

THE  
SCAMPS OF LONDON;  
OR, THE  
CROSS ROADS OF LIFE!

A Drama of the Day,

*Adapted from the French.*

BY  
W. J. MONCRIEFF,

AUTHOR OF

Tom and Jerry, Spectre Bridegroom, Bashful Man, Cataract of the Ganges, Eugene Aram, Lear of Private Life, Somnambulist, Van Dieman's Land, Court of Queen Anne, Green Dragon, Hag of the Glen, Heart of London, John Adams, How to take up a Bill, Latitude Lochinvar, Man Wolf, Monk's Cowl, One Fault, Parson's Nose, Lost Life, Sam Weller, Mistress of the Mill, Wagoner of Westmoreland, What's in a Name? Peer and the Peasant, Monsieur Tonson, Cheque on my Banker, &c., &c., &c.

AND RE-ARRANGED BY  
FREDERICK MARCHANT.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal Sadler's Wells, on November 13, 1843, an entirely new National, Local, Characteristics, Melo-dramatic Drama of the day, in Three Acts, correctly exhibiting Life and Manners in innumerable novel and interesting phases, called THE*

# SCAMPS OF LIFE IN LONDON;

OR, THE

## CROSS ROADS OF LIFE!

*The Ground work of the Drama is founded on the celebrated Play, "LES BOHEMIENS," and applied to the circumstances and realities of the present moment, by the Author of "Tom and Jerry," &c.*

*The New Scenery, (from actual authorities) by Mr. F. FENTON and Assistants. The New Flash Medley Overture, and Slang Dramatic Music, by Mr. W. MONTGOMERY. The action of the Piece arranged by Mr. C. J. SMITH. The Dresses by Mr. HAMPTON and Miss BAILEY. The whole produced under the direction of Mr. H. MARSTON.*

LIFE, whether high or low, however it may vary in costume, is essentially the same in all countries. The BOHEMIEN and TRUAND of Paris find their counterparts in the GREEK and SCAMP of London:—The terminus of the Birmingham Railway presents much the same scenes as the DEPOT DES MESSEURIES, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires; and the Dry Arches of Waterloo Bridge have their parallel in the Barges and Arches of Pont Sr. MARIE, on the Seine:—The ESTAMINET DES GEUX, of the MARAIS, is kept in countenance by the Rat's Castle, of the Rookery, St. Giles's, now happily demolished; while the Gardens of the CHATTE AMOREUSE, and the CARRIERE DE MONT MARTRÉ, are but other names for the many Pleasure Gardens and Saloons of our suburbs, and the Brickfields in their vicinity. Without servilely copying his original, the Adapter (or Author, or whatever he may be called) of the present piece, has suffered his Gallic precursors to point out to him similar scenes in his own time and country, which, from personal knowledge, he trusts he has been enabled to sketch with a truth and effect, which, while it amuses, may not altogether fail to instruct. In a

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word, he has endeavoured to draw a "moral," at the same time he hopes he has "adorned a tale." Let no one be startled at the Revelations of this Drama:—As Byron has justly remarked, "NE VRAI N'EST PAS TOUJOURS LE VRAI SEMBLABLE"—Fact has in no instance been exaggerated for the sake of effect.

**DEVEREUX, alias FoxSKINNER** { a Swell Cove out of luck, King of all the Scamps and } Mr. H. MARSTON.  
*alias* — Greeks in London

**MR. DORRINGTON** { a wealthy Liverpool Merchant, on a visit to London } Mr. ROMER.  
**FRANK DANVERS** { a British Naval officer, just arrived from the Indies } Mr. BIRD.

**HERBERT DANVERS** { his Younger Brother, a ruined Roue, pigeoneoned by the Greeks } Mr. MELVIN.

**MR. HAWKSWORTH** { Principal Proprietor of a Silver Hell at the West End, Director of a Company—Capital One Million, Bill Discounter, and } Mr. P. WILLIAMS.  
**SHABNER** Anythingarian where there's anything to be got

**BOB YORKNEY** { (the Duffer, tired of the Lay) . . . Mr. W. H. WILLIAMS.  
**TOM FOGG, alias Old DEADY, alias THE ANIMAL,** { a Gin-drinking Vagabond suffering } Mr. C. J. SMITH.  
*alias* **THE SAVAGE, alias THE BRIDGE** under delirium tremens }

**NED BRINDE** { (the Magsman—a Half-and-half Cove) Mr. CORENO.  
**JOE ONION** { (the Crocodile—an Out-and-out Cove, Cadger and Creature of Devereux's) Mr. C. FENTON.

**DICKEY SMITH** { the "Wakeful Bird," a young gentleman in no ways particular to } Master G. MASKELL.  
*alias* a shade, picking up a living how he can

**IKEY BATES** { Landlord of Rats' Castle, otherwise the Dyot-street Hotel, Proprietor of twenty two-penny dabs and a most respectable Isagatelle Board, having cut bumble- } Mr. LAMB.

Puppy as too low  
**Waiter at the "Cat and Bagpipes" Tavern, Mr. SMITHSON.** Inspector of the XYZ Division, Mr. FRANKS.  
**LOUISA** { (the Victim of an ill-required attachment) . . . Miss CAROLINE RANKLEY.

**MISS CHARLOTTE WILLERS** { a young Lady with her Cat, &c., from the Country, betrothed to } Mrs. R. BARNETT.  
*alias* Mr. Yorkney, amusing her leisure hours in shoe-binding, waist-coat, and gaiter-making

**MISS DORRINGTON** . . . (Daughter of Dorrington) . . . Miss STEPHENS.

*As Performed at the Royal Victoria Theatre, (under the management of Mr. Cave), on Saturday,  
September 19, 1868.*

**The New Scenery by Mr. W. F. Robson and Assistants.**      **Machinery by Mr. James.**  
**New Medley Overture and Music to the Drama, by Mr. Leonard Giorgi.**  
**The Piece Produced under the Superintendence of Mr. Frederick Merchant.**

## SCAMPS OF LONDON.

### THE SCAMPS.

FOX SKINNER { *alias* Devereux, *alias* "the Swell"—a true specimen of villainy, } Mr. HOWARD RUSSELL.  
Mr. HAWKSWORTH SHABNER { a Moneylender, whose only thought is self—a lover } Mr. M. ROBERTS  
BOB YORKNEY { of Mammon, and a Scamp in Sheep's clothing } Mr. FRED. WRIGHT  
JOE ONION { an indescribable, living by his wits, an unlicensed importer of fine }  
not inclination      not inclination  
NED BRINDLE { a Night Bird, Sole Monarch of Waterloo Bridge, a knowing one, who pays } Mr. J. BRADSHAW  
DICK SMITH { neither rent nor taxes—a long-shore Scamp } Mr. J. BAKER  
ICKY BATES { His companion, one of the tip-top gang—a Scamp of tact } Mr. J. JOHNS  
DRIVER (2,900—a Scamp of extortion) Mr. JOKAS | POLISH (a Shoebblack—Everybody's Scamp) Mr. MAYNARD  
JEM and JOE (Fusee Boys—Nature's Scamps) Misses PLATT and HUNST | BEGGAR (a Lazy Scamp) Mr. WEBB  
OLD TOM FOGG { *alias* Deadly, *alias* Savage—an old gin drinking Scamp, }  
kicked about from pillar to post, a man of suffering } Mr. FREDERICK MERCHANT  
the Father of ———

## EVERY DAY CHARACTERS.

FRANK DANVERS { formerly a Naval Officer, just returned from India, the enemy of } Mr. F. THOMAS  
                          his Brother, a Gambler and protector of his family honour  
HERBERT DANVERS { his Brother, a Gambler and Betrayer, the victim of Devereux and } Mr. G. CARTER  
                          Shabner

SHARPE (X Division, with a sharp eye to duty) Mr. FLETCHER  
Mrs. and Misses WEALTHY (Railway Passengers) Mrs. and Miss SAVILLE and Miss WORKE  
CLARKE (a Signalman) Mr. REID | SERVANT, Mr. WALWORTH

LOUISE (the Betrayed, abandoned by Herbert Danvers)  
CHARLOTTE (with a partiality for Bob Yorkney, a woman of feeling)

## SCAMPS OF LONDON.

Waterloo Road—View of South Western Railway Station, Bridge, &c.

*Time, 8 o'clock at Night.  
Scamps for the Rail.*

Apartment in an Hotel in Stamford Street.

## SCAMPS IN A TAVERN.

DRY ARCHES of WATERLOO BRIDGE,  
With the River Thames and part of the Bridge, including the Suicide Arch—by Night.

## SCAMPS AT ROOST.

The Suicide—Bravery of Frank Danvers—the Night Birds of the River—Heroic Conduct of Old Tom Fogg  
Tableau.

Mr. Yorkney's Front Attic in the Pollards, near Tower Street Police Station.

**ROOM IN AN HOTEL IN THE STRAND.  
SCAMPS ON THE FLY KITE LAY.**

WELL KNOWN PUBLIC HOUSE, and

**CONCERT ROOM, NEAR BERMONDSE Y.**

Introducing Mr. CHARLES STANLEY, the Great Comic Vocalist, from the Oxford and Canterbury Music Halls

**SCAMPS ENJOYING THEMSELVES.**

**ROOM IN THE "IVY" PUBBLIC HOUSE.**

Devereux Tempts Fogg to Murder Louisa.

**LONELY SPOT on the SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY**

N.B. The incidents in this scene were suggested by an American Drama.

The Recognition—My Child! Villainy of Devereux—Fogg Wounded!

**LOUISA PLACED UPON THE RAILS.**

THE MAIL APPROACHES NEARER AND NEARER.

**LOUTISA SAWED BY FOOG.**

THE EXPRESS TRAIN DASHES ALONG.

**FEARFUL DEATH OF DEVEREUX. THRILLING DENOUEMENT.**

## SCAMPS OF LONDON.

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### ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Exterior of South Western Railway station, and view of Waterloo Bridge. Time: Eight o'clock at night. Gates of station, R. 2 E. Music: "Riding on a Donkey," when scene is well displayed, miniature train passes over railway bridge. Boys calling out, "Cigar lights, a halfpenny a box," baked potatoe man, men with boards, policeman, and mob of people pass and repass. Arrangement of this business to be left to the discretion of the stage manager.*

*Enter BOB YORKNEY, L., smoking a cigar.*

BOB. Clear the way, there, you vagabonds, make room for a gentleman. (*all laugh, he blusters—they retire.* At this moment, NED BRINDLE, showily attired, swaggers down roadway from R. U. E. BOB perceives him) Eh! a swell, perhaps a customer. I'll try him. (*advances mysteriously to BRINDLE, and whispers him aside*) Does your honour want a box of prime Havannah's, vot vill smoke of themselves—or a piece of real Ingy. (*recognises him*) Vot, Ned! No, yes. Well, I'm blowed!

NED. (*recognising YORKNEY*) What Bobby! still at the old game, eh? smoked cabbage leaves; rummy Spital-fields wipes.

BOB. Yes, Ned—one must do summat for an honest

livelihood. Flat catching's considered fair game all the world over, you know ; from the very top of St. James's-street, down to the bottom of St. Giles's.

NED. Bob, you speak like a horicle—but how goes trade with you ? Fast or slow—on the gallop or the grumble, old fellow.

BOB. Vy, trade's not so bad, Ned ; there's always a thing called a wictima popping up, somewhere in London. But you, Master Brindle, may I ask what game you're arter, figg'd out in such spicy feathers as them ere—you ain't surely joined the swell mob, have you ?

NED. Hush, Bobby ; I'm exercising my abilities for the exclusive benefit of all her Majesty's loyal subjects in general, and myself in particular. I'm here on the look out and pick up. If I see a stranger arrive by the train I offer my services to trot him about town, get him the best dinner, the best wine, the best bed, in short, take care he wants for nothing.

BOB. Except his blunt.

NED. No, I'm grown sick of that caper now, old fellow ; I've a great mind to turn honest !

BOB. And so have I ! cut the Scamp's Club. I would too, if I could only got a fair chance.

NED. By vich you means, I suppose £300 a-year !

BOB. Oh, no, Nedly, I'd be content with anything, so long as a fellow wasn't obliged to be a Scamp, like you and I.

NED. A Scamp, indeed ; I scorn the imputation, I work for my living, and that's as much as any other gentleman does.

*Enter SHABNER, L. U. E., disputing with a CABMAN about his fare—all accost him, offering their wares. He gets in a passion, at length calls “police.” POLICEMAN enters, SHABNER explains matters, and POLICEMAN pushes CABMAN off. Crowd disperse.*

SHABNER. (*looking at his watch*) A quarter to eight. Skinner's letter, I beg his pardon, Mr. Devereux, I mean, says he'll be here by the eight o'clock train, so that I'm just in time. (*walks up and down*) Never was a place so infested with vagabonds, as this is. I'll just step into the York hotel, here, and look at the papers to kill time. (*exit.*)

BOB. (*comes down stage with NED, having been observing SHABNER*) You know that Covey, in course ?

NED. Not I, my pippin, who is he?

BOB. Not know him? talk of Scamps, indeed! Why, that's the biggest Scamp on town—he's the principal partner in all the silver hells at the West-end, and the managing director of half the swindling societies in London he lends money, discounts bills, receives stolen goods, is always ready for a plant, and alive to a cross. (*eight o'clock strikes, and bell rings, whistle of engine is heard, and train arrives.*) PASSENGERS enter from station and exit. POLICEMEN pass, one sees a fusee-boy trying to pick a pocket, seizes and drags him off, running against an apple woman and upsetting her. When they clear, FRANK enters from station, and crossing stage runs against BOB.)

BOB. Beg your pardon, sir, I didn't see you.

FRANK. But you made me feel you, though, friend. Eh? what my old acquaintance, Robert Yorkney? (*recognising him.*)

BOB. Yes, the werry identical; but surely you can never be the gentleman that's in the East Indies—you can't be my old playmate, whom I so often whopped—you can never be Mr. Frank Danvers!

FRANK. His very self.

BOB. Well, I am amazed—how glad I am. Give us your fist. What can I do for you? Can I clear your trunks—get you a lodging—call you a cab?

FRANK. Thank you, thank you—the same warm hearted fellow as ever. For the present I only require rest. I have just come up from Liverpool, after my return from the East Indies, where my father died.

BOB. What made you go to India? What made you turn sailor?

FRANK. A romantic notion, I confess. Three years since I fell in with a young lady who seemed so good, so pure, that I did not dare to speak of my passion to her. I resolved to make myself worthy of her—to create myself a name. For this purpose I entered the navy, but after a brief service, I returned to my father in the Indies, and closed his dying eyes. Riches beyond my hopes were now my own, and I once more sought England, to lay my fame and fortune at the feet of my Louisa!

BOB. Just as I wish to do to Charlotte. (*aside*) Go on.

FRANK. Judge of my despair when I found that in my absence another had supplanted me, and that she had fled her native place.

BOB. The cockatrice ! But you can serve the fellow out.

FRANK. Oh, no, I—*(aside)* my brother—my brother !  
*(aloud)* I cannot revenge myself on him.

BOB. Well, just as you like ; but I suppose you've come to London to catch them ?

FRANK. No, no, I never told my love ; she broke no faith with me. Family affairs alone have brought me here now.

BOB. Come to look after your brother, perhaps ? Well, he certainly does want looking after ; he played a devil of a game when he came into his property.

FRANK. Ah, Herbert !

BOB. Oh, lord love you, yes. Horse-racing, and gaming into the bargain.

FRANK. Gracious Heavens ! What do you tell me ?  
Herbert—

BOB. Hasn't a mag left—not a scuddick ; is obliged to live on his wits as much as any of us—dines oftener with Duke Humphrey than anybody else, I believe.

FRANK. Herbert ! Herbert !

BOB. He's your brother, Mr. Frank ; but there isn't a bigger leg on the whole pavement.

FRANK. *(aside)* And she—Louisa ! what's become of her ? A prey to want and misery. *(aloud)* I must certainly see this unhappy Herbert. You must conduct me to him.

BOB. That would be rather a difficult matter with a gentleman who lives at number nothing, in nowhere street. But never mind ; I rather suspect I shall be in his company before the night is over.

FRANK And your residence ?

BOB. *(hesitatingly)* Why, I—I—just now, I'm living rather *select*. My lodgings at present are the Pollards ; No. 3. If you can't ring, for the want of a bell, throw a stone at the door—there's no knocker ; it will do quite as well.

FRANK. *(writing in pocket-book)* Enough, enough, my friend. I will but take a little repose at the hotel here, and then join you at the place you have mentioned. You must conduct me to my unhappy brother, and in return for this service you may command me. Farewell.

*(exit into hotel, L. U. E.)*

*(At FRANK's exit, hurried music. Boys enter hooting OLD FOGG, who is drunk, and dressed as a crossing-sweeper, with broom, &c. BOB and a POLICEMAN interpose and clear the stage of the mob.)*

FOGG. It's cold—very, bitter cold—my heart's ice, I want some gin to warm me; if I could only scrape a few coppers to get half a quartern, shouldn't I feel better, I fancied I saw Maria Johnson to-night, her spirit flits before me, and I must have drink to still my dreadful thoughts. Gin, yes, I love it—I could die for it.

*Enter DEVEREUX from station, and SHABNER from L. U. E., meeting him. NED, DICK, &c., &c., all crowding round.*

NED. Want an honest fellow, your honour, to show you about town, and look arter your property? I know where all the good things are to be had.

DEVER. (*bearing a small portmanteau*) No! I tell you.

BOB. (*aside*) No go. I'll try my luck. (*advancing mysteriously to DEVEREUX, and whispering*) Want a reg'lar box of choice Havannahs, your honour, prime cost; or a piece of real Bandanys—got them from a friend—let you have them by the way of Cheapside.

DEVER. Go to the devil with you fellow. (*pushes BOB away*.)

BOB. Well, that's civil, anyhow. (*draws back. FOGG advances to DEVEREUX, L.*)

DEVER. What do you want?

FOGG. Money to get gin. I'll carry your trunk there for it.

DEVER. Go to the devil with you! (*pushes FOGG aside and X's to L. ALL come down.*)

NED. What are you pushing the poor fellow in that way for? just because you see he's only a harmless idiot.

BOB. (*coming forward*) Not so harmless as you may think for. Old Deady, the savage, can be dangerous enough at times—a word will do it. Fogg, old fellow, do you see that cove, there? (*points to NED*) Take care of yourself. (*to NED.*)

FOGG. (*eagerly*) Yes, has he got any more gin?

BOB. That's the chap that killed Maria Johnson.

FOGG. (*furiously with a wild cry*) Maria Johnson—he—he—hell bird! (*rushes across fiercely on NED, whom he seizes by the throat and prostrates to the earth.*)

NED. (*striving to extricate himself*) Hallo! hallo! what the devil—what are you about? Take him off, there. (*Bob interposes.*)

FOGG. Away! did he not kill Maria Johnson? You've said it once—say it once more while he's in my grasp, and—

BOB. Hold hard, it was only fun—let him go.

FOGG. (*releasing his hold*) Fun! Maria's death—murder's no fun, at least it was not fun once. (*turns away*.)

DEVER. (*aside*) Maria Johnson! this is strange. I must speak with this fellow. Hallo! (*taps FOGG on shoulder*) I've changed my mind, you shall carry my trunk—I'll pay you well for it. (*gives portmanteau*.)

FOGG. More blunt—more gin—more gin.

DEVER. Take it into that hotel. Now Shabner, follow me. (*exit with SHABNER into hotel*. FOGG preceding with portmanteau. *Music*.)

NED. Confound the fellow, what a crack he's given me. I tell you what, Master Yorkney, I'll thank you to stow all such jokes in future. I don't like them any more than the old savage does.

BOB. Why it's only the delirium tremens.

NED. Hang such delirious trimmings, I say. Well, I'm off to my lodgings—a dry arch, Waterloo Bridge, tenant at will, rent easy, and no taxes.

*Enter CHARLOTTE, with birdcage, from station, a cat in basket, surrounded by DICK and the Rabble.*

BOB. (*to CHARLOTTE*) Let me assist you with your luggage, my duck.

DICK. I'll take care of the gentlewoman's things.

CABMAN. Want a cab, ma'am? (*they all gather round CHARLOTTE, who is alarmed*.)

CHARL. Oh, la, they'll tear me to pieces. Mr. Yorkney—gentleman—oh, mercy, they'll let my cat out of the basket. Mr. Yorkney, if you was only a bit of a man—

BOB. A bit of a man! oh, devil it, I can't stand this. Give us a hand, Ned—get out you varmint, stand off, these arn't for you. (*CHARLOTTE screams, NED and BOB fight CABMEN, &c.* CHARLOTTE trying to keep her bandboxes, &c. together, struggles to get her basket from DICK; it comes undone, a cat jumps out, and runs away. General cheveying. BOB floors DICK, &c. CHARLOTTE continues screaming, and scene changes on confusion. *Music*.)

*Scene changes on confusion.*  
SCENE SECOND.—*Room in the York Hotel, (1st grooves.)*

Enter DEVEREUX and SHABNER, L.

SHABNER. At length we are alone. Now then, my friend, for the grand secret. Let's to business at once.

DEVER. This it is, then: of the run of ill luck against me at Liverpool you've already heard.

SHABNER. I have. On that occasion you sent me a Queen's head, politely inviting me, on the score of old acquaintance, to set up your bank again—advance you a few hundreds on your personal security.

DEVER. Which you as politely refused to do. No matter. One evening, without blunt, and without exactly knowing where to get any, I took a short walk to air my brains, and give my ideas a turn. Passing a substantial mansion in rather a retired situation, I saw the master, followed by his servants, starting on their way to church.

SHABNER. You followed their example, of course?

DEVER. No. From one of the latter locking the door on the outside, I was perfectly convinced that no one was left within. You can't think, my dear Shabner, what a queer feeling came over me at the thought of the house being left totally unguarded.

SHABNER. No doubt of it—so very careless.

DEVER. Shocking. Directly they were out of sight, wanting a little exercise, I thought I'd try how high I could jump; when, confound me, if I didn't jump clean over the garden wall!

SHABNER. How very curious; but you always had high notions.

DEVER. Pleased with this proof of my gymnastic powers, I next tried if I could climb as well as I could jump, and soon somehow managed to reach the balcony, which led into the back drawing-room.

SHABNER. Most interesting. Go on.

DEVER. Admiring the furniture, I saw an escritoir—you know my fancy for such articles—it was locked, but that, of course, to me was nothing—the well oiled bolt flew back—

SHABNER. And you found—

DEVER. A pile of sovereigns.

SHABNER. How very imprudent to leave them there.

DEVER. I thought so, and determined to teach them better for the future, so I hastily wrapped the yellow boys in the first piece of paper that presented itself, and—

SHABNER. Made your way out a devilish sight quicker than you got in; but this is nothing more than an every day affair.

DEVER. Not so fast, I have not done. An hour afterwards, wishing to ascertain the exact state of my funds, I unfolded

the paper, and from a few words on it in writing that caught my eye, was induced to read further. It was a letter from the East Indies, and was signed Danvers.

SHABNER. Danvers!

DEVER. Yes, Danvers, the rich manufacturer of Manchester, who afterwards settled in the East Indies, where he was joined by his eldest son. This letter was written by the old gentleman to his former friend, the merchant Dorrington, the very person at whose house I made myself so much at home—

SHABNER. And for whose property you evinced so great a care—go on.

DEVER. It accepted an offer made him by Dorrington to marry their children. The thought struck me in a moment, that Danvers had *two* children, sons; the youngest of whom we had plucked, and that it wasn't likely, from the time that had elapsed, that Dorrington could know either the one or the other, and therefore a little tin might be easily and safely manufactured.

SHABNER. I see it all! capital! Devereux, you certainly are a most extraordinarily clever rascal.

DEVER. Go slow—go slow! This opened the road to a mine of wealth. I had borrowed thirty sovereigns, and wrapped them up in twenty thousand pounds.

SHABNER. Proceed—proceed.

DEVER. The next day I presented myself at the front door of the house, I had so lately entered by the back. Mr. Dorrington received me very politely, the more so when he learnt I had just arrived from the East Indies, and announced to him the return of his intended son-in-law.

SHABNER. For whom you mean to palm off our young pal? that scapegrace, his brother Herbert!

DEVER. You've hit it. I told him the young man had departed for London, where he was detained by some family affairs; which made Dorrington immediately determine to visit the capital with his daughter, the intended bride, to meet him. Everything was arranged, there and then, they are on their way, and now we've only to get our bridegroom ready, and the game's our own.

SHABNER. You say *we* get him ready—*our* game?

DEVER. Of course—I mean to let you *in* for your regulars; but you must unloose your purse strings. Our protégé must have a bang up outfit—Cabriolet—tiger—

SHABNER. He shall have some swell clothes—my own vehicle—and a fellow from one of my west end establishments; but let us first understand each other; what do you mean by regulars? what am I really to have for all this?

DEVER. Oh, don't be afraid; I shall bleed our man for a cool ten thousand, at least; the poor devil will be glad of the chance, and you'll have your share of course.

SHABNER. Well, on condition that I go *halves*—I don't mind advancing a hundred or so; but where the devil are we to bag our bird?

DEVER. Leave that to me; I have fellows who know where all the night birds in London roost. What! do you forget that I'm another Otho—that I am emperor of all the modern Greeks?

SHABNER. Or London legs, rather!

DEVER. Well, legs, if you like it better—scamps, anything, from the very top of the tree “to the bottom, down below,” as the song says. But dinner must be ready by this time. We'll pay our respects to it instantly. Come, Shabner, the whole hog—neck or nothing. The clear ten thousand —

SHABNER. Or the quarries at Portland!                              (*exit*, L.)

**SCENE THIRD.—Dry Arch, and part of Waterloo Bridge by moonlight.** On the r. side is a flight of steps that lead down from the bridge—on the other side is a part of the river Thames, with barges, bridge, lamps, balustrades, &c. At the rising of the curtain, JOE ONION, DICK SMITH, CADGERS, and VAGABONDS, men, women, and children, are discovered. The stage is half dark—JOE ONION is engaged arranging some straw in the dry arches. At the opening of scene, NIGGER is heard playing fiddle without; he enters, engages lodging.

ONION. (*coming forward*) There, I've prepared all the feather beds—I haven't put too much straw in my own mattress—I don't want to use myself to luxuries. Are all the lodgers at home, Dick, you young varmint?

DICK. No—there wants Fogg—old Tom Fogg and the new one.

ONION. Ah, the stranger that has slept here these last eight nights—the swell cove, out of luck—it's time that young fellow told us who he is—one ought to know who one keeps company with, in case one should commit oneself.

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!

ONION. Silence! What are you laughing at? Do you know who you are talking to? ain't I Joe Onion, Eskewer, principal director of the London Cheap Lodging House, Dry Arches, Waterloo Bridge—ain't there a whole company of us, a hundred and fifty shareholders, besides the board? all the shares at premium. (DICK and VAGABONDS draw back, abashed. Whistle from above) Eh! I should know that whistle. Peace! ladies and gentlemen of the bridge-ward, peace! while I challenge the watch-word—who's there? (calling out.)

NED. (above) A friend!

ONION. 'Tis that trump, Ned Brindle—what the devil brings him here? All right, Ned, come down.

MUSIC.—Enter NED BRINDLE, down steps.

NED. Here I am, friends.

ONION. Come forward, Mr. Brindle; ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce a most particular friend of your Arch-deacon, your learned Judge of the Arches, Joe Onion. (all salute NED) Good evening to you, Ned—give us your famble—how are you, my trump?

NED. Why, no better than I should be; I've failed to-day—a regular bankruptcy.

ONION. Ah! I didn't see it in the *Gazette*—how was it?

NED. Why this: a flashy chap, with a pretty girl, got me to call a cab for them and did not pay me—the injustice of mankind!

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!

NED. But that's not the worst of it. Because I haven't paid him his rent, my landlord's seized upon me.

ONION. Seized upon you?

NED. Yes, and thrust me into the street. Took my body, you know there was no goods, so I'm obliged to come and ask a night's lodging of you.

ONION. With pleasure, Ned. I told you my house was always open to you.

NED. You did—where is it?

ONION. Why, here; quite dry and comfortable. We live like kings, supported by a pier on each side, you see. Our drawing-room and kitchen are in one of these barges; and these are our bed-rooms.

NED. Is the rent high?

ONION. Nothing a month, and no taxes, water-rate paid by the landlord, and come in at what hour you like?

NED. Are you insured?

ONION. Yes; by the parish!

NED. Then I'll take the ground floor.

ONION. You must pay your footing.

OMNES. Ay, ay—your footing!

ONION. And we'll enrol you in the archive.

NED. Hush!

DICK. (*low*) It's one of the police! (*all retire cautiously.*)

*Music.* POLICEMAN enters, all feign to sleep. He passes amongst them, holding lantern to their faces, at length he comes to a woman who is huddled up with a child in her arms.

POLICE. What's the matter with you, my good woman?

WOMAN. Oh, sir, I'm starving with the cold.

POLICE. You shan't do that; I've a drop of rum in my pocket, it will do you more good than me—take it my poor woman. (*she drinks*) Good night; keep quiet, or you'll all have to turn out.

OMNES. Good night, sir.

(POLICEMAN exits.)

ONION. Mum—you see we are well watched, as well as lighted, Ned, all free gratis for nothing.

DICK. Here's another cove coming down the steps—don't frighten yourselves—it's only the savage!

ONION. What a wakeful bird you are, Dick, surely.

*Music.* Enter FOGG, down steps.

ONION. I tell you what, old Deady, if you keep such late hours as these, I shall be under the necessity of locking you out.

FOGG. I couldn't help it; have you got any gin? I've been at work!

ONION. Have you earned much to-day?

FOGG. Yes—yes! I've had my fill—as much as I wanted.

ONION. Well, now then, as you've had your night-cap, a little daffy, and must want rest, you had better go to bed! you won't want any light, you can see by the sky lantern up above, there. (*pointing to the moon*) Good night, old chap, you know your room—Davy's best Wallsend, No. 2.

FOGG. Aye, aye! good night. (*retires to barge.*)

NED. Poor fellow! I'm glad you're kind to him. I hope he'll find a snug berth, and that he won't dream of Maria Johnson.

FOGG. (*overhearing, and starting up*) Of whom?

NED. Oh, lord! nobody, nobody, old chap, go to sleep—pleasant dreams to you—clap your head under the

yawning, you'll be as snug as a bug in a rug. (FOGG again disappears.)

DICK. (*looking up*) Here's another cove coming, landlord—not a policeman—no, it's the new 'un!

*Music.* HERBERT DANVERS, *meanly attired, appears slowly coming down steps.*

ONION. Our gentleman lodger! Bravo, Dick! you wakeful bird. You'll let nothing pass you.

HERBERT. (*timidly, having descended*) Excuse me, friends, if I intrude.

ONION. Intrude! not at all, ain't you one of *us*? ain't you privileged—haven't you passed eight nights with us? and though you don't appear to sleep at your ease, we're not affronted; we don't think any the worse of you for that—you mustn't imagine, because you see our friend, Ned Brindle, here, that your place is taken—your bed is kept for you—your apartment is all ready.

HERBERT. It was my own culpable folly that brought me to this misery and degradation—the wish to appear above my real station, led me to contract debts. Abandoned by those who called themselves my friends—hunted by the harpies of the law—I had no longer a home—my conscience reproved me—you can enter into my feelings. (*to ONION.*)

ONION. Well, never mind, sir,—bad luck now, better another time, you know.—Now you, sirs, (*to VAGABONDS*) if you wants any supper, now's your time—for I'm just going into the dining-room, and it's only a penny a nob—so follow me to the next barge.—Now, Ned!

OMNES. Hurrah! hurrah!—the peck—the peck! (*music—exit ONION, DICK, and VAGABONDS tumultuously into barge, L.*)

HERBERT. I must not join them—wretched as is their meal, I have no claim to it. How much longer will this state of shame and suffering last?—For upwards of a week I have been a wanderer through streets by day; an outcast here by night!—the most destitute among these miserable wretches is far less to be pitied than am I!—they can sleep soundly—but I—oh! Louisa, Louisa! cruelly have I abandoned her—what must be her sufferings?

*Music. Re-enter ONION, NED, DICK, &c., wiping their mouths.*

ONION. Well, we've had a capital snack—that bullock's liver was excellent—and those ingons relished it so—we could have eaten a leetle bit more, perhaps, but however—

DICK. Hush ! hush !—there's a boat coming this way—I hear the oars.

ONION. That young dog lets nothing escape him.

BOB enters with FRANK, R., they are enveloped in large cloaks, with capes, to conceal their features—HERBERT has retired to back

NED. Hallo !—why hang me if that ain't Bob Yorkney—what the devil brings him here ?—I'll keep close ! (*draws back.*)

BOB. How are you, gentlemen ?—brought a friend with me, you see—don't let us disturb you.

ONION. Not a bit of it—we can make room for you.

FRANK. (*to BOB*) Is it among these miserable wretches, then, that I shall find my brother ?—this was why you made me assume this disguise, was it—are you sure he is here ?

BOB. Yes ; as sure as quarter day. I know that he has passed the last eight nights here—but I have some news for you—we are not the only chaps that are on the look out for him.

FRANK. What say you ?

BOB. There are two others—those worthy and respectable gentlemen, Hawkesworth Shabner, Esq., and Mr. Fox Skinner, alias Devereux, a gentleman, like myself, of three outs.

FRANK. Great heaven ! what can be their purpose ? no good, I fear, but that we must find out. Let us stay and watch—how shall we discover that they are here ?

BOB. Hush ! (*ONION comes down followed by DICK and the others.*)

ONION. There, your beds are all ready, so now you can go to roost whenever you like—if you want a comfortable snooze, why, all I can say is—you're in luck.

DICK. (*aside*) Stow magging—here's more coves coming.

ONION. Surely not the police ?—Perhaps, more lodgers. Apartments must be in request here.

NED. No : they are too well togged to belong to our squad.

BOB. (*to FRANK*) I know them these are our men (*draws FRANK on one side.*)

*Enter DEVEREUX and SHABNER down steps, R.*

DEVER. (*coming forward*) Two words, if you please my friends ?

ONION. (*frightened*) Oh lord ! nothing wrong I hope, gentlemen, you don't want any of —

SHABNER. Don't be alarmed, we don't wish to disturb your midnight revels, here we are merely come in search of some one !

ONION. Some one ! Don't know any person of that name, there's no gentleman of that name here.

DEVER. It is a young man who has for some time tenanted this place, meanly attired, but of elegant and distinguished manners and figure ?

ONION. Elegant manners, distinguished figure, (*aside*) he must mean me ? (*aloud*) What is the name of this young man sir ? perhaps I —

DEVER. His name is Herbert Danvers !

FRANK. (*aside*) Herbert Danvers ?

HERBERT. (*at back, aside*) My name ! (*aloud*) Who wants me ? who calls me ? (*coming forward.*)

DEVER. }  
and } (*aside*) 'Tis he !  
SHABNER. }

FRANK. (*aside*) Found, found !

HERBERT. (*recognizing SHABNER and DEVEREUX*) Shabner, Devereux !

ONION. (*aside, significantly*) They know each other.

HERBERT. (*aside*) These men ! (*aloud*) What is it you want with me ? What is your purpose in tracking me here ? (*doggedly.*)

DEVER. We'll tell you ; but first you must chivy your friends, here. We can dispense with their society at present.

HERBERT. Leave us, friends, awhile.

ONION. A privy council. Oh, ve don't vant to poke our noses vere ve're not vished for, so ve'll say ta, bye, bye ! Come, my friends, to bed, to bed ; it's time for all decent people to be at roost ; so *alley-cooshay*, as we says it in the modern Greek—this way, ladies and gentlemen. Good night, my rum 'uns ! (*exeunt singing "Champagne Charley," leaving HERBERT, SHABNER, and DEVEREUX together. BOB and FRANK, are on the listen.*)

BOB. (*aside to FRANK*) They've retired, so wont we, we can nose all here, snug enough, lie close (*they furtively conceal themselves on one side.*)

HERBERT. (*looking round and seeing the coast clear.*) Now then, you can speak freely your purpose ? Do you come to triumph in the misery you have created ? Is it not

enough that you have ruined me? That my prostration is the work of your hands.

DEVER. Not so fast, we've come to make all right again, to restore you to your former position.

HERBERT. Can it be possible? You mock me, you know I have no money, no hope!

SHABNER. You don't want any hope, you've only to accept the terms we come to offer you.

DEVER. You shall again shine at the west end!

SHABNER. Have your cabriolet—your tiger!

DEVER. Your box at the opera, your stud at Newmarket, belong to Crockford's.

SHABNER. Put up at the Clarendon, put in for the St. Leger, run for the Derby.

HERBERT. And by what miracle? I am bewildered.

DEVER. No miracle at all. You have but to say the word, and our friend Shabner, here, becomes your banker; you may draw on him for whatever tip you choose.

SHABNER. Yes, any advances. I'll lend you three-and-sixpence, now, my tear.

HERBERT. Exchange these rags for luxury and riches! But what am I to do for all this.

DEVER. That's our secret. To-morrow you shall know all, till then you must trust to us, you have only to consent to be happy, without inquiring by what means. You know Shabner's rather too much tin to run the risk of losing it, by mixing himself up in any move that's not exactly on the square; say the word then, ten thousand a-year, four-in-hand, or breaking stones and the union workhouse.

HERBERT. (*hesitates*) Ah!

FRANK. (*aside*) What horrid plot is this? But I will tear him from them. (*is about rushing forward*.)

BOB. (*aside restraining him*) No you wont. That's easier said than done. You'll spoil all, if you don't mind; you don't exactly know these gentlemen, I do. Leave them to me, I'll cook their goose for them before I've done, or my name ain't Bob.

FRANK. (*aside*) Well, well. (*draws back with BOB*.)

DEVER. (*to HERBERT*) Have you decided? That little bit of muslin of yours, think of her!

HERBERT. Ah! if I thought I could, without crime; without dishonour.

DEVER. We swear you can!

BOB. (*aside*) Over the bender.

DEVER. You're an indispensable agent in a scheme of the

greatest magnitude, all depends upon you ; you have simply to accept.

HERBERT. Enough ! Anything but misery like this ; tomorrow —

DEVER. You shall know all, we've said it, you have done well. But you must quit this place, and instantly. Yes, you must cast off these rags, a splended supper waits you ; wine, friends, a couch of down—all, all !

HERBERT. I'm yours ! Farewell this den ! for ever.

DEVER. (*aside*) We have him. (*music—HERBERT rushes up steps followed by DEVEREUX and SHABNER—BOB and FRANK steal forward, watching them.*)

FRANK. He rushes on to destruction—it is some infamous conspiracy to which they lead him ; but I'll unmask them ! I'll —

BOB. You'll stay here, leave all to the cook, I tell you ; I'll follow them in double quick time ; find out where they are going—you know where I hang out—come to me in the morning, and if I don't give you a good account of them, say I know nothing. I'll soon learn what lay they are on, they are only a little a head of me, I'll be after them—good bye ! trust all to Bob.

(*exit hastily up steps after HERBERT, &c.*)

FRANK. Wretched Herbert ! my misguided brother, to what have you consented ! Poor Louisa ! no thought of thee in all his dreams of splendour, though for the last eight days I have learned, he has abandoned thee ; left thee without a home, without a friend in this vast desert, London ; peopled by hungry monsters. Unhappy girl ! what has become of thee ! I would so tenderly have watched over thee ! (*leans against L., and low music.*)

*Enter LOUISA wretchedly clad, R. 1 E.*

LOUISA. Alone ! alone in this wilderness of London—betrayed by him I loved, abandoned to the mercy of a cruel, heartless world. What is to become of me, friendless, and alone ! Oh, Herbert, you have indeed been cruel. My brain whirls ! I have but one hope—yes, the river, to find beneath it's rolling waters a suicide's grave. (*she disappears R., and is seen directly on wharf—she kneels. Lime light full upon her face*) Oh, heaven, forgive my betrayer, and pity and pardon me. (*with a shriek, she leaps into the river.*)

FRANK. What was that ?

OMNES. (*rising*) What's the row ?

FRANK. A woman in the water! I'll save or perish with her! (*he is seen to leap in river from wharf—OMNES shout.* FRANK swims towards the shore, LOUISA in his arms) Help me or I sink. (FOGG seizes an oar, and holds it towards him, FRANK catches it, and is drawn ashore.)

FOGG. They're saved, they're saved!

(Tableau—act drop quickly.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—BOB's humble garret in the Pollard's  
(2nd grooves)—clock strikes five.

BOB YORKNEY discovered at tub washing his linen.

BOB. Five o'clock! I've tracked my man, and lodged my lady. Yes, I have found out all Mr. Herbert's moves for Master Frank, and got Charlotte a room below; so she's not much out in supposing I am rather above her. If she said so much about their letting her cat out of the basket, what the deuce will she say when I let the cat out of the bag, and disclose all? Every man his own laundress. (*finishing his washing*) Let me see what sort of a morning it is. She must have retired by this time. (*puts his head out of the window, the door opens, and CHARLOTTE peeps in.*)

CHARL. (*aside*) Heigho! I can't sleep, where is Mr. Yorkney? Whether it is the fleas bite one so or what, (*sees Bob*) Eh! up—looking out of window, that linen just washed too; I strongly suspect, let me convince myself! (*steals in and conceals herself behind door. BOB leaves window and comes forward.*)

BOB. It's a beautiful morning. I must deceive Charlotte somehow; she'll give me turnips to a certainty, if she thinks I haven't got a servant, as I had before I ran through my fortune. That scoundrel Jacques, my French tiger

was once my right hand, and now I'll make my right hand my tiger ; tit for tat. Let me practise a bit.

CHARL. (aside) Ho, ho ! this is it, is it Mr. Yorkney ?

BOB. (foppishly) Jacques my good fellow, get my things ready to dress, bring me a clean shirt. Ah, oui, mi lor (*imitating French accent*) 'dere is your chemise blanche, your clean shirt, very good Jacques, let me put it on. (*puts on false collar*.) There I've put on my clean shirt. Now, then, my boots, and my D'Orsay. Voila, my lord, vos bottes et votre habit, bon bon. (*takes queer coat and boots and puts them on*.) Now, then, Jacques, allez toute suite, and tell Mademoiselle, below that —

CHARL. (coming forward) You need not trouble yourself sir. Mademoiselle knows all.

BOB. (aside, thunderstruck) The devil ! (*furtively slides socks, &c., from line and puts them in his pocket*.)

CHARL. (ironically seeing him) You need not put your linen in your portmanteau. I thought I heard you talking to your French tiger ?

BOB. (aside) Tiger cat, she should have said. (*aloud*) No ; only practising. I have sent him for a draft I've drawn on my banker.

CHARL. Aldgate pump !

BOB. (aside) I thought she'd throw cold water on it, I'll confess all at once. Hear me, Charlotte, I'm a ruined homo, a muff, a flat, a Sam, a regular ass. The fact is I haven't a feather to fly with, the truth must out. I have long been a regular scamp upon town, and now be like all the rest of the world, and turn your back on me as soon as you like.

CHARL. No, Bob ; you're naturally a good fellow, and capable of making a woman happy.

BOB. Happy ! more than happy. I'll delight, transport you.

CHARL. I don't want that, exactly. In a word, forget all your former follies, be industrious, be faithful, and my hand and fortune are still at your disposal.

BOB. Hurrah ! hurrah ! it's a bargain ; let me set my seal to it, you jade. (*catches her up, kisses her, and swings her round*.)

FRANK. (without) Yorkney, Yorkney ! (calling) Open—quick.

BOB. Eh ! Mr. Danver's voice ! What screw's loose now ? Excuse me my darling. (*opens door*.)

*Enter FRANK, followed by TOM FOGG, bearing in LOUISA insensible, door in flat.*

FRANK. Thank heaven I've found you. I was afraid you'd not be here.

BOB. Don't be alarmed, I'm not out, I assure you. But what the deuce—

FRANK. Let me implore your assistance, your protection for this poor unfortunate girl.

CHARL. What am I to think, Mr. Yorkney? But she is a woman—she wants our succour, I cannot hesitate—a chair, Yorkney.

BOB. Here's the chair. (YORKNEY brings chair, CHARLOTTE assists FRANK to place LOUISA in it.)

CHARL. How shall we revive her? Some burnt paper—vinegar?

FOGG. (tenderly) A little gin.

FRANK. Hush! she revives!

CHARL. That pallid air, that wet dress. I guess how it has been, poor thing.

FRANK. At this early hour, no house open; this was my nearest hope for aid—you had given me your address, and—soft—she opens her eyes. Pardon me, my friends, but I would spare her the embarrassment, the shame—

CHARL. Yes, yes, we will retire. When you want us you can call. Come, Mr. Yorkney. (x's.)

BOB. My darling!

CHARL. No doubt it's some love affair. Oh, these monsters of men! Oh, Mr. Yorkney, if ever you should—

BOB. Nonsense, my divinity! I'll be as true as steel.

(*exeunt CHARLOTTE and BOB, door in flat.*)

FOGG. (aside) I'll remain here, in case they should want any gin got. (draws back.)

LOUISA. (reviving) Where am I? What place is this?

FRANK. You are with friends, who love—who pity you. Friends who would make you happy.

LOUISA. Happy! oh, no—no—no! there is no longer happiness for me.

FRANK. Nay, say not so, Louisa. Dear Louisa, look at me: do you not remember your old acquaintance, Frank Danvers?

LOUISA. Ah, Frank!

FRANK. Your friend, your protector, who never will forsake you.

LOUISA. It is indeed Frank. But in what a moment do we meet again. I recollect it all now. Oh, why did

you snatch me from a death that would have terminated all my sorrows, all my sufferings?

FRANK. Death! Why talk of death? Is there not hope on earth, and aid in heaven?

LOUISA. Hope—aid—you know not what I have endured; what agony, delirium, despair, or you would pity.

FRANK. I do—I do! hapless Louisa!

LOUISA. An orphan! friendless, and alone; there was but one on whom I placed reliance; to him I gave up all—my love, devotion, my life, my soul! but he deceived me—left me—what had I then to do but die? Cruel Herbert!

FRANK. I know it all.

LOUISA. He was the first who spoke to me in tenderness. I had no guide, no counsellor to warn me—he swore to wed me, and I—I loved him far too truly to think he could mean falsely—I consented to share his fate—I fled with him—it was a fault—a fault that heaven has visited in anger—how keenly have I suffered—how bitterly have I repented.

FRANK. Compose yourself; you've tasted the last drop of anguish now—there's yet bright days in store for you. Oh, yes, believe it.

LOUISA. When reckless extravagance had reduced our little means to their extremest verge I sought by work to ward off poverty; the midnight lamp saw me at my embroidery; I said nought's left us now but love; and till he wrenched that from me, I laboured happily. I dreamt not of despair.

FRANK. Great heaven! and then —

LOUISA. My energies forsook me—a day without employment brought want and famine.

FRANK. (aside) And I was revelling in luxury, I amassed riches for her—he entailed but wretchedness and privation!

LOUISA. Abandoned by the world—by him—you cannot wonder that, in a moment of distraction, I should have sought to fly from all my sufferings fly from a world that had deserted me. I thought upon my mother—I prayed to be forgiven—I breathed his name in pardon—I—I—you know the rest.

FRANK. (hides his eyes) Oh, yes—yes—yes!

FOGG. (aside) Poor thing—poor thing! and I've got no gin. (looks at LOUISA, wipes his eyes.)

FRANK. No more! no more! All shall yet be well; you shall see Herbert—I will yet yield him to your arms—he

shall ratify his vows—yes, I swear he shall be your husband.

LOUISA. Ah should it be so—should he still love me—how shall I bless the generous friend that saved me—give him to my knowledge, tell me who —

FRANK. A thousand times I swore I would watch over—would preserve you; and heaven vouchsafed to smile upon my vows. I have not sworn in vain.

LOUISA. You—and was it you, then?

FRANK. Yes, Louisa; a providential chance 'twas which at that moment led me to the spot, where, aided by this poor fellow— (*points to Fogg.*)

LOUISA. I see it all—my gratitude —— (*turning to Fogg.*)

Fogg. How could I help doing it when I was there? A little gin!

FRANK. (*aside to Louisa*) He's a poor unfortunate fellow whose intellects are deranged through excess of drinking.

LOUISA. His features bear the mark of sorrow and of suffering; it is only the unhappy that can truly sympathise with those who have known anguish and misfortune. I can easily conceive that he has suffered much.

Fogg. Suffered! Oh, yes, I have; I have, much, much.

FRANK. (*x's to Fogg*) Let the remembrance of the life you have saved—

Fogg. Remembrance! Oh, no. When I think, I feel here, (*pointing to his head*) and here, (*pointing to his heart*) and then I must have drink to drown its bitterness; and when there is no drink, I weep, I suffer, I am mad.

FRANK. Poor fellow, that shall not be then! Here's that which long will make you lose the memory of your sorrows. (*gives money.*)

Fogg. All this? It is too much, they'll take it from me, give me enough to last for two days, two days. (*takes half-crown piece from money and returns the rest.* FRANK, *unperceived, slips money left into Fogg's coat pocket.*) When this is gone I may not want any more; I may, perhaps, be dead!

LOUISA. Dead! Why despair thus?

Fogg. (*quickly to Louisa*) You despaired!

LOUISA. I was mad—I loved—and he—

Fogg. I have loved! I was mad! Yes, she—she, my wife, she's there. (*looks up*) I cannot work, I cannot pray, it is too late. Liquor, liquor! Gin, gin! (*rushes out.*)

FRANK. Unfortunate man.

LOUISA. My heart bleeds for him.

FRANK. But let me place you in safe hands ; Yorkney, Yorkney ! (calling.)

*Re-enter BOB and CHARLOTTE, hastily, door in flat.*

BOB. Here we are, Mr. Frank. Oh, by-the-bye, I had forgot, I've some capital news for you ; your brother Herbert is not going to turn out so bad as we had given him credit for. I told you I'd ferret them out.

LOUISA. Whom said he ? Herbert ! Herbert Danvers ?

BOB. Yes, Herbert Danvers. Miss, he's in luck ; the daughter of old Dorrington, the rich Liverpool merchant, (a fellow worth half a million, they say) has, it seems, popped her affections upon him, and this very day, I've learnt, he's going to sign the marriage settlement.

LOUISA. Married ! Herbert married ! great heavens. (*sinks insensible into chair.*)

FRANK. (*aside to BOB*) Unlucky fellow, what have you done ? You have destroyed her.

CHARL. Robert, oh, if thought. Dear lady—

FRANK. Louisa, Louisa ! look up ; compose yourself. Gently, gently ; so, so. She revives ! Nowords, all shall yet be right. (*raising LOUISA gently up, who revives, and sinks, in a flood of tears, upon his shoulder—all are moved*)

BOB. (*aside*) I begin to smell a rat. I've put my foot in it here, it seems, with my fine news.

FRANK. This marriage shall not take place, I swear it. It is some infamous plot, but I'll overturn it all. I'll leave you in the care of this kind girl ; there is my purse.

CHARL. Let me conduct you to my room, Miss.

FRANK. Yes, yes ; Yorkney, you must with me—you know, it seems, where these base suborners are to be found. Your's is intelligence.

BOB. I didn't leave them, after tracking them quick chisel, till I'd fairly housed them, and learnt all about them.

FRANK. Cheer up then, Louisa ! cheer up—we will subvert them yet ; cheer up—cheer up !

LOUISA. Generous man ! could I but think —

CHARL. Oh, if Mr. Yorkney's to have a hand in it, Miss, you may account it done, bad as he is—I can only tell him he doesn't have me ! if he doesn't accomplish it.

BOB. (*kissing her*) A bargain, my dear Charlotte—signed and sealed.

FRANK. Dear Louisa ! all shall yet be well !

(*exeunt FRANK and BOB through door.*) CHARLOTTE and LOUISA cross stage after them, as scene closes in.

SCENE SECOND.—*An elegant apartment in an hotel. (1st Grooves.) Table and chairs brought on.*

Enter HERBERT, DEVEREUX, and SHABNER. (HERBERT has changed his dress, and is fashionably attired.)

HERBERT. Begin here. You promised this morning I should have a full explanation of everything—I now demand it. What is all this—what is this fortune—what am I to do for it? (with energy.)

SHABNER. Zounds ! don't fling your arms about in that manner, you'll burst the seams of my coat.

HERBERT. (*impatiently*) Your coat ? your coat ? I am then a puppet ; there must be no further delay—I must—I will know all, and that instantly.

DEVER. Softly—softly ; let's see what you have to complain of. Your daily vision—your nightly dream, was to become one day the favourite of fortune, and to acquire riches ; these visions are now on the very point of being accomplished—you have but to accept them—they will be given you.

HERBERT. Yes ; but at what price ? What am I to render in exchange for all this ?

DEVER. Merely your signature to a marriage settlement.

HERBERT. Marriage settlement ! I marry ! and Louisa never. (*desperately*.)

SHABNER. Zounds ! take care of my coat, there.

DEVER. (*coolly*) Louisa ! and who is she ? Some old flame, I suppose.

HERBERT. No ; she is an angel of virtue and resignation, whom I have condemned to misery and sorrow—to whom I have plighted my troth ! can I abandon her—never—never !

DEVER. Would you, then, for a few ridiculous scruples, give up a fortune of thirty thousand pounds ?

HERBERT. Thirty thousand pounds !

DEVER. Yes ; with which you might ensure the happiness of this Louisa of yours—of yourself, and of two of your most attached friends. Whilst, if you refuse —

SHABNER. I shall instantly sue you for what I have advanced.

DEVER. You will return to the misery from which we have rescued you, to beggary, starvation, and despair.

HERBERT. Cruel alternative.

DEVER. Why, as the marriage portion of Miss Dorrington will be thirty thousand pounds, you cannot grudge us our third; a widow would have that, you know, while you'll have a wife and double the share. In a word, you must sign an acknowledgment to pay us ten thousand pounds! and I think you will confess that's liberal. (*presents paper.*)

HERBERT. (*reads it*) You think that I will sign this?

DEVER. Certainly, you'll act jannock, surely? You don't want to return to the dry arch of Waterloo Bridge, do you?

HERBERT. Do not recall the memory of my sufferings—my degradation.

DEVER. Sign then—you must—you are in our power.

SHABNER. (*quickly*) Yes, I can arrest you for what I've advanced, and you can't take the benefit.

HERBERT. It is too true. Ah, Louisa, 'tis not my act, but Fate's. Where is the pen?

DEVER. (*giving him one*) Here. (HERBERT goes to table and signs.)

DEVER. (*watching*) 'Tis done, 'tis done!

*Enter FRANK l. u. e., cautiously observing them.*

SHABNER. (*aside*) Fifethousand! a pretty good morning's work; worth risking a few pounds for.

HERBERT. (*with paper*) There, take it. (*as he presents it to DEVEREUX, FRANK rushes between them and seizes it.*)

FRANK. Hold!

HERBERT. Ah!

DEVER.

*and*

} Confusion! who is this?

SHABNER.

FRANK. This is an affair of moment, and requires a WITNESS! I have come to offer my services.

HERBERT. Great heavens! who do I see?

FRANK. (*aside*) Hush! silence. (*to DEVEREUX*) You were about to compromise this rash man; it is fit I make him acquainted with his real position.

SHABNER. But, sir — (*affecting to bluster.*)

FRANK. (*coolly*) Permit me—'tis my duty—by-and-bye we will examine this instrument. (*puts paper in his pocket.*)

DEVER. (*fiercely*) 'Sdeath! By-and-bye-impossible, sir; it must be done now, by-and-bye won't do.

FRANK. (*coolly*) I do not speak to you, now, sir. (SHAB-

NER and DEVEREUX stand electrified and abashed, and draw back—to HERBERT, ironically) As I find you here, surrounded by every luxury—she doubtless is equally happy who confided to you her love—her life ! all, all !

HERBERT. Happy ! she shall be —

FRANK. (bitterly) Aye ; she has been—so happy, that but for me, a few short hours since, and she had lived no longer.

HERBERT. (much agitated) Gracious heaven ! what say you ? Louisa —

FRANK. (with great emotion) Abandoned—heart broken—despairing—reason forsook her. A prey to remorse and famine, if Heaven had not mercifully conducted me to the spot, and given me strength to save her, she wouldn't to-day have wanted either my assistance, or your truth !

HERBERT. (struck with remorse) Wretch that I am !

DEVER. (recovering his confusion, and coming forward) It was precisely to assist her, that my friend Herbert, here—

FRANK. I again repeat, I do not address myself to you, sir. (DEVEREUX draws back, confounded—to HERBERT) You have heard my words; decide, what you will do—shall I give you back this paper—will you now contract this brilliant union that is proposed to you—marry this rich heiress—there will be no impediment. To-morrow, poor Louisa will be no more ! killed by your perfidy—your cruelty—you will only have to blush for having usurped a name more valued, it would seem, than your own.

HERBERT. Oh ! no, no, no—I renounce this criminal alliance—I reject this unworthy fortune—I have no longer ambition—Louisa and poverty, rather than riches and remorse.

FRANK. I was not deceived—thanks, gracious heavens ! I have not spoken in vain. Let us away from this hateful place.

HERBERT. Yes, yes ; away, away !

DEVER. (desperately) Stay, sir ; I would know by what authority —

FRANK. By what authority ? (energetically) The authority of right over wrong—of virtue over villainy. By what authority ? the strongest, the most sacred—self-preservation ; I would not have MY NAME dishonoured !

DEVER. { and } (astonished) Your name ?

SHABNER. }

FRANK. Yes ; I will conceal it no longer ; Francis

Danvers! the real Bridegroom expected—the brother of your too credulous victim—of the unhappy man you would have made your tool—you dupe.

DEVER.      }  
and            } (thunderstruck) Brother!

SHABNER.      }  
FRANK. Now Herbert, come.

(*exit Frank and Herbert, L.*)

DEVER. (*furiously*) Malediction; his brother—returned, just at this moment too, when we'd accomplished all; cursed chance—I will not lose him yet. (*rushes off, L.*)

SHABNER. (*sinks into chair*) He's carried off my clothes, my jewelry, my union pin, perhaps my cabriolet; I can't stand that—stop; stop! Hallo; hallo! (*rises hastily, and rushes out after them.*)

**SCENE THIRD.**—*Interior of a low Concert Room in Bermondsey. Stage built, c., foot lights, &c., bar, R.—the room filled with people. Chairman announces whatever is required. Singers are engaged, all applaud vociferously—at end, band plays "God save the Queen." Stage lights are put out—some exit—roughs play at bagatelle table, L. NED BRINDLE, who has been acting as chairman, and DICK SMITH as nigger among them. SHABNER discovered giving directions. WAITER at door.*

NED. You beat me, Joe; now you must give me my revenge.

ONION. I shan't refuse revenge to a friend.

NED. Ha, ha! I'm sure you never did to an enemy.

ONION. We should always forgive our enemies.

NED. Ha, ha! hear the crocodile. Are you keeping a sharp look out there, Dick Smith?

DICK. Aye, aye, old tar; I'll score the tally, never fear.

IKEY. Mind, I shall expect every gemman, as is a gemman, and plays at bagatelle, to pay for the table, and no mistake.

NED. I'll owe it to you, Master Bates. Now Dick, place the red ball, and give me the cue, you young warmint, do. Croky, old fellow, I'll play you three times round the board for a mag a turn, and a pint to come in—the first five out of nine.

ONION. With all my heart.

NED. Give us the chalk, Dick.

DICK. Oh, you've made up your mind to wall it, have you; it's no go, Master Ned; don't use chalk only when I scores myself.

NED. Nonsense, it's only the end of the cue that's a little greasy—don't hit flush. Now then—*(begins to play)* twenty-four; I'm in luck this evening—I shall make a fortin, if I go on in this manner.

*Enter DEVEREUX door R. U. E. Players stop at their entrance  
—all rise and bow to DEVEREUX.*

DEVER. Go on, my friends, go on; never mind me, smoke your pipes, dispose of your lush, and play out your game. Bates! *(calling.)*

IKEY. Sir! *(this is the waiter)*

DEVER. A drop of the usual.

*(DEVEREUX and SHABNER sit at table, players, &c., resume their pursuits. IKEY returns with liquor.)*

SHABNER. Well, now then for this move, that's to do everything; for, I confess, my dear, Mr. Fox Skinner, no offence to you, I do not exactly comprehend your designs.

DEVER. That's very likely; I don't want you to comprehend me, I only ask you to assist me—it's a bold push, a desperate scheme, I grant you, but—

SHABNER. Well, if I can without compromising myself, manage to get out of the affair without loss—

DEVER. You can. This is my plan: to seize upon this idiot, Herbert, who has slipped through our fingers, get possession of his bond for the ten thousand, and then leave him to settle matters with his brother how he can. I am aware there are obstacles to surmount—the brother and the prior engagement, but I think they are to be got over.

DEVER. Now then;—first, for this brother—we shall soon have him in our power.

SHABNER. I hope so. You know there is the money advanced, the clothes, the jewelry, and the cabriolet, this Herbert has got—not but what can I get a warrant out against him for the cab—that's felony, stealing.

DEVER. Don't fret yourself—don't be in too great a hurry—wait till this brother comes. I've told that half-and-half know-nothing noodle, Yorkney, that the honour of Herbert is in my hands—*(drinks)*—and have made an appointment with this redoubtable brother to meet me on the subject here.

DICK. Forty-five is dead, and fifty acquitted—Mr. Brindle, you've sacked eleven deuce and a win, besides all the trimmings.

NED. Then I shall stand a Jemmy and sauce at Mother Potter's in the Cut; we shall find some old acquaintance there. You'll join us, Onion, won't you? It's your tin, you know, that will pay for the repairs.

ONION. No, no!—I've got some business, *private*; there's something on foot. I'm employed by Government!—*(significantly.)*

NED. Oh! oh! that's a different matter; you're rising in the world. Well, I'll eat your share for you.

DEVER. *(rises)* It is the hour I fixed; he can't be long—*(takes a cigar from his pocket)* Onion! *(calling.)*

ONION. *(approaches, and takes off cap)* Sir! to you.

DEVER. A light.

ONION. Yes, governor; illuminate you directly, sir.—*(brings light and presents it.)*

DEVER. 'Tis well; away. *(begins to smoke.)* ONION bows and retires.)

*Enter BOB, R. U. E., stealing in, looks cautiously about.*

BOB. *(aside)* As I suspected—Rat's Castle, the Rookery. This is the Dyot-street Hotel, is it? I thought I'd come and see. Eh! there is Devereux all ready!

DEVER. *(sees him—aside)* Confusion! Yorkney here! What does he want? *(aloud)* Yorkney!

BOB. His own self, Mr. Devereux; just come to let you know, sir, that I have seen Mr. Frank Danvers, and made an appointment with him. *(aside)* There's some infernal mischief on foot. If I could only hide myself anywhere to spoil the plant.

DEVER. *(aside)* The specious scoundrel!

SHABNER. *(to DEVEREUX, in a marked manner)* Well, you know our agreement; I shall leave you now.

DEVER. Good: Mr. Yorkney will accompany you—you can go together. *(significantly.)*

BOB. *(aside)* The devil!

DEVER. *(aside to SHABNER)* You must not lose sight of him. *(hand organ heard at a distance.)* DEVEREUX listening, *aside to SHABNER*) Hush! don't you hear that organ? it announces his approach—he is now in the next street.

BOB. *(aside)* What devilry are those two pretty chickens hatching now? *(a pause.)* A voice is heard crying "Baked 'taters, all hot!"

DEVER. *(still aside to SHABNER)* Ah! that cry! he's entering the street—didn't I tell you so—our ten thousand pounds are safe! *(a clap of the hands heard near the door, twice.)*

BOB. (*aside*) A signal!

DEVER. (*aside to SHABNER*) He's within a few paces of the house—that Dick Smith is, indeed, a wakeful bird. (*aloud*) Away, quick, quick. (*to YORKNEY, who is going the other way*) No, not that way. Go out by the side door to prevent a cross and jostle. (*whispering SHABNER*.)

BOB. (*aside*) I don't know why—but I'm all in a tremble—never mind—I'll queer them yet!

(*exit BOB, following SHABNER reluctantly; forced off by DEVEREUX, R. Scarcely are they gone when FRANK enters, L. U. E., pauses a moment at the door, and looks around him.*)

FRANK. You have chosen a strange spot, methinks, for our meeting, sir!

DEVER. It is not very inviting, certainly—but it is private—and our conference requires that we should not be disturbed.

FRANK. Right; when the honour of a brother—what is this fearful secret you would reveal to me?

DEVER. Will you not come nearer, sir, and take a seat? One would think, by your stopping at the door, you were frightened!

FRANK. Frightened! I? (*comes down, DEVEREUX advances.*)

DEVER. 'Tis well, sir; I knew you were a man of courage --we can now hear each other capitally.

FRANK. (*observes DEVEREUX*) To the point, sir—to the point!

DEVER. (*changing tone*) I intend it. You this morning interfered in a little affair that had been previously arranged between me and your brother, Herbert Danvers.

FRANK. Yes; an infamous bargain—one I could in no way sanction.

DEVER. (*insolently*) Your sanction wasn't wanted, sir; it is sufficient the parties to it were satisfied—your brother had given his word—and with men of honour their word is their bond.

FRANK. With men of honour, it may be so, but —

DEVER. This irony is ill-timed, sir. I have listened patiently hitherto, neither dreading your resentment, nor wishing your esteem; I only desire to have the memorandum restored, of which you, this morning, forcibly became the possessor, and which you now have there. (*points to FRANK's pocket.*)

FRANK. Indeed! you have been well informed; and is

your purpose, in inviting me to this place, simply to obtain possession of this document ?

DEVER. It is.

FRANK. (*drawing back*) Then, sir, I wish you a very good evening.

DEVER. (*seizing him by the arm*) You do not go, sir !

FRANK. Who shall hinder me ? Away ! (*pushes him off, and advances to door, when he is stopped by ONION, and Vagabonds, who seat themselves at different tables. ONION is smoking*) Ha, you are not alone it seems, no matter, I fear you not, this house is public. I can summon aid—I will tell—

DEVER. And I will tell you something, you do not leave this room ? (*seats himself coolly.*)

FRANK. This is too much. But these people—(*pointing to Vagabonds, who are seated up stage*) though they seem poor, doubtless possess some manly feeling, they will not tamely see me sacrificed. Friends—(*advances to them*) this man would rob me, would force me. (*Vagabonds all turn aside with a sneer*) Ah, where am I ? (*astonished.*)

DEVER. You see sir ; will you now resign that paper ?

FRANK. Never ! I see these men are creatures of your will, but still I may obtain that succour from without, which is denied within.

DEVER. (*imperatively*) Now, the writing.

FRANK. Never ! you must kill me, coward ere you obtain it, for I will only part from it with life !

DEVER. Kill you ! No, no, for the last time, will you give up that paper ?

FRANK. No, no ! Never !

DEVER. Then we must take it. (*makes signal, Four Men advance, rush upon FRANK, and begin to rifle him.*)

FRANK. (*struggling*) Villians !—Help ! help ! rescue.

ONION. Here it is ? (*gives paper to DEVEREUX, which he has received from one of the Vagabonds who has secured it.*)

DEVER. 'Tis well, release the gentleman. (*Vagabonds leave FRANK and resume their seats.*)

FRANK. You shall one day dearly pay for this.

DEVER. Not so fast sir, I have not done with you yet.

FRANK. What more would you ?

DEVER. You are man of honour, Mr. Danvers, and I know will never forfeit your word, much less your oath.

FRANK. Well, sir ?

DEVER. You must therefore, swear by all you hold most cred on earth, never to disclose anything that may have

passed here, nor interfere with any project I may hereafter put in execution.

FRANK. Monster! And let you tamely consummate the ruin and dishonour of my brother, become a cowardly accomplice to this odious marriage you would force on him? far rather perish. No, by the ashes of my father, here I swear, that once beyond the bounds of these accursed walls, I will, to all the world, proclaim this outrage—denounce your villainy.

DEVER. Thanks for your candour, you mean this?

FRANK. The moment I depart from hence I swear to—

DEVER. Then you shall never leave. To work. (*to VAGABONDS.*)

FRANK. Good heavens! what mean they? What will become of me? (*knocking heard at door.*)

WAITER. It's the police!

SHABNER. I shall be ruined.

DEVER. Quick! gag him, and sing. (*in spite of his struggles, FRANK is gagged and hidden by ROUGHS. SERJEANT and POLICEMAN are admitted, as all sing "Walking in the Zoo."*)

SERJEANT. What's the meaning of all this noise?

ONION. Only a little bit of an entertainment, as the old house is coming down, that's all sir. (*all sing.*)

SERJEANT. Well, you might draw it a little milder. Good-night. (*he exits—door opens.*)

DEVER. Now you are friendless.

BOB. (*rushing in*) Not yet, my beauty. (*general fight. FRANK is being forced down trap, L.*)

DEVER. The papers safe. (*old Fogg, who has been on unseen all the time, seizes paper and exclaims—“It is—old Fogg’s got it! (Tableau, and*

END OF ACT SECOND.

### ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*Room in the “Ivy” Public-house. (1st grooves.) Table and chairs.*

*Enter DEVEREUX, L.*

DEVER. All goes well, Frank Danvers is safe enough. Louise must next be got rid of. I’ve sent for old Fogg to assist one. Oh, here he comes.

*Enter FOGG, L.*

Sit down, Fogg, by-the-bye, what did you do with that paper you took from me.

FOGG. Destroyed it—tore it up.

DEVER. You're sure?

FOGG. Certain. (*aside*) Not I, Frank Danvers has got it safe enough. (*aloud*) Yes, I tore it.

DEVER. That's all right, then. Stop, I know you don't like to talk without drink, let us first have some refreshment. Waiter. (*calling*.)

*Enter WAITER, L.*

FOGG. Some gin! (*sits at table*.)

DEVER. Bring some of your best Geneva. (*exit WAITER*. *Aside*) So far so good. The brother safe; Louisa, by the assistance of this drunkard, once removed, no obstacle will then remain; old Dorrington is pacified, and—ah, the liquor. (*WAITER brings on decanter and glasses, and exit*) Now then, to business. (*fills, FOGG drinks*) What think you of this, eh?

FOGG. Capital, best cordial gin! It warms me, fires me, does me good.

DEVER. Another glass, and then we'll talk. (*fills*.)

FOGG. (*drinks with great relish*) Now I can speak.

DEVER. Well, we'll talk of Maria Johnson.

FOGG. (*rising violently*) Who? oh, no, we must not talk of her, it maddens me.

DEVER. Nay, nay, compose yourself, be calm. (*makes him resume his seat*) Listen to me—mine are not idle words; I speak of her, because I knew her.

FOGG. You knew Maria? you knew an angel then. Was she not beautiful?

DEVER. She was.

FOGG. And good as she was beautiful; too good, she died young.

DEVER. Yes; scarcely thirty-five.

FOGG. Right.

DEVER. She lived at Esher—'twas her native village.

FOGG. It was.

DEVER. And she would have been there now, and happy, had but her husband been left to watch over and protect her.

FOGG. (*much moved*) Oh, yes, yes!

DEVER. But Fate willed otherwise; that husband was

one day taken up, thrown into prison, tried, and condemned—for he was guilty.

FOGG. No, no, not guilty—inocent, I say. (*vehemently.*)

DEVER. Innocent or guilty, it matters not.

FOGG. Innocent, I say. I ought to know—he starved, but never stole!

DEVER. (*aside*) I was right, (*aloud*) your name then, is Thomas Johnson?

FOGG. Yes, yes, with *her*, but since the savage—Deady Fogg, and half a hundred others given in scorn.

DEVER. Your judge transported you for fourteen years.

FOGG. Yes, they tore me from *her*, from my child, I left them destitute.

DEVER. She must have suffered much!

FOGG. Much—much—'twas well she died.

DEVER. She had been dead three years when you returned.

FOGG. (*deeply affected*) Yes, yes,—three years.

DEVER. And you have not forgiven the author of her death?

FOGG. (*savagely*) Forgive! No, no—never, never!

DEVER. Should you find that wretched person, what would you do?

FOGG. (*with deadly determination*) I would kill him.

DEVER. (*insidiously*) Come another glass, (*FOGG drinks*) I know that person?

FOGG. (*quickly*) Ah!

DEVER. It is a *woman*?

FOGG. A woman? What cause?

DEVER. Jealousy!—jealousy of your Maria, because less beauteous, she envied—hated her!

FOGG. (*eagerly*) Ah, well—this woman—this woman?

DEVER. This very night, you may, perhaps, behold her.

FOGG. (*wildly*) To-night?—where—where?

DEVER. Not very distant. There is a lonely lane near the Clapham-road, close to the railway.

FOGG. Ah, the King's-cross—the—brickfields—I know them—the “Ivy,” I know it well.

DEVER. Should she pass that way, she will clap her hands in private signal, and will confess if asked, she saw Maria Johnson die—by that you'll know her.

FOGG. Enough, nothing shall save her? (*going.*)

DEVER. Stay, where are you going. (*crosses.*)

FOGG. (*doggedly*) To wait for her.

DEVER. Stop! take that liquor with you? (*points to decanter.*)

FOGG. No ! I will take *this* ? (*takes knife from table*) Good bye !—good bye ! (*rushes off*.)

DEVER. So that's accomplished ? That footstep ! Ah ! she comes !

*Enter LOUISA, R.*

LOUISA. (*aside*) I have given them the slip, their revelry, their gaiety, ill assimilated with my lonely thoughts. Now for this stranger ? What can he want with me ? He spoke of Herbert !

DEVER. (*advancing*) Your servant, madam. I requested this interview by the desire of a common friend, Mr. Francis Danvers !

LOUISA. Ah, the generous, the devoted Frank ! I hope no fatal accident——

DEVER. No, madam ; you have nothing to fear, at least on his account.

LOUISA. For whom else, then ?

DEVER. The unhappy Herbert !

LOUISA. Great heavens !

DEVER. He is obliged to conceal himself, to leave London. But I'll be brief. Heavy embarrassments, which his poor brother and I have in vain endeavoured to meet, have brought on him the harpies of the law. See madam, (*showing bill*) here is an acceptance drawn by Mr. Shabner for ten thousand pounds, and there are others which he's now pursued for.

LOUISA. Great heavens ! Oh, Herbert, Herbert ! Yes ; 'tis too evident.

DEVER. Mr. Frank wishes you immediately to leave this town for Liverpool—go by the rail—wait there for Herbert—he'll join you there.

LOUISA. Go without seeing him ? Never ; if he's in danger 'tis my duty to remain near him ; I will not leave London unless in company with Herbert.

DEVER. But should it be impossible, should his safety render it necessary that he should quit London alone —

LOUISA. You'll excuse my apparent want of confidence—but I repeat, that I will not leave London without the fullest conviction that he will not marry another.

DEVER. Well, then, you *shall* see him, there is where he is waiting.

LOUISA. (*reading*) "The railway, Clapham-road," ah, let me fly—you are certain I shall find him there ?

DEVER. Yes ; or a man who will conduct you to him—

you'll find out this man, for it is necessary to use caution, by clapping your hands thrice near the house, and repeating the mysterious sesame, we have agreed on—these words “ I saw Maria Johnson die ! ”

LOUISA. (*starting, much agitated*) Good heavens ! those words, those ominous words—Maria Johnson !

DEVER. Do they frighten you ?

LOUISA. No, no—if *Herbert* has fixed on them.

DEVER. He has !

LOUISA. Then I'll repeat them.

DEVER. Do, they'll bring you to his arms. (*loud laugh without.*)

LOUISA. Those sounds—they come. Adieu ! I'll fly to meet him. (*exit LOUISA.*)

DEVER. What now shall cross me ? The brother lies in death among the ruins—that man will make sure of the woman—let me complete my work—for fortune, Dorrington and Herbert. (*exit at back.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A gloomy cellar in the house of Shabner.*

Enter FRANK, R.

FRANK. A prisoner here in this lonesome place, whilst the villain, Devereux, revels in his guilt; no outlet—no means of escape. Oh, brother, brother, to what has thy folly and imprudence brought thee ! Could I but defeat the ruffians, and prevent the consummation of their base designs. When I think that Herbert has consented to personate me, and in my name seeks to bring destruction upon an innocent girl, my heart swells nigh to bursting. (*noise heard—music*) What noise is that—it sounds if some one were trying to remove the bricks of this wall—should it be deliverance ! should it be a friend ! Oh, heaven grant it—that I may escape to save a brother from shame and ruin, and hurl a deadly retribution on the head of Devereux. (*chord as a portion of the wall falls in, and BOB YORKNEY, smothered in mud and dirt, falls through.*)

BOB. It's only me, governor ; are you dead ? because, if you are, say so, and save me from wriggling through any further.

FRANK. That voice—I cannot be mistaken—Yorkney.

BOB. Yes, Yorkney, who in spite of all those infernal blackguards did to prevent him, fought through every

obstacle, and is determined to snatch you from your enemies.

FRANK. Thanks, thanks.

BOB. And I had a job to find you arter they put you down the trap. Lor, I had two or three mills, was thrown out of the house like a dog, but I crawled through the sewers, for I knew where they'd put you. I knocked in the wall, and here I am with a muscle as big as the dome of St. Paul's, to floor any vagabond that dares molest you.

FRANK. But the villain Devereux ?

BOB. I overheard him hire old Fogg to kill your brother's young woman—to-morrow Herbert's to be married to Miss Dorrington, in your name, and your goose is supposed to be cooked.

FRANK. Can you lead me to him ?

BOB. I can, but it's a lonely place.

FRANK. No, matter, villainy must not triumph—I will snatch my brother from infamy, and save a confiding girl from despair. Come, Bob, and heaven will nerve the arm of Frank Danvers to fight in the cause of Innocence, and punish the guilty as their crimes deserved. (*music—they exeunt through wall.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Railway, full set. Stage dark.*  
*Music.*

*Enter FOGG, he looks cautiously round.*

FOGG. This is the spot. Yes, there is the crib, the "Ivy,"—no one is here—good, good—but will she really come, this murderer? Should I have been deceived—but no, no, 'tis clear, that man knows all—I'll have revenge!—he says I ought to have it. (*grasping his knife firmly—walks about, agitated.*)

*Music. Enter LOUISA, cautiously looking round.*

LOUISA. What a gloomy spot. I shudder, my courage fails me.

FOGG. A woman! it must be her, let me see. (*rapidly lays hold of her.*)

LOUISA. (*shrieks*) Ah! who are you? what would you?

FOGG. (*surprised*) Who do I see? I know you, yes, yes, the bridge, 'twas you who would have destroyed yourself.

LOUISA. And you are he who helped to save me.

FOGG. (*wildly*) But what do you here?

LOUISA. I am in search of one—this should be the house.

FOGG. No, no, not *that*, away, away and leave me; I, too, am waiting, expecting some one; you must not stay I could not before you —

LOUISA. (*aside*) He waiting, can he be the person who is to conduct me to Herbert? I must ascertain that—(*goes to house.*)

FOGG. (*aside, agitated*) Going there? Great Heavens!

LOUISA. (*aside*) Now for the signal. (*claps hands*)

FOGG. That signal—no, no, and yet what do you do there? Why did you clap your hands? Oh, if it should be? (*seizes and brings her down.*)

LOUISA. Ah! did I not say that I would see some one?

FOGG. (*with strong emotion*) Who, who? there is nobody here but me—we are alone, I tell you.

LOUISA. (*aside*) 'Tis plain he knows the secret, but waits the word—this is the man that's to conduct me, I'll speak to him at once. (*aloud*) Listen, my friend: "*I saw Maria Johnson Die!*" (*solemnly.*)

FOGG. (*with a wild shriek, raises knife*) Ah, wretch!

LOUISA. (*screams*) Oh, mercy!

FOGG. (*furiously*) Repeat it, repeat it! Had any other said those words but you—I know not why I tremble—you did not—you did not—no, no, say no.

LOUISA. You doubt my truth? Again I say "*I saw Maria Johnson die!*"

FOGG. (*with desperate energy*) Then I no longer pity! Perish!

LOUISA. (*falling on knees*) Oh, mercy! Yes, I saw her die, she—she was my mother!

FOGG. (*drops knife*) Your mother! your mother! Merciful Providence!

LOUISA. That earnest gaze—what horrid mystery!

FOGG. Your mother! I cannot speak, I'm stifling—joy—gratitude—girl, girl—that woman, Maria Johnson your mother! She was, she was!

LOUISA. Oh, speak!

FOGG. My wife!

LOUISA. (*throwing herself in his arms*) Father, father! (*chord.*)

FOGG. Father! that name heard once again! oh, it repays me all. Daughter, daughter! (*embraces her passionately.*)

LOUISA. We never will part more.

FOGG. Never, never!

LOUISA. My mother blessed you with her dying breath.

She knew you were not guilty. She had obtained the proof. It cost her her life; the wretch for whose guilt you were condemned, to buy her silence and his safety murdered her.

FOGG. Great heavens, my poor Maria!

LOUISA. She had discovered the culprit, whose real name was Bernard Thornton.

FOGG. Bernard Thornton? I do not know him—oh, if I did!

LOUISA. She never ceased till she had traced him out—he knew this, and he murdered her.

FOGG. Oh, should I ever find that wretch! aye, and that monster, Devereux—he who would have made me kill my child!

LOUISA. 'Twas he who sent me here, and bade me speak those words, little suspecting who I really was.

FOGG. I see it all—oh, villain! villain!

LOUISA. Hush! I hear footsteps! Some one comes.

FOGG. Ah, 'tis himself—'tis Devereux. He would be certain that his work of blood was done. Leave me, my child. (*picks up knife*.)

LOUISA. (*alarmed*) What would you do, my father?

FOGG. Leave me, I say, leave me. (*Music—forces LOUISA off, then hastens to meet DEVEREUX, who enters.*)

DEVER. Is all finished?

FOGG. Not all; one act of justice yet remains—your death. (*seizes him*.)

DEVER. Ah, madman!

LOUISA. (*re-entering hastily*) Great heaven! father, what would you do?

FOGG. Away, my child. Die, villain!

DEVER. So, Master Fogg, this is how you serve me, is it? but I'll soon make short work of you.

FOGG. Come on, villain, a father's arm is strong when he fights to protect his child.

DEVER. Indeed. Take that! (*suddenly stabs FOGG, who falls.*)

LOUISA. Monster, you have killed him. Father, father! (*crawling to him with a faint cry, sinks senseless.*)

DEVER. Now for my masterstroke, this girl once removed. Herbert and the fortune will be scarcely mine. A thought—I have some chloroform in my pocket—it will prevent her further interferences. (*he draws from his pocket and places it to LOUISA's nostrils*) Ha, ha! now for master stroke—the down express is due in a

few minutes, and railway accidents are not at all impossible. (*raises body of LOUISA, places her neck across the rail*) So much for her—now to wait at a distance the consummation of my plan. (*music—he exits.*)

FOGG. (*reviving*) Where am I? I thought I had been stabbed, what fearful place is this, and why have they brought me here. There is a mist before my eyes I cannot distinguish an object. (*the red signal light at back is changed to green*) Where is my child gone? Oh, my old limbs are strengthless, nerveless, I cannot move. (*train is seen to pass at back—green lime light on LOUISA*) Oh, heaven, must I die, and not again behold my child! (*noise of train—red light on signal post by side of tunnel changes to white*) Where is she? I can hear the rattling of the train—but still cannot see my child. (*red glare seen in the tunnel—he suddenly sees LOUISA*) Ah, she is there, upon the rails—she will be dashed to pieces! Oh, let me save her, let me save her! (*train approaches; he just succeeds in rolling LOUISA from it as train dashes from tunnel and off.*)

DEVER. Ha, ha! all is over. (FRANK enters.)

FRANK. No, villain! you are deceived—from too great a distance to prevent it—I witnessed your crime and you shall now answer to the laws for your attempt at murder! Help! help! (*seizes him.*)

DEVER. Unhand me, or by hell I'll shoot you like a dog! (*draws a pistol and points it at FRANK, who seizes the barrel—a violent struggle ensues.*)

Enter YORKNEY, with SHABNER, RAILWAY OFFICIALS, &c., with lanterns—the pistol goes off, killing DEVEREUX who falls dead—grand tableau—FOGG embracing LOUISA—HERBERT kneeling at her feet, FRANK standing with the pistol over DEVEREUX.

CURTAIN.