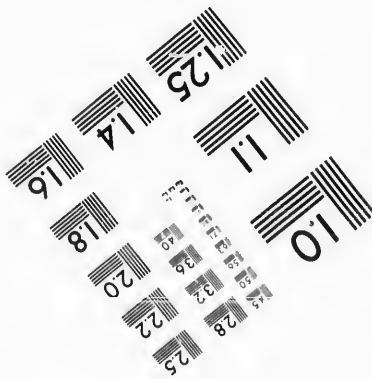
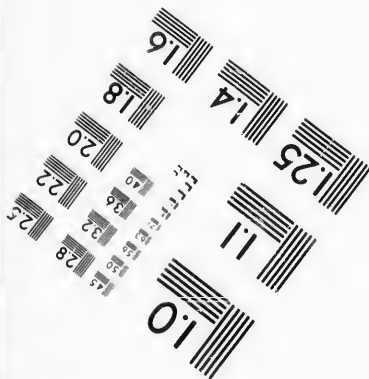
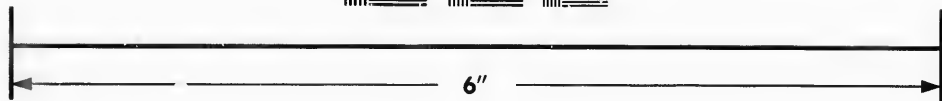
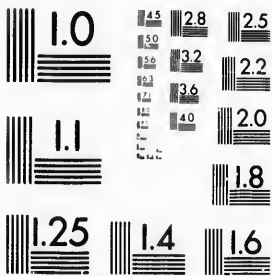


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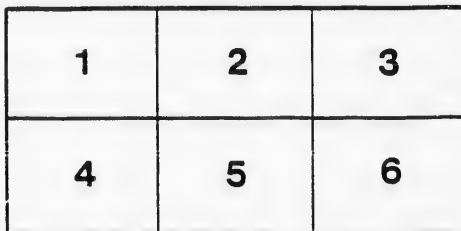
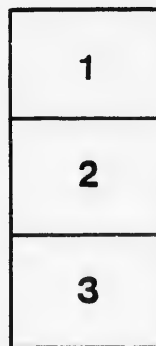
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"NOT DEAD YET;"

OR,

THE SKATING CARNIVAL:

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

BY

SAM SCRIBBLE,

Author of "DOLORSOLATIO," &c., &c.

*(First performed at THEATRE ROYAL, MONTREAL,
22nd February, 1865.)*

Montreal :

JOHN LOVELL, PRINTER, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.

1865.

Scribble, Sam

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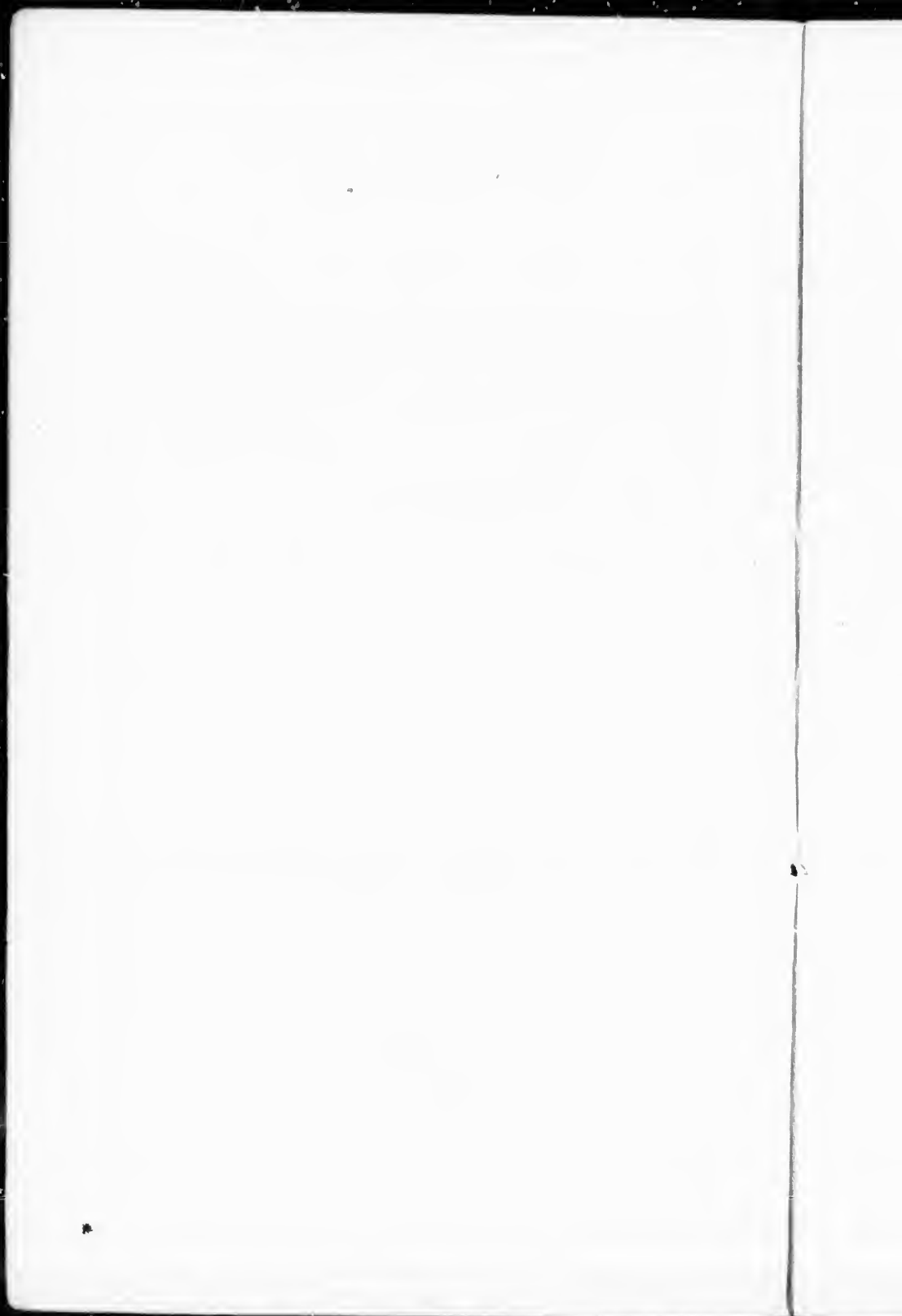
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THE SKATING CARNIVAL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- MR. D. T. DEMIJOHN—(*Hardware—“shelf and heavy.”*)
MR. KEROSENE SMITH—(*Coal-oil—“crude and refined.”*)
MR. BOGUS JONES—(*Leather and Findings.*)
MR. DISCOUNT—(*President of “The Pecuniary Mutual Impunity Society.”*)
MR. ST. HYACINTHE ST. FÉRÉOL—(*Clerk in the P. M. I. S.*)
MCWHITEYE—(*An Irish Policeman.*)
CAHOT—(*A Carter.*)
MRS. ST. H. ST. FÉRÉOL—(*An hysteric female.*)

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NOT DEAD YET;

OR,

THE SKATING CARNIVAL.

SCENE.

MR. ST. FÉRÉOL'S APARTMENT IN BONAVENTURE STREET. *Door in flat, L. C. Doors, R. 2 E., and L. 2 E. Window, R. C. Bed, C. Sofa, R. Cradle, L. Washing Stand, R. U. E. Table with ink, &c., L. U. E. Clock on mantel-piece. Skate on floor. Bottles scattered about. Room altogether very much disordered. A red coat on chair by sofa, R.*

DEMIJOHN *discovered sitting on bed C. He is dressed in Trunks, buff boots, night-cap—no coat.*

DEMI. [*rubbing his eyes*] Eh! why, its broad daylight? and, bless me! why it must be twelve o'clock! [*Looking at boots*] Hullo! why, I've been to bed in my boots! This comes of single blessedness; why is there no sympathetic Mrs. Demijohn to officiate as an animated boot-jack? Oh! my poor head! There's a succession of vagrant locomotives and erratic propellers running most irregularly in my brain, [*Rises and staggers to table*] Oh! for some Eau-de-Cologne!

[*Empties bottle of red ink on pocket-handkerchief, and dabs his face, spilling some on shirt*] Eh! now, how the deuce did I? [*Looking at his clothes*] These are not business clothes! Let me see. What did I do last night? my mouth's all sawdust. [*Goes to jug—drinks—comes down with jug.*] I've an idea I must have got a little [*laughing*] humph! yes, I am inclined to think I was slightly.—How thirsty I am to be sure [*Drinks again*]. I'll take the change out of the water rate [*drinks*]. I feel quite— [*Waving his hands*] Yes! I must have been very—yes, unusually social—I recollect now, there was myself, somebody else, and two other fellows, all very—social. We went to the Skating Carnival at Guilbault's, and came away, four of us in a sleigh,—and, damme, that's all I do recollect. I can only hope I behaved myself whilst I was under the influence of—[*hiccup*]. But where am I?—Well, I suppose I must make myself at home.—I can't go down St. James-street in this costume. The hardware interest must take care of itself to-day, though I suppose it will be down on me like a hammer to-morrow. But what are stove-pipes compared to comfort? [*Sits*]. What are jelly-moulds compared to ease? and why should bar-iron sit heavy on my conscience? Perish the thought! [*Drinks*] and where's my jacket? [*Sees coat on chair*]. Damme! I can't have come home in this thing—[*Puts on coat, feels in pocket, pulls out card-case and purse, counts money and puts back purse and reads name on card*]. I must have been very—[*Waving his hand*]. St. Férol, who the deuce is he? never mind—who cares! [*Laughing and drinking*] Hip, hip, hurrah! [*Loud snore from sofa*]. Eh, what's that? Whew! there's somebody asleep on the sofa; I must have brought somebody home [*Picking up a ringlet wig from the floor*]. Eh!

[alarmed] I hope it's not —— [Turns R. and inspects ringlet. Enter MRS. ST. FÉRÉOL—door in flat—she rushes to him as if to embrace.]

MRS. ST. F. Well, Hyacinthe, dear ——

DEMI. [turning] Don't control yourself, charming female; throw yourself into T. D's. arms—I don't know who you are, but what's the odds?

MRS. ST. F. Sir!

DEMI. Madame, as I said before [hiccup], don't control yourself. If you wish to faint, Demijohn will support you with most affectionate propriety.

MRS. ST. F. Sir, if you have the feelings of a gentleman
[Weeping.]

DEMI. Hysteric female, when Beauty weeps, Hardware is melted. Take a chair.

MRS. ST. F. Explain, sir, what are you doing in my Hyacinthe's room? in my room? and tell me where, O where is he?

DEMI. [aside] I'm darned if I know.

MRS. ST. F. Relieve the anxiety of a fond—a doting wife—speak! where is my Hyacinthe?

DEMI. [aside] She must be botanically mad—[hiccup] I'm not at liberty to mention.

MRS. ST. F. Then you *do* know? what has happened whilst I have been innocently spending a week with dear mamma? Has he been arrested for a Raider under the new Act, poor darling! or bolted to the States with my new earrings, and left his disconsolate wife with her twin incumbrances a burden on a cold unpitiful world?

DEMI. My sympathy, madam, is only equalled by my ignorance of your meaning. [Aside] Now, here's a pretty situation! shut up with a hysteric female, in an unknown

location, in this unbusiness-like costume, with an unknown party asleep on the sofa—[*Snore*] Oh, dear! This is the result of rinks, and old rye! This blessed country has much to answer for!

MRS. ST. F. [*down R.*] I've just come from the poor dear's office, the "PECUNIARY MUTUAL IMPUNITY SOCIETY," and he's missing; he must be dead! murdered perhaps! and never [*sobbing*] wrote to his widow to say when, how, or where.

[*Sinks hysterically on sofa—SMITH starts up*
—SMITH is in grotesque nigger dress.

SMITH [*half awake and half sober*]. None of your fooling now St. Férol.— [*Comes to c.*

MRS. ST. F. [*seizing SMITH's arm*] His beloved name! then you know, where, O where is he?

DEMI. L. [*seizing SMITH's other arm*] Yes, where is the owner of that beloved name, and the proprietor of this startling coat?

SMITH. Eh? hush! [*Mysteriously.*

MRS. ST. F. In mercy, speak! where is he?

DEMI. Reply, mysterious stranger, if you love me!

SMITH. [*with intent*] Ah! don't ask me—I'm not at liberty to mention [*Breaks away and retires up c.*

DEMI. Damn! what does he mean by that?

SMITH. [*coming down c. to DEMI.*] I have determined to sacrifice myself on the altar of friendship! As I said before, don't ask me—[*Aside mysteriously to DEMI.*] It's all right. I won't blab.

DEMI. [*confused.*] What's all right?

MRS. ST. F. Stay, sir; are you a man and a father?

SMITH. [*with excessive sobriety.*] Is there anything in my personal appearance, madam, to lead you to doubt that I am either one or the other?

MRS. ST. F. You mentioned my dear Hyacinthe's name—You are his friend then?

SMITH. [*with excessive mystery.*] I was, ma'am, yesterday, but the fact is—in short—you perfectly understood me? [*Going.*] I'll go up to my room and change. Good morning.

[*Exit SMITH down in flat.*

DEMI. What a mysterious cuss it is!

MRS. ST. F. [*in great agitation.*] O, dear! O, dear! my room taken possession of by a couple of drunken idiots—It's burglary—and O! how odd the cradle looks, can they have deposited my poor Hyacinthe's remains there? [*Rocking cradle.*] It feels very heavy—yes! [*hysterically*] my poor Hyacinthe has been cut off in the flower of his youth—[*to DEMI, tragically*] Oh! don't look at me, there's blood upon thy face! Oh! oh!

[MRS. ST. F. *kneels down by cradle, overcome*
—DEMI *gets up and looks at face in glass.*

DEMI. Blood! In my most contemplative moments the idea never suggested itself that I was to become a murderer, [MRS. ST. F. *rocking the cradle wildly.*] I must have been very — [MRS. ST. F. *upsets cradle* — JONES *rolls out dressed as a monkey—general surprise*] ah! the devil!

JONES. That's rather an unceremonious way of disturbing one's rosy slumbers. You've rather a heavy hand with the cradle, ma'am. My head was nearly split on that last rock. Good morning, old chap, you don't look much the better for last night's work.

DEMI. [*in agony.*] What?

MRS. ST. F. Get away, you brute! you zoological reprobate! another of the gang, I suppose. But never

mind—I'll have you all up to-morrow, I promise you—I'll be off at once to my old friend Mr. Discount, ask his advice, and ——

[*As she is about to exit door in flat. Enter SMITH, running against her.*

SMITH. Don't apologize Mum—Confound it! I've lost the key of my room upstairs, and can't get in.

MRS. ST. F. [*at door*] Poor, poor Hyacinthe! [*Exit.*

DEMI. Now we've got rid of the disconsolate female, perhaps some one will be kind enough to inform me where I am, and how I got here; and at the same time introduce me to my eccentric friends. Gentlemen, I am Demijohn—initials D. T.—surname, Demijohn!—Grand total D. T. Demijohn, in the hardware line, “Shelf and Heavy.” Who are you?

JONES. Surname Jones—Christian name, Bogus—Adds up, Bogus Jones,—trade, Leather and Findings—parentage, dubious—income, uncertain,—and disposition, convivial—Who is our friend?

SMITH. Smith, sir. Kerosene Smith, in the coal oil interest. “Crude and refined.” You are in Bonaventure-street, in the apartments of one St. Hyacinthe St. Férol, the late husband of the irascible female who has just left us.

DEMI. Late husband?—And I've got on *his* coat—and have appointed myself his sole surviving representative—Oh! my poor head!—

[*Showing money.*

SMITH, c. He accompanied me to the masquerade at the Glaciarium last night, where we all became acquainted.

JONES. Ah! to be sure, my dear fellow! you stood drinks.

DEMI. Oh! yes! of course, my boy—O my poor head!

[*Gets jug and drinks.*

SMITH. Well, after that—I'll trouble you for the jug.
[*Drinks.*]

JONES. Ah! I see, Kerosene, you want *lubricating*.
After you, please. [*Drinks.*]

SMITH. After that, we came to this house, where he and I lodge—when I say all I mean the three of us—and made ourselves comfortable in our friend's room—his wife being away on a visit—leaving poor St. Hyacinthe—

JONES. [*interrupting.*] O yes, I had a charming bed!
[*Aside*] I shan't be able to stand upright for a month.

SMITH. Leaving poor St. Hyacinthe—

JONES. Yes? [*Eagerly.*]

DEMI. Yes? [*Very eagerly.*]

SMITH. Jug, please. [*Drinks.*] Leaving poor St. Hyacinthe in a state of unconsciousness in the road. You remember hitting him on the head with your skates, and throwing him out of the sleigh.

JONES. I have not the slightest recollection.

DEMI. I forget that interesting occurrence completely.

JONES. I remember perfectly now. Look at the blood on Demijohn's shirt and face. You did it between you.

SMITH. The carter will remember, if you forget. At any rate our friend is done for. If his head is not broken, he must be frozen as stiff as a dressed hog. Now you see why I held my tongue just now. We shall all be hanged!

JONES. A temporary suspension in the hardware, leather, and coal oil interests!—Oh! dear!

DEMI. [*In great agitation.*] What is to be done? We are all three in each other's power. I'll turn Queen's evidence and hang my friends. [*Going.*]

JONES. I beg your pardon, I've selected that pleasing duty myself.

SMITH. We are wonderfully unanimous—Its strange that I too should have the same intention.

DEMI. [*aside*] I'd run away if I could only get some decent clothes,—but, in this unimaginative world, there is a popular prejudice against this style of costume by daylight.

JONES. [*aside*] Hang it! I can't skedaddle! What would Notre Dame street say to me like this?

SMITH. [*Aside*] Confound it! I've lost the key of my room up-stairs, and so I must associate with these two thirsty villains till after dark [*Aloud*] Well, you sanguinary old stove pipes!

DEMI. Say, now don't let's quarrel! Perhaps you'll throw some oil on the troubled waters, Mr. Kerosene?

SMITH. No doubt the police are on our track. Well, let's be friends in our last moments. [*They shake hands.*

DEMI. (*sinking into sofa*). There's no doubt then—but—we are——

JONES.—No doubt—no doubt. [*Sits down on cradle.*

SMITH. [*sinking on chair*] It's horrible! our lives are not worth——

[*Enter CAHOT D. in flat, very angry.*

CAHOT. Trois piastres!

DEMI. [*rises*] I dont speak French.

SMITH. [*rises*] No more do I.

CAHOT. Trois piastres!

JONES. [*rises*] How much?

CAHOT. Trois piastres! [*Going first to one, then to the others.*

JONES. Here's an evidence against us! I remember that infernal Frenchman driving us last night. He knows everything of course.

DEMI. [*in despair*] Everything!

JONES. Pay him, somebody. I've got no pockets in this dress!

CAHOT. [*very impatiently*] Trois piastres!

SMITH. All right—cinq piastres.

JONES. Perfectly correct—dix piastres.

DEMI. [*taking money from pocket*]. Vingt piastres! good day! [*Exit CAHOT, D. in flat. [Aside]* It's not my own money,—so I've done that job cheap. Never mind. Our case can't well be made worse. O my poor head!

[*Retires.*]

JONES. And this is the result of what is called a spree! Despair! ruin! murder! The illustrious and hitherto unsullied name of Bogus will head a sensation paragraph in the "*Daily Witness*," and the crime of Jones will furnish a fifth edition to the newsboys! But, after all, one French Canadian more or less in the world does not much matter! Perhaps not! but an infatuated public denies the luxury of manslaughter to Jones,—and Jones, the ill-used Jones must suffer!

SMITH. [*coming down*] And Smith who has made his fortune by the *gallon* must perish miserably by *the cord*!

DISCOUNT. [*speaking without*] The first door to the left? Thank you. All right! I am a man of business, and—

SMITH. [*meeting DEMI C.*] Demijohn!

DEMI. Smith!

SMITH. That voice!

DEMI. Those ominous words!

SMITH. We are found! [*In despair.*]

DEMI. We are lost [*In despair.*]

SMITH. Then I'm off.

[*Exit door, R. 2. E.*]

DEMI. And I'll follow your example. [*Exit door, L. 2. E.*

JONES. And what am I to do, if you please? ah! a grand idea!

[*Places himself R. in position of a stuffed monkey.*

[*Enter DISCOUNT. Door in flat, hurriedly, he looks around cautiously, and is evidently surprised at finding the room apparently empty.*

DISCOUNT. I don't understand this! I'm a man of business! nobody here? and my valuable time taken up with looking for,—nobody. What can Mrs. St. Féreol have meant? Her room taken possession of? Her husband murdered? Dont tell me. I'm a man of business; and the affairs of the "PECUNIARY MUTUAL IMPUNITY SOCIETY" are not to be trifled with in this way! But it certainly is very extraordinary. St. Féreol has been one of my clerks these five years, and this is the first time I've had reason to remark—

[*Going R. sees JONES, whom he supposes to be a stuffed monkey.*

Good gracious! [*Gets away to L. C.*] not alive, I hope? [*looking through double eye-glass*], O no! stuffed I see! Stuffed! What a magnificent specimen of the *gorilla vulgaris*! the last importation, I suppose. I'm a man of business! I wonder what he was invoiced at? [*Approaches JONES, to examine, and strokes monkey, JONES touches him on shoulder, and runs as a monkey to L, where he sits and chatters at DISCOUNT—Pause—DISCOUNT fearfully alarmed runs to each door in turns, but JONES intercepts him. DISCOUNT gets to table and keeps table between himself and JONES—JONES jumps on table—Business as monkey. DISCOUNT runs down R. trembling and entrenches himself behind his umbrella*]. How shall I propitiate the brute?

Ah! yes, (*feeling in pocket and producing bag of nuts*) these nuts,—English filberts at two shillings a pound, as I'm a man of business!—But my life is in danger! Here! (*coaxingly*) here!

[*Gives nuts—JONES eats several—throwing shells at DISCOUNT.*]

JONES [*spitting out a bad nut, and coming down l. c. as a man.*] You may be a man of business, but you keep darn mean things in nuts!

DISCOUNT. [*Furious on discovering the deception.*] I repeat, sir, I am a man of business, and I must speak my mind.

JONES. That wouldn't be saying much!

DISCOUNT. A truce, sir, to this flippancy—I am——

JONES. Yes, you've told me so already.

DISCOUNT. You will provoke me into premature apoplexy, Sir! I came here to enquire for Mr. St. Féréol, and I find in his absence, his apartment has been turned into a—a——Damn it, sir, I shall choke! (*Very angrily.*) Where is my clerk, sir?

JONES. You don't know? (*Aside.*) Well, ignorance is bliss. [*Aloud.*] I'm not at liberty to mention. [*At door in flat.*] Good morning, sir.

DISCOUNT. Very well, sir, very well! But this mystery shall be cleared up. I'll not wait an hour longer! I am a man of business! My clerk loses his situation! Good morning.

[*Exit D. in flat. JONES holds door open for DISCOUNT, and as DISCOUNT exits, pulls door to violently, shutting in his tail, half of which is cut off.*]

JONES. (*picking up the end of tail and coming down*

to c.) Now upon my word! Here's an interesting tail brought to an abrupt conclusion!

Enter SMITH, cautiously. [Door R. 2. E.]

SMITH. Is it all right?

JONES. All right?—No! It's only half left!

[Showing tail.]

Enter DEMIJOHN cautiously. [Door L. 2. E.]

DEMI. Can I come in? Gone? eh?

JONES. Gone? yes! all but the stump! *[Showing tail.]*

DEMI. What? I don't see the point—

JONES. No. Here it is! *[Showing end of tail.]*

SMITH. Nonsense! Has our friend cleared?

JONES. Friend?—It's more like a direct cut.

[Showing tail.]

SMITH. My dear Jones, how can you joke in this extremity?

JONES. Extremity! *[Same business.]* Pshaw! My dear boys, we are safe so far. The respectable old party knows nothing,—does not suspect me, and has no idea that you two are in the house.

DEMI. Smith, I congratulate you!

SMITH. Demijohn, I give you joy!

[They shake hands all round, during which McWHITEYE looks in D. in flat, and enters—he carries a CHARLES 2ND jacket in his hand.]

McW. Does Mither Dimmijohn stop here?

[DEMIJOHN, SMITH and JONES, together down R. in excessive agony, as McWHITEYE'S advances L.]

DEMI. O, no! no! *[Aside.]* Our fate is sealed! O my poor head! *[Sinks head on JONES' shoulder.]*

SMITH. Certainly not—you're quite mistaken—try next door. (*Aside.*) It's all up.

[*Sinks head on JONES's shoulder.*]

JONES. Don't you see the gentlemen are unwell?

MCW. Ah! bedad! ye are a nice pair intirely, barring there's three of yez! and that only makes yez half as bad again as yez might be. Faith! it's little wonder if the gentlemen are unwell this morning! You passed a mighty plisant evening! But its I that know yez!

DEMI. You know us?—and you saw—

SMITH. You saw nothing?—Mum! mum!

[*DIMMIJOHN gets on one side of MCW., SMITH on the other.*]

MCW. Bedad! yer honors, but I did!

DEMI. What, everything? [*In a hourse whisper.*]

• MCW. Sure! Why, I never lost sight of yez!

SMITH. [*Aside.*] A witness before and after the fact!

MCW. Deloightful place the Glaciarum! Ha! Ha! ye poor little innocints!—Did'nt I see yez?

DEMI. Horror! What? [*Extravagant action of beating.*] Oh! no! no! (*Changing his manner.*) And if you did, you don't recollect it?

MCW. Is it india-rubber then me conscience is to be made of? Is'nt this yer honor's coat? There's Dimmi-john wrote on the collar, and a'nt ye the gintleman as was dressed up as a Count last night?

DEMI. Count? eh? (*distractedly.*) Count at the Rink last night—Count in the indietment to-morrow!

MCW. What the devil's the matter with them? (*Aside.*) Here's your illegant jaeket, and I'll trouble ye for the coat off yer back, which belongs to Mister St. what's his name, poor darlint!—His last words were—

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. Och! 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 flat.*

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

JONES. Well, settle it between you. I shall go and hunt for some clothes to go home in. I dare say the proprietor of this apartment has a spare suit somewhere.

[*Exit* JONES, *Door R. 2 E.*]

SMITH [*in meditation*]. The principal witness is out of the way, at any rate—suppressed, in fact. Suppose, now, to make all secure, I suppress my accomplice. I can polish off Jones at leisure. A Demijohn, more or less, in the world, is nothing. [*Takes poker, which he conceals as he sits.*] I'll do it.

DEMI [*rising*]. After all, I scarcely like the looks of my friend. If he should turn mean and split! Suppose, now, I suppress him. I can polish off Jones at leisure. A little coal oil, more or less, in the world, is nothing.

[*Takes up bottle from table, and sits near* SMITH.]

SMITH. Demijohn! you're a good fellow. [*Shakes hand*].

DEMI. Smith! you're another. [*Shakes hand*].

SMITH [*aside*]. If he would but turn his back!

DEMI [*aside*]. If I could only get a fair lick at him!

SMITH [*aside*]. There's no getting a chance! [*Aloud*] Hullo! you've dropped a York shilling!

DEMI. I'll pick it up. [*As* DEMI *stoops, SMITH is about to hit him on the head with poker. DEMI turns and sees him.*] What's the matter?

SMITH. Nothing! only a slight irritation.

DEMI [*Aside*]. I must divert his attention. Ah! listen! listen!

SMITH. Ah! what? [*Turns away.*]

DEMI. Now for it. [*Business as before, SMITH sees him.*]

SMITH. Hullo!

DEMI. I was merely trying if the bottle was empty.

[*Enter* JONES, *door R 2 E, dressed in crinoline, a petticoat, cloak, cap, and cloud.*]

JONES (*coming down R, and crossing to L*). D'ye think this will do? You see I have found something. So I'll wish you good morning. (*Going*).

[*Enter, door in flat, ST. FÉRÉOL, MRS. ST. FÉRÉOL, MR. DISCOUNT and McWHITEYE. MR. ST. FÉRÉOL, is in top boots and breeches, and has his head bound up.*]

ST. FÉRÉOL, L.C. Come along. Nonsense. They'll be delighted to see you.

SMITH. What, not dead yet? My dear St. Férol! Then we are innocent. Hurrah! [*Embracing him.*]

DEMI, R. Hurrah! Let me restore your property (*Takes off coat, and places it on chair*). (*Aside*) I won't say any thing about the money.

JONES, L. Hurrah. [*Dancing with joy.*]

SMITH [TO DEMI]. And I was going to suppress you.

DEMI [TO SMITH.] And I had similar intention.

ST. FÉRÉOL. Arabella, my love, these gentlemen are my most intimate friends. I need not turn them out now, I suppose. You heard all about last night in the Police Office, so I need not tell you again, especially as I remember nothing myself.

SMITH. But what became of you? We thought you were defunct and were going cheerfully to execution for the supposed murder. What do you mean by disappointing your friends in this way?

ST. FÉRÉOL. I simply got my head broken—but my cranium bring of a comfortable thickness, I am not much the worse. Finally I passed the night in Quod; was fined for being drunk, and here I am.

McW. Ah! bedad! and now its all clear to me—you thought I knew of the murder, which nivr took place,

when divil a thing did I knew at all, except that, out of pity for your inexperience, I brought ye three home after ye were blind drunk, and lodged your friend in the Station House, as I could'nt find another bed in the room—ha! ha!

[*All laugh, except JONES, DEMI, and SMITH.*

DEMI. But where did this blood come from?

DISCOUNT. I am a man of business, and ought to know red ink when I see it.

MRS. ST. F. [*at table*] Why yes! the ink bottle is quite empty! ha! ha! ha! (*laughing*) and what are you doing in my clothes, sir?

[*To JONES.*

JONES. Merely continuing the masquerade. I wanted some clothes to go home in.

ST. F. Home! nonsense you'll all stay to dinner—and I am sure Mrs. St. F. will dispense with the formality of dress—come as you are,—Mr. Discount I hope will join us.

DISCOUNT. Well, I suppose I must, and forgive you this once—I am a man of business!—I object strongly to your late conduct, but I can fully appreciate your early dinner.

DEMI. Then there's nothing more to be said. [*Advancing. To AUDIENCE*]. We have only to hope that your attention is "NOT DEAD YET," and that you see as much fun as we did in the "SKATING CARNIVAL."

CURTAIN.

