

SMITH. Last words ! O, its all over with us !

McW. Be japers ! but I'm puzzled intirely. [*Aside.*

JONES. We may as well confess at once.

McW. Oeh ! bad luck to yer confession. Don't I know ? And isn't there a carter waiting outside, and a moighty intelligent spalpeen, too, for a Frinchman,—who kept his eye on this Demijohn,—and who'll swear to the colored gentlemen and the other dumb animal. Ha ! ha !

[JONES, SMITH, and DEMI, in despair.

SMITH. He laughs at our agonies !—thinks it a good joke, no doubt,—the cold-blooded villain ! We must buy him off. [*Aside.*

DEMI [*giving all his money very confidentially*]. You'll be deaf, dumb, and stone blind.

McW. I shall, sur.

SMITH. Good fellow ! good fellow ! I've got no ready money—take this. [*Gives clock off mantel-piece.*

McW. [*Aside*]. More power to their insanity.

SMITH [*very confidentially*]. You were at home last night. Policemen always are when they are wanted.

McW. [*chuckling*]. I was so, sur.

JONES [*who has been at table writing, coming down with cheque*]. Admirable officer. I'll pray for your promotion. Here's a cheque on the "INTERNATIONAL REPUDIATION" Bank. I lectured on temperance yesterday evening, and you heard me.

McW. The which, sur ?—O yes, I did so, sur !

DEMI. Thank you, that's quite sufficient ; you can go.

McW. I shall, sur.

[*Exit D in flut.*

DEMI. Hurrah ! Now let us sit down and coolly reflect on our position. [*Sits.*