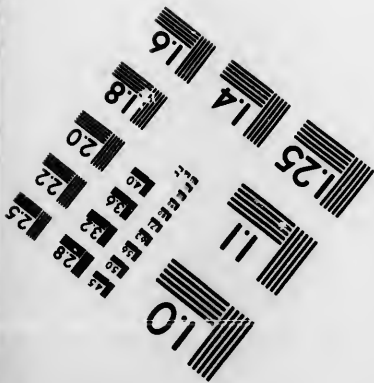
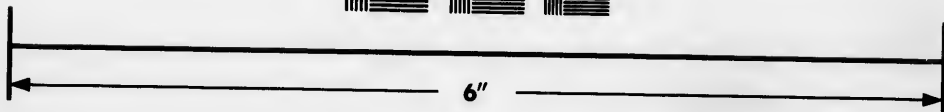
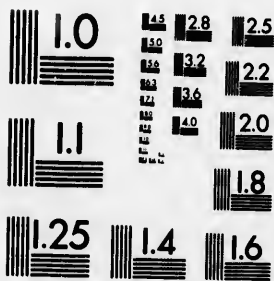


**IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)**



**Photographic
Sciences
Corporation**

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1993

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

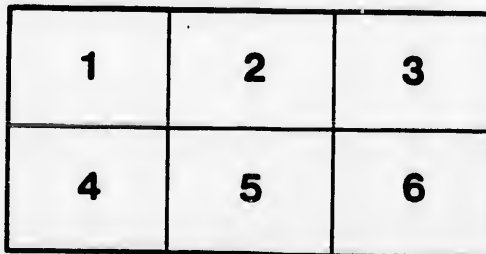
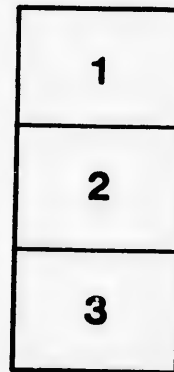
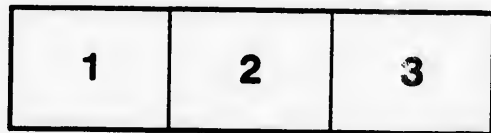
D.B. Weldon Library
University of Western Ontario

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \rightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

D.B. Weldon Library
University of Western Ontario

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \rightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

qu'il
cet
de vue
ge
ation
ués

U. W. O. LIBRARY
HUBERT, THE PRETENDER:

A DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

By MRS. ELLA THOMPSON,

OF TORONTO

TORONTO:
THE GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY, 26 AND 28 KING STREET EAST.
1881.

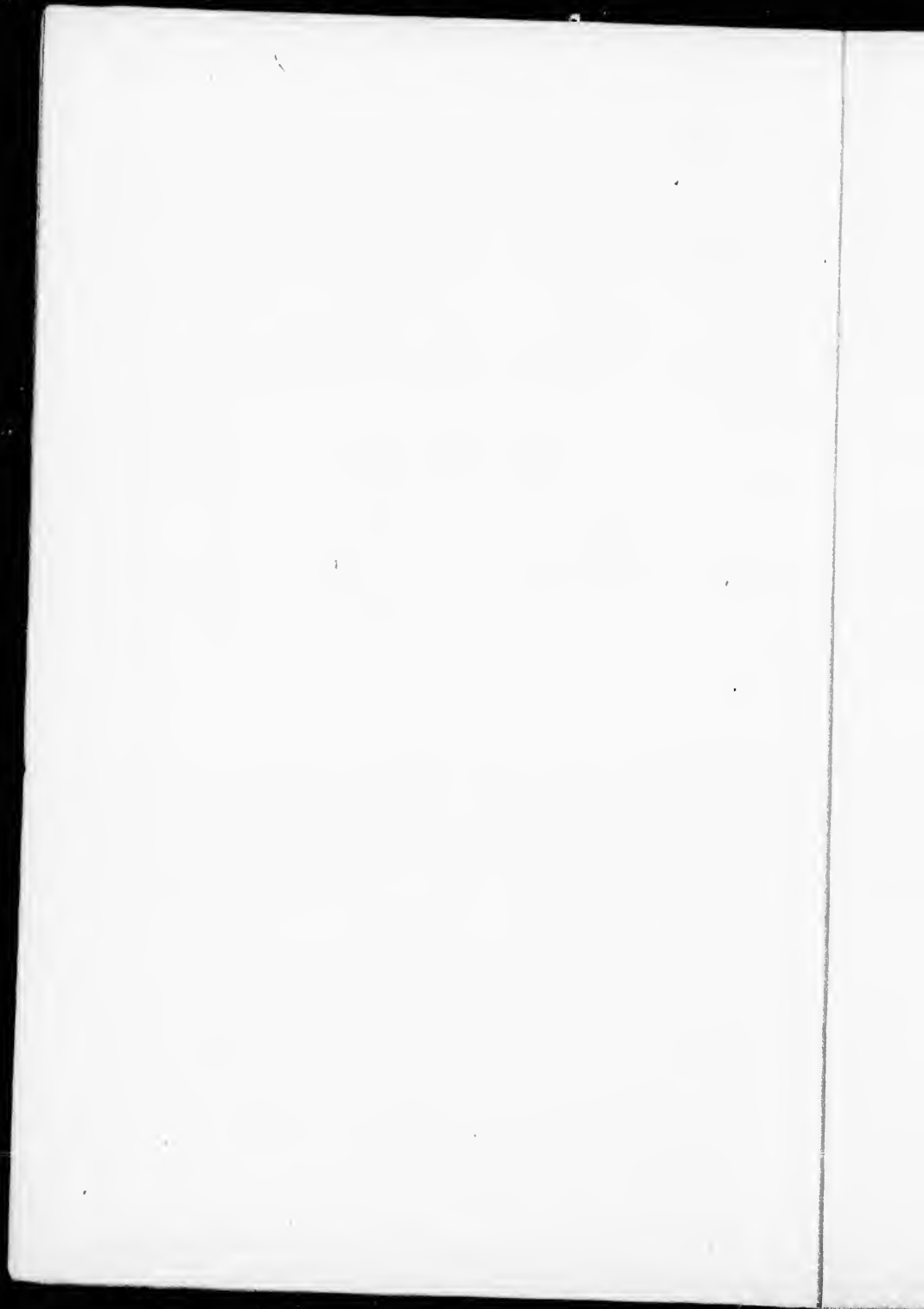
ENTERED according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, by Mrs. ELLA THOMPSON, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.

HUBERT, THE PRETENDER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HUBERT DERRELL,	A hunter.
DUDLEY HARCOURT,	Heir to fifty thousand a year.
SIR MAXWELL CARRING.	
LADY CARRING.	
CLAUDINE CARRING,	Their daughter.
DOCTOR ST. JUSTICE.	
DICK DARING,	Hubert Derrell's accomplice.
NORAH, }	Servants to Lady Carring.
JAMES, }	
MEG,	A nurse.
	Flannigan Guards and hunters.

SCENE: England.



ACT I.

SCENE: *Carring House grounds and river.*

(*Enter HUBERT DERRELL, gun in hand, in quest of game. Sees a bird flying; fires and kills it. The report brings out a servant.*)

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

Serv.—Hold on, your honor; no hunting allowed here. Didn't you see that notice (*pointing to a notice*). We want all the birds and beasts in those woods for ourselves, and here you have killed this bird (*picking up the bird*).

Hubert.—Drop that bird instantly, or I will shoot you.

Serv.—Take it (*dropping the bird*). I'll go tell the master. You gents think, when you come down here hunting, in your hunting clothes and looking so fine, that you can frighten a poor devil like me; but here is a fellow who is afraid of no one. There! hold on! don't fire—(*scampers off*). (*Exit Servant*).

Hubert.—Here I am poaching, and only been in England a few days. Unlucky dog that I am. I must away to India again, and chase the tigers through the jungle, or over the plains after the ostrich; for I verily believe, if I remain here long, my gun will grow rusty. I don't like your iron laws, England; they are not to my taste.

(*Enter the woods CLAUDINE and DUDLEY, who do not see hunter.*)

Dudley.—I leave you to-day the most happy man in England. With an angel wife like you, and fifty thousand a year, my happiness will be complete.

Claudine.—Oh! Dudley, you do not know how happy I am, now that I'm to be your wife. I am sure my dear parents will give their consent. I am so afraid papa will ask me to marry that horrid Mr. Bayford. He is wealthy, and you know what a man papa is for money.

Dudley.—I am coming to Carring Place to-morrow to ask your father's consent. And now, dearest, good-bye (*taking her by the hand and kissing*).

(*Exit Dudley.*)

(*HUBERT advancing from remote part of stage.*)

Hubert.—I beg a thousand pardons, madam, for trespassing on these grounds. I did not see the house when I entered the woods; and this (*picking up the bird*) is the result of my carelessness.

Claud.—I assure you, sir, you are not the only one who has come on these grounds hunting. It is an everyday occurrence. It is such a wild looking place. I fancy hunters think it a capital place for sport.

Hubert.—You have very extensive grounds here, and lots of game; and as for hunting, it is, as you say, capital sport. Indeed, I spend most of my time with the gun or oar in my hand, chasing the deer through the forest, or pulling my boat along the river, after the wild duck or any other game that is unlucky enough to come within range of my gun.

(Enter SERVANT.)

Servt.—Ah! faith, yes, Miss Claudine, he killed the bird; and because I told him it was against the law to shoot anything about here—begorra! if I hadn't taken myself off, I would have had the contents of his gun in my heels, or perhaps higher up.

Claud.—James, the gentleman is a stranger in these parts, and did not see your notice. Take the game to the house, as the gentleman says he only hunts for amusement.

Servt.—Hunts for amusement! Faith, if he had put the contents of that weapon into me when I ran off to tell the master, it would not have amused me much. (*Aside:* It was a pretty little bird, and a pity to kill it). (*Exit Servant.*)

Hubert.—It is a long time since I have been in these grounds now; and yet every tree seems familiar as if it had been yesterday.

Claud.—This is a delightful home. I see very little of the world. Indeed, most of what I know of the world I have read in books. Papa being an invalid keeps us at home. I have all sorts of amusements. Dudley and I have a game of archery, and all the boating we want.

Hubert.—Boating is fine amusement; in fact, I am at home in a boat in all kinds of weather, or any kind of water. I flatter myself that I am a good sailor. (*Aside:* Who is this Dudley? He must be a lucky fellow to have such a lady-love).

Claud.—We have a beautiful river here, and a boat which shall be at your service while you remain in the neighborhood. But you had better come into the house and rest. Papa will be glad to see you; he is most hospitable to strangers. (*Exeunt Claudine and Hubert.*)

PARLOR SCENE.

Claud.—Papa, here is a prisoner I have brought you—the Hon. Hubert Derrell. He is guilty of the crime of trespass; you will pronounce sentence.

Sir Maxwell.—I am very happy to make your acquaintance under the circumstances, sir; but I ought to be already acquainted with you, if you are a relative of the late Hon. Hubert Derrell, who represented this part of the country in Parliament for so many years. He and I were great friends. Poor fellow! he has been dead some time.

Hubert.—Sir Hubert Derrell was my uncle. Our family left England for India some years ago; that is, Edward Derrell.

Sir Maxwell.—I remember him perfectly well. He died soon after going out. I believe the climate didn't agree with him.

Hubert.—Exactly; and I am his son, and the only surviving member of the family, and heir to his estates in India.

Sir Max.—I congratulate you, my boy—not on the death of your father, of course, but for your inheritance. I believe he was very wealthy. Do you think of coming back to England to remain?

Hubert.—I think not. My property is all in India. I shall most likely live there for some years yet. And do you know, Sir Maxwell, that I meet very few who know me? I suppose I have grown quite out of their memory.

Sir Max.—Let me see—it must be nearly twenty years now since your family left England. You were of course very young then. But I would know you were a Derrell—they were so different from other

people, I think; and Edward Derrell was the very soul of honor, and right glad I am to welcome his son back to England.

Hubert.—I hope they are all different from me; here I am caught poaching the first few days I am in England.

Sir Max.—Ah! that reminds me. Claudine made you a prisoner and brought you to me for sentence. Well, the sentence I pass is this: that you, Mr. Hubert Derrell, are to have the privilege of hunting on these grounds any time you choose, and as long as I am master of Carrington Place.

Hubert.—Many thanks for the privilege. I can assure you I will enjoy the scenery about here much. I think the mountain, with the beautiful river at its foot, is something grand.

Lady Carrington.—My daughter, Mr. Derrell, must think it grand. She is hardly ever out of her boat. I fear sometimes for her safety, she is so reckless. She takes her papa's gun and sets up some wild flowers for a mark, and fires shot after shot. She makes almost as much noise as a battery of artillery.

Hubert (to Claudine).—If I remain in the neighborhood long I will be happy to give you instructions in the art of shooting.

Claud.—Many thanks. But what would be the use of teaching me? I never could lift this hand to take the life of the smallest creature God gave life to.

Hubert.—Thou speakest well, noble woman.

(*Enter SERVANT.*)

James.—Sir Maxwell, Mr. Harcourt is in the library waiting your pleasure.

Sir Maxwell (to Servant).—Show him in. (*Exit Servant.*)

(*Enter DUDLEY.*)

Sir Max.—Good evening, Mr. Harcourt. Allow me to introduce you to Mr. Derrell; he has just come from India; his father was a great friend of mine, years ago. I hope you and he, Mr. Harcourt, will become friends.

Dudley.—I have no doubt, sir, we will know each other perfectly before he leaves. (*This said with a sneer.*)

(*Enter SERVANT, with wine.*)

Servt.—Please, Sir Maxwell, here is the wine.

Sir Max.—Mr. Derrell, I want you to drink with me some of the best old port in England. This wine I bottled fifteen or twenty years ago, and I'll venture to say you will not get any such wine in all England to-day.

Dudley.—You must have bottled it, Sir Maxwell, about the time Mr. Derrell's family left England.

Hubert.—That's excellent—very superior, indeed. I never drank such good wine, Sir Maxwell. The older the wine the better the flavor; it's the only thing that improves with age, I think.

Sir Max.—Yes, many times have I and your father, Mr. Derrell, drank some of this same wine over a friendly game of chess; and age will not improve you, sir, if you inherit your father's good qualities; and right

HUBERT, THE PRETENDER,

glad I am to take his son by the hand and welcome him back to England.
Here's to thee. (*Drinks his wine, and sings.*)

SONG.

When noble lords and knights do meet,
We'll fill our cups with wine, and drink;
And bright-eyed ladies' smiles will greet
England's sons from o'er the deep.

ACT II.

(*Scene the same. Documents on table.*)

(*Enter SIR MAXWELL*)

Sir Max.—Yes; this money has to be paid. Let me see; how much is this? (*taking up documents, and reads*). The fourth payment due 25th August, 1858, £14,000, being the last payment of mortgage on Carrington Place, given by Sir Maxwell Carrington, owner and occupier of said property. Yes, the owner now; but for how long? I never can pay this money; no, I have not got it. One time in my life £14,000 would seem a small sum. Those days are gone; yes, and so are the thousands. (*Walks about with documents clutched in his hand*). Who cometh now? Can't they leave me with my thoughts?

(*Enter DUDLEY.*)

Dudley.—Good evening, Sir Maxwell. How deuced sad you look—anything wrong? I feel so brimful of happiness myself, that I fancy every one looks sad but me and Claudine.

Sir Max.—And pray, Mr. Harcourt, may I ask what has transpired that contributes so much happiness to you and Claudine?

Dudley.—Yes, Sir Maxwell; I came to tell you everything. I have proposed to your daughter, and she has accepted me. All we want is your consent to make our happiness complete.

Sir Max.—I never can give my consent to your marriage with my daughter. You are a good and worthy young man, I know, and, with money, might ask the hand of any lady in the land. But you have absolutely nothing to keep a wife with, and no poor man can get my daughter. In fact, I want a rich husband for Claudine—one that can pay off the mortgage on this property.

Dudley.—I know I am poor now; but on the death of my uncle I shall become heir to fifty thousand a year, and I know Claudine is willing to wait.

Sir Max.—Wait, fiddlesticks! He may live for years yet, and I do not believe in long engagements. No, Mr. Harcourt, I cannot give my consent. I will go find that silly girl of mine. (*Exit Sir Maxwell.*)

(*Enter CLAUDINE.*)

Claud.—Oh! Dudley, that Mr. Derrell has inspired new life into this old home of ours. Do you know, he has planned out another day's fun for to-morrow: a sail down the river, a pic-nic in the woods, and, oh!—

but what is the matter with you, dear? I hope you are not jealous—you look so awfully sad. Come now, dear, tell me what is the matter with you. Has anything happened?

Dudley.—Yes, dear; your father has refused his consent to our marriage, and the only objection is that I am poor.

Claud.—But, dear, did you tell him you would be rich at the death of your uncle; and he cannot live for ever, you know.

Dudley.—I told him everything, but he would not listen.

Claud.—Oh! Dudley, no man can buy me from you. No, dear, though the man should come loaded with wealth and titles, my heart is ever thine, Dudley Harcourt.

Dudley.—I believe you, dearest (*taking her by the hand*). And though, for my honor's sake, I cannot return to thy father's house, you shall be in my every thought. And should wealth come, I may yet be thought worthy of Sir Maxwell Carrington's daughter. (*Exeunt*).

NIGHT SCENE: *Carrington grounds.*

(*Enter DERRELL*).

Hubert.—Ha! ha! I laugh when I think Sir Maxwell says he would know I was a Derrell, and they were so different from other people. Well, I should think they were different from me. Was there ever a bigger rascal than I? Ho! ho! It seems funny to hear a man call himself a rascal; but it's true. Is there another man in England, with the record of crimes to his name that I have, could work his way into one of the best families in the country? No, I say; and yet Sir Maxwell says he'd know I was a Derrell. Well, so much for my aristocratic appearance. My good looks may win that handsome daughter of his, and his money. But that Dudley!—if he was but out of the way. I can't speak to the girl but his eyes pierce me to the very soul, as if he knew my secrets; but I have kicked stumbling-blocks out of my way before this, and he must go too. Yes, I am not going to stay all those months for nothing. I have a purpose, and Dudley Harcourt—

(*Enter DUDLEY*).

Dudley.—Yes, I am here; and why do you call my name in that loud voice? for I have been waiting here in your path, and I want to know the meaning of your visits to that house. I want you to answer my questions.

Hubert.—I am ready to listen. You will please cut your story short, as I feel tired. I fancy honorables' visits to this part of the country are rare. Those women worry a fellow so with attentions. But, pray proceed with what you have to say.

Dudley.—I have a few questions to ask with regard to the young lady you have just left. Before you came, I was a welcome visitor to that house, and now, though holding the same place in Claudine's affections, her father refuses to give his consent to our marriage; and I want to know what your intentions are with regard to Miss Carrington. You are for ever by her side. You are trying to win the girl's love, and I demand an explanation.

Hubert.—Since you will know what my intentions are, then I tell you I intend to win Claudine's love; and upon my faith it will be easy done, for no matter whither I go, she is before me with her winsome

smiles; but I am proof against such. And when I win her love so that she will humbly herself in the dust at my feet, I will spurn her from me. Yes, cursed be the sex—they have been the bane of my life.

Dudley.—Fiend! talk not thus of the woman I love. The man with so foul a heart is not worthy of life. I take now thy worthless life. *(Draws a revolver).*

Hubert.—Thou cursed fool, I despise thee; and thou shalt pay with thy life for thy impertinence. *(Both men fire, and Dudley falls over the bank).*

Hubert.—What papers are those that dropped from his pocket? I will keep them—they may be of some use to me. But, hark!—some one approaches. I will hide behind this tree.

(Enter SIR MAXWELL and servants).

Sir Mac.—What does this firing mean? I believe the hunters are taking possession of the woods.

James.—I don't think we have anything to fear, Sir Maxwell. Everything seems as quiet as usual. *(Exit Sir Maxwell).*

James.—I heard the report of a gun. I suppose some honorable is amusing himself. Devil a one of them, for miles around, that I wouldn't scare out of the woods, and make them feel the weight of this *(holding up his hand)*. Honorables or no honorables, I never make any distinction in a case of this kind.

Norah.—Oh! Jimmie, I never got such a fright in my life. I feel as if something terrible has happened.

James.—You thought no such thing. You thought you would meet me; and ha'n't you a kiss for me to-night? Oh! don't look so cross because I asked for one.

Norah.—How foolish you talk; and such goings-on as there have been in this place ever since that man has been here. I am not the same woman I was. *(Exit Norah).*

James.—Come here to me, Norah; I'll wipe away your tears. *(Exit).*

(Enter HUBERT).

Hubert.—Is all clear? Yes; I see no one. I will read these papers now. Ah! a letter for Claudine. I'll read it. *(He reads).*

DEAREST CLAUDINE,—It is with a very unwilling hand I write this letter; but you will see it is for your happiness as well as mine. I have made up my mind to know what that man means by prolonging his stay. I feel that he is nothing but an impostor, and your unsuspecting parents, as well as yourself, are being deceived by him. I will meet him this evening, and demand an explanation. I have made my will, leaving all the property I fall heir to on the death of my uncle to you. You will be careful of the documents. I may be fated to die.

Thine forever,

DUDLEY HARCOURT.

Hubert.—Fated to die! Has anything, man or beast, escaped with life that I have lifted this hand to? No; nothing.

Dick.—No; nothing *(laying his hand on Hubert's shoulder)*.

Hubert (steps back, drawing revolver).—Oh! it is you, Dick. You startled me. I feel nervous this evening. How lucky you should be here.

Dick.—The fellow who went over the bank just now I don't consider very lucky.

Hubert.—Silence! The very trees about here have ears. I think, after to-night's work, I had better draw my hunting season to a close.

Dick.—I suppose you wouldn't mind letting me have a squint at those papers you were reading.

Hubert.—Begone, sir. Meet me here near the river a week to-night, and thou shalt get thy reward in gold.

Dick.—In gold, dost thou say! Bravo! I shall not fail to be here.

(Exit Dick.)

Hubert.—I am alone again. That infernal Dick! He has seen everything; he has been hiding here. Curse him. I would not think twice about sending him over the bank and into the river; but I have use for him yet. I will read this other paper.

A WILL.

I, Dudley Harcourt, nephew of my uncle, Hon. Dudley Harcourt, will, on the death of my said uncle, become his lawful heir to fifty thousand a year; and in case of my death, I bequeath the whole of the said fifty thousand a year to Claudine Carrington and her heirs for ever.

DUDLEY HARCOURT.

Signed in presence of the undersigned.

Witnesses: { HENRY WALTER.
WILLIAM HEATH.

Hubert.—Fifty thousand a year. Quite a snug little sum, I must say. But I dare say I could spend it if I had it; the trouble is to get it. I will pocket the will. At any rate, it is worth trying for, and I'm not the man to turn back now. No; I will go for the game and bag it at last. Oh! that river—it will haunt me to the grave. Good and honorable as he was, this hand and wicked heart did not spare him. No; over that bank and into the river. Oh! I hear him calling yet; his name rings in my ears; where shall I hide, hide! No; this is not Robert Free that talks thus; I fear no man. I'll take some rest, and be myself again.

(Exit.)

ACT III.

SCENE: Carrington grounds.

(Enter SIR MAXWELL and HUBERT, arm-in-arm.)

Sir Maxwell.—You have not spoken to my daughter about it, have you?

Hubert.—I have not. I thought if I got your consent, I would then propose to Claudine.

Sir Maxwell.—I would like very much to have you for a son-in-law. But understand this: Claudine will not be influenced by me, one way or the other. She must have her way in this, as it concerns her own happiness. You have my consent, my boy; if you can get Claudine's, all well. I like you, Hubert; and when I look in your face, I see every feature of the Derrell; for, mind you, they were different from other people; they had very blue blood in their veins. So had the Maxwells and the Carringtons;

and although our names do not figure on the pages of the history of our country, we were always ready to draw the sword on behalf of England, if called on; and I would yet, if wanted. But I am not the man I was; no, twenty years do not pass away without leaving its weight. No, I am not the man I was, Hubert. My heart troubles me a great deal; in fact, I don't know the moment I may be taken off.

Hubert.—I am very, very sorry for you, indeed. Words cannot describe how much pity I have for you.

Sir Max.—I believe you, my boy; and nothing would give me so much happiness as to see the families of Derrell and Carrington united. I would like to see Claudine married and happy. I hope I give her to a man worthy of her.

Hubert.—Many thanks for the high opinion you have of me, Sir Maxwell. No man can love your daughter as I do; and if she consents to be my wife, I shall always do my best endeavors to gratify her every wish.

Sir Max.—Well, no man could say more. I don't know how it is, I don't feel myself this evening, Hubert; I have a foreboding that something is to happen. I don't know why it is that I feel thus.

Hubert.—Drive away those thoughts. We'll light our cigars, and take a walk about here; it will be good for both of us. Lean on my arm, Sir Maxwell; disperse the dark clouds. I feel an old man myself sometimes, when I look back at the past. Let us look to the future; I see nothing but happiness for all of us. (*Exeunt Sir Maxwell and Hubert, arm-in-arm.*)

(*Enter HUBERT.*)

Hubert.—Robert Free, have a care. This may be the most fatal step I am about to take, and to prolong my stay here is next to death. Yes, the officers of the law may lay hands on me any moment, drag me from my hiding place, and brand me before the world as a forger and a villain; and that must not be. This face of mine was not made to look through the bars of a prison. I will propose to Claudine; if she refuses my offer, I will take her by force.

(*Enter CLAUDINE.*)

Claud.—Oh! Mr. Derrell, I dropped a ring off my hand on the beach this morning. Please come and help me find it. It is a gift from a very dear friend.

Hubert.—I will be happy to be of service to you. How delightful a walk is with you. Do you know, dearest Claudine, I feel so happy this evening.

Claud.—How am I to know whether you are happy or not, Mr. Derrell?

Hubert.—You are the only woman who can make my happiness complete, dear Claudine; and as I am a man of few words, will you be my wife?

Claud.—Oh! Mr. Derrell, please do not say this. I have no love for you. If you speak thus I will fly from you. Dudley Harcourt is the only man who can call me by the sacred name of wife; and you have driven him from me. I could hardly conceal my dislike for you, and I tell you now, I despise you. Leave my path, and away with you.

Hubert.—Ha! ha! "Leave my path, and away with you." No; I swear I will have thee without thy consent. I will take thee and keep thee prisoner until thou learn to love me.

Claud.—Oh! Mr. Derrell, have mercy. (*Falls fainting*).

Hubert.—Dick, art thou there?

Dick.—Yes. I have been listening to your talk. Is the girl dead?

Hubert.—No; only fainting. Take her to the boat, and we'll off.

Dick.—This is the work I am to get my reward in gold for. Ah! well, there is no work too dirty for Dick Daring.

Hubert.—I'll drop this letter to her father, to let him know his daughter is all right. The shock may be too much for him.

(*DICK, CLAUDINE and HUBERT enter boat*).

Dick.—Is all ready?

Hubert.—Pull off as fast as you can. (*Exeunt in boat*).

(*Enter SIR MAXWELL*).

Sir Max.—Where can Claudine be so late? I thought perhaps she had gone to the library from the garden. But no; she is not there, and I do not see her here.

(*Enter DETECTIVES, in search of Mr. Free, for forgery*).

Detect.—Sir Maxwell, we are in search of a man named Robert Free. He has drawn a large amount of money on a forged cheque. We have been after him for some months, but failed to get any clue of him until a few days ago, when we heard he was passing himself off here as Mr. Derrell. Most unfortunately for that gentleman, he looks too much like him.

Sir Max.—Heavens! have I been entertaining a forger in my house—a house I thought no man with a stain on his character could enter?

(*Enter JAMES*).

James.—Here is a letter I found near the river. It is addressed to you, sir.

Sir Max.—A very strange place to find a letter. Yes, to be sure, it is addressed to me. (*He reads*).

SIR MAXWELL CARRING.—I have proposed to your daughter, and she has accepted me. We both agree to a runaway marriage. There is something romantic about it, I think; and Claudine must have thought so too, or she would not have consented. You will hear from us later. Yours,

HUBERT.

Sir Max.—What! my daughter consent to a runaway marriage! Never. I will follow the man to the end of the earth. (*Attempts to follow; puts both hands on his heart, staggers, and falls on rustic bench*).

(*Exit JAMES, and re-enter, with LADY CARRING, DR. ST. JUSTICE, and others*).

Dr. St. Justice.—He has no pulse, madam. This shock will kill him. It is only what I expected. His heart has been troubling him some years, and his death may be looked for any moment.

James.—This letter I found in the woods did it.

Lady Carring.—The letter must contain bad news indeed that took from me so good a husband.

Dr. St. Justice.—Grieve not for thy husband; he is in heaven. No man can say aught against the late master of Carring Place.

Lady Carring.—Oh! Doctor, it's impossible to survive this great calamity. (*Exit Doctor, supporting Lady Carring*).

Detect.—Let us away in quest. We may yet be able to take captive our man. (*Exit Detectives*).

Norah.—And this is the end of our poor master. Jimmie, I feel as if my heart would break.

Jimmie.—Norah, dear, quiet yourself. You have me, dear; and I feel I have a duty to perform to the widow of our dead master.

Norah.—Yes, dear. Tell me what it is, that I may help you.

James.—You can help me by staying here and taking care of our good mistress, while I go find lost Claudine.

Norah.—It shall be as you say. I will take care of our good lady until your return. (*Exit Norah, with apron to her eyes*).

James.—Yes, this is indeed the saddest day of my life—to look at the dead face of Sir Maxwell Carrington. Twenty years I have been in your service, my good master, and glad I am to say that I served you faithfully, my poor master; and I promise thy spirit in heaven to hunt down the man that gave thee thy death-blow. (*Exit*).

ACT IV.

SCENE: *A forest.—Hunter's camp grounds.—Claudine sitting in despair.*

Claudine.—Oh! my happy home, and my dear father. If he only knew where to find his poor girl. But my heart tells me I'm never to see him more. But away with such thoughts. I'll hide this dagger in my bosom (*putting hunter's dagger in her bosom*), and fight my way through the toils of those wretches.

(*Enter HUBERT DERRELL*).

Hubert.—There you sit, Claudine, as disconsolate as ever. Shake off that feeling. You must become reconciled to this place, and become my wife before you leave it.

Claudine (starting to her feet).—Mr. Derrell, I despise you for your treachery. Your false heart is the abode of murder and deceit. Mine was a happy home until your dark shadow fell upon it; and now, what am I? A prisoner of yours in this forest.

Hubert (advancing a step)—

Claud.—Come one step nearer, and this dagger shall pierce thy wicked heart, or mine (*taking dagger from her bosom*).

Hubert.—How beautiful you look in your anger; you look every inch a queen. If you cannot love me, let me be your friend, dear Claudine. Say what it is you will have me do.

Claud.—Give me my liberty, Hubert Derrell; it is all I ask.

Hubert.—I will consent to this on two conditions: First, that you stay here a short time longer, for my own safety and liberty are at stake; I am fettered here, as it were; I am not the man to run any risks for a woman's whims. And secondly, that you enjoy yourself, or try to, while here. Take some part in hunting with us. I assure you you will find it good sport. If you consent to this, I will grant your request—give you your liberty.

Claud.—If my liberty depends on this, then I suppose I must consent. What weapons do you intend to arm me with?

Hubert.—There is almost every kind here to choose from—sling, bow, and guns. In fact, we have arms here for almost any kind of warfare or hunting; for, to say the truth, we do not know the moment we may be called on to defend ourselves against man or beast.

Claud.—I'll take the bow; I am already sufficiently acquainted with the gun. (*Claudine examines the weapons.*)

(*Enter JAMES, disguised.*)

James.—I beg a thousand pardons for intruding; but I have been out hunting and lost my way, and I am almost exhausted with hunger and fatigue, tramping first one way and then another, until I saw the smoke curling up in the air from your camp fire, and I thought I would crave your hospitality for a few days, until I get some rest. (*Throws down some skins.*) I have some valuable skins here, so you see I have not had my hunt for nothing.

Hubert.—You have some valuable skins. Are there other hunters with you?

James.—No one but myself. When I am on the hunt of good game I like to bag it all myself.

Hubert.—You can stay and rest, and make yourself useful about here at the same time; that is, to cook, carry wood, and draw water; you understand. You will find venison in those baskets; eat and be satisfied, while I go and give this young lady her first lesson in hunting. (*Exit Claudine and Hubert.*)

James.—Hon. Hubert Derrell doesn't know me—that's clear. I think I'll take the baskets and have a meal. Take it all in all, hunter's fare is not a bad one: venison, good bread, good water; and when the detectives bounce down on Hubert Derrell, that will be good.

(*Enter CLAUDINE.*)

Claud.—I forgot my arrows (*taking up arrows*).

James.—Miss Carrington, don't you know me?

Claud.—No; how should I? Who are you that knows me?

(*JAMES takes off the beard.*)

Claud.—Oh! James.

James.—Not a word; you musn't know me here. I have been hiding in those woods for some days, laying plans for your rescue, and when my plans are ready for execution, I will give you a signal, which I will do by crossing my hands. Now go; they may suspect something.

(*Exit Claudine.*)

James.—I will begin to make myself useful by getting supper ready for the rascals. (*Spreads a table.*) What a tempting display—venison and griddle cakes, cooked to a turn, with a draught of good old rum to wash it down.

(*Enter HUNTERS.*)

Hubert.—Now, boys, after a long hunt and such well filled bags, I dare say you are all ready for supper.

Dick.—Well, I brought down more game than the whole of you, and came nearly losing my own precious life. I came up with a herd of buffaloes, and I was manly enough to charge the whole lot of them, when the bull charged me, and so I had to run for dear life. Thanks to his bushy mane, that fell over his eyes, or I should not have been here to tell this tale. (*At this speech the company all laugh.*)

(JAMES signals to CLAUDINE. *Exit Claudine.*)

A hunter.—If I could find that buffalo I would cut off his mane, so that he could see.

Dick.—If he had tossed me up, this forest would have lost its bravest man. (*Hunters all laugh.*)

Hubert.—A song, boys.

SONG, WITH MUSIC.

Under the green beech tree
We hunters will merry be;
Of good game we all do partake,
What merry hunters are we.

The laws we defy in this forest so nigh,
As happy as kings we'll be;
We'll fill our cups with rum, and drink,
Such merry hunters are we.

Hubert.—Where is the girl?—I don't see her about here. Did you see her, good stranger? The atmosphere is beginning to darken about me for want of her bright presence. Tell me, lost hunter, dost thou know where she is? Speak, or I will throttle thee before I let go thy throat.

James.—You know not wherein my strength lieth. There, take that; lie there. (*Hubert thrown down.*)

Dick.—Has he killed our master? Charge him in a body, and shackle him.

James.—What will I be doing in the meantime? I'll fell you, one after another, if you come near.

A hunter (to Hubert).—Speak, good master.

Dick.—He cannot speak: bear him away. (*Hubert borne out.*)

Dick.—Lay hold of him. (*James shackled.*) Now he is secure. We'll follow the girl. (*Exit hunters.*)

James.—I'll fish you all out of this yet. Faith, I suppose I may as well take things easy. I'll lay down and sleep. (*He lies down.*)

SCENE: *Carring grounds.*

(*Enter DR. ST. JUSTICE.*)

Dr. St. Justice.—Yes; here in these grounds poor Claudine was abducted, and here where I stand her father breathed his last breath; and this I think the most fitting place to offer the reward to those men who will go in search of the girl. Yes; I have promised the widow of my poor friend Carring to find his daughter, and bring to justice the man who was the cause of her husband's death; and I am not the man to break my word. Those men I expect here every moment. We will then see what is to be done.

(*Enter GUARDS, single file.*)

Sergeant.—Halt! Shoulder arms! Slope arms! Ground arms! Now, men, you know what duty you are called on to perform.

Guards (all in one voice).—We do, we do.

Dr. St. Just.—I suppose we had better begin business at once. Time is precious.

Guards (all in one voice).—We are ready.

Dr. St. Just.—You have all heard of the abduction of Miss Carrington.

Guards (all in one voice).—We have, sir; we have.

Dr. St. Just.—The shock killed her father as soon as he heard it, and I have promised to find his daughter. Now, men, I guarantee a thousand pounds reward to any who will accomplish the task. What say you!

Guards (all in one voice).—We will find the girl and bring her abductor prisoner.

Dr. St. Just.—Well said. I have put the task into the hands of brave men, and I have no fear of the result. (*Exit*).

Sergeant.—Shoulder arms! What are the Flannigan Guards noted for?

Guards (all in one voice).—For good discipline, soldierly bearing, and never afraid to meet the enemy. (*Guards charge arms, as if to meet the enemy*).

Sergeant.—Let us away to meet the enemy in the forest of Selwood, for justice expects every man to do his duty. Shoulder arms! Quick march! (*Exeunt Guards, in single file*).

SCENE: *Peasant hut.*

(*DUDLEY lying in bed wounded, nursed by an aged woman*).

Dudley (rises in bed and rests on his arm).—What place is this, or where am I? Claudine, Sir Maxwell—where are you all? Ah! yes; I remember now. I was shot by Derrell; fell over the bank and into the river. But how came I here? I know I fired at him; but did I hit him? I hope my bullet went through his heart. I must lie down again; I feel weak.

(*Enter NURSE*).

Meg.—Yes, indeed, I think you had better lie down; for of all I ever nursed, I think you are the most restless, and I don't like to scold you.

Dudley.—Bless your kind old heart. I'll be as quiet and still as you want me, if you will only tell me how I came to be here.

Nurse.—I know it seems hard on a fine gentleman like you to be in a poor hut like this, with an old woman like me to nurse you; but it is better to be here than drowning in the river, as you were the night I found you. I was out gathering herbs. There is a particular kind of herb that must get the dew in the evening before its medicinal virtues are brought out, and it was this herb I was gathering when you came tumbling over my head and into the river. You were going down the last time, when I took hold and brought you out and home with me, dressed your wound, and gave you herb tea; for, mind you, I don't believe in doctors—I do not, indeed; and if I had sent for a doctor, you would not be alive to-day.

Dudley.—Well, good old Meg, you shall be well paid for your trouble. If I get better I will settle an annuity on you.

Nurse.—If you get better. No "if" about it; you will be well enough soon to leave this. I will leave you now to take some rest.

(*Exit Nurse*).

Dudley.—Poor old Meg; you are a funny old body. But I think I had better take your advice and rest. (*He lies down*).

SCENE: *Hunter's camp in forest.*

James.—Here I sit, a prisoner of war. Well, no; not of war—for it would be an honor to be taken prisoner fighting for your country; but I am the prisoner of a lot of vagabonds and robbers. But I feel I have a duty to perform to my late master. Yes, I will restore Claudine to her friends or die. This heart will cease to beat, and this arm lose its last strength on your behalf, ere I give up. But, poor Norah; I have almost forgotten you. I'll write to her now, if I can find paper, and tell her the hairbreadth escapes I've had. But where is the use of writing? There is no post office about here. Faith, I'll write anyway; I'll be bound I'll find some way of sending it. I'll look in the Hon. Hubert's coat pockets. *(Takes Hubert's coat and takes out papers and diary).* What's this; his diary? I'll look through and see what balance he has at the banker's; or, in other words, the state of his finances *(turning over the leaves).* Bad writing, and half the words spelled wrong; I'd like to give thee a few lessons. I think I'll read some of his jottings; I may gain something by it. *(He reads from diary).* "Robert Free, your good luck has never forsaken you. Safe in England again, this 18th of August. I take a hansom and drive through Hyde Park, side by side with dukes and earls; and why shouldn't I? Yes, I say, why shouldn't I? I have only transplanted ten thousand dollars out of Hubert Derrell's pocket into my own. But when I marry some rich lady (for my good looks will win me lots of female hearts), I will pay him back with interest."

James.—Pay him back with interest in female hearts! Well, I always take interest in female hearts myself; but to steal a man's money, and then say he will pay with interest in them sort of things—I don't believe in it. And it seems I have heard that name before, Robert Free. Well, he makes mighty free, at any rate.

(Enter DICK).

Dick.—What is this you are doing; robbing my master? *(Snatches diary and runs out at one side of stage. Re-enters at the other side, followed by James. Dick's coat torn in rags, with cover of diary clenched in his hand).*

Dick.—Now, if you keep quiet I'll give you half. *(Opens the book, and finds he has nothing but the cover. Both men stare at each other, and laugh).*

James.—We have lost it in the scuffle; let us away and find it. *(Exit).*

(Enter HUBERT).—*Low music.*

Hubert.—If there is a place on earth where wolves and tigers congregate, it must be here; for of all the unearthly noises and howling I ever heard, I hear them in these woods as soon as I lay down my weary head. Or is it my guilty conscience that haunts me? But how came my diary and papers scattered about? *(taking up the books).* Could they have dropped out of my pocket? I hope no one has seen them; there are secrets in this book for no eyes but mine; yes, and when I shut the cover, I close in the history of Robert Free. My course these last few years has been a downward one. Since you became the wife of Howard, Maud Mayford, the last spark of manhood has died out of me, and I am an out-cast of society and a fugitive from justice. Oh! Maud, would to God your heart had been true as mine. But, no; you trifled with my affections, blighted my life, and lost my soul. Oh! no; I must not say it; I will repent yet, if there is still time. *(Puts his hand on his brow).* Oh! too late, too late, I fear; with the abducted daughter of Sir Maxwell Car-

ring, and detectives after me for forgery, and for the murder of Dudley Harcourt, for aught I know. And yet, what hath he done that I would not have done myself had I been he! Curse this right hand; I would sever it from my body if I had a sword, for executing deeds planned by my murderous heart. Yes; too late. I see nothing in the future but the garb of a convict and a felon's cell, and that is not to my taste. No; I will go on, and if I succeed in my plans, I will win yet. (*Exit*).

(*Re-enter HUBERT, with HUNTERS*).

Hubert.—Arm yourselves, boys, for I swear they shall not take us alive. (*Each man takes a gun*).

(*Enter GUARDS*).

Guards.—Lay down your arms, and surrender yourselves our prisoners.

James.—What better waypon does an Irishman want than this? (*arming himself with a stick*).

Hunters.—No surrender. We'll fight to the death. (*A fight ensues. The hunters are disarmed and made prisoners*).

Dick.—That is the man who shot Dudley; I saw him myself. If that is what we are made prisoners for, take *him* and set *us* free.

Guards.—Talk not about freedom; you are all our prisoners, and every man must answer for his own sins. What is in this jug? (*picking up jug*). Run, boys; let us drink to the thousands reward. (*Fills the cup, and drinks*). A song, boys; a song. (*Guards sing, with music*).

SONG.

FLANNIGAN GUARDS.

Shoulder arms, and all turn out,
To meet and put the foe to rout,
Who scamper off at a rattling pace,
When they meet the Flannigans face to face.

CHORUS.—Hurrah, boys, hurrah! some drill we've got to do,
We'll muster in force
On the Garrison Course,
And swagger in our uniform new.

The Flannigan Guards are very fine;
They march up the street; they keep good time;
The band strikes up a lively air;
Naught with the Flannigans can compare.

CHO.—Hurrah, boys, hurrah! &c.

How jaunt'ly the Guards in the saddle do sit,
The sword they unsheathe when the foe they meet;
Down goes the foe like a house of cards
Before the charge of the Flannigan Guards.

CHO.—Hurrah, boys, hurrah! &c.

(*Escort Guards and Prisoners, in single file*).

SCENE: *Carring House and Grounds by moonlight.*

Claudine.—Here in these grand old woods again. Can it be a dream? No; surely it is true. This is not the kind of dress I used to wear—a loose gown, drawn in around the waist with a girdle, and a pair of arms as brown as a berry. Truly you have, indeed, Mr. Hubert Derrell, taught me the art of shooting; for with my five months of wild life in the woods, I feel every inch a huntress. Yes, I blush when I think of all the innocent lives I've taken; yet there is a fascination about it that I cannot resist. Let me see now if I can hit that bird. (*Fires up an arrow.*) No, I missed; then I'll hunt no more. (*Throws down her bow.*) What a queer dress this is. Ho! ho! how they'll all laugh when they see me dressed in such a fashion. But how long I'm standing here looking at myself, with a heart so full of joy I can hardly keep it in my bosom. I'll away and into my father's arms (*bounding towards the house.*) But what is this? Carring Place to let! It cannot be. I will read the notice: "This property to let or for sale. Inquire of the executors of the late Sir Maxwell Carring." What! has my reason left me? (*putting both hands to her head.*) My father; my father taken too. Then am I alone in the world, and no home. This, the home of my childhood, gone; and am I alone? Yes, alone; no father now to give me his blessing. Dudley Harcourt, come to me, if on earth; or if thy pure spirit is in heaven, take me. I will away and into that river, and so end my troubles.

(*Enter DUDLEY.*)

Dudley.—Claudine, dearest, I am here, and you are safe with me at last (*taking her in his arms.*)

Claud.—Oh! Dudley, I thought I was alone in the world; but, dearest, I have you still.

Dudley.—Your father was taken away very suddenly, so they tell me; the news of your abduction was such a shock to him. He never spoke after, and your poor mother survived him only a few months.

Claud.—Dudley, I could not live through all these trials but for you. These repeated blows have nearly crushed me to the earth; and, only think! Carring Place taken too.

Dudley.—You are not going to lose the property. I have paid off all claims, and see, here are the deeds. Claudine, the property is yours, clear of all incumbrance.

Claud.—How good and kind you are, dearest. How can I pay you back, unless you take my poor self, if I still have a place in your heart (*laying her head on his bosom.*)

Dudley.—Claudine, dear, the trials you went through have made you dearer to me than ever.

Claud.—Dudley, who are those men coming through the woods?

(*Enter DR. ST. JUSTICE, who witnesses the meeting of Claudine and Dudley from a remote part of the stage.*)

Dr. St. Just.—So you are back, dear, good girl that you are. Come and kiss your poor old doctor. There, now, don't hug me too tight; I'm full of the gout. Why, I expected to see a shadow of my girl when she came back, and here you are as pretty as ever.

Claud.—Oh! Doctor, you speak so lightly of my troubles.

Dr. St. Just.—There is a change here since you were carried off.

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).

