

TIME AND TIDE;

A TALE OF THE THAMES!

An Original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

WITH A PROLOGUE.

BY

HENRY LESLIE,

AUTHOR OF

The Orange Girl, The Mariner's Compass, Adrienne, Friendship, Love and
Truth, Trail of Sin, &c., &c.,

“Time and Tide wait for no Man.”—Old Proverb.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,

LONDON.

*First Performed at the New Surrey Theatre (under the management of Messrs. Shepherd & Creswick),
on Saturday, March 9th, 1867.*



A TALE OF THE THAMES!

“TIME AND TIDE WAIT FOR NO MAN.”—Old Proverb.

The Extensive Scenery, which will exhibit the complete Mechanism of this elaborately constructed Stage, painted by those Eminent Artistes Mr. WILLIAM TELBIN and Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT, Mr. ALBERT CALLOOR, Mr. DOUGLASS, and a Phalanx of Talented Assistants. The Mechanical Arrangements have been devised by Mr. T. LOWE, Junr. The Appointments by Mr. LLOYDS. The Costumes prepared by Mr. COOMBES. The Gas Department by Mr. J. HINKLEY. The whole of the Music composed and selected by Herr SCHMUCK. The Drama placed on the Stage under the personal Direction of MESSRS. SHEPHERD and CRESWICK.

PROLOGUE.—SAVED FROM THE DROWNING.

“Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair.”—Hood.

Characters.

CLEMENT MORRIS	...	(A Medical Student)	Mr. CRESWICK.
AMOS INGLEDEW	...	(Attorney and Money Broker)	Mr. MACLEAN.
JOHN BARJOHN	...	(A Bargeman)	Mr. SHEPHERD.
JOE CANNON	...	(the Barge Owner's Son)	Mr. A. NELSON.
POLICEMAN	Mr. PAUL.
MILDRED BARJOHN	Miss GEORGIANA PAUNCEFORT.
Toll Collector of Waterloo Bridge, Mudlarks, Boatmen, Policeman, Ladies and Gentlemen,	“Common” People.		

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WATERLOO BRIDGE (First Surrey Arch), with View of London from the River Thames. [A. CALCOTT.

Time, August 20th, 1861.

THE DRAMA.—A LAPSE OF FOUR YEARS.

CLEMENT MORRIS	(M.R.C.S.)	Mr. CRESWICK.
JOB MORRIS	(his Father)	Mr. W. HOLSTON, (from the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, who is expressly engaged.)
JOHN BARJOHN	(a Thief and Footpad)	Mr. SHEPHERD.
AMOS INGLEDEW	(Attorney-at-Law)	Mr. MACLEAN.
JOHN CANNON	(his Clerk)	Mr. A. NELSON.
DIGGENS	(a Page)	Mr. LLOYDS.
TOBY MAPLETOFT	(Husband and Phrenologist)	Mr. J. IRVING.
THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE CRIMINAL COURT	Mr. BUTLER.
USHER OF THE COURT	Mr. HUMMERSTON.
LORD MAYOR	Mr. KING.
ALDERMAN	Mr. SIDNEY.
MR. CHALMERS	(Q.C., retained for the Crown)	Mr. JAMES.
MR. SERJEANT EMERY	(Retained for the Defence)	Mr. STRETON.
EDWARD BURTON	(Captain of the All Australian Clipper Screw Steamer "Apollo")	Mr. HERRING.
CHARLES MARSH	(a Clerk)	Mr. WOODFIELD.
CABBY	(Badge 2007)	Mr. WILLIAMS.
THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE BEER CAN	Mr. NEWMAN.
THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE BAKED POTATOES	Mr. ROURKE.
THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE SAVOYOTS	Mr. HASTINGS.
GATE-KEEPER AT THE THAMES EMBANKMENT WORKS	Mr. JACKSON.
Workmen, Policemen, Journeymen, News Boys, Sailors, Dock Labourers, Fruit Women, &c.
MILDRED BARJOHN	Miss GEORGIANA PAUNCEFORT.
LADY EUPHEMIA MORRIS	Miss MORETON BROOKES.
Mrs. MAPLETOFT	Miss ELIZABETH WEBSTER.
LETTY	(Lady Euphemia's own Maid)	Miss GOODALL
			Mapletoft's Twins, by a Rising Generation.

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

ACT I. - - - - - **(Time, August, 1865.)** - - - - - **MILDRED'S VOW.**

"A promise made admits of no release."—*Sheridan Knowles.*

The Drawing Room in Caractacus Villa, Fulham,
ENTRANCE GATE AND EXTERIOR OF THE VILLA. [A. CALLCOTT.
LAWN & STRUBBERY OF THE VILLA (MOONLIGHT.) [A. CALLCOTT.

ACT II. - - - - - - - - - **THE ORDEAL OF LOVE.**

Rise, woman, rise,
To thy peculiar and best attributes,
| Of doing good and of enduring ill;
Rise with thy sisters."—*Mrs. Browning,*

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, OLD BAILEY. [A. CALLCOTT.
EXTERIOR OF THE OLD BAILEY. [A. CALLCOTT.

THE LONDON DOCKS.

DEPARTURE OF THE GOOD SHIP, "APOLLO," (SUNSET.) [W. CALLCOTT.
"Advance Australia," A LAPSE OF THREE MONTHS.

ACT III. - - - - - THE WRONG MADE RIGHT

"If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together;
In sad or singing weather;

Blown fields and flowerful closes,
Green pleasures or grey grief.
If love were what the rose is
And I were like the leaf."—*Swinburne.*

HOUSE OF THE POOR DOCTOR, WESTMINSTER.

THE PARLOUR KITCHEN.

[A. CALLCOTT.

THE WORKS ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT

Under the differing aspects of Storm and Moonrise.

[W. TELBIN.

WESTMINSTER CLOCK TOWER.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, &c., &c.

WONDROUS EFFECTS!

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TIME AND TIDE.



PROLOGUE.

TIME: *August 20th, 1861.* TIDE: *low water at 5.30 p.m.*

SAVED FROM THE DROWNING.

"Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair."—*Hood*.

SCENE.—*The First Arch of Waterloo Bridge (Surrey side) spans the stage from L. to R.; L. 2 E., the stone steps from the bridge to the shore; through the arch is seen the Thames shipping and the buildings on the northern bank of the river; a boat moored close to the foot of the steps, L. 2 E. The foreground of the stage represents the mud of the river.—Music.*

Six Boys (*mudlarks*) discovered, c., hailing the PASSENGERS above.

1ST BOY. Shy us a ha'penny, sir!

2ND BOY. Chuck it down, sir!

3RD BOY. Don't be shy, sir!

1ST BOY. Pitch it here, sir!

3RD BOY. This way, sir!

2ND BOY. Me, sir!

ALL THE BOYS. No; me, sir!

(*a halfpenny is thrown from above—Boys scramble for it*)

Enter from the archway of the steps, L. 2 E., the TOLL COLLECTOR.

TOLL COLLECTOR. Now then, you boys, just be off, kicking up that row!

1ST BOY. Please sir, it wasn't me, sir. (*points to 3RD BOY*)

2ND BOY. It was him, sir.

3RD BOY. Say that again, and I'll give you a tap on the nut.
(*they begin sparring at each other*)

TOLL C. Now then, you boys! (*they are slowly moving off*)

1ST BOY. We're a-going, sir. (*slyly picks up a bit of mud*)

2ND BOY. Sorry we troubled you, sir. (*picks up mud*)

1ST BOY. 'Ope your wife and family don't want the parish doctor, sir. (*TOLL COLLECTOR is turning away—the Boys fling mud at him—his back is seen covered with mud*)

TOLL C. You young rascals! I'll call a policeman! Police! police! (*rushes up the steps—a POLICEMAN shews himself on steps*)

1ST BOY. Slope it, Bill!—here's the Bobby!

BOYS *rush off*, L. 1 E.—*Music—stage clear.*

Enter CLEMENT MORRIS from the steps—he descends to the front—an open letter in his hand.

CLEM. I don't think he saw me, and, if not, in this un-frequented spot, I shall surely escape him, I hope—for just now I couldn't bear his money-broker's talk! Oh, this letter—this letter! It will break father's heart; I know it will. Poor old man! and he so fond of the son who has abused his goodness. This letter—this letter! (*sits on a block of stone, L.*)

Enter AMOS INGLEDEW, from the steps, L. 2 E.

AMOS. There he is! (*takes out his pocket-book and selects a paper*) I'm sorry he wanted to slide out of the way and dodge me. I'm a moral man, and anything like sneaking conduct I can't abide. (*slowly advances towards CLEMENT*)

CLEM. (*gazing upon the letter, then crushes it in his hand*) Postponed—my examination at the College of Surgeons postponed. Polite words! But, of what do they remind—accuse me? heartache—brainache—dissipation instead of work—time wasted—health wasted—talent wasted.

AMOS. (*sits beside him*) And money wasted—my money wasted. I wasn't listening—as a moral man, anything under-hand I can't abide; still I heard, you know.

CLEM. Well, Ingledeuw?

AMOS. I wouldn't have seen you for a golden pound! I'm but a poor attorney—but I'd rather have given a—

CLEM. (*rising*) Let's have no more of this! I'm wearied out!

AMOS. (*rises*) I've been a friend to you, so you must settle this bill of acceptance—it's overdue six weeks, and you've never been near the office. It's so unbusiness-like. I could have got my client to renew for two pound and a half; only you are so unpunctual.

CLEM. (*crossing to L.*) I'm not in the humour—I —

AMOS. (R.) You are not in the humour? I like that to me. Be careful now. I'm all right as long as I'm patted, but don't

rub my fur the wrong way. (*CLEMENT starts*) Now, don't swear, Mr. Morris, because I'm a moral man and anything like swearing I can't abide.

CLEM. I never had a penny of the money.

AMOS. (*taking the acceptance out of his pocket-book*) Is that your honorable autograph?—Yes. It wasn't any odds to the party who lent, who had the money that was borrowed. Your friend has gone through the Court; consequently the party looks to you. You can't take it up. Oh! There's tears in my eyes while I do it; but I'm obliged to trouble you with this copy of a writ (*serves writ*) Want to see the original? No; but only give me a little golden ointment, just to grease my client; say two pounds and a half for a month, and a friend's name, just to jump up behind, I'll arrange for you as though you were my son.

CLEM. Hark ye, Mr. Ingledew, I'm ruined!

AMOS. Why, you vagabond! You haven't filed your petition have you?

CLEM. I'm ruined! I've been up for my examination, and have failed. Poor father! He made up his mind I should be a doctor. My folly and failure will break his heart. What have I to live for? (*crosses, R.*)

AMOS. To live for! Why to pay your debts to be sure. What else should a man live for?

CLEM. I have not a sovereign in the world!

AMOS. But you've got a watch.

CLEM. Yes; the gift of my dear old dad—a gift I'll never part with.

AMOS. Have you got fifteen shillings—twelve—ten?

CLEM. (*shewing his money*) Not a ha'penny more.

AMOS. (*takes the money and counts it*) Six—ten—twelve. (*crosses to L.*) Well, I'll take what you've got on account of the costs, Mr. Clement Morris.

CLEM. You would not leave me without a halfpenny, would you?

AMOS. As a moral man, I invariably take all I can get. Good-bye, Mr. Morris—you'll always find a friend in me. You've got the copy of the writ safe? that's right—always take care of business papers—and here, there's a ha'penny back (*offers halfpenny*.—*CLEMENT rejects it—it falls upon the stage*) to see you over the bridge, for, as a moral man, anything like meanness I can't abide.

Exit up the steps, L. 2 E.

CLEM. (c.) Penniless—rejected—heartbroken! I don't see the black river, and the spreading town—I can only see dad smoking his pipe, and hear him talking of his son—the doctor—Heaven help him! He, just a bit of a carpenter, to screw and save for me—and to be of no more use than if he

had taken his hard-earned money and pitched it into the mud there! Oh, London, as ye lie there before me, I could breathe a curse on your splendid streets—a curse on your squalid ways! You've turned a happy country lad into a miserable heart-broken man! Better that father found me dead than thus disgraced!

Music—a barge laden with bricks floats slowly on through arch from L. 2 E. On the deck are JOE CANNON and JOHN BARJOHN playing at cards, JOE smoking a pipe; at the rudder MILDRED.

One plunge from the bridge top, and then—and then—
(goes to steps, but, attracted by MILDRED's cry, listens to the dialogue that follows)

MILDRED. Father, father! (*the barge stops, C.—JOHN BARJOHN rises from the game in an attitude of threatening*)

JOHN. (C.) So, you stupid, careless wench!—you've got us on the mud, eh? I've a mind you shant do it again!

JOE. (R., slightly intoxicated) Don't hit the girl,—gal's right enough. Wouldn't ha' done it, if ye could ha' helped it, would ye, Milly?

JOHN. A 'course, Mr. Cannon, sir, I won't say a word! It's your father's craft, and he's my master. Whatever you says is law to me.

JOE. Wouldn't ha' done it if ye could ha' helped it, would ye, Milly?

JOHN. That's the second time Mr. Cannon has axed you. Why don't ye answer, eh? (*savagely*)

MILD. (L., at rudder) Oh, don't strike me, father! Don't beat me—don't!

JOE. Let her alone; tide's getting up. She'll soon swing off again.

JOHN (*sitting down to the game again*) I'm sure you ought to be very much obligated to Mr. Cannon sticking up for you arter you'd set the craft in the mud. It's your deal, Mr. Cannon. (*JOHN cuts, JOE deals the cards*)

MILD. I couldn't help it. I'm clean 'mazed and tired o' life. Oh, I wish I was dead!

CLEM. (*sitting on steps*) Wishes she was dead. (*aside*)

JOHN. (C.) Now, cuss me if that arn't ungrateful, arter I had all the trouble of bringing her up, she wishes she was dead.

MILD. (L.) Hard work! hard fare! hard blows!

CLEM. (*aside, on steps*) Is she then more miserable than I?

MILD. I shouldn't ha' let the craft go on the mud—only I hadn't the strength to get the helm up—'sides, my eyes prickle so with the watching. I ain't had no food to speak on all day, and I'm craving.

CLEM. (*rises and comes forward, L.*) No food, and that horrible Ingledew. (*searches in pockets in vain*)

JOHN. Here, here's some biscuit for you. (*throws her biscuit which he takes from his pocket*) Now, what more do you want?

MILD. (*eating*) Well, I wants to read and write.

JOHN. Eh? Darn my old shoes! did you hear that? She'll get into mischief enough without that, won't she, Mr. Cannon?

JOE (R.) It's your game, John. (*pays JOHN 6d. and deals*)

MILD. (L.) Do you speak for me, please. Here am I, Mr. Cannon, a'most a woman growed, and there arn't a parish lass i' Faversham but what knows more nor I.

JOHN. Parish lass! D'y'e think I'd allow you to go to a charity school?

MILD. (*appealingly*) Mr. Cannon!

JOE. John, I think she ought to read and write. See, I'm going into a lawyer's office; and as Milly's to be Mrs. Cannon, she ought to be able to read and write.

JOHN. We'll wet that. (*takes up the beer can*) D'y'e hear that, Mildred? considering you're to be Mrs. Cannon, you may learn to read and write. Here, Mrs. Cannon, here's success to your larning. (*drinks*)

MILD. You needn't sup that, father; I don't want to read and write.

JOE. What rum things women are! First she does want to larn to read and write—then she doesn't want to larn to read and write. (*JOE drinks from can*)

MILD. Not if I'm obliged to be Mrs. Cannon.

JOHN. (*starting up*) Do you mean that you wont hev him?

MILD. Not for all the parson's larning I won't.

JOHN. You're making me savage. Now I'll have it out here; yes, or no! Here's Mr. Cannon says you can be Mrs. C., for the speaking on't. Now, yes or no?

MILD. No, no, no!

JOHN. (*raising his hand to strike her, JOE stays him*) I'll manage this, Mr. Cannon,. Stick to your pipe, I'll manage this.

MILD. You've been a hard father to me. When other children was away out wi' the buttercups, I was toiling and starving at home. What's gone o' my life is all too horrible for a dream—what's to come you would crush by wedding me to a man as I've never a snap o' love for. But I won't do it—I'd sooner drown myself in that river there!

JOHN. Drown yourself, eh? (*throws her down on deck and raises his hand to strike her*) I'll teach you. (*music*)

CLEM. (*in front, L.*) Ruffian! stay your hand.

JOHN. Who are you to tell me to stop? Haven't I a right to manage my own child?

CLEM. Pause, man, for if you let your hand fall, I'll plunge into the river, drag you from the boat, and break every bone in your cowardly skin.

JOE. (*the tide lifts barge*) Let her alone, John. The tide's getting up now—and besides, if we've a bother, you may lose your berth.

JOHN. All right, Mr. Cannon. Get to the rudder. (*MILDRED goes to rudder*) We shall meet again, young man! (*JOHN takes a long pole and begins to push the boat off*)

CLEM. When we do, I'll give you a mark to remember the meeting; cowardly bully that you are!

JOHN. Yes, yes—all right. Will you lend me a hand with this, Mr. Cannon. (*JOE aids him to push off*) Now—n—o—w—Yo ho! yo ho! (*barge moves slowly off, R.*)

CLEM. (*solus*) What a change. What a light breaks upon my darkened soul. The existence I deemed so sad is heaven to that poor girl's. Would I could help her! The very thought gives me new life. Poor, dear old dad! I'll make myself worthy of you yet. Clement Morris is a new man. Farewell the night revel, and welcome the toil and the success.

MILD. (*without, R.*) Father, father! (*she screams—murmurs*)

CLEM. What's that? (*looking off, R.*) Great heaven!—she is no longer in the boat! Why, 'tis Mildred! She who has given me a new life is gasping for her own in the muddy river! and shall I stand idly by? Never! Her deliverance or death! (*CLEMENT rushes off, R. 1 E.—murmurs of crowd heard—the TOLL COLLECTOR rushes down the steps with several others—amongst them a POLICEMAN*)

TOLL C. A woman has fallen into the river! The drags, Jim, the drags! (*a MAN hands him the drags—TOLL COLLECTOR and another leap into the boat moored near the steps—murmurs kept up*)

POLICE. There is a man gone to her rescue! See! he swims toward her! She sinks—he dives—he has hold of her!

(*CLEMENT MORRIS swims on from R. 3 E., with MILDRED in his arms—he stretches out his hand to an oar held by the MAN in the boat—general cry of "Saved, saved!" and cheers from the spectators.—Tableau.*

THE DRAMA.—(TIME, *August, 1865.*)

MILDRED'S VOW.

"A promise made admits of no release."—*Sheridan Knowles.*

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Drawing Room in Caractacus Villa, Fulham; fireplace with a fire burning, c. ; on mantel shelf a handsome clock pointing to 8, when drop rises; vases on mantel shelf; a window opening to the garden in flat, L. C. ; table, R., with a lighted lamp and dessert plates upon it; table L., with another lighted lamp upon it; carpet down; drawing room chairs, &c. ; a lighted candle on table, R. ; through the window is seen the garden; moonlight.*

Enter LETTY, R., with wine, brandy, glasses, and dishes of fruit—DIGGENS, L., with a newspaper, meeting her.

DIGG. (L.) Newspaper, Miss Letty?

LETTY (R.) No, thank you. There's nothing about plays and hactors in it, eh, Mr. Diggens?

DIGG. (*places the newspaper on the back of a chair before the fire*) They ain't cattle I encourage myself. The horthors puts us servants in such a hojus light; they seems to think the persition of a domestic is hincompatible with that of gentleman.

LETTY. (R. C.) Ne'er a one on 'em could have invented all the changes as has been in this family.

DIGG. Ah! Why they say, four years ago, our master, old Mr. Morris, was only a—(*makes action of planing*)

LETTY. What—a carpenter?

DIGG. Yes. (*makes noise of sawing*)

LETTY. Eh? (*she imitates him*)

DIGG. Yes. Then he got a little bit of a builder—then he took to bettin', and then he put all his winnings on a horse called Caractacus; and the horse won, and master's nest has been feathered since with the downiest of down. I don't dislike master. (*bells rings without*) That's the old woman—as for her, Lady Euphemia, what he married a year ago—oh my! I don't think much of her. (*bell*)

LETTY. Why is she called Lady Euphemia, Mr. Diggens?

DIGG. Why, because her first husband was a halderman and a knight. (*bell*)

LETTY. And why was her first husband a knight?

DIGG. I've heered that it was because he could eat more turtle soup at one go than all the rest of the haldermen put together. (*bell*) Ah, Miss Mildred!

Enter MILDRED, R. 1 E. (neatly and respectably attired).

MILD. (C.) James, you had better answer the bell. Lady Euphemia has already rung four times—and, Letty, bring in the rest of the dessert. I will attend to the other lamps myself. (*retires up to window*)

LETTY. (L.) Are you not well, Miss Mildred?

MILD. Why do you ask?

LETTY. You looked a little pale I thought.

MILD. Of course I look pale in the moonlight.

DIGG. (R., to LETTY) What is the matter? I 'ope there's nothing wrong with Miss Mildred. Master's son, Mr. Clement, has put her housekeeper here, and it was through her my wages was rose. (*bell*)

MILD. James.

DIGG. I'm hoff!

Exit, R.

LETTY. There's nothing I can get you, is there, Miss Mildred? You've been a kind friend to me.

MILD. (*sits*) A little faintness—nothing more. (LETTY proffers wine—MILDRED declines)

LETTY. You must tell Mr. Clement—

MILD. Tell him—why—why tell him? (*starts up*)

LETTY. Because he's a first-rate doctor, and—

MILD. Oh, that's all! You can go—stop, Letty—I did not speak unkindly or harshly, did I?

LETTY. Oh, no, Miss Mildred.

MILD. If I did, or you even fancied I did, forgive me.

Exit LETTY, R.

What? speak to Clement of that horrible face I saw! (*sits*) For four happy years I had never heard of him, yet scarce three minutes since—in the front there—I was peeping

Enter JOHN BARJOHN, in rags, from the window—he softly takes a chair—places it by Mildred's side and sits.

through the blind, and just underneath the gas lamp I saw—I saw—(*chord*)

JOHN. (L. C.) Your father's face, wasn't it, Mildred?

MILD. (R. C.) Hush! Oh, for heaven's sake, speak soft and low—soft and low.

JOHN. Lucky I twigged you at the window. (*rises and looks round*) Well, you have滑 into a comfortable crib.

MILD. Not so loud. I would not have them know that my father was here.

JOHN. Oh, you do call me father! (*sits*)

MILD. And you don't know how often I have prayed that I might think of you, as other daughters think of their fathers; but memory is too keen—I can't—I can't.

JOHN. How pretty you speak! I 'spose you're quite larned now,—read, may be?

MILD. Yes.

JOHN. Write too? (*she nods*) Play on the pianner, eh? (*MILDRED shakes her head*) Ah! it's a pity you don't play on the pianner.

MILD. Hush!

JOHN. Now, look ye, Mildred; I'm going to Australia.

MILD. (*delighted*) Father!

JOHN. How sorry you are; only I ain't got my passage money, and that's fifty pounds.

MILD. I haven't a shilling.

JOHN. You can get it, and you shall (*rises*—*puts her chair back*) or else I'll introduce myself to your fine friends as what I am—a thief—a footpad.

MILD. Oh, be still, be still! (*rises—puts her chair back*)

JOHN (*at table, R.*) Three months at Maidstone; six in the House of Correction. (*he pours out a glass of wine, and drinks it*)

MILD. (*near him*) Father, father, that is not yours! I am here but a housekeeper—a servant.

JOHN. Oh, the wine!—twould puzzle a conjuror to get it back again. Come, fifty pounds, or —— (*a knock heard, L.*)

MILD. Clement's knock! I wouldn't for the world——

CLEM. (*without, L.*) Father in, James, and Miss Mildred?

DIGG. (*without*) In the drawing room, sir.

JOHN. You can get this fifty pounds; there must be money lying about.

MILD. (*L. C.*) Isn't the old sin out of your heart yet? But you shall have no power over me. In less than a minute Mr. Clement, the son of my master, will be here. If you go, I will be silent; if you remain, I will say you are my father; and I will tell him also that you are a footpad and a thief!

JOHN. (*taking up a lighted candle from R. table, looking at clock*) It's now half-past eight. I shall wait half an hour in the shrubbery. Be there at nine with fifty pounds, and—— (*he blows out the candle, and exits by window*)

Enter CLEMENT, L.—MILDRED puts the chairs back to their places.

CLEM. Fifty pounds! Didn't I hear something about fifty

pounds? Oh, I didn't, I suppose—but really I'm so vexed and worried. (*sits at R. of L. table*)

MILD. (*approaching him*) Vexed and worried!

CLEM. Ha! ha! what a long face—all men are vexed and worried sometimes—go on, Mildred, go on. (*she turns up the lamps on table rendering the stage lighter*)

MILD. What can have vexed and worried him! You are not ill, Mr. Clement?

CLEM. How are the French verbs getting on? (*MILDRED turns away*) Why what's the matter? (*he rises*)

MILD. I inquire if you are ill, and you only reply by asking how the French verbs are getting on.

CLEM. Why, Mildred—(*JOB heard outside*)

JOB. (*without*) I'm going into the drawing room.

CLEM. Here's dad!

Enter JOB MORRIS, R., with a Stock Exchange list in his hand—

MILDRED returns up to table, R.—CLEMENT approaches JOB, whose manner is agitated.

JOB. (C.) Well, Clement, my lad, I didn't expect to see you to-night. (*CLEMENT proffers his hand to JOB—he passes on not noticing the action, quite occupied by the list*) By Jove, fallen three! Sit down my boy—and the Imperial at a discount. Glass of wine for Clement, Mildred—(*MILDRED pours out wine at R. table—CLEMENT drinks*) and—um—um—

CLEM. (*at R. table*) What's that, dad?

JOB. (R. C.) And Ingledew with my two thousand acceptance due to-morrow. If it should be dishonoured!

CLEM. What's that, dad?

JOB. This?—oh, this is the Stock List—ah, there's the Globe! I wonder if there's anything in the Globe City article? (*takes the newspaper from the chair back near fire—sits, L. table, and glances eagerly over the news*)

CLEM. I don't half like his way. (*crosses to his father, L.—leans affectionately over his chair*) And how are you getting on in the speculating line—eh, dad?

JOB. Oh, capital, capital!—that is, it will be all right; but now—I wonder why Ingledew doesn't come. (*rises and crosses to R.*)

CLEM. (L. C.) Now, come here, dad. Put down that paper. (*takes the newspaper from JOB'S hand, and puts it on L. table*) It's just to talk to you about that very thing that's brought me down so sudden. I met Ingledew.

JOB. (R. C.) Amos—you met Amos Ingledew?

CLEM. (L. C.) Amos Ingledew; and he as good as hinted that all was not so right as, perhaps, you yourself fancy.

JOB. Nonsense, nonsense! Ha, ha, ha! Why, look ye

When the Austrian mines turn up, I shall have a haul; then Abingdon is sure to win the Cæsarwitch, and there's haul No. 2; then if I get an allotment—

CLEM. Dear old dad! You don't know how I love you! but when you talk of allotments and shares, and all that sort of thing, I feel sad,—very sad; and I wish heartily that you were once more as I remember you,—singing a merry song—

JOB. (R. C.) Ah, Clem!

CLEM. Curling up the shavings—

JOB. Dear Clem!

CLEM. At your old bench.

JOB. Bench—hush! not a word about the bench.

LADY E. (without, R.) Oh, dear! oh, dear!

JOB. Here's Lady Euphemia. (CLEMENT goes up)

Enter LADY EUPHEMIA MORRIS, leaning on DIGGENS and LETTY, R.

LADY E. Job, your arm—Mr. Morris. (JOB runs to her) Go away, Diggens, you have such an odious flavour of the stable.

DIGG. (R.) Me, my lady? Well, if ever—(MILDRED brings forward a chair for LADY EUPHEMIA)

LADY E. (R. C.) Mildred, you are as cruel—as clumsy—you see me almost dying, and—(sinks into the chair)

CLEM. (at L. table) Clumsy!

JOB. Lavender, Mildred, lavender! *Exit MILDRED, R.* Ain't she highly refined, Clement? What quality, boy, eh?

Re-enter MILDRED, R., with the lavender bottle.

LADY E. Ugh, lavender! What brutes I have about me!

CLEM. (L.) Brutes!

JOB. (L. C.) Hartshorn, Letty, hartshorn! *Exit LETTY, R.*

LADY E. (R. C.) Hartshorn will kill me outright.

JOB. Sal volatile, Diggens—sal volatile! *Exit DIGGENS, R.* Clement, you are a medical man—she's in a very bad state—what's the matter with her?

CLEM. Give her a drop of brandy, dad. (JOB goes to table, R., and brings down a glass of brandy)

Re-enter LETTY, with hartshorn, R.

LETTY. Hartshorn, my lady!

DIGGENS rushes on, R., with sal volatile.

DIGG. Sal volatile, my lady!

JOB. Brandy, neat, for your ladyship!

LADY E. (drinking the brandy) Clumsy brutes, get away!

JOB. Clement, just speak to her ladyship; I'm sure there's something radically wrong.

} Said almost
together.

CLEM. (L.) I have no patience with her.

Retires up to fire, c.—a knock heard, L.—Exit DIGGENS, L.

JOB. (L. c.) That's Ingledew. If I can only persuade him to put off that bill for two days—I've sent for him, because a man is so much braver in his own house.

Enter DIGGENS and AMOS INGLEDEW, L.—DIGGENS retires round to R.

AMOS. (L., hurriedly) There ain't anything wrong about that bill. I only got your letter an hour ago. I'm in that perspiration—look at my handkerchief! (*wipes his face with handkerchief*) It's two thousand pounds.

JOB. (L. c.) Let me introduce you to Lady Euphemia.

AMOS. Damn Lady Euphemia! The bill, Mr. Morris.

JOB. Damn Lady Euphemia! damn a splendid woman like that!

AMOS. I beg your pardon. (*aside*) I'm sure there's something wrong.

JOB. Lady Euphemia, Mr. Amos Ingledew is desirous of the distinguished honour of your ladyship's acquaintance.

LADY E. (R. C.) Take him away, he smells of the City!

AMOS. (*aside*) And by George, if your husband don't settle that bill, he'll smell of Basinghall Street!

LADY E. (*still sitting*) Raise my head. (*MILDRED does so*) What a coarse clumsy creature you are, Mildred—but there, what's bred in the bone—

CLEM. (*advances to c.*) Coarse! clumsy! Hark ye, dad—

AMOS. (*aside to JOB*) Mr. Morris, my bill—my bill.

CLEM. (C.) I have the highest respect for the fine lady who married you for your money, but I'd have her to know that she's just talking harshly to a lass who'll one day be my wife.

LADY E. Oh! oh!

JOB. She's going to faint! she's going to faint!

LADY E. Oh! (*faints*)

DIG. (R.) Number three, in less than half an hour.

JOB. She's fainted, Clement.

CLEM. Diggens.

DIG. Yes, sir.

CLEM. A bucket of water.

DIG. What for, sir?

CLEM. For your mistress.

LADY E. (*starting up*) Brute!

JOB. What did you mention the water for?

CLEM. Why, to bring her too; and it's done it wonderfully, ain't it, dad?

LADY E. Letty—Diggens, take me away from this man. (*they lead her to wing, R.*)

CLEM. (c.) Stay, Lady Euphemia; perhaps, as you are my father's wife, I may have gone a little too far. So, there's my hand; and if you ask me for a prescription, I'll give you one, with only a smile for a fee. Take some good humour, mixed with some regard for a husband's love, and pity for an orphan's sorrow. Infuse these in the milk of human kindness, warm from the heart; take a good draught, night and morning; and I'll answer for your having a clear conscience, which is the truest minister of perfect health. (CLEMENT turns up stage—MILDRED sits, R.)

LADY E. Vulgar wretch! (DIGGENS and LETTY lead her off, R.—DIGGENS carrying off one lamp)

AMOS. Mr. Morris, consider my feelings—my bill, my bill.

JOB. I can't stay now. Look ye, have a cigar in the shrubbery! (*offers cigar case*) I'll be with you in a few minutes. I must see after Lady Euphemia. Don't say a word to Clement.

LADY E. (*without, R.*) Job! Mr. Morris!

JOB. Yes, my sweet pet.

LADY E. Bring the sal volatile.

JOB. (*taking sal volatile from table*) Here, my delicious darling, here. Exit, R.

AMOS. (*taking out his pocket book*) There's something wrong about that bill!

CLEM. (*advancing, R.*) So, you've got that old pocket book, still, eh?

AMOS. (L. C.) But none of your paper inside it though.

CLEM. Nor ever will. I've passed my examination with honours. I am out of danger, because as the proverb goes, I am out of debt.

AMOS. Got a snug practice, Mr. Clement?

CLEM. Worth a couple of thousands at least.

AMOS. Would it sell for a couple of thousands? (CLEMENT nods) Come, that's a comfort—and you'd do anything for your father?

CLEM. As he has done, and would do again, anything for me—dear old dad! (*crosses to L.*)

AMOS. (R.) There's something still to eat in the dining room, isn't there?

CLEM. If you'll just ring the bell, Letty will bring you something up in a moment.

AMOS. (*takes lamp*) You remember what you said just now?

CLEM. What did I say just now?

AMOS. That you could sell for a couple of thousands, and that you'd do anything for your dad. I like to hear it—only remember it, that's all—for I'm a moral man, and any want of filial gratitude I can't abide.

Exit, with lamp, R.—lights half down.

CLEM. (*advancing to MILDRED, R. C., who is seated*) Mildred, how sad you are.

MILD. I am so unhappy at what you said to Lady Euphemia just now.

CLEM. Her remarks, so disparaging to you, vexed me. Don't turn away; let me sit here beside you. (*sits*) Those words about making you my wife popped out of a sudden; but I am sorry if it pained you, though I've been thinking of it for a long time. I owe you so much.

MILD. You, Mr. Clement?

CLEM. Dear Mildred—for you are very dear—call me Clement, plain Clement—no Mr. It was your patient suffering in the boat that, rousing me from the apathy of a despair which pointed to the grave, made me what I am. We are quite alone. I've never spoken thus before. Say, dear Mildred, you will be my wife,—when I get on still better—not now.

MILD. Clement—dearer to me than words can speak—I could share your poverty better than your wealth.

CLEM. I would not permit you to partake it. I've never come upon dad; for somehow, I fancy his money is not quite lucky money. When we wed—soon, very soon—the world will be a slave at my foot; now it is my master. You will be mine? (*both rise and advance*)

MILD. (R. C.) I ought to say no, but I can't; for, oh, I love you so!

CLEM. (L. C.) Swear, Mildred, to be faithful to me and mine.

MILD. To you, and yours, always faithful—preserver, benefactor, husband!

CLEM. To mine? Ha, ha, ha! When I've only dad; but you will cling to him, will you not, as you would cling to me?

MILD. To him as to you.

CLEM. You have sworn to be faithful to me and mine—that's dad, and this ring—(*gives her a ring from his finger*) this gentle kiss, seal the loving vow. (*kisses her*) You've made me so happy. Ha, ha, ha, I could laugh till I cried.

JOB. (*without, R.*) Clement!

CLEM. Hush! there's dad.

JOB. (*without*) Clement! Her ladyship's fainted again.

CLEM. Ha, ha, ha. She shall have the water this time. (*crosses to R.*) You don't know how I'll toil for you. Heaven bless you, my own darling, be happy as I.

JOB. (*without*) Clement!

CLEM. Coming, dad, coming. Heaven bless ye, darling, Heaven bless ye. *Kisses her hand and exits, R.*

MILD. Happy, yes, I am happy. How have I cherished the dream that so soon will be reality. This glee is flooding into an ecstacy that makes the heart to throb, to leap. Joy to be his.

JOHN. (*without, at back*) Mildred! Daughter, come.

MILD. Ah, Heaven, the revulsion. In my joy I had forgotten that my father—the thief, the footpad waits me in the shrubbery. (*she staggers off through the window, closed in by*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Dwarf Wall and Gate of Caractacus Villa* (1st grooves—lights down)

Enter BETSY (*a small servant*) wheeling a perambulator, in which are a BOY and a GIRL crying, R.

BETSY. (*slapping him*) Now, Billy, I've told you, over and over again, to git out. Git out, I tell you! (*she drags them out of the perambulator*)

GIRL. Oh, don't hit Bill.

BETSY. Now, 'Tilda, I've a mind to give you a good shaking.

BOY. Oh, don't hit 'Tilda.

Enter MRS. MAPLETOFT, with one BABY, R., followed by TOBY MAPLETOFT carrying another (*twins*).

MRS. M. Surely, Betsy, you're old enough to keep a few children quiet. Drat the boy! (*cuffs Boy*)

TOBY. (R.) Well, here we are at last, Caractacus Villa. We missed Mr. Clement at the surgery; but I couldn't stop a minute. He has saved my life, for old Mother Thompson's right at last, so I've brought myself and you, Tilly, and the blessed twins, to come and thank him. Ring the bell.

MRS. M. (*giving him the BABY that she has*) That was always your business, Toby.

TOBY. Ah! that was when I was a flunkey, and you was lady's maid,—before you was the wife of a perfessional man—hem! But how can I ring the bell with such a pair of kids as these upon my hands?

MRS. M. (*rings bell at gate*) Well, there, then. Can't you be quiet, you? (*drives the boy and girl aside*)

TOBY. Here, take these pretty little poppekins, while I find my card. (*gives the twin babies to MRS. M., and finds his card*) At last! How well it looks in print, "Toby Mapleton, Herbalist, Phrenologist, and Patentee of the Antediluvian Pill" (*crosses to gate, L. F.—DIGGENS appears at gate*). Young man.

DIG. You are Mr. Mapleton. Mr. Clement saw you from the window, and he says he is particularly engaged.

TOBY. But I've come to tell him that Mrs. Thompson is all right; and if ever my pills get me into such a scrape again—

DIG. But what has your pills and your scrape got to do with Mr. Clement? (*comes forward, L.*)

TOBY. (c.) Everything ; one box holds thirty-six. We are in a large way, and have labels printed "To be taken at bed time." A woman came in ; I forgot to write how many was to be taken, and, blow me, if she didn't swallow the lot !

MRS. M. (r.) She was that bad—

TOBY. That Dr. Clement Morris was called in.

MRS. M. And saved her life.

TOBY. And mine too ; for if she'd gone off, I should have gone off at the Old Bailey.

MRS. M. So we came to thank him, for what a thing it had been if Toby had been hanged—him, a perfessional man, and a phrenologist.

DIGG. What is a phrenologist ?

TOBY. Tilly, send the children away, here's a chance for a crown. (MRS. MAPLETOFT *sends off BETSY and the BOY and GIRL*, R.) A phrenologist, sir, is a gentleman who can describe the character of a party by handling of the organs.

DIGG. Oh, then you'd better go away. Master hates music, and always send for a policeman.

TOBY. He mistakes me for an organ grinder. No, by organs, I mean bumps in the head.

DIGG. (l.) Dy'e think I've got any bumps ?

TOBY. Hem ! Have you got any cash ? (DIGGENS *nods*) All right then. I'll find you some bumps whether you've got 'em or not. I already see that you have a surprising development.

DIGG. Wait a minute. Letty, come here, here's a cove going to do my development.

Enter LETTY from gate, L.

LETTY. (l.) Well, I declare ! I never heard o' such a thing.

TOBY. Allow me to prove to you its existence. Take a chair. (*seats DIGGENS in the perambulator*) I have the honour of assuring you that of the many heads which have passed through my hands, I never saw one in which affection was so largely developed.

DIGG. Oh, Letty, you angel !

LETTY. (l.) Oh, Diggens, you fool !

TOBY. (*manipulating DIGGENS' head*) Perception—enormous.

DIGG. Oh, ain't I developing.

TOBY. His language is somewhat indifferent.

LETTY. It's awful bad sometimes.

TOBY. Come here, Tilly, did you ever see such a bump of genius ? It astonishes me however you get your hat on.

MRS. M. How's his benevolence ?

TOBY. Hem, hem ! We'll see—hem, hem ! (*holding out his palm*)

DIGG. What's the matter?

TOBY. It's usual for perfessional gentlemen like myself to accept of a trifling fee—hem, hem!

DIGG. Well, there's a penny for you. (*gives TOBY a penny*)

TOBY & MRS. M. A penny!

DIGG. Now, get on—how's my benevolence?

TOBY. Oh, we must get a candle for that, for I am sure I couldn't find it in the dark. Get off the chair. (*tumbles DIGGENS out of the perambulator*) Now, Tilly, call the family, and let's be going.

DIGG. And arter I'd given him a penny!

Enter BETSY and the FAMILY crying, R.

BETSY. Oh, mum, they are a crying so. They says they are so tired they must have a cab.

TOBY. Why don't they say a carriage and four at once. Make haste, pack up the twins, and I'll give 'em a lift up the hill.

LETTY. Twins?

TOBY. Yes. They are all twins. (*JOHN BARJOHN appears over the wall in flat*)

Enter JOE CANNON, R.

JOE. I say, young man, what's the name of the party who lives in this house?

DIGG. Mr. Morris.

JOE. (R.) Is there a young girl?

JOHN. (*beckoning to JOE*) Wait and I'll tell you all about it. (*disappears*)

JOE. John Barjohn's voice, why, I haven't seen him since—

TOBY. (R. C.) And just you thank Mr. Clement for me, and tell him, anything he wants, or whenever he wants it, I'm the man. Here, you parties, just give us a lift with these children will you? Mind don't forget what I said you were to tell Mr. Clement. Now, Tilly.

(*MRS. MAPLETOFT and LETTY place the BOY and GIRL on TOBY's back—the BABIES are put into the perambulator—TOBY wheels them off, followed by MRS. MAPLETOFT and BETSY, R.*)

DIGG. That's a caution to those about to marry, ain't it, Letty?

LETTY. Yes. They soon mount up don't they? 'specially when they comes in instalments of two at a time.

Exeunt DIGGENS and LETTY through gate.

JOHN (*leaping over the wall to stage*) Why, Joe, your hand, old chap. (*JOE crosses to R.*) You won't take my hand, Joe Cannon?

JOE. (R.C.) Why, you see, I've never set eyes on you, since the day you knocked Mildred, your own child, into the river.

JOHN (L.C.) I didn't knock her in—she—she fell in.

JOE. Well, I'm doing respectable now. I'm in Mr. Ingledew's office. I've got a sort of kindness for Mildred, but you treated her so bad, John, that I hardly can believe she is your child.

JOHN. What makes ye say that? Nothing as you've thought or heer'd, eh?

JOE. You say that in a strange sort of way.

JOHN. Well, I was thinking about old times—and—but what brought you here, Joe?

JOE. Well, I heard that somebody like Mildred had been seen here away, and—

JOHN. Don't trouble yourself any more, for safe as houses, there she is. (*pointing to the house*)

JOE. (R.) But you were talking of old times, and linking them somehow with Mildred.

JOHN. (L.) Right, and of my missis. She was a rare good woman. Says she, "Jack, when you are away, I do feel so lonely here in the marsh"—that was where our cottage was. Law, bless ye! I tumbled to it like a shot. "Why missis," says I, "if only you had a baby," so she laughs, and I laughs. Now, Joe, true as a book, a year after that, what she wished for, heaven sent us. (*takes off his hat*)

JOE. Why, John, you've taken your hat off.

JOHN. (*putting his hat on*) Well, but I've stuck it on again haven't I?

JOE. And why?

JOHN. I 'spose, Joe, it's because when we get used to bad actions, we feel a sort o' shamed like when we do a good one. Well, the baby came, but 'twere just the flicker o' a rushlight whether it lived or died. What's the time by your ticker. (*pulls Joe's watch from his pocket, and returns it*) Oh! all right.

JOE. And was that child Mildred, John?

JOHN. No, no, for just five days to an hour arter that child was born, that child died.

JOE. Go on.

JOHN. I can't for a minute or so, because, although it was so puny and so weakly, it were my own child, and I did so love it.

JOE. Poor John! There's something right about you after all. (*shakes John's hand*)

JOHN. Ah, do—do shake my hand; it does me good. Shake it ag'in and ag'in.

JOE. Your first child died?

JOHN. Gone—gone—just as the doctor came. My missis was fainting, and there wasn't a soul—mind that—but us in the house. So the doctor winks at me, and he says, "If you

want to make a hundred or two," says he, "keep quiet, and just bury that child in the marsh," he says—the missis was senseless and—

JOE. But the child—what did you do with the child?

JOHN. Carried it to the marsh; and there, dark as the night was, and bleak as the wind was, I buried it—and I left it; but it wasn't till I had levelled the grave, and left that poor child of mine all alone amid the acres and acres of sodden, slimy marsh, that I felt how much of love was in the heart that's now so coarse, and black, and hard. (*crosses R.—church clock begins to strike nine*)

JOHN. What's that?

JOE. It's the church clock striking nine.

JOHN. Nine, and she'll be in the shrubbery. (*climbs wall*) Wait me at the "Crown," then I'll tell you the rest.

JOE. Why not now?

JOHN. Because— Well, never mind that. Wait at the "Crown," I tell you—the "Crown."

(JOHN disappears over the wall in flat—JOE exits R.—
Scene changes while the clock is striking, so that the nine
is completed in the next scene.)

SCENE THIRD.—*Lawn and Shrubbery of the Villa (Moonlight), on the lawn, L. C., a rustic table and two chairs.*

JOHN discovered at back—clock striking.

JOHN. Not here yet! How uncommon queer this world does wag to be sure. Just as I was saying everything was a going agin' me, comes this here slice o' luck. I topples over Mildred, my daughter; ha! ha! ha! Yes, my daughter, over—(*makes action over the left shoulder*)

Enter MILDRED, R. 3 E.

MILD. (R. C.) You told me to come at nine. The hour has struck, and I am here.

JOHN. (L. C.) Yes, but what have you brought to your dear old father, eh, Mildred, my pet?

MILD. Father, you want money. I have none. It's true that I am warmly clad, securely housed, but I've no money, not a shilling.

JOHN. I only want jest fifty pounds to emigrate to Australia. Hem! No use. Come, now, if you won't ask your fine friends I'll jest do it myself. (*crosses to R.*)

MILD. (L.) Oh, don't, father, don't. I would not have them know that—

JOHN. But arn't you got nothing you could raise money on?

MILD. I have some jewellery, gifts, ornaments that—

JOHN. There's a good, dear child. Give your poor old father a kiss.

MILD. (*shrinking*) Oh, 'tis a horrible thing! But it seems to me, that if ever affection did live within my heart, it is now past—and gone—and dead. (*crosses to R.*)

JOHN. (L.) If she knew. Well, shake hands then, and make haste and git the things. Stay, what's that on your finger—a ring? (*endeavours to take the ring*)

MILD. No, no. (*striving to retain it*)

JOHN. Don't be afeared. (*forces ring from her finger*) That's it.

MILD. Oh, pray give it me.

JOHN. Git me the others, and I'll return this. Do you doubt your poor old father? Oh, honour.

MILD. It was Clement's gift! *Exit MILDRED, R. 3 E.*

JOHN. (*breathing on the ring*) It's a real diamond, and worth a tenner at least, this is jol—Hush! Who is coming here? Two parties. If they find me, they may—yet if I cut, I may miss the valuables. I'll jest pop in under the shade, and wait what turns up. (*conceals himself up stage*)

AMOS. (*without*) I won't be humbugged, Mr. Morris—the two thousand pounds!

Enter JOB MORRIS and AMOS, L. 1 E.—they sit at table.

AMOS. (L.) The two thousand pounds.

JOB. (R. C.) How you do go on. I only ask for two days, just for the sake of Lady Euphemia.

AMOS. Damn Lady Euphemia!

JOB. Oh, don't damn Lady Euphemia—I couldn't stand that twice in the same night.

AMOS. (*sits L. of table*) Oh, what a double distilled donkey I was, to be sure. (*taking out his pocket book—shews fifty pounds in notes—searching for the acceptance*) No—these are notes—fifty pounds in notes.

JOHN. (*aside*) Fifty pounds in notes.

AMOS. (*searching his pocket-book*) Where is the bill? Where the deuce is it? What business have you to want two days, when—

JOB. Because then the Caesarwitch will be run, and I'm sure to win thousands, and—

AMOS. Oh, you fool—oh, you ass! So, my two thousand—oh, here it is!

JOB. (*aside*) If it were only in my hand.

JOHN. (*aside*) Fifty pounds in notes.

AMOS. Who's that?

JOB. (*aside*) In the fourth pocket—it is in the fourth pocket—oh, Job Morris, ain't you ashamed at this itching of your fingers?

AMOS. Now, we won't have no humbug about Sisserwitches and stuff. This document will be presented at your banker's to-morrow, and if it ain't met—

Enter MILDRED, with jewel case, R. 3 E.

JOB. Don't let Clement know—not Clement!

MILD. (*up stage, R.—aside*) Mr. Morris with Ingledeew.

AMOS. And why not let Clement know, eh?

JOB. Because he's not aware that I am pushed in this way—and—and—

AMOS. (*taking out the bill*) Shall I tell you a better reason? It's drawn by your son, Clement Morris—umph! It always struck me as a bit odd about this bill, that although this is Clement Morris's name, it ain't his handwriting. It is rather peculiar, isn't it, Mr. Morris?

JOB. Oh, never let him know that—that—

AMOS. That you forged his name.

MILD. (*aside*) Forged his name!

AMOS. Not, if it's paid; but if it ain't, how can I help it? Bill dishonoured—drawer has notice, and then the—hem—forgery comes out.

JOB. Poor wife! Unhappy son—disgrace—ruin!

MILD. (*aside*) Disgrace—his, Clement's father!

JOB. In the fourth pocket. My blood runs cold and thick. Of what am I thinking? (*JOHN slightly stirs*)

AMOS. (*suddenly turns round L., his right hand involuntarily opens the pocket-book*) "Twas no wind—I am sure I saw—

JOB. (*abstracting the bill*) It is here!

MILD. (*aside, up R. C.*) He has stolen it—he—his father—Clement's—

JOB. If I could return it. (*AMOS turns towards JOB again*) Too late.

AMOS. I suppose it was fancy after all. Now, about this bill (*searches for it in pocket-book*) Why, where is it gone?

JOB. What can I say? (*music*)

AMOS. Why, that your white face tells the truth. You've stolen it. (*seizes JOB and brings him forward to R. corner*) Help! help! By heaven, I could have your life.

JOHN. (*advancing, seizes AMOS's pocket-book from the table*) The notes! (*disappears with the pocket-book*)

AMOS. Help, there! Murder! Thieves! Give it me—give it me. (*JOB in R. corner with bill behind his back, in his right hand*)

MILD. (*rushes forward, R.*) Not to him—to me. (*aside to him—takes the bill from JOB, tears it, and throws the pieces away at back, R.*)

AMOS. You shall be searched. I won't let you go. Police! police. (*as MILDRED comes down again, she is met by JOHN BARJOHN*)

JOHN. (L. C.) The jewellery.

MILD. (L. C.) There. (*gives him the jewel-case*)

JOHN. (C., taking the jewel-case and throwing the empty pocket-book at MILDRED's feet) And the pocket-book, there. (*music forté*)

AMOS. Help! help!

(JOHN is rushing off, R., when CLEMENT enters rapidly from R. 3 E., and dashes JOHN back to L. C.—CLEMENT is followed on by LADY EUPHEMIA and SERVANTS—JOHN then rushes to L. 2 E., when he is met by two POLICEMEN, with their lanterns turned full upon his face—the whole of the above action is very rapid. *Tableau*)

CLEM. (*separating AMOS and his FATHER*) Hands off. What's the meaning of this?

AMOS. (R. C.) Means! That your father has robbed me of a bill—of a bill.

CLEM. (R. C.) What! my old dad? Scoundrel! (CLEMENT *hurls AMOS across stage to L.*—LADY EUPHEMIA goes to the back)

MILD. (*aside*, C.) And it is there, in the river.

AMOS. (L.) I'll revenge that blow. There is such a place as the Old Bailey; and in the Old Bailey there's a bar, and a jury beside, to tell whether he's a thief or not.

CLEM. (*advancing to C.*) You dare to say he's a thief. Why, you might as well suspect Mildred there.

AMOS. (*going to table, L. C.*) My pocket-book—my fifty pounds—this is a den of thieves!

LADY E. (*who has picked two scraps of the torn bill*) Stop! here on the terrace is a bit of paper with two thousand pounds written on it—another piece on the balcony.

AMOS. (*taking the scraps of paper*) Sure enough. Then it couldn't have been Mr. Morris, I never took my eyes off him. (*gets back to L.*)

LADY E. (R. C.) Then it must have been Mildred; no one else was in the shrubbery.

ALL. Mildred!

CLEM. (*crossing to C.*) Mildred! nonsense. She can explain this easily enough. Go on, Mildred—go on.

MILD. (L. C.) Will Mr. Morris say anything I wonder. (*aside*)

LADY E. (R. C.) I've no doubt it's all true.

CLEM. (C.) Silence, madam. Whatever the truth may be, let me be at least spared the agony of your conclusions.

JOHN. (*aside, L.*) I can't get out of it any other way. There's nothing for it, but that—

CLEM. Who can explain this?

JOHN. (*crossing to C.*) Well, I think, mayhap, as how I can. Perhaps you don't remember me, Sir, but I'm her father.

CLEM. (R. C.) I do recollect you, though I have seen you but once.

JOHN. (c.) Well, I've bin very hard up, and very unfortunate altogether, and I asked her—that's my daughter—for fifty pounds.

CLEM. (*aside*) She deceived me then. I did hear her speak of the fifty pounds.

MILD. (*aside*, l. c.) Faithful to his father, as faithful to him; such was my oath.

JOHN. (c.) And she told me to wait for her here, and she'd bring me the money, with the jewellery jest to get rid o' me—'cause she was 'shamed o' me.

MILD. (*aside*) I cannot save his father and myself—the sacrifice must be mine alone. I must bear it, bear it all.

JOHN. See, there's the jewellery, and there's the notes. (*gives both to CLEMENT*) I was glad enough to git it, but if there was anything wrong, I wouldn't touch it no how.

AMOS. (l.) But my pocket-book?

JOHN. I don't know anything about a pocket-book. Oh, don't look at her feet. (*points to MILDRED's feet*)

AMOS. There it is! (*picks up the pocket-book from MILDRED's feet, l. c.—then crosses to CLEMENT, snatches the notes and gets round behind back of l. where he remains examining the notes till the drop falls*)

CLEM. (c.) Give me your hand, Mildred. (*takes her hand*) Others may deem you guilty, but Clement, never—never, till your own lips confess it. (*Music till end of Act*)

MILD. (l. c., *aside*) Faithful to his father, as faithful to him.

AMOS. (l.) She don't deny it.

CLEM. Merciful Heaven, she is silent. Oh, pity me, Mildred; speak! deny this, I implore you.

JOB. (r.) Oh, shame upon shame! the words choke in my throat.

CLEM. (*goes to JOB, r.*) Dad, you are ill?

JOB. No, Clem, no.

MILD. (*aside*) In fulfilment of my oath, for his father's sake.

CLEM. Mildred, deny this.

MILD. (*with a struggle of intense feeling*) I can't deny it, Mr. Clement.

AMOS. (*to POLICE*) There's your prisoner! (*POLICEMEN advance to her side*)

JOB. Clem, Clem, I——(*as if about to tell the truth*)

CLEM. Don't speak, dad, don't speak.

TWO SERVANTS.

JOHN.

TWO POLICEMEN.

LADY E. JOB. CLEM.

MILD.

AMOS.

R. L.

END OF FIRST ACT.

A C T I I.
THE ORDEAL OF LOVE.

Rise, woman, rise,
To thy peculiar and best attributes
Of doing good, and of enduring ill.
Rise with thy sisters.—*Mrs. Browning.*

SCENE FIRST.—*The Interior of the Central Criminal Court during a trial.*

JUDGE, LORD MAYOR and ALDERMEN on the Bench, R., the City sword suspended over the LORD MAYOR's head; the USHER OF THE COURT standing close to witness box; on the left of the Stage is the prisoner's dock, in which is MILDRED and the MATRON; the centre of the Stage is occupied by the jury box, the Counsellors' table; and, at back, REPORTERS, SPECTATORS, POLICEMEN at doors of entrance, &c.; TOBY MAPLETOFT is on the extreme L. of the JURY; MRS. MAPLETOFT near him, on a seat under the prisoner's dock, with the TWINS and a basket on her lap; LADY EUPHEMIA, DIGGENS, LETTY among the SPECTATORS at back; AMOS INGLEDEW seated at the Counsellors' table; JOE CANNON, JOB and CLEMENT seated near the prisoner's dock, L.

MR. CHALMERS. Before addressing the jury, my lord, I should desire to re-call the witness, John Barjohn.

CLEM. (*indignantly*) John Barjohn!

USHER. John Barjohn!

POLICEMAN. (*at entrance, R.*) John Barjohn! (*the name is repeated outside the Court*)

Enter JOHN BARJOHN, R., he goes into witness-box, the SPECTATORS groan at him.

USHER. Silence in the Court!

MR. C. I wish again to ask you, when you met the prisoner by her appointment in the shrubbery, was she not most anxious to get rid of you?

JOHN. She was, sir.

MR. C. And you promised to emigrate to Australia if she would give you fifty pounds?

JOHN. I did, sir.

MR. C. And she did give you the fifty pounds in the same notes, subsequently surrendered to you by Mr. Morris?

JOHN. Yes, sir.

MR. C. That will do. (*JOHN descends from box—SPECTATORS groan*)

USHER. Silence in the Court.

MR. C. My lord and gentlemen of the jury,—The facts placed before you are in themselves so eloquent that my address need be but brief. I shall direct your attention, first to the evidence of Mr. Ingledew, who proved the loss of the bill, and fifty pounds in notes, from his pocket-book; next, to the evidence of the Lady Euphemia, who picked up certain torn portions of the bill upon the terrace; and that the prisoner was in its vicinity at the time. The third point, that the notes taken from the pocket-book were the very notes given by the prisoner to her father, John Barjohn. In naming these proven facts, I ask, in every confidence, for your verdict for the Crown.

JUDGE. In this case, gentlemen, an absence of motive has been insisted on by the able counsel for the defence. To me—but it is for you to determine—the motive is apparent, from the evidence of the witness, John Barjohn. It is sad that a father should bear witness against a child; still, the duty that every citizen owes the law is superior to even such a consideration. If you please, gentlemen, I will read to you that portion of his evidence which particularly bears upon this point. (*turns over his notes*)

MRS. M. (L.) Toby.

TOBY. (*L. of the jury-box*) Here I am, Tilly, my love!

MRS. M. You ain't forgot what you promised Mr. Clement?

TOBY. I should say I hadn't, rayther. Got another sandwich?

MRS. M. There you are. (*gives him sandwich and a bottle from her basket*) I say Toby, she won't be convicted, will she?

TOBY. Convicted? I should say rayther not.

JUDGE. (*reading*) John Barjohn declares, “I promised the prisoner that if she would give me fifty pounds, I would emigrate to Australia.” Here seems to me the heart of the mystery. Her father's appearance at such a time might have interfered with her prospect of a wealthy marriage, though now, it seems, the Morris family has fallen into poverty. It is, however, for you, gentlemen, to give the evidence your fairest consideration, and return a verdict in accordance with your oaths.

MILD. Clement thinks me guilty; the man I love reviles me as a thief! Yet a word from me, and he would press me, unsullied, innocent, in his arms. Shall I speak that word? Shall I—No, no, I cannot betray that poor old man—break my vow and Clement's heart.

JOB. (*to AMOS, who advances, L.*) Don't speak to me. My

son has sold his practice, and taken up your bill. (*AMOS retires*) If that jury says guilty, I'll up and out with the truth. I'm bad enough, but I cannot let the innocent suffer for the guilty.

FOREMAN OF JURY. (*speaking to the JURYMEN*) Ha, hum ! guilty. (*to TOBY*) What do you say ?

TOBY. Did you speak to me, Mr. Foreman ?

FOREMAN. Why—ha, hum !—you say guilty, don't ye, eh ?

TOBY. Guilty ! no, I don't. I say innocent, Mr. Foreman, and I mean to stick to it.

JUDGE. Perhaps, gentlemen, you had better retire and consult for a few minutes.

TOBY. For a few years, before I give in. Give me some more sandwiches, Tilly, they may be wanted. (*MRS. M. gives him more sandwiches*)

JUDGE. When you are ready, gentlemen, I will return to receive your verdict.

JUDGE exits—**TOBY and JURY leave stage, L., USHER conducting them—Music—the ALDERMEN on the bench retire with the JUDGE—JOE rises and advances to c.**

JOHN. (*to JOE*) Joe ! (*JOE turns away*) So, that's his game, eh ? cuts me again, does he ? All right, Master Joe, all right.

CLEM. (*L. c.*) Dad, come—why, dad !—good heaven ! how ill you seem. You suffer for her. I'm glad on't; she'd have done anything, sacrificed anything for your sake ; not alone for love of you, but because you are my father.

JOB. (*L.*) I wish he would be still.

CLEM. (*taking a card from his pocket*) If she should be acquitted, bring her after me at once, mind to——

MILD. Clement.

CLEM. (*L. c.*) I cannot resist her summons. Bring her to me there. (*gives the card to JOB and approaches MILDRED*)

JOB. (*reading the card*) "To start from the London Docks on the thirtieth. The A 1 clipper ship Apollo."

JOE. (*c., aside*) And this is the thirtieth.

AMOS. (*giving a bag of law papers to JOE*) Joe, Joe Cannon. I've business. Run round with that bag of papers to Gibbons. Take the bag, and I'll come to you outside. **AMOS exits, R.**

JOE. Yes, sir. (*JOHN meeting JOE—JOE looks contemptuously at him and exits, R., with the bag*)

JOHN. All right, 'll right ! I'll just wait here and see the end on't. (*returns amongst CROWD at back*)

MILD. (*to CLEMENT*) You can't look at me. Will you listen ?

CLEM. (*under the dock*) I can listen. Yes.

MILD. It may be that I shall be sent away for a long, long time, but I shall never forget you—never—I shall always remember how you found, and fed me—and taught me—and—and——

CLEM. Go on, Mildred, go on.

MILD. I can't, my heart so palpitates. My throat so burns.

*Music—JURY return L. 1 E.—JUDGE takes his place on Bench,
ALDERMEN also.*

MILD. In a few moments, and in one word, my doom. It is not too late even now to speak—but no, come what may, I must remain silent. I must never forget my vow.

JOB. (*aside, L.*) Quietly, but with such a chill in my heart, I await my sentence. Yes, mine. If that jury says guilty, then must I stand where she stands now.

CLEM. (L. c.) Will they never cease—soon, very soon, I pray. Wait, father, wait. Oh, silence, not a sound. (*JURY are seated in their box—USHER goes to R.*)

FOREMAN. (*to TOBY*) Do you mean to stick out?

TOBY. Like beeswax.

FOREMAN. On what ground?

TOBY. On the ground of these sandwiches.

USHER. (R.) Gentlemen, are you agreed upon your verdict?

FOREMAN. We are.

USHER. Do you find the prisoner at the bar, guilty or not guilty?

CLEM. Hush! let me grasp your hand, dad. Silence.

FOREMAN. Not guilty. (*general movement*)

CLEM. Not guilty. Do you hear that. Not guilty. Thank Heaven.

JOB. Why, Clem, how pale—how—

CLEM. It's excess of joy. I can scarcely breathe. I must reach the air, This place is so close and stifling. Not guilty. Remember, dad, the card. My heart seems to swell and stop. The air. What joy, sad though the future be, for her it holds no felon's fate. Not guilty—the air—the air!

Music—Exit CLEMENT, L.—during this, MILDRED is freed from the dock—JUDGE, ALDERMAN, &c., rising.

MILD. (*coming down, L. C.*) Where's Clement? The only voice I long to hear is silent—the only form I could die to clasp is away.

JOB. Mildred, you are to follow us.

MILD. To Clement? Come, quick! I can scarce speak, for Clement waits for me—come to him. (*going, L.*)

JOB. (*reading the card*) For Melbourne, the "Apollo," to sail on the thirtieth.

MILD. Come, Mr. Morris, quick to Clement's arms—quick to Clement's heart. *Exeunt JOB and MILDRED, L.*

TOBY. (*dancing the twins in his arms*) I did it—I stuck out.

MRS. M. Twins, kiss your papa. (*general bustle—closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Exterior of the Old Bailey.*

The CROWD enter from r., POLICEMAN preceding it.

POLICE. Now then, move on there some of you, will you?

WOMAN. We are only waiting to see the girl as she comes out.

POLICE. They've let her out by the Judges' entrance.

WOMAN. They say, it was one of the jury sticking out that did it.

POLICE. That's right, missis. The verdict would have been against her, if it hadn't have been—

Enter MRS. MAPLETOFT with the TWINS, L.

MRS. M. For my husband, and the way they are treating him. Do hold the Twins somebody, while I— (*the WOMAN holds the TWINS—TOBY is thrust on by a POLICEMAN from L.—TOBY falls*)

TOBY. (*L., on ground*) Here's a position for a gentleman of the jury. However, I returned the verdict—alone, I did it. (*MRS. M. assists him to rise*) Oh, Tilly, did you ever see such a likeness to our old—you know—

MRS. M. (*R. C.*) Mrs. Tronson, our old missis. I could almost swear it was the very baby that—

TOBY. Hold your tongue, or we might get into a row. The twins, Tilly—the twins.

MRS. M. (*giving him the twins*) Here they are.

TOBY. My beautikins.

Enter JOE CANNON, R.

JOE. (*to POLICEMAN*) You know Mr. Ingledew, the attorney. Have you seen him pass?

POLICE. Here he is.

AMOS enters from L., JOE talks to him aside.

TOBY. Come along, Tilly. I say wasn't the girl Mildred the very picture of our old missis, eh?

MRS. M. Oh, I could have taken my oath, it was Mrs. Tronson herself. Go along, Toby.

TOBY. Come along, wife. Oh, you precious—precious!

(*TOBY and MRS. MAPLETOFT exeunt—POLICE and MOB follow, R.*)

AMOS. You don't know anything of a girl named Tronson?

JOE. No, Sir.

AMOS. Well then, you ought to. You must sharpen up now you are in my office; as I only keep one clerk; he must do the work of a dozen; for, as a moral man, anything like laziness I can't abide.

JOE. No, Sir.

AMOS. Now, "In Re Tronson." The case is in my office. There's a lot of money hanging to it. A reward of one thousand pounds for the discovery of the lost girl. I am off for a chop. Those are all the papers in the case. Take them round to Gibbons to advise on. Wait for me at the office. A thousand pounds remember, and hark ye, Joe, if you get that one thousand pounds for me, I'll give you a crown for yourself, for I'm a moral man, and anything like meanness I can't abide.

Exit, L.

JOE. Thank ye. I'll just possess myself of the facts, and work the dodge for myself, if I can. (*takes papers out of the bag, reads*) "In Re Tronson. In the year forty-eight, an Indian officer, one James Tronson, contracted a private marriage with Eleanor Davidson. A girl was born, and by the connivance of a faithful servant, one Matilda Barnard, was taken to one Doctor Michael Wadd." Ah, the story is too long, what's the end? "By captures and prize money, the said James Tronson has left the sum of forty thousand pounds to the daughter aforesaid, or should she be dead, to the person or persons, who supported her in her infancy." Good gracious! Wadd!—why what was John Barjohn talking of the other night? and—

Enter JOHN, L. he crosses to R., JOE having offered his hand to him.

JOE. Why, what's the matter?

JOHN. You didn't care to shake hands with me in the Court there. You may jest keep 'em to yourself in the street.

JOE. (*turning over the papers*) If this should be Mildred. Well, you know, I did feel a sort of hurt at your treating me so bad like. "I'll come to the Crown" says you. I waited for an hour, and no news. I think it was treating an old friend shabby.

JOHN. (R.) Me, treat ye shabby? I never meant to cut ye. Besides, I was haggrawated at the people, hissing and groaning at me.

JOE (L.) Well, you see people thought she was your own child; but, you as good as told me she was not: yours you said was in the Marsh. What did you see when you returned home? You were just going to tell me when you hopped over the wall.

JOHN. Well, then, I'll tell you now. When I got into the bed room, there was the doctor and my missis, and what do you think beside her? Why another baby, jest about the same age. "Your baby isn't dead," says the doctor. "Ain't there nothing to be got out of this job?" says I.

JOE. What did he answer?

JOHN. "There," says he, and he shoves down five as lovely tenners as ever you saw. "You'll have that," he goes on, "every year." Well, I looked at the tenners, and I looked at the missis; she said nothing, and I took the tenners.

JOE. And that child was Mildred?

JOHN. Yes, yes. Well, the second fifty we got all right. Then on a sudden the doctor died, and we never had another farden; that makes me hate Mildred more and more.

JOE. But she couldn't help it. It was no fault of Mildred's.

JOHN. There, let's say no more about it. Have ye got enough for a drain?

JOE. All right for that. (*aside*) Now comes the point. What was the name of Mildred's real father?

JOHN. Blowed if I know. The doctor did half mention it once by accident, but I forget it, and he never would say it ag'in. Law bless ye! D'ye think, if I could have found out who her mother and father was, I wouldn't ha' bin down on 'em? Come on, for this drain.

JOE. Ha! ha! ha! John—John! Ha! ha! ha! There may be more hanging to this than you know.

JOHN. Why, what's the matter with ye? Are ye going cranky all of a sudden?

JOE. What was the doctor's name? Quick, John, quick. (*looks at the papers*)

JOHN. He's got some dodge in this. Howsoever, there can't be much harm in telling him. It was Wadd.

JOE. Ha, ha! I could ha' sworn it—ha, ha, ha! It was Michael Wadd, now wasn't it.

JOHN. Michael it was, Joe.

JOE. I knew it. Why it's all here, man—here! (*shews the papers*)

JOHN. Does them there say anything about the father's name? I think as I should know it if I was to hear it.

JOE. Was it such a one as Tronson?

JOHN. James Tronson? By the living jingo, that was it!

JOE. Ha, ha, ha! capital! capital! you must manage it somehow that I may marry her, and—ha, ha, ha! (*dances round to R.*)

JOHN. (L.) Steady, lad, steady—now quiet. Why should you be all on a sudden dying to marry her because her name happens to be Tronson instead o' Barjohn?

JOE. (R.) Why, she's been advertised for everywhere. Her parents married in secret like, and old drunken Michael Wadd never said where she was; and when he died—ha, ha, ha!—she was as good as lost.

JOHN. But why didn't old Wadd tell 'em he'd put the child with me?

JOE. I can guess, because they gave Wadd three hundred pounds a-year.

JOHN. And the old vagabond only gave me fifty ! They must have bin pretty well tiled in to give three hundred ?

JOE. Bless ye, yes. Why, man, they're both dead now ; but the old man has left Mildred, if she can be found, Forty thousand pounds ! Why, man, here's the copy of his will.

JOHN, Forty thou--come, Joe, let's make haste for this drain. (*going, R.*) But stop ! If she couldn't be found ?

JOE. It was to accumulate ; but if it was proved she was dead, then—

JOHN. Proved she was dead—go on.

JOE. (*R.*) The old man, having no other relative, left it to the party who had brought her up, and educated her.

JOHN. (*L.*) Well, I brought her up, and educated her, didn't I ?

JOE. Well, in a way ?

JOHN. Never mind what way—it would come to me, wouldn't it, if she was dead ?

JOE. But she ain't dead ; and if I marry her—well, we'll share. Now, come, the drain.

JOHN. Good boy, good boy ! But then, if she was dead, I should have all.

JOE. Come, come away. We may catch her still at the docks.

JOHN. The docks ?

JOE. Yes ; I heard a little, and I saw a little, and Mr. Clement is going to send her to Australia.

JOHN. Then you needn't be in such a hurry. *Exit JOE, R.* I think she'd better go ; there's a chance of the sea—and if she was dead, I should have all. *Music—Exit slowly, R.*

THIRD SCENE.—*The London Docks—sunset.*

A large emigrant ship moored, R. ; connected with the quay by a gangway ; on the quay a small office, R. 2 E. ; shipping bills stuck upon the outside of office ; on the quay, the mate discovered superintending the embarkation of the luggage ; a MAN going about with beer can ; a group of LABOURERS, &c., R. ; another group, L. ; in the centre of stage, MRS. WORSOP, JAMES, and SARAH WORSOP are discovered sitting upon their luggage ; steam of the ship being got up. Music.

MRS. W. (*c.—SARAH is crying*) James, just see if they can't put our luggage on board ; (*JAMES goes to the MATE, L.*) and Sarah, don't give way ; it's all for the best.

Enter LADY EUPHEMIA, L.

LADY E. Never was a scion of the aristocracy exposed to such treatment! They never spoke a word to me at the Old Bailey, and left me to follow them as I might; and, though I know how vulgar it is to be hungry, I am half famishing.

Enter CLEMENT, L., followed by two MEN carrying a large chest—they place it c.

LADY E. Oh, Clement, I am so glad you have come. Let me have a few pounds. I want something to eat.

CLEM. Dad has not come yet—no—of course, he hasn't had time. What did you say—a few pounds? Wait a minute. (*crosses to office, R.*) Where's the clerk?

MAN. (R.) Just in time, sir. If you want to pay the passage, he's aboard.

CLEM. (R.) Thank you.

LADY E. (L. C.) Clement.

CLEM. Oh, I beg your pardon—a few pounds—Well, there's half a sovereign. (*gives LADY E. money—pays the MEN who carried the chest, and goes aboard the ship*)

MRS. W. Isn't that our doctor?

SARAH. Yes.

LADY E. (C.) Half a sovereign! what sort of dinner can a born lady like myself obtain for half a sovereign? Bless me! he's made a mistake, and it's only sixpence. Will anybody tell me what sort of a dinner I can get for sixpence?

Exit LADY E., L.

Enter from ship CLEMENT and a CLERK.

CLERK. (R.) Can't take it, sir; my book is closed. You must pay the fare to the captain aboard; he'll be here directly.

CLERK goes into his office—returns to the MATE—entering cargo, &c.

MRS. WORSOP. Dear me! will nobody put my luggage on board?

CLEM. (L. C.) What, Mrs. Worsop, are you going to Australia? Oh, I'm so glad! (*sits on trunk beside MRS. W.*)

MRS. W. Glad! and we never paid your bill.

CLEM. Oh, you can pay me over and over again. (*shakes her hand*) Going with you in this very ship, there is a young woman—

MRS. W. A young woman—

CLEM. Pray don't speak. It's a voyage of months, and she is so lonely, so miserable. Protect her as if she were your own daughter. I can't get my words out.

MRS. W. Why does she leave England? (*both rise*)

CLEM. (L.) Why!—And when she gets there, if you could

assist in getting her some respectable employment. It's been a scramble to get her passage money. She will have a pound or two—but there's the watch that dad gave me. (gives her a watch) You'll sell it over there for her if she should want it, and you'll protect her as if she were your own—Why, I have said that before, have not I? but my heart is full—I don't know what I say?

MRS. W. But why does she leave England?

CLEM. Never ask her that—give me your promise never to ask her that. Here she is. (*Music*)

Enter JOB MORRIS and MILDRED, L. 1 E.

CLEM. I—I avoid her, and yet my arms would close around her.

The CAPTAIN of the Emigrant Ship enters, L. 2 E.—followed by a number of the SAILORS—the CLERK touches CLEMENT'S shoulder, and points out the CAPTAIN to him.

CLEM. Thank Heaven! the captain at last. (CLEMENT goes to CAPTAIN, R.—pays the passage money. MRS. WORSOP'S luggage is taken on board by LABOURERS)

MILD. (L. c.) Mr. Morris, where is Clement? Why does he not come to me?

JOB. (L.) Sit down,—sit down; there is no seat but this trunk.

MILD. (sits on the chest) Belonging to some unhappy one exiled from happy English land—some poor girl perchance. (looks at the direction) Great heaven! Look, Mr. Morris, look! "Mildred Barjohn, passenger, per 'Apollo,' to Melbourne;" and in his writing! What does this mean?

JOB. (reading) "Mildred Barjohn, passenger to Melbourne."

MILD. And Clement's own hand could trace these cruel words! Oh, don't let me be sent away—don't let me be sent away! (rises)

JOB. You shall not, if the worst comes. I'll tell him—

MILD. Nothing, promise me that. Let the worst come, I suffer for his sake. I would not forego the crown of such a martyrdom. (crosses, L.)

JOB. Clem! Clem!

MILD. Remember, I shall hear all. (retires up a little, but remarks what is said)

CLEM. You wish to speak to me about Mildred.

JOB. (C.) Pity her, Clement.

CLEM. Pity her! She has made me suffer as none but you, dad, could have made me suffer. Had you fallen as she has, it would have killed me dead; but she is the guilty one, and I live, but only live still.

JOB. (*aside*) If I had—I can't tell him now. But she who was once so dear—

CLEM. And is still. If she were not, I should wipe her from my memory for ever. But I love her so much that I would place her above temptation. So, I send her to a new country, where amid other scenes, the recollections of her old life may become faint and dulled, till for ever they pass away.

MILD. (*going to CLEMENT*) Clement—no, no, you shall not go—till we have spoken.

JOB. (R.) I could never have believed myself such a scoundrel, but little by little we drift and drift.

CLEM. (C.) The time grows very brief. What, Mildred, would you say?

MILD. (L.) Oh, be silent, or speak to me in the old tone.

CLEM. What is it you would say?

MILD. It was simply to ask—why—why I am to be sent away?

CLEM. (R. C.) Have the events of the past left so light a trace on your memory that you have forgotten?

MILD. (L. C.) Have pity on me. Give but one glance as in the old time, or you will break my heart; Clement—be merciful.

CLEM. I must be just. I believed you truthful, honest. Alas! how broken is the idol—how shattered is the shrine. I am what the world calls young, and years of life are still in Heaven's good providence, before me. Yet would I welcome death as my dearest friend, if I could so roll back the past, that you, Mildred, had never wrought this sin. But we cannot conquer destiny, we can only suffer and submit.

MILD. Are you then so sure that when to-day, in that awful dock, I said "I was not guilty," that those words were not the truth?

CLEM. Were they the truth? You are silent. Heaven forgive you! (MILDRED'S trunk taken on board—CLEMENT retires up)

JOB. (R.) I must tell him. I must.

MILD. Not even now. Have you forgotten what he said? That it would kill him.

LADY E. (*who has returned in time to see the passage money paid*) Mr. Clement, I am perfectly shocked to see you paying away notes and gold for this improper young woman's passage in the altered circumstances of our family.

CLEM. (R. C.) Take her away, dad. Take her away. (*pointing to LADY E.—MILDRED is stealing off, L.*)

LADY E. And that money would be so useful to me.

CLEM. It was my own. Only be quiet and with the work of my brain and hands, I'll make up a new home, where at least, there will be bread and cheese for all.

LADY E. (R.) Such a lady as I am can't live on bread and cheese.
Exit, L.

CLEM. You must be content. (*sees MILDRED—brings her back*) What were you about to do? You hear me, Mildred, don't you?

MILD. (L.) Yes, yes, I hear.

CLEM. Then what were you about to do?

MILD. I heard Lady Euphemia say how poor you had become, and what my passage cost, and I was going to glide out into the streets to find, if need be, a rest on its strong flags, till I could welcome the roughest work to win me the coarsest food.

CLEM. Do you remember when we plighted our troth, we swore to sacrifice everything to each other? I have not forgotten my vow.

MILD. (*aside*) If he but knew how I had remembered mine. Heaven help me!

CLEM. You are content, then, to go?

MILD. All seems dead to me now. Do with me what you will.

CAPTAIN OF APOLLO. Now then, if that young woman is going, there's no time to lose.

CLEM. In a moment. This, Mrs. Worsop, is the young girl I spoke of—treat her very tenderly, for she is dearly precious in my eyes. (*music*)

MILD. Let me touch your hand. (*takes his hand*) Oh! don't make me leave you, Clement! If you knew how—he does not speak to me—merciful heavens! (*CLEMENT beckons MRS. WORSOP towards MILDRED—she is leading her up to ship*)

MILD. Clement!

CLEM. (*goes to her—music*) I can resist no longer—Mildred!

MILD. Clement! (*CLEMENT passionately kisses her hand—MRS. WORSOP leads her sobbing on board the ship—“Cheer boys, cheer,” is commenced by a few voices, and then gets louder and louder till Act drops*)

Enter JOHN BARJOHN and JOE, R. 1 E.

JOE. A moment; I want to speak to some one on board. (*the ship slowly moving out.*)

A MAN. Too late! the ship's off.

JOHN. The ship's off—there's the peril of the sea.

JOE. But I say—

JOHN. We are too late this time. Don't whisper on it, and if she should be drowned or anything, I should have all.

CLEM. Gone, gone! Oh, dad; this breaks me down! (*CLEMENT sinks on his father's shoulder, L., JOHN and JOE, R.—MILDRED on deck at stern, waving farewell—LADY E., L.—all*

on the stage wave their hats and handkerchiefs in token of adieu to the passengers and crew, those on deck responding—ship bell ringing—steam blowing off, &c.—Band playing “Cheer, boys, cheer.”)

END OF SECOND ACT.

A LAPSE OF THREE MONTHS.

ACT III.

THE WRONG MADE RIGHT.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf;
Our lives would grow together,
In sad or singing weather.
Blown fields and flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or grey grief;
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf.—*Swinburne*.

SCENE FIRST.—*Interior of a Doctor's Shop in Westminster; counter, L.; on it a lamp burning, bottles of medicine wrapped in paper, powders, pill boxes, shelves behind counter filled with medicine; in the shop window (C.) chemist's show bottles, lighted by gas from the exterior of the shop; the colours of the show bottles are distinct and clear to the Audience; shop door in flat; two cane chairs at counter; table, R.; over the table a row of hat pegs; a chair near the table.*

LADY EUPHEMIA discovered behind counter, in a white apron and bib, rolling pills; DIGGENS next to her at work with a pestle and mortar; on the R. LETTY dusting the table, chairs, &c., near her a pail and broom—Music—Enter JOE CANNON with a short pipe in his mouth, door in flat, R.

JOE. (C.) Kicked out without a shilling; but I will have the thousand pounds spite of Ingledeew, spite of Barjohn—Boy!

DIGG. (L.) The blackguard means me. Oh, don't I wish he was considerably under my own size.

LETTY. (R.) Why?

DIG. Because then I could give him a licking.

JOE. Why, you—

LETTY. If you lift your hand to Mr. Diggens, I'll just put this pail of water over your head.

JOE. You needn't make such a fuss. (*to LADY E.*) Is your good man in?

LADY E. (*behind counter*) S—i—r!

JOE. That cat has a very long tail.

Enter JOB MORRIS, door in flat, dressed as a working carpenter.

I came to see Mr. Clement. (*JOB takes off his hat, and hangs it on peg, R.*)

JOB. (*dropping his tool basket and sitting in chair, which LETTY places for him, C.*) I don't suppose he'll be long.

JOE. (L. C.) Tired, Mr. Morris?

JOB. I can't work overtime any longer. Three months ago I thought myself rich; now I am only a journeyman on the embankment. I began life as a working carpenter; and as a carpenter I shall end it.

LETTY. Your tea is ready in the parlour, Mr. Morris?

JOB. I'd rather have a cup here. (*exit LETTY, who takes off the pail and tool basket, R.*) For this night, I do think so of Mildred.

JOE. (L.) You were talking of Mildred. Have you heard from her, Mr. Morris?

JOB. (C.) I saw you the other day talking to her father, John Barjohn—he that's a night watchman now at the Embankment Works. 'Ware him; he's a bad lot,—a bad lot!

Re-enter LETTY, R., with a cup of tea, which she gives to JOB.

Enter CLEMENT, door in flat; he hangs his hat on peg, R.

JOB. Clem, how tired you look! (*JOB places his chair back*)

CLEM. Pretty well fagged to death, dad—Cannon!

JOE. Can I speak to you alone, sir?

CLEM. Not just now. Return in about half-an-hour; I have my medicines to make up. (*goes behind counter, and looks at phials, &c.*)

JOE. Oh, half-an-hour will do, sir; then I'll tell him all. Good evening, sir, for the present. *Exit JOE down in flat.*

JOE. Have this tea, Clem?

CLEM. Thank you, my dear old dad; but they'll bring me some.

JOB. (*at counter*) Do have this cup—pray have this cup—
(CLEM sips the tea)

DIGG. (*to CLEMENT*) If you don't want me particular tonight, sir, me and Letty have asked Mr. and Mrs. Mapletoft to tea with us in the kitchen.

CLEM. You must run round with this medicine to the Balfour's; it's for the eldest daughter.

DIG. (*taking the medicine and going*) Letty, I know what's the matter with her—same that's the matter wi' me—she's in love.

LETTY. Don't take her physic though, for love is a complaint I would have you suffer from all your life.

Exit DIGGENS, door in flat; LETTY, R.—LADY EUPHEMIA comes from behind counter.

CLEM. (*looking at an empty bottle*) Why, where's the sal volatile?

LADY E. I've taken the little there was for my nerves. The smell of the pills makes my head ache.

CLEM. Don't you think you'd better lie down?

LADY E. (c.) What a fuss about a trumpery drop of sal volatile. Never was woman so unfortunate. Two husbands have I married, one after the other, and both the wretches turned out bankrupts.

Exit, R.

CLEM. (l. c.) (*coming from behind counter, taking out an old letter*) Three months this very day since the "Apollo" sailed—poor Mildred—I never tire of these three lines in the letter that Mrs. Worsop sent in a passing ship :—"She is the most gentle, loving creature I ever saw, and she is ever speaking of you." Good Mrs. Worsop, her spelling is not what it should be, but her heart beats as true as— Why dad what's the matter? Brace up, dad. You look pale and tremble. It's this work that's beyond your strength. You shan't go any more.

JOB. (r. c.) It isn't the work, it's the worry. Three months this night since—

CLEM. (l. c.) Mildred left in the "Apollo." I thought perhaps that you had forgotten it, or did not wish to remember, for whenever her name is mentioned you turn away.

JOB. It's too big for me to carry.

CLEM. (*laughing*) What an answer! I say you never mention Mildred's name, and you reply "It is too big for me to carry."

JOB. Don't laugh, for heaven's sake don't laugh.

CLEM. What can be the matter with him? Tell me, dad, Is all right and comfortable about here? (*places his hand upon his father's heart*)

JOB. No, Clem; it isn't.

CLEM. Dad!

JOB. (*aside*) I must tell him of my guilt. Well, then Mildred—

CLEM. Mildred—dear Mildred—go on. (A VOICE heard amid murmurs without, "'The Evening Star,'—second edition)"

1ST NEWSMAN. (*shouting*) Foundering of an Emigrant Ship!

CLEM. An Emigrant Ship?

JOB. Hush!

1ST NEWSMAN. (*shouting*) Foundering of an Emigrant Ship!

CLEM. Hush—hush!

2ND NEWSMAN. (*shouting without*) Total loss of the "Apollo!"

JOB. The "Apollo!" Oh, Clem!

CLEM. (*rushing out, door in flat*) Wait, wait!

JOB. Of the "Apollo"—total loss of the "Apollo!"—the ship in which she sailed. If she should have perished!

1ST NEWSMAN. Frightful sufferings of the survivors!

2ND NEWSMAN. List of their names.

JOB. (R. C.) The names of the saved.

CLEMENT re-enters, door in flat, with a newspaper.

Is the ship lost?

CLEM. (L., at lamp upon counter, glancing over the newspaper) Don't speak—don't move.

JOB. (R. C.) Clem, tell me—in mercy tell me.

CLEM. (*after searching down the column in vain for Mildred's name*) No Mildred—no Mildred! Heaven! she is dead—dead.

JOB. Clem, for the sake of your poor old dad, don't—oh, don't look like that!

CLEM. Mildred is dead! If only she had been free from crime! but alas! she's dead—dead.

JOB. Clem!

CLEM. Mildred is dead!

JOB. You must listen to me, Clem; I must finish what I begun just now.

CLEM. Oh, my poor vacant heart! Mildred dead—dead! (CLEMENT comes from behind counter, L., and crosses to R., sinking in a chair)

JOB. (at counter, L.) Dead!—yes, dead! and who the assassin but myself? I've killed her as surely as if I had stolen up in the still night time, and murdered her in her sleep. What shall I do? Whither shall I turn? What's this—poison? (*takes a phial from the shelf*) He does not hear me; he will not prevent—

CLEM. Away on the lone sea—death!

JOB. And here in the busy town, death also! A few drops may cure the disease of the body, yet a few more, and the malady of the mind is ended in the grave. (*coming forward, raises the phial to his lips*)

CLEM. (*seeing him*) Father!

JOB. (*dropping the phial*) Clem!

CLEM. (*going to JOB and picking up the phial*) Whatever there may be in your heart, never like a coward escape from it by a road like that. Our lives were given us for heaven's

good purpose. Never insult that heaven by flinging its gift away. (*returning to table*)

JOB. (L. c.) I must speak. Don't look at me Clem—keep, oh, keep your glance away. You hinted just now that you would be happier if she had never—It was something like that you were saying, wasn't it Clem?

CLEM. (R. c.) And would not you too have been happier, dad, if she—whom we mourn had been my wife—had never taken that money, destroyed that bill?

JOB. I was mentioning to you a kind of sickness that there's been about me, for many and many a day. It's a sorrow that hollows my cheek, whitens my hair, palsies my frame. Now recollect—do recollect—how I loved you.

CLEM. And have not I—Why, dad, is it of Mildred? (JOB nods) Of Mildred—speak quickly?

JOB. I pray again, that you will not look at me; that you will take your eyes from my face.

CLEM. Not look in your face, dad?

JOB. No, no; you said just now that you would be happier if you knew she was not guilty.

CLEM. I can scarce command myself. Is it that she was innocent. You agonise me by this silence. Was she innocent?

JOB. You are my son. I so loved you, was so proud of you, that my lips were sealed by shame.

CLEM. Was she innocent? Speak dad—was she true?

JOB. Too true—too faithful—she was innocent.

CLEM. (*a pause*) Who then was the guilty—see—I turn my glance away.

JOB. John Barjohn, I think, stole the money.

CLEM. But the bill—who stole and destroyed the bill?

JOB. Don't look at me—and ere you reproach, remember the love I bear you. It was I, who under a strong temptation, having first forged your name, took the bill. It was she who destroyed it, and to keep her vow, for my sake suffered, and heaven, help us for my sake—died. (*sinking on his shoulder*)

CLEM. Heaven, indeed, help us! (*putting him away*)

JOB. Clement, my son, forgive me. (*about to kneel*)

CLEM. To your feet, father, to your feet. There's never a crime so great that a father should kneel for the forgiveness of his son. (*CLEMENT goes behind counter*)

JOB. Speak to me, if only in anger, speak to me. You know not how I have suffered. I dare not even sleep, Clem—for in closing my eyes I see her face.

CLEM. Father, father!

JOB. (R. c.) He calls me father, not dad; never dad again—never again!

CLEM. (L. C., returning) In all the years to come, never by hint or word revert to this. Let it be a secret borne by each, which neither of us must ever whisper, even to the other. There is no malice with the dead ; and as her honour can be alone cleared by the publicity of your shame, let us carry out that principle which she died to preserve, and which you must live to justify. (*retires behind counter—JOB sits, R.*)

JOHN BARJOHN. (*without*) Ha, ha, ha ! where's Mr. Clement ? where's the poor devil of a doctor ? (*entering in a navvy's dress, half drunk and excited*) Oh, here you are. Come here, Mr. Sawbones. Why—ha, ha, ha !—I can scarcely speak for laughing. (*sits, c.*)

CLEM. Wicked father ! perfidious witness ! How dare you, in the tortures of my agony, face my vengeful wrath ?

JOHN. Ha, ha ! didn't you think you'd done it fine, eh ? I can't help laughing ; it is such a sell to you. Why, she'd have married you right off, if you had only have let her.

CLEM. (*advancing*) I know not—care not—what you mean ; but I do know that you would have condemned your own child to a disgraceful banishment for a sin of your own commission ; but it is not yet too late for justice !

JOHN. My own child ! Why, then—ha, ha, ha !—you don't know. Why she was never a child o' mine.

CLEM. Never ? Thank heaven !

JOHN. For what ?

CLEM. That no blood of yours flowed within her veins !

(*retiring behind counter*) Better that the meanest beggar—

JOHN. Beggar ! Ha, ha, ha ! I am a long way from a beggar now. (*rises*) You must take your hat off to me when we meet. I am John Barjohn, Esquire ; for she's dead, and I've got all.

CLEM. All what ? (*a noise heard outside—a VOICE, “Now then, cabby ; where are you driving to ?”—then the scream of a female*)

A BOY enters door in flat.

BOY. Oh, Mr. Morris ! a cab has run over a girl. They are bringing her in, Mr. Morris.

MILDRED is borne in insensible, her veil concealing her face—
a mob of MEN and BOYS also enter, surrounding her—then
a CABMAN and a POLICEMAN—they lay MILDRED on the floor.

CABMAN. It warn't my fault ; the man was driving on the hoff side.

CLEM. Now, dad ; put out as many as you can.

POLICEMAN. What's the matter ?

CLEM. Simply that this young woman has met with an accident ; and I can't attend to her while so many are about.

POLICE. (*to MOB*) Now then—move on! Now then, Cabby.

CABMAN. See, it wor not my fault, policeman; the man was coming along on the hoff side.

POLICEMAN. There, get out! (*POLICEMAN, LETTY and JOB clear the shop, mob of Boys then gape in through window from the outside—POLICEMAN also exits, door in flat.*)

Enter JOE CANNON, who whispers JOHN.

CLEM. (*feeling her limbs*) No bones broken—an alarm, nothing more. She must rest within. Call Lady Euphemia, Letty. (*LETTY exits, r.*) Father, the lamp; (*JOB brings it and raises MILDRED'S veil*) and raise her head. (*CLEMENT looks*) Mercy of heaven, can it be?

MILD. Clement! (*sinking in his arms*)

CLEM. Mildred, a blessing! (*with the lamp full in her face*)

JOHN. Mildred, a curse! (*Picture*—closed in by*)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Parlour Kitchen.*

Enter LETTY, r.

LETTY. Well, just to fancy Mildred being alive after all. I declare I am that glad that I'd have given a-year's wages to have seen it. Oh, here they are, and here's the chair all ready for her. (*getting a chair from r., places it, c.*)

Enter CLEMENT, carrying MILDRED, l., places her in chair—JOB following.

CLEM. (l.) Mildred, do you hear, do you see. Hush, hush!

MILD. Hear, yes—the wind as it rushes over the waters! See!—yes—the white faces of the doomed—and see—see, they shudder at their ocean grave.

CLEM. She wanders—deems herself once more on the fated ship.

MILD. Heaven have mercy. Ah! where am I?

CLEM. (l.) Be patient, be calm—presently, but not now you must relate the story of your escape. Enough that it is Clement's hand that touches yours. It is Clement's voice that welcomes you from peril and exile to safety and a home.

MILD. Yes, yes! I will be very still—I will be quiet, lest life be drowned in this flood of joy! You do touch my hand; you don't turn from me now!

CLEM. Because I know that you are innocent.

MILD. He, then, has told you. (*CLEMENT assents*) At least, I kept my vow. I have it safe. See, Clem! (*shews the*

* BARJOHN. JOE. JOB. MILDRED. CLEMENT.

r.

l.

watch) the old watch you so prized, but which you gave Mrs. Worsop for me, and which through danger and banishment, I have guarded till I could return it to your hands.

Enter AMOS INGLEDEW, L.

AMOS. That blackguard, Joe, knows the party, I am sure. As a moral man, I've a suspicion that this is the very girl. Mr. Clement—Miss Mildred, I've just looked in to congratulate you on your escape. It's all over the town. Dear me! I had almost forgotten—there's a lad in the shop from the Balfour's. You are to go at once, Mr. Clement. Now, who was your father? (*to MILDRED*)

MILD. Alas!

CLEM. (*whispering to her*) Not John Barjohn.

MILD. Oh, stay! what—

CLEM. Presently, when I return.

MILD. Why not now?

CLEM. Because my duty calls me from your side, with heaven's help to restore the ailing husband to the joyous wife, or to win back the dying infant to its mother's eager arms. *Exit, L.*

AMOS. But I must tell you, as a moral man, you ought to stand something handsome for this. I only want two parties; the one that took you when you was a baby to Dr. Wadd's, and the other that took you from Dr. Wadd's to Barjohn's.

LETTY. (*entering L. 1 E.*) Only them two parties.

Enter JOE CANNON, L.

JOE. There was no one in the shop, and so—My old master! (*going*)

AMOS. (*stopping him*) No you don't, you scoundrel—you vagabond! You have got your eye on Miss Tronson. Mind, you've a lot to prove yet. There are the parties who took the child to Wadd's—the parties that took her to Barjohn's.

JOE. I shan't say a word to you. I shall only speak to Miss Mildred herself.

AMOS. As a professional man, let me advise you.

MILD. Thank you, Mr. Ingledew; but no matter for the tongue that tells me.

JOE. Only one person can tell you, and he waits for you now, alone, expectant. If you have the courage, come.

MILD. It is not—

JOE. It is Barjohn—repentant Barjohn.

MILD. Repentant?

JOE. Yes. But you must come with me this night—nay, this instant; or his heart may grow once more callous, and his lips be sealed for ever.

MILD. Wherefore should I go? I will wait till Clement returns.

JOE. Wait but an instant, and you may be for ever ignorant of your true name, and of the fortune that awaits you, you and Clement.

MILD. Clement—that name makes me brave. I will go with you at once—anywhere to bring happiness on him.

Exit MILDRED, L.

JOE. (*aside*) And I shall be rewarded, for John has sworn he will speak nothing till she is my promised wife. *Exit JOE, L.*

AMOS. (c.) Done—as a moral man I'm completely done!

JOB. Well, but what does it all mean?

AMOS. Only, that I expect Mildred is heiress to forty thousand pounds.

JOB. Forty thousand!

Enter LADY EUPHEMIA, R.

LADY E. Forty thousand pounds! Well, she deserves it. I invariably said she was an excellent young woman, and I always loved her as if she was my own child. But Mr. Ingledew——

JOB. Yet, how——

AMOS. Well, then, I'll tell you all about it. First of all—you must understand——

JOB. We shall understand better in the parlour. Letty is about to have visitors here. Will you go on, Mr. Ingledew? Come, sir. *Exeunt AMOS, LADY EUPHEMIA, and JOB, L.*

LETTY. Well, Mr. and Mrs. M. will be here directly. I must get in the table and tea things (*goes to R., and brings on a table, tray, and tea things; another chair or two*) Only to think of Miss Mildred coming into all that money. I wish the Mapletons would make haste. They couldn't come earlier, because he's a policeman now.

Enter DIGGENS, L., with a boy.

DIG. Here I am. I called in and fetched one of them.

Enter TOBY, dressed as a policeman, with a GIRL, L.

TOBY. Here's the missis.

Enter MRS. MAPLETOFT, L.—TOBY shakes hands with LETTY—mutual shaking of hands—they all sit down to tea—LETTY pours out tea at head of table.

TOBY. (R. of table) Bless me, Mr. Diggens, how you have developed since I saw you first. How things come about, don't they, Tilly.

MRS. M. (L. of table) Ha!

TOBY. And we've had our ups and downs too. We had a

cosy little shop, till a chap that didn't like our physic kicked up a row, and shied a paving stone through our window. Then the mob broke in and stole all the medicine. I hope they swallowed it—that would have served them out. And then, the landlord turned us out for a nuisance, and we bought a "happy family"—birds, and beasts, you know.

LETTY. Was it a very happy family?

TOBY. Happy! bless ye, they were the most miserable lot you ever saw. One morning—you remember, Tilly.

MRS. M. Ha!

TOBY. We looked in, and they'd all eat each other up, except the cat, and in the course of the day she died from indigestion. So, then there was nothing left but the twins, and we lived on them for a long time.

DIGG. (R.) Lived on them!

TOBY. Well, by them. Why, hang it, you didn't suppose we eat them, do you? But we hired 'em out to bereaved widows and seedy widowers.

(TOBY cuts bread and spreads treacle for the CHILDREN—
they quarrel for the first slice—business of correcting
them—at last all are served, and peace restored)

MRS. M. At last an opportunity offered, and Toby, being a fine man, got into the police.

LETTY. I am sure I'm glad to see you so comfortable settled. I say, isn't it a surprise about Mildred Barjohn?

TOBY. All right. The gal I got off—she's not drowned—I'm jolly glad!

LETTY. But her name isn't Barjohn; and she'll have such a fortune if they could prove she is the party.

MRS. M. What party?

LETTY. Why, the daughter of Mrs. Tronson.

MRS. M. Tronson!

TOBY. Didn't we say so. Why, me and my missis know all. We were in service with Mrs. Tronson's father at the time.

LETTY. Oh, my! Make haste, Diggens, and run away to Mr. Ingledew, and bring him here. Go on, now. *Exit DIGGENS, L.*

MRS. M. Yes. Why, Mrs. Thompson married the captain—

TOBY. Hold your tongue, Tilly!—unknown to her father—

MRS. M. Be quiet, Toby—and while he was away—

TOBY. Delicacy, Tilly,—delicacy. However, it was all kept quiet by Dr. Wadd.

LETTY. Wadd!—the very name. (*crosses to L. C.*) Oh, Mr. Ingledew!—make haste. Toby knows all about it.

Enter AMOS, L.

AMOS. Does he know that individual who, nineteen years ago, took a baby from Mrs. Thompson's father at Chiswick to Dr. Wadd's?

TOBY. Know? If I don't I ought to. It was only my wife, that's all. I went with her.

AMOS. But are you sure that—?

TOBY. Sure! The likeness was enough. The moment I saw her, I said to Tilly—

MRS. M. And I said to Toby— (*murmuring between them*)

AMOS. Now, we only want the party who took her from Wadd's to Barjohn's.

Enter LADY EUPHEMIA, L.

MRS. M. Toby.

TOBY. (*crossing to LADY EUPHEMIA*) How are you mum, eh, Mrs. Jenkins?

LADY E. Sir!

LETTY. Mrs. Jenkins! that's Lady Euphemia.

TOBY. Lady Euphemia be blowed. Why, she was old Wadd's cook. She is the very individual who took the baby from us.

AMOS. And who, doubtless, took it to Barjohn's. Don't deny it—you can't deny it.

LADY E. It is true that I fulfilled the same duties for Dr. Wadd that I did afterwards in the family of my late husband.

AMOS. But did you take the baby to Barjohn?

LADY E. Well then, out of affection for Mildred, I admit that I did.

Exeunt LADY EUPHEMIA, TOBY, LETTY, MRS. MAPLETOFT and CHILDREN, R.

AMOS. Hurrah! I've got the thousand pounds; it's as good as in my hand.

Enter CLEMENT, L.

CLEM. Why, Mr. Ingledew, what's the matter?

AMOS. Matter! why, Mildred is entitled to £40,000, and I get one for finding her.

Enter JOB, L.

CLEM. Forty thousand pounds! But where is she, dad? Where is Mildred?

JOB. Joy! he calls me dad once more. She's gone with Joe.

CLEM. What! alone, and you all here permitted it. Gone with Cannon, the companion of Barjohn. 'Tis revealed to me as by a lightning flash. Mercy of Heaven! where is she?

Enter JOE CANNON, L.

JOE. Help, help! murder is afoot—murder!

CLEM. Murder! speak, man.

JOE. I can't—I can't. (*motions to his throat*)

JOB. Have you been robbed?

JOE. Save me! save me!

CLEM. From what? from whom?

JOE. What's the time? Remember the hour, and that I am here. He would gain thousands by her murder.

CLEM. Steady, man, steady. By "he," do you mean Barjohn?

JOE. Oh, forgive me, Mr. Clement; I brought her the message, I took her towards the appointed place. She left me and hurried on alone. I fear—I fear that he will—

AMOS. Barjohn would gain—I remember! if she were dead, he would have all.

CLEM. Where are they? By heaven, man, your life is counted by moments if you do not speak.

JOE. At the Embankment Works.

JOB. The Works! I know every plank; follow me swift—come.

CLEM. You to the police station! (to JOE) You alarm them along its banks! (to AMOS) I, with my father, to the Works. Quick! for the sight of her murder veils my eyes; her wild, despairing cry for help rings echoing in my ears.

Music—Exeunt rapidly, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Embankment Works; moonlight; a piece of scaffolding in c., connected with a much higher staging on the left by a platform which, when removed, renders the centre staging entirely isolated; on centre staging a barrel; on the higher staging a crane; the back drop shews a view of the Houses of Parliament and the Clock Tower, lighted; lights seen in the windows of the Houses of Parliament; massive piles support the staging c. and L., running up the stage to back; on the higher staging a gate of entrance. Music.*

JOHN BARJOHN discovered on the higher staging, with a lantern in his hand.

JOHN. I shall have a wet watch I think. The clouds seem to be gathering—but it will soon blow over. (he descends to c. platform—wind—clouds descend and darken the scene) The moment the wind drops the rain will come down a pelter, but that won't keep Mildred. Joe will give her my message, in ten minutes she will be here, and in ten minutes where? (rain, thunder and lightning) My eyes! but this is a soaker. Mildred will be getting rather wet I reckon. It won't take her long to come and less time to go back. In such places as these, accidents soon happen. If I put these planks so—and this quartering so—and if a party were setting foot there—they'd go down a great deal faster than they come up. (arranges the planks as he speaks) I'll put this barrel on the very spot. (places the barrel) Joe will be here with her directly. She oughtn't to be seen coming in, and there's the gate-keeper. I know how to settle him. I've got a shilling somewhere. (Music—ascends platform to gate) Here, Bill!

BILL. (outside) Hollo!

JOHN. Bill.

BILL. Hallo! (BILL appears at gate)

JOHN. Well, you needn't bawl so loud; the Thames isn't a fire yet. Here, get half a pint of rum for me, I'll mind the gate. There's the money. (gives BILL money—thunder and lightning) If my reckoning is right, now is about the time that Joe ought to bring her.

MILDRED. (without, R.) Father, father! (clouds gradually disperse—moon re-lights the scene)

JOHN. All right, Miss Mildred, this way, gently—gently.

MILD. (appearing at gate—he lights her down to centre stage) What have I done? Have I not been too rash, alone with him, and in this terrible place?

BILL. (outside) John! (then appears at gate)

JOHN. It's the gate-keeper. (he ascends to gate) Stop a minute. (BILL gives him the bottle, JOHN takes a small phial from his pocket and pours its contents into rum bottle) Lucky I had this laudanum handy. There's a drink for you, Bill. (BILL drinks and offers to return it) No, no, finish it lad, finish it.

BILL. Oh, thank ye. (drinks again and staggers off)

JOHN. That drink will make him sleep and see nothing, hear nothing, till this job is done. So nobody saw her come in and nobody will see her go out. I wish the moon didn't shine so. (descends to centre staging) I'd rather be in the dark when she goes down. (he takes the platform connecting centre staging with the higher one and lets it down—thus completely isolating the centre scaffold on which JOHN and MILDRED stand)

MILD. (R. of staging) Father! my blood runs cold and thick. What are you doing?

JOHN. Only my duty. There have been thieves about, and I've been ordered to remove the plank to keep them out.

MILD. But when I return that way—

JOHN. (L.) You won't want to return that way for a long time. (wind)

MILD. How I shudder!

JOHN. Ha! the wind's cold, isn't it? Sit down, girl—sit down. (MILDRED sits on the barrel) Her life is at my heel.

MILD. (aside) I would I were away. Cannon said you had something to tell me,

JOHN. Oh, I know what Cannon said. Wait a minute—I'll just light my pipe. (sits upon a pile, and lights his pipe by lantern)

MILD. (R.) How my heart beats!

JOHN. (L.) Fust of all, then—you ain't no child o' mine; you was changed for my little one, who lies far away in the sodden marsh. The more love I bore to her dead, the greater hate I have for you living. Now, that's fair, square, and above board, ain't it?

MILD. How his eyes gleam, and his voice thickens. But my true parents?—

JOHN. Your father was a swell, and your mother wasn't, or she was and he wasn't, I never rightly understood which. You can read now, so just read that advertisement. (*gives her a newspaper from his pocket, and hands her the lantern to read by*) I know it by heart:—that 'ere James Tronson was your father. He's dead, and if you happened to die—as your paternal protector, the forty thousand pounds would come to me.

MILD. (*dropping the newspaper, and setting down the lantern*) Oh heaven! I understand it all now. For the sake of your soul, you wouldn't—

JOHN. Right. I wouldn't give up the money.

MILD. What! Murder me?

JOHN. Understand that—(*rises*) as the life sobs out of ye drowning in the water below.

CLEM. (*without—Music*) Mildred!

(*JOHN kicks away the planks—at the sound of CLEMENT'S voice she starts up from the barrel, retreating backwards, and escapes the aperture. The planks and barrel fall into the river beneath through the aperture*)

CLEM. (*appearing at gate, on upper staging with JOB*) As I am earnest, hopeful, be you brave and strong. (*murmurs of approaching people.*)

JOHN. Betrayed! but despite of Joe, or of you, Clement, my passions roused, and before your very eyes she shall die. Now, save her if you can. (*struggling to throw her into the water*)

MILD. Spare me!

JOHN. Too late, too late!

MILD. For the sake of your dead child!

JOHN. Don't remind me of her.

CLEM. Cling, cling! fight with him—battle with him, Mildred—wife!

MILD. Wife! my arms shall break ere they yield.

JOHN. They shall be wrenched from your body, but you die!

(*CLEMENT, during the above, has swung the crane round so that the rope now hangs over the higher staging—he seizes the rope, swings over and lands close to BARJOHN and MILDRED—dashes JOHN down—short struggle, and he pitches JOHN over*)

CLEM. Mildred! Wife!

(*THAMES POLICE row on in boat, R.—PEOPLE swarm the higher staging, L., JOB, JOE, AMOS, &c., among the CROWD.—Picture.*)

Curtain.

Costumes.

Prologue.—THREE OR FOUR Boys, very ragged, bareheaded, barefooted, clothes too large for them.

TOLL COLLECTOR.—Dark suit, white apron.

POLICEMAN.—London police uniform, great coat.

TWO OR THREE MEN for Crowd.—Ordinary walking dress.

CLEMENT MORRIS.—*Prologue*—Black hat, grey trowsers, white vest. *Act I.*, morning suit. *Act II.*, walking dress, hat. *Act III.*, in black, rather threadbare.

JOHN BARJOHN.—Rough hair and beard. In *Prologue*, a tarpaulin souwester, black pea-jacket, striped shirt, dark waistcoat, trowsers tucked into fisherman's boots, short pipe, fancy neckerchief. *Act I.*, same, black low-crowned hat. *Act II.*, red neck-cloth, hat as in *Prologue*, black pea-jacket, striped shirt, black trowsers, high black boots, belt, pipe.

JOE CANNON.—Dark suit. After *Prologue*, walking dress, hat.

JOB MORRIS.—Grey wig. Well-dressed until *Act III.*, when his dress is rather threadbare.

AMOS INGLEDEW.—Black suit, lawyer aspect.

TOBY MAPLETOFT.—Black coat, light trowsers, hat, dark vest. *Act III., Scene 2*, policeman's uniform.

DIGGENS.—Livery.

CAPTAIN OF SHIP.—Blue suit with gilt buttons, cap with glazed leather peak.

SAILORS, LONGSHOREMEN, etc.

MILDRED.—*Prologue*—Check gown, faded; blue pinafore, hair loosely combed out; face pale, arms bare. *Act I.*, neat house-dress. *Act II.*, neat dark dress, hat, cloak. *Act III.*, long cloth cloak, light dress.

LADY EUPHEMIA.—*Act I.*, house-dress, rather showy; she is very affected in voice and manner. *Act II.*, walking dress, mantle. *Act III.*, plain dress.

MRS. MAPLETOFT.—Calico gown, old-fashioned bonnet, showy shawl.

LETTY.—Housemaid; smart cap and apron.

LADY PASSENGER.—Hat and cloak, dark dress.

BETSY.—A Girl, calico gown, “poke” bonnet.