

HARD.—The very same, and it was that that led to the killing of the gypsy. It appears that the latter had impersonated O'Donnell. He was found out, and the first time O'Donnell met Vibert, he threw him into the river.

PRES.—Yes, so I believe, and 'twas a very foolish and criminal proceeding on his part. Here is the warrant, my dear sir.

(HARDING takes and glances over it.)

HARD.—Look here, Mr. Preston you have made a trifling mistake!

PRES.—Yes? What is it?

(Takes warrant.)

HARD.—Read it, and see.

PRES.—(Looking at the paper.) Dear, oh dear, how did that occur? Substituted your name for that of the criminal! A grievous error to be sure! I beg a thousand pardons!—'Twas only a slip of the pen.

(Proceeds to make the correction.)

HARD.—And a very offensive one to me, Mr. Preston.

PRES.—What? Angry over a mistake! Why, this accidental thrust seems to have touched a very sore spot, my dear Mr. Harding.

(Presents warrant which HARDING places in his pocket.)

HARD.—It is not this alone that annoys me. I have called here half a dozen times, and, until now, you have found it convenient to be out.

PRES.—Ah, indeed! Well, you know, the ends of justice are sometimes served by delay; this explains the law's slow movements, my dear Mr. Harding.

HARD.—Then it will act quickly in this matter, for I shall attend to it myself. Even Maurice O'Donnell's judicial friends will not be able to further clog the wheels of justice!

(Exit L.)

PRES.—Hem—that means me. Well, I am sure that I would rather be O'Donnell's friend, than either the friend or enemy of that fellow. Let me see—yes, I think I shall walk down to O'Donnell's place, and see how matters come out. I really feel for the boy for I believe him to be innocent. Yes, I'll go down.

(Exit R.)

SCENE IV—A WOOD. MAURICE discovered, alone.

MAUR.—This is, perhaps, my last day of freedom. When I awake to-morrow, prison-walls may enclose me. When will I again see these woods? When will my feet press the turf on which I played in my happy boyhood? Is this the last time that I may look upon the scenes of my childhood—scenes that are, oh! so dear to me now. Can it be that I am the Maurice O'Donnell of a few months ago? Yes, only a few