine clothes and to wear rich jewels, but because I thought you would be happy to see me well married. (*Music—MAURICE starts as if unable to control his feelings, and expresses, “Married to another than me.”*) Maurice!

*Music—he rushes out, R.*

*Enter MADAME TREMENS, R. D. 2 E.*

MADAME. Sophia, where are you? oh, here—and who was that bounded away from you—

SOPHIA. Maurice, mamma.

MADAME. (R.) Maurice! well, couldn't he walk quietly out of the room instead of rushing out like a whirlwind. Really, I wish people in my house wouldn't fly about like so many wild cats—my nerves won't bear it.

SOPHIA. Indeed, mamma—

MADAME. Now don't argue with me, it makes me worse. And what's the reason, pray, that Maurice couldn't stop to speak with me when he saw me coming. He might have made his bow, I think, considering he hasn't seen me these six months.

SOPHIA. He is not well, poor fellow.

MADAME. Not well! what's the matter with him? I hope he is not going to have a fit of sickness—I cannot have sick people about me—I'm too much of an invalid myself—my nerves won't bear it.

SOPHIA. Oh, dear no, I trust he is not seriously ill.

*Enter GREINDEL with papers, from his room, L. U. E.*

GREINDEL. Ah! I was just coming up to your room, madame, with these accounts. You can see now at once how much I have in hand, madame, with the twelve thousand florins you gave me to-day.

MADAME. Very good—very good. Come with me into the parlour, then, and we'll look over your papers quietly. (*he crosses to MADAME.*) And do you, Sophia, go and put away your jewels, and then look for your uncle and Albert, who are wandering somewhere about the garden, and tell them I shall ring for coffee in about half an hour.

SOPHIA. Yes, mamma! (*aside*) Poor dear Maurice!

(*Music—Exeunt SOPHIA, thoughtfully, R. U. E., and MADAME TREMENS with GREINDEL, R. 1 E.—as they go out*

*Enter ALBERT, L., cautiously, and avoiding them.*

ALBERT. At last I am alone, and can open this accursed letter. (*produces letter and breaks the seal*) Yes, as I was convinced. The villain! (*reads*) "Sir,—Your son owes me a thousand florins, lost at play during your late stay in Berlin. He has forfeited his promise to pay me before he left that city—I have followed him to Hamburg, and now write to you to say that unless the money is sent to me at my hotel this night, I shall, to-morrow, present myself at the villa of Madame

Tremens and expose him to the whole family." The wanton, vindictive villain! for 'tis not *need* that drives him—it is a base revenge for a fancied injury. It isn't for the money, but because he knows that it will ruin me with my father. What shall I do? to-morrow I could pay him—to-morrow I could dash the money in his teeth and defy him—but to-night—to-night what resource—a thousand florins! the sum is not so large—anyone would lend it me for a few hours—but I am a stranger in Hamburg. Can I not make some excuse to my father? No, no, he would tell me to wait till to-morrow, and if I pressed him he might suspect. My aunt! if I could invent some tale, and induce her to keep it secret. (*paces the stage*) I can think of nothing that is feasible that would be considered sufficiently urgent at such an hour when—At such an hour! eternal curses! there again! the villain's hotel is just within the walls, and the gates close at half-past nine. I must go and return before that hour, or remain in the city all night—and then concealment is impossible—a few moments and it will be too late. Despair and madness! What do I see! (*stopping short before Greindel's room, the door of which has been left partly open*) That box! it is the one my aunt had her money in—and the key is in it! whose room is this, and why that sight to tempt me? Is it some angel's or some devil's deed to save or sink me? Why do I pause? shame and ruin are my portion, even if I take it not. (*clocks chimes three quarters*) And hark! that decides me.

(*Music—He looks round cautiously and sees that nobody observes him, enters the room and returns almost immediately with notes in his hands.*

Nobody has seen—nobody will suspect me, should the money be missed—and before to-morrow, they may not discover the loss, and then I shall be able—A step! I must not be seen near this door! (*retires, R. D. F.*)

*Music—Enter MAURICE, he has on his hat and cloak—it begins to grow dark, he notices it, and seems impatient for the arrival of FRANZ. Enter GREINDEL, R., with papers and a lighted candle.*

GREINDEL. (*looking about*) Oh! it's you, Master Maurice! you haven't seen a little key about anywhere, have you? (*MAURICE signs "No."*) I thought I felt it in my waistcoat pocket, and I am afraid I must have dropped it. (*going to his room*) Oh, there it is, I left it in the box.

(*Music—ALBERT expresses great anxiety.*

FRANZ appears at the window.

FRANZ. (*speaking through the music*) Now, Master Maurice, are you ready? quick—quick!

MAURICE goes through the window to FRANZ.

Re-enter GREINDEL, D. L. U. E., with the key of the box.

GREINDEL. I might have looked long enough for it here. (*puts it into his waistcoat pocket and then shuts and locks the door and puts that key in his pocket also*) There, that will be all safe till two o'clock to-morrow, and then, Master Maurice, I suppose we shall—(*looking round*) Oh, you're gone, Master Dumby are you? With all my heart; and if I were never to see you again, I should not cry my eyes out. I owe that young gentleman a grudge or two, and not the least for helping that impudent fellow, Franz, out of his difficulties this morning, and so baulking me of my revenge. No matter, I'll pay 'em both off one of these days, as sure as my name's Greindel.

Exit GREINDEL, R. 1 E.

ALBERT. (*advancing*) Gone at last—and without discovering!—and safe, I heard him say, till to-morrow. Oh, long, long before that I shall find some means to return it. Fortune befriend me but for a few hours. (*clock strikes nine*) Nine o'clock! I shall have barely time.

Music—Exit ALBERT, L. FRANZ and MAURICE re-appear and are cautiously passing through the window, when the harp is again heard, and SOPHIA singing a plaintive Italian air—MAURICE stops again, casts a last look towards the room in which she is supposed to be, draws the nosegay she has given him from his bosom, kisses it, and is reluctantly forced away by FRANZ, as drop falls.

END OF ACT FIRST.

## A C T   S E C O N D .

**SCENE FIRST.—*A Parlour in Madame Tremens' Villa, with doors opening on the garden. Doors of other apartments in the wings—table, four chairs.***

**MADAME TREMENS, SOPHIA, HARTMANN, and ALBERT, discovered, at breakfast.**

HART. (*looking up from his newspaper*) What a stupid paper is the "Hamburg Correspondent." There isn't a word of news worth hearing, or a line of writing worth reading. The whole of this number is taken up with an account of a paltry disturbance made by some half dozen drunken sailors, at a tavern, last night—who, after beating one another, tried to beat the police, and very properly got lodged in the guard house.

MADAME. Very properly, indeed—the noisy wretches. I hope they'll be all sent to hard labour for the rest of their lives.

HART. Oh, stop—I beg the Correspondent's pardon—here is one interesting circumstance. "The body of a gentleman, supposed to have been murdered, was found at day break this morning, under the wall near the Altona Gate."

ALBERT }  
SOPHIA. } Murdered !

MADAME. Brother, brother! how can you read anything so horrid. I must beg you to desist—my nerves won't bear it.

HART. Your nerves, my dear sister, are too precipitate—the paragraph goes on to say, that it turned out to be no murder at all—the gentleman was alive, and though badly, not mortally wounded. He is a Prussian, of the name of Werner, and has acknowledged he received the wound in a duel, arising out of some gambling transaction. (*they all rise and advance*)

MADAME. A gambling transaction! How can people be so silly and so wicked. I'm sure the horrid stories one hears every day about gaming, is enough to destroy anybody's nerves. I remember the late Councillor Tremens telling a story once, by way of a warning, to Maurice, about some young man who, being entrusted by his own father with a large sum of money to pay some bill or bond that was due, went and lost it at the gaming table, and very nearly ruined the credit of the firm in which his father was a partner.

HART. (*looking at ALBERT, who can scarcely conceal his*

*confusion)* The councillor didn't tell you who the young man was, sister?

MADAME. No—but he knew the parties, and had been instrumental in extricating the father from the consequence of his son's dishonesty. The councillor's purse was always open to assist a friend—and from what he used to say, I believe the gentleman was a very dear friend of his—but he never would tell me the name.

HART. I could do so were there occasion, for the affair took place in England, during the councillor's visit to me. But the son is, I am happy to say, completely reformed, and the father having realised a handsome fortune, sold out of the firm, much about the time I left our house in London.

MADAME. I am heartily glad to hear it. It must have been a terrible trial to the parent—I'm sure, my nerves—

HART. But you mentioned Maurice just now—it's very hard I can't get a sight of that youth, after all you've said about him. I hunted for him all over the garden last evening.

SOPHIA. He was not well, sir—and Karl says he went to bed almost before it was dark.

MADAME. Ring the bell, my love—we'll send for him I want to see him myself. (*SOPHIA rings bell, L.*)

*Enter a SERVANT, L.*

Take away the breakfast, and tell Maurice I want him.

*1st SERVANT beckons on two more, who enter, L., and clear breakfast things.*

SERVANT. Maurice is not at home, madame.

MADAME. Not at home! Where is he gone, then?

SERVANT. We don't know, madame—and the steward says he has been out all night. (*crosses behind to R.*)

MADAME. Out all night! I'm perfectly horrified! Send Griendl to me directly.

SERVANT. Yes, madame.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

HART. The young rake!

MADAME. Young rake! Don't tell me, brother! Young rake indeed! I'll have no such doings in my family. Out all night! I've a great mind to say he shall never come in again.

SOPHIA. Don't be so angry with poor dear Maurice till you know the cause. Perhaps, poor fellow, he was worse, and too ill to return. Alas! he may be dead.

MADAME. Dead, Sophia! I beg—I entreat you not to agitate yourself and me in this manner—my nerves won't bear it.

HART. Oh, no, no—don't frighten yourselves about him.

It's very likely, as the lad felt unwell, he may have gone into the city for some advice, and forgotten the time for closing the gates. You know, they won't let a soul in or out after half past nine. Even the mail bag is dropped over the rampart by a rope, for fear some poor benighted being should squeeze in or out with the postman. By the bye, talking of the city—here's this letter of credit, Albert, (*LADIES retire up*) you may as well be off and get the money—half of it is for yourself.

**ALBERT.** Thanks, my dear sir. I shall make some of it fly ere I return. Don't think me extravagant—but I must make some purchases you know, on such an occasion.

**HART.** Nay—you will do what you please with your own.

**ALBERT.** I'll go directly. (*aside*) At last! I did not dare ask him, and have suffered tortures.

*Exit, L.*

*Enter GREINDEL, R.*

**MADAME.** (*comes down, R. C.*) What is this I hear about Maurice, pray? Out all night!

**GREINDEL.** So I presume, madame. His bed is empty, and has not been slept in, though he told Karl he was not very well, and was going to bed at nine o'clock.

**SOPHIA.** (*L. C.*) And he was not well—I know he was not. He may have been too ill to sleep—how do you know he was out of the house?

**GREINDEL.** Because he was met by somebody on the quay at half past nine, in company with his friend, Master Franz, as great a vagabond—

**SOPHIA.** Franz is a very good hearted lad, and would lead him into no mischief, I am sure. If Franz is with him, he is safe somewhere, for he loves him, mamma, as you know, like a brother—they were playmates and schoolfellows.

**MADAME.** But what business had he to stop out all night? Let somebody be sent to Franz, that he may give an account.

**GREINDEL.** Why, here he is, madame. (*crosses to L.*)

**SOPHIA.** Maurice?

**GREINDEL.** No, Franz.

*Enter FRANZ, L.*

So, sirrah, we were just going to send for you.

**FRANZ.** (*L. C.*) Then I've saved you the trouble. But stand you out of the way. (*pushes GREINDEL aside*) My business is with Madame Tremens, and very particular.

**SOPHIA.** (*R. C.*) Where is Maurice, Franz? He went out with you last night?

**FRANZ.** He did, ma'amselle, and that's what I'm come about.

**MADAME.** (*R.*) Is anything the matter? What has happened? Don't keep me in suspense, my nerves won't bear it.

FRANZ. Why, madame, the truth is, that Master Maurice was very unhappy.

MADAME. Unhappy! What about?

FRANZ. That's his secret, madame; but very unhappy he was, and nothing would do but he must go abroad with me.

SOPHIA. Abroad!

FRANZ. Yes, ma'amselle—I am to sail this afternoon on board an American merchantman, for New York, and Master Maurice begged and prayed me to get him a berth in her also, and so last night he went with me to the "Blue Anchor," near the quay—

HART. (c.) The "Blue Anchor!" Why, that is where the disturbance took place, of which I was reading here, amongst the sailors. (*sits c.*)

FRANZ. Exactly, your honour.

GREINDEL. (l.) And you and he helped to make it, I'll swear.

FRANZ. I dare say you will—you'd swear anything to do an ill turn, or make mischief. But as it happens, I had nothing to do with it—and though poor Maurice had—

SOPHIA. Maurice!

GREINDEL. I told you so.

FRANZ. I wish you'd hold your tongue, and let me tell my story. Yes, madame, Maurice had to do with it—but it wasn't his fault. I left him with some of my messmates in the tavern, whilst I went to fetch the captain—

GREINDEL. (l.) Yes, and so he got drunk—

FRANZ. He did no such thing. But one of the men, who was born in this neighbourhood, and whose father was turned out of his farm by Mr. Greindel here, because he was a little behind hand with his rent—just as you wanted to serve my poor sick brother yesterday, and would, if it hadn't been for Master Maurice—this man, as I was saying, began, it seems, to abuse Madame Tremens for distressing her honest tenants—

GREINDEL. Why, you insolent—

FRANZ. I tell you that is what the man said—and so Maurice made signs, as well as he could, that it was not Madame Tremens's fault, but yours—and that if she knew it, she would turn you out in a twinkling.

GREINDEL. Why, how dare you—

FRANZ. I tell you, this was Maurice's notion. But the man wouldn't be quiet, for he said she couldn't help knowing, and that she was a bad woman to let such an old hard hearted villain remain an hour in her service—

GREINDEL. Master Franz—

FRANZ. I tell you this was what the *man* said—and so, then

Maurice gave him to understand that he might abuse you as much as he liked, but that if he uttered another disrespectful word of Madame Tremens, who was his benefactress, he'd knock all his teeth down his throat.

SOPHIA. Good, dear Maurice!

HART. (*rises*) A brave boy! I like his spirit. Well, go on—the man persisted, I suppose, and Maurice was as good as his word.

FRANZ. Very nearly; for the landlord told me, he must have knocked out *six or eight* of 'em—and so, then, your honour may fancy what a row there was—for some took the sailor's part, and some Maurice's—the beer jugs began to fly about, and then the candlesticks, and then, crack went the benches, and smash went the windows, and then the police came in—and after another fight, handed off poor Maurice, and all, to the guard house, just as I got back again.

GREINDEL. Serve them right, a set of vagabonds!

MADAME. And he has been locked up then, all night, poor fellow!

FRANZ. Yes, Madame, and I've been begging all night to get him out—but they say they will take him before the Bur-gomaster this morning.

HART. Well, well, no harm will happen to him. I will go to the Town Hall and tell them how the affair occurred—they'll reprimand and discharge him.

MADAME. (*crosses to HARTMANN*) Oh, yes, he must be reprimanded. It was very wrong of him to go to a tavern at all.

FRANZ. That was *my* fault, madame, entirely—I made him go there. It's a pity he struck anybody, certainly, but he's rather apt to be hasty. He once gave me such a punch in the eye—

SOPHIA. Go to him now, dear uncle—perhaps you may prevent his being marched through the city to the Town Hall with those ruffian sailors. I'm sure he will be so grateful.

MADAME. Ay, do go, brother. I'd go myself, but really my nerves won't bear it.

HART. (*crosses to L.*) With all my heart. I've no doubt, upon our promising to be answerable for his appearance—

SOPHIA. Oh, yes, yes, hasten, dear uncle—haste!

*Exit HARTMANN, L.*

FRANZ. I'll go with his honour. (*going L.*)

MADAME. No, do you stay here. Mr. Greindel, you will be good enough to fetch your books and the money you have collected. I shall enquire into this severity of yours, (*crosses R.*) and if I find it has been improperly exercised, you must

leave my service. I like regularity in money matters, and am anxious to improve my estate, but the sick and the poor shall not be distressed for a few florins, Mr. Greindel—my nerves won't bear it.

*Exeunt MADAME TREMENS and SOPHIA by one door, R., and GREINDEL by another, L.*

FRANZ. (*flinging up his hat*) Huzzah for Madame Tremens ! I always said she was a kind old soul, notwithstanding her nerves ! Master Greindel will get his deserts, I can see ; and if poor Maurice only gets out of this scrape—

*Hurried music.—MAURICE appears entering, L. U. E. window, and seeing only FRANZ, comes in—his clothes are torn, his hands soiled with having climbed the wall, and his whole appearance disordered—comes down on R.*

Here ! and in this state ! (MAURICE makes signs he has escaped) Escaped ! (MAURICE, by signs, "Hush ! I am pursued !") Pursued ! the devil ! why didn't you stay quiet ? Mr. Hartmann is gone to procure your release.

(MAURICE makes signs they would have marched him handcuffed through the city, and that he would not have endured the disgrace.

Yes, yes, I understand—they would have marched you as a prisoner through the city, and you couldn't bear the disgrace ; but how did you get out ?

(MAURICE, by signs, explains that he wrenched the bars from the windows, jumped out, and then climbed a wall, exhibiting his soiled hands and torn clothes.

Ah ! wrenched out the bars of the window, and then climbed the wall. He's a second Baron Trenck ! But what will you do now ? they know who you are, and will punish you for breaking prison. I'll go and tell Madame—(*crosses R.—MAURICE stops him, and makes signs not to do so*) Well, then, you must hide somewhere until Mr. Hartmann has made terms for you. Hark ! some one is coming !

MAURICE enters one of the adjoining rooms, R. 2 E., making signs to FRANZ not to acknowledge having seen him.

Re-enter MADAME TREMENS and SOPHIA on one side, R., and on the other, L., MR. HARTMANN, followed by an OFFICER OF THE BURGHER GUARD.

HART. You may rest satisfied, sir, that if he is here, he shall be forthcoming whenever the authorities require his presence.

SOPHIA. (R.) Here ! have you seen him, then ?

HART. No—I am sorry to say he has broken out of the

guard house, instead of remaining patiently, and meeting the charge against him. This, of course, has made the matter worse. But I have still no doubt this gentleman will be content with our undertaking that he shall appear.

MADAME. (*crosses to OFFICER*) Oh, yes you will, I am sure—as the boy has not committed any serious crime. Have you seen him, Franz?

FRANZ. (*up, r. c.*) Oh, dear no, madame, not since last night.

OFFICER. He must be in the house or grounds—for my men lost sight of him just beneath the garden wall. However, if

Madame Tremens, and you, sir, will be responsible for him—

MADAME. Certainly—certainly. The late Councillor Tremens saved the lad's life, and we have always looked upon him as one of the family. His principles are excellent, though he may be a little impetuous. I couldn't bear to see him dragged through the street like a felon, indeed, I couldn't, sir—my nerves won't bear it.

(she crosses to SOPHIA—the OFFICER bows to MADAME TREMENS and HARTMANN, and is about retiring, when

GREINDEL rushes in, L.

GREINDEL. Stop! stop! don't go without your prisoner! He's in the house somewhere—and I denounce him!

HART. You, sir! What do you mean?

GREINDEL. I've been robbed—Madame Tremens has been robbed! and I charge Maurice with the theft. Search for him! seize him!

ALL. Robbed!

GREINDEL. Yes—a thousand florins in bank notes—gone—taken out of the box which I left in my room, with the key in it.

HART. And you dare to charge Maurice with having stolen them?

GREINDEL. I do. Search for him I say! (OFFICER is going up—FRANZ stops him)

FRANZ. He's not here!

MAURICE flings open the door, r. u. e., and rushing hastily forward, confronts GREINDEL.

GREINDEL. Seize him! (OFFICER advances towards MAURICE)

ALL. Maurice!

(Music—MAURICE, with the most passionate gestures, declares his innocence, demands that he should be arrested and examined, but at the same time, that GREINDEL should be seized for falsely accusing him)

GREINDEL. What does he mean?

FRANZ. Why, that you should be made to prove your words or go to prison yourself.

GREINDEL. Indeed! Take care I don't prove enough to send you there with him.

FRANZ. Me?

GREINDEL. Yes, you. You were both going off to New York together? Didn't he slink out of the house with you last night immediately after the theft must have been committed? Harkye, Master Maurice, didn't I find you lurking about my door last night in the dark, when I thought I had dropped the key of madame's box? (MAURICE signs, "Yes.") Oh, you confess that, do you? Now, sir—(to HARTMANN) I left my room but for five minutes, just to show Madame Tremens some accounts, and missing the little key, which I thought I had put in my pocket, came back to look for it, and found it in the lock of the box—Maurice, as he acknowledges, was the only person near. I never dreamt of counting the money again—just turned the key and put it in my pocket, and when I came out again, my young gentleman was off—and I'll be bound to say, never meant to come back.

MADAME. He can explain, no doubt.

SOPHIA. (R.) Oh, yes, Maurice—you can, you will?

HART. Why were you about to leave Hamburg? What cause had you for quitting this roof? (MAURICE crosses to HARTMANN, and makes sign, that he declines giving his reasons for that step) How—you will not say? But remember, Maurice, that by answering that question candidly, you can best prove your innocence.

FRANZ. (rushing forward) If he won't explain, I will—for I know, and it was the cause—(MAURICE interrupts him, and conjures him not to speak) Well, there—I've done, if you insist upon it.

GREINDEL. (L. C.) You see, they are confederates, and afraid of committing themselves. Who else, I ask, was likely to take the money?

FRANZ. Who else? Why, you—you'd do anything for money. It's my belief you have taken it, and charge him to clear yourself.

GREINDEL. Was there ever such impudence?

MADAME. (R. C.) If the money be gone, somebody must be guilty—and I am loth to believe that Maurice could be so base and ungrateful.

(MAURICE crosses to her and snatches her hand, and kisses it with the greatest emotion, then again protests his innocence, and seems painfully sensible of the impossibility to give force enough to his protestations without words)

HART. Poor fellow! Yes, we know—we feel for your situation—the disadvantage under which you labour. But there is no mistaking your meaning—you declare solemnly that you are innocent of this charge?

(MAURICE pulls the miniature of his mother from his bosom, and raises his hands to Heaven)

SOPHIA. (R.) Oh, see uncle—see! he calls upon his mother to witness his oath.

HART. His mother! (looking at the miniature) Heavens! (aside) Is that his mother's portrait? (MAURICE kisses it with great affection)

FRANZ. (C.) Oh, yes, sir, it was round his neck when he was saved by Mr. Tremens. He has worn it all his life, sir.

HAI.T. He is not guilty—he cannot be guilty. (crosses to R.) Sister, let me speak with you alone, directly, in this room.

MADAME. This day will kill me, I'm sure it will—my nerves won't bear it. *Exit MADAME, with HARTMANN, R.*

FRANZ. There, cheer up, cheer up, Master Maurice—Mr. Hartmann says you are not guilty.

GREINDEL. Mr. Hartmann may say what he likes—saying won't do—he must prove it, mustn't he, sir? (to OFFICER)

OFFICER. (crossing to MAURICE) Why do you object to state your reasons for leaving Hamburg?

SOPHIA. Ah—why, dear Maurice—

FRANZ. Because, though he's unhappy himself, he doesn't want to make others so.

GREINDEL. (L.) Ridiculous!

FRANZ. Ah, you don't understand that, do you? You don't care who you make miserable.

GREINDEL. You'll remember, sir, (to OFFICER) that I charge that fellow with being aware of the robbery, if he didn't actually help to take the money—I dare say they have shared it between them, and the receiver's as bad as the thief.

FRANZ. Why don't you search us—I wish you joy of all the money you'll find upon me. You took good care to leave me without a stiver yesterday morning, and Maurice too, very nearly.

GREINDEL. Why, what's that I see under his waistcoat—something like a red purse? (MAURICE puts his hand in his breast) See, he wants to hide it—take it from him.

(Music—OFFICER advances—MAURICE withdraws his hand, crumpling up something in it)

*Enter MR. HARTMANN, R. 1 E.*

HART. What now?

GREINDEL. He's hiding something—he's got it in his hand. It may be some of the money—watch him, or he'll get rid of it.

HART. Maurice, what have you there? Come, give it to me—to your friend. (*Music—MAURICE reluctantly opens his hand, and shows some faded flowers*) Flowers!

SOPHIA. My bouquet!

HART. Your bouquet? (*looking first at MAURICE, and then at SOPHIA—aside*) So—so! his motive in leaving then, was—(*to the OFFICER*) Sir, may I request you to leave us for a few minutes, I will answer for this young man's safety with my fortune—with my life. (*movement of gratitude on the part of MAURICE*)

GREINDEL. But, Franz—

HART. He will retire awhile with you and the officer.

FRANZ. Oh, yes—do not you be afraid—I'm not going to escape—I'll stick close to you, depend upon it.

*Exeunt OFFICER, GREINDEL, and FRANZ, L.*

HART. Sophia, my love, go to your mother.

SOPHIA. Oh, sir, Maurice and I have been friends from childhood—if ill come to him—I—I should die.

HART. (*encouraging her*) Fear not—fear not!

*He leads her gently to the door—exit SOPHIA, R.*

(*HARTMANN stands and gazes for a few seconds at MAURICE, who has picked up the flowers, and is pressing them to his lips*)

(*aside*) Yes, he is like her now—that mournful smile—poor—poor Clarinda! (*MAURICE overhears the name, and starting, looks at MR. HARTMANN*) He heard me—he knows the name! (*to MAURICE*) You have heard that name before? (*MAURICE pointing to the miniature*) Yes, yes—it was your mother's. (*MAURICE, in action, inquires if she was known to him*) Yes, we were acquainted. In England I often saw her. (*MAURICE goes up and brings down a chair for HARTMANN*) And—and your father? (*MAURICE starts at the word, and expresses the greatest indignation*) Why that anger? Did he desert her? (*MAURICE signifies that he married another*) Married another! But might he not have been enforced to such a step by his family? (*MAURICE signifies that nothing should have compelled him*) Oh, I do not attempt to deny—I would but palliate his crime. But if he repented sincerely—bitterly—if, on the death of his wife, he sought his first and only love, to make her full amends, and found her not—if, under a feigned name, to him unknown, she had quitted her native land, bearing his child and hers—if, for nearly twelve years, he has wept her loss and that of his son—would not that son forgive him? You

hesitate—you have heard her speak too often of his cruelty. (MAURICE says by signs, "No, no, she did but weep.") What! only weep! and did she not bid you hate him? (MAURICE by signs, "No, pray for him.") What, pray for him—pray for him who had deceived—deserted her!—and his name? (MAURICE makes signs, he never knew it) She never told you that? She spared his fame who had destroyed hers. (rises) And she is dead!

(Music—After a pause, MAURICE points as to the sea, and in action, describes the storm and wreck of the vessel)  
Yes, yes—swallowed by the pitiless waves. (Music—MAURICE signifies that the waves cast her upon the beach) The ocean disgorged its prey—you saw her once more?

(Music—MAURICE in action, describes his reaching the shore, and suddenly finding the body—that he had knelt beside it, and striven to warm it by chafing the hands, &c., breathing in them, but in vain)

Ay, a cold—cold corse upon the beach! She is dead—but her child—her poor mute child yet lives, and to him may I atone. (starting, as if with sudden recollection) Oh, horror! and that child now stands accused!

(he clasps his hands in great agitation—MAURICE observes him with anxiety)

Enter FRANZ, L.

FRANZ. Huzza! huzza!

HART. How now, this intrusion—

FRANZ. I beg your pardon, but the money's found—the money's found, Master Maurice. (hugging him)

HART. Found!

FRANZ. Yes, on Greindel's desk—in his own room—there it lay, within reach of the window; if anybody wanted to steal it, they had nothing to do but lift up the sash and put their hands through the bars—and yet that old fellow will stick out that it wasn't there half an hour ago. However, there it is now—he's counted it—it's all right, and you're innocent, Master Maurice.

(hugging him again.)

HART. (to MAURICE) Go, and make glad your friends within. (Music—aside) My mind misgives me!

Exit MAURICE, joyfully, r.

FRANZ. Oh, and here's something of yours, sir, that I picked up just behind the door—I can't think how that should come there. (giving the letter of First Act)

HART. A letter addressed to me! Who opened it?

FRANZ. Not I, sir, you may be sure—but I brought that letter in yesterday, and gave it to your son, sir.

HART. To Albert? (*reading it hastily*)

FRANZ. Yes—didn't he give it to you, sir?

HART. (*aside*) What do I see? (*aloud*) Yes, yes, of course—and—and you found this in Greindel's room, say you?

FRANZ. Yes—just behind the door; we went with the officer to see if any one could have got in last night by the window—but the bars were all safe, and there lay the money, on the desk.

HART. You have not read this letter?

FRANZ. Dear no, sir—I hadn't time—I ran directly to tell Master Maurice he was innocent, and—

HART. Good fellow—good fellow! Yes, yes, Maurice is innocent. (*aside*) And the guilty alone shall suffer. (*aloud*) Where is—my son—where is Albert? He has returned, I know. Go, send him to me, instantly. *Exit FRANZ, L.* Wretched—wretched father! Thy fears were too justly founded. (*looking at the letter*) A thousand florins! The very sum—I cannot hope to be deceived—and the name, too, Werner, the Prussian, who was found this morning, mortally wounded, beneath the ramparts. Merciful powers! a duellist too! perhaps a murderer. Miserable boy! Oh, Clarinda! Clarinda! this is, indeed, a fearful retribution! My mind is made up—nothing shall move me. He comes.

*Enter ALBERT, L.*

ALBERT. (*affecting great gaiety*) I was coming to you without being called, sir. The lawyer is here to draw the contract. Where are my aunt and Sophia?

HART. Within. Have you the money?

ALBERT. Yes, sir, here it is. (*giving notes*)

HART. Ah! you have retained your portion.

ALBERT. Did you not tell me I might, sir?

HART. But you have not spent it?

ALBERT. Spent ten thousand florins, sir! You're joking, surely. I have laid out a few hundreds in some trinkets, and so forth.

HART. A few hundreds—say a thousand.

ALBERT. (*aside*) A thousand! (*aloud*) It may be—a thousand. But come, sir, the lawyer is waiting—and my marriage with Sophia, you know, is to—

HART. Your marriage with Sophia! Never—can you hope it—dare you name it?

ALBERT. Sir, I—I do not understand—(*HARTMANN gives the letter—aside*) 'Sdeath! that letter! I'm lost! (*aloud*) Sir, I confess with shame, that I have broken my promise—but the villain who lured me back to the gaming table, wrote that

letter with the basest purpose. I have punished him, and I have paid him.

HART. Your duel was last night—had you *then* a thousand florins to pay your debt?

ALBERT. I had some money, sir, and this morning—

HART. Be dumb—be dumb! False, miserable, degraded boy! Know you that a robbery has been committed in this house? Know you that an innocent person has been charged with the crime? Know you where this letter was found? I will tell you—in the room where the real culprit dropped it last night, when—

ALBERT. (*dropping on his knees*) Father—father! I have replaced the sum.

HART. Felon! Call not me father! (*crosses L.*) I renounce—disclaim you.

ALBERT. Mercy!

HART. Away!

*Enter MAURICE, hastily, R., alarmed at the sound of their voices, followed by MADAME TREMENS and SOPHIA—from the other side, enter FRANZ, L.*

Away! Here is my son! (*clasping MAURICE to his breast*) Henceforth, I own but him. Sister—Sophia, be witness, Maurice is the son and heir of Frederick Hartmann.

ALL. Maurice!

HART. For that youth, who has disgraced the name, a milder punishment awaits him than his crimes deserve! He leaves Hamburg to-night, on board that vessel which was to have borne from me the child of my Clarinda. (*holding out his arms to MAURICE, who hesitates*) Maurice, for the sake of her who is in Heaven!

(*Music—MAURICE flings himself into them, then points to ALBERT, who has covered his face with his hands, and seems in action, to say “Forgive my brother!”—Tableau.*

CURTAIN.