

Your poor father and mother are in heaven. All we have to do now is to punish the rascal who caused all this misery.

*(Enter NORAH, running).*

*Norah.*—Oh! good Miss Claudine, here comes my Jimmie, and he has a whole lot of prisoners with him.

*(Enter GUARDS and PRISONERS—DERRELL, DICK DARING, and others).*

*Dr. St. Just.*—So they have earned their reward, and justice shall be meted out to the man who left such destruction in his path.

*Guards.*—We surrender our prisoners.

*James.*—Begorra, you don't surrender me; I surrender myself to *Norah*. Come to me, *Norah*, and hug me. You are the only one who knows how to hug your Jimmie.

*Norah.*—The only one who knows how! I hope you have not let any other hug you while away.

*James.*—Och! divil a one. If I throw eyes at them from morning till night, divil a bit of notice they'd take of me.

*(Enter DETECTIVES).*

*Detect.*—Mr. Free, we have a warrant for you for forgery. You will consider yourself our prisoner. *(Exit Detectives).*

*(Low Music.)*

*Hubert.*—Great God, how I am beset! Every man's hand is against me. I thought, when I fled from India, I would find a hiding place to enjoy my ill-gotten gold. But, no! the arm of the law has reached me here. Yes; I feel its strength will crush me to—to— *(Puts his hand to his head, staggers, and leans against the wall for support).*

*(DUDLEY and CLAUDINE advancing from remote part of the stage).*

*Dudley.*—Yes, Mr. Derrell, you are a guilty man.

*Hubert.*—Heavens! does he come back from the dead to taunt me with my crimes! I thought this *(holding up revolver)* had deprived of life the only man I hate. But, no! here he stands, with the woman I love, and went through so much to win, by his side. But, alas! the ball I reserved in this is for my own heart. *(Shoots himself, and falls as if dead).*

*(Exeunt).*