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FRENCH'S
AMERICAN DRAMA.

NO. 20.

TEMPTATION;

OR,

THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

A COMIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

With Cast of Characters, Stage Business, Costumes, Relative Positions, etc. etc.

AS PERFORMED AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

NEW-YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

121 NASSAU-STREET.

PRICE,

12½ CENTS.

*Deposited in Clubs Misc
N.Y. March 22. 1857*

FRENCH'S
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The Acting Edition.

No. XX.



TEMPTATION:

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THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

A COMIC DRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.

BY JOHN BROUGHAM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the
Stage Business.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-Six, by John Brougham,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW-YORK :
SAMUEL FRENCH,
121 NASSAU-STREET.

PS 1124
B6 T4
1856

Cast of the Characters.—TEMPTATION.

AS FIRST PERFORMED AT BURTON'S THEATRE.

<i>Mr. Granite</i> , a wealthy merchant,	Mr. E. W. Clarke.
<i>Sterling</i> , an old clerk, - - - - -	" H. Lynne.
<i>Tom Bobalink</i> , a truckman,	" Burton.
<i>O' Bryan</i> , an Irish emigrant, - - - - -	" Brougham.
<i>Henry Travers</i> , - - - - -	" Levere.
<i>Williams</i> , - - - - -	" Voise.
<i>Polly Bobalink</i> , Tom's better half, - - - - -	Mrs. Brougham.
<i>Mrs. Grimgriskin</i> , - - - - -	" Hughes.
<i>Mary Travers</i> , - - - - -	Miss Hiffert.

C O S T U M E . — T E M P T A T I O N .

GRANITE.—Plain black suit.

STERLING.—Large blue coat, black breeches and long gaiters, dark vest.

BOBALINK.—White blouse, gray trousers tucked up at bottom, red shirt, and colored neckerchief.

O'BRYAN.—Dress of an Irish emigrant.

TRAVERS.—Fashionable walking dress.

POLLY.—Plain muslin dress.

MRS. GRIMGRISKIN.—Plain silk, showy head dress.

MARY.—Ladies' walking dress.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

L. means *First Entrance, Left*. R. *First Entrance, Right*. S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left*. S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right*. U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left*. U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right*. C. *Centre*. L. C. *Left of Centre*. R. C. *Right of Centre*. T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left*. T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right*. C. D. *Centre Door*. D. R. *Door Right*. D. L. *Door Left*. U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left*. U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right*.

* * * *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

TEMPTATION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—GRANITE'S Office. GRANITE and STERLING discovered.
Papers are scattered around.

Sterl. Balance in our favor, two hundred and fifty-seven thousand, eight hundred and forty dollars, bringing the accounts of the house of Granite up to date.

Gran. [*Loud.*] All correct, Mr Sterling?

Sterl. To a cypher! I've been up and down the columns a dozen times.

Gran. Good!

Sterl. Did you speak, sir?

Gran. No!

Sterl. Ah, my poor old ears! Five and forty years in this quiet office has made them sleepy; they'll never wake up again! never! never!

Gran. So much the better—a clerk should have no ears: nimble fingers and just enough of brain to count up his columns correctly: in each way you have worked for me well; very well, Spindles, and I thank you.

Sterl. Bless you, sir, you are very good; you never said so much before, and it has removed a great weight from my mind. I was afraid I hadn't pleased you. I'm happy now, sir—very happy. I'm a foolish old man, but your goodness will look over this folly. Praise shant make me giddy or skittish. No, no!—when I've wiped my old eyes I'll take my pen once more with joy—with great joy, dear sir.

Gran. I envy that old machine his moment of real enjoyment, for it is real:—during his long solitary life the world has been to him a blank, his existence bounded by these dreary walls, and yet his remnant of a heart throbs from one touch of kindness! here am I with the revenues of a principality at my command, yet would I almost give that up to be permitted to feel as he does. Over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars—the midway to half a million is passed. Half a million! why not a million? I am still young in energy and spirit. Ah, that black malignant cloud! why will it ever pass across the sunray of my thoughts. Travers! hush! suppose he *should* hear; to be in his—in any man's power. Sterling! ah, he's safe; that friendly deafness! Sterling, I shall have no more occasion for you to-day.

Sterl. I'm glad of it! I'll go and tell my happiness to the sweet breath of heaven. I'll go, but—

Gran. But what? you have something to say—something to ask?—not an advance of salary! mind, I tell you beforehand that cannot be.

Sterl. No, no, no! I am profusely paid! too much indeed, and yet—

Gran. Come, what? out with it; don't stand fidgetting there; what have you to say?

Sterl. Nothing much; but I—I—saw *him* to-day.

Gran. Whom?

Sterl. My dear young master.

Gran. Travers (*Rises.*)

Sterl. Yes; but don't speak his name as if it stung you. I was his father's servant before I was yours.

Gran. Did I not caution you against mentioning that; you know or ought to know what cause I have to keep it blotted from my memory.

Sterl. I do, I do! at least I think you told me, he—

Gran. No matter what of *him* I told you. this I said, if ever you uttered word of him or his, that instant you ceased to be employed by me.

Sterl. You did.

Gran. And yet, in spite of this—you know what I have done for him.

Sterl. You helped him once, he was unsuccessful! but he is young; spare him something—you won't miss it, you won't indeed.

Gran. Miss it!—don't be a fool!—every dollar lent or lost is a step backward which must be crawled up again by inches. Why don't this Travers work! many a man's fortune has been made with less than he has squandered in carelessness. His age is now—

Sterl. The same as your own son's to a month. You are proud, justly proud of him; so would my poor dear master be of his, were he alive. Think what you would suffer could you see your boy, as I have seen the other, with his head buried in his fingers, his poor young weeping wife without the power to help or comfort him except with her painful tears.

Gran. My son can never be reduced to this; he must be wealthy.

Sterl. The avalanche falls sometimes upon the most fruitful vineyards as well as the most barren waste.

Gran. Silence, sir!—how dare you hint at danger or distress to him! What do you want? How much will satisfy this spendthrift?

Sterl. Well, since your kindness emboldens me to speak, it's no use patching up a worn out coat, so even let him have a new one. Give him another chance—a few hundred dollars more or less can't injure you, and may be his salvation. About five thousand dollars will suffice.

Gran. Are you mad, Sterling?

Sterl. Your son will have his half a million to begin with.

Gran. Half a million! He can hold up his head then, eh, Sterling; he can wag his tongue amongst the proudest of the land, eh, old friend?

Sterl. And not be ashamed of either head or tongue; for he's a noble youth.

Gran. He is! he is! My honest old servant and friend, I will help this Travers once more. (*Writes.*) but for the last time, remember that. After this interview forget his very name, or you must find another

home. Here's a check for five thousand dollars, get it cashed yourself and take it to him.

Sterl. Bless you! now this is like yourself; this is noble! My poor young—

Gran. Hush! be off at once—a word more and I recall the loan.

[*Exit* STERLING L. and GRANITE R.]

SCENE II.

TOM BOBALINK's Room. *Enter* TOM *singing* L. H.

Tom. (*Sings.*) "There was a jolly Miller once, &c." Hallo, pet, where are you? No dinner yet. I am early, to be sure, but uncommon hungry. I've heard of people taking all sorts of things to get up an appetite; if they'd only have the wisdom to take nothing for a short time, it's wonderful what an effect it would have upon a lazy digestion.

Enter POLLY BOBALINK, R. H.

Tom. There you are, bless your smiling, happy face! that's as good to look at as a shining fire to the poor frozen laborer! Come, what have you got?

Polly. It ain't much, Tom, cause you know we ain't well enough off to afford luxuries; but it's such a sweet little neck of mutton in a lovely stew, what you so much like, you know, with lots of wedgitables.

Tom. Gallopshus! Out with it, for I'm as hungry as an unsuccessful office-seeker.

Polly. Office-seekers! what are they, Tom?

Tom. Why, Polly, you know those downy birds we hear of, that, when some other has taken pains to get himself a comfortable nest, never rests until he pops into it; but he has the satisfaction of knowing that there's a whole flock waiting anxiously to serve him in the same way; but them's politics, Polly, and ain't proper for women to meddle with.

Polly. I agree with you there, Tom, dear; there's enough to occupy a woman's time and attention inside of her own house, without bothering her head with what's going on without.

Tom. Bless your homey little heart, if there were a few more *good wives*, Polly, there would be a few less bad husbands. This is glorious! Ah, Poll, if we could only be sure that we had even as good a dinner as this all our lives, how happy I should be. But I often think, my girl, if any accident should befall me, what would become of you?

Polly. Now don't talk that way, Thomas, now don't repine at your condition.

Tom. How can I help it? I try not, but it's impossible. When I see people dressed up and titivated out as I go jogging along with my poor old horse and truck, I envy them in my heart. I know it's wrong, but it's there, and it would be worse to deny it.

Polly. Could any of those fine folks enjoy their dinner better than you do?

Tom. No, my girl, not if they had forty courses. But eating ain't all; this living from hand to mouth, earning with hard labor every crust we put into it—never seeing the blessed face of a dollar that ain't wanted a hundred ways by our necessities, is rather hard.

Polly. Ah Tom! and thankful ought we to be that we have health to earn that dollar: think of the millions of poor souls that are worse off than ourselves; never look above your own station with envy, Thomas, but below it with gratitude.

Tom. Bless your heart, you'd make me contented in a coal cellar.

O'BRYAN *appears at door.*

Tom. Hallo, friend! what the devil do you want?

Polly. Don't speak so, Thomas; he's sick and in distress; there, suppose you were like that?

Tom. What, a Paddy? don't mention it. Come in, Irish—do you want anything?

Bryan. If you please, sir, I'd like to rest myself.

Polly. Sit down; poor man! I pity him, Thomas, though he's only an Irishman,—sit down!

Bryan. I didn't mane that, ma'am; a lean o' the wall and an air o' the fire, blessings on you for giving it to me.

Tom. A big lump of a fellow like you! wouldn't it be better for you to be at work than lounging about in idleness.

Bryan. Och then, that's true for you, sir, it would indeed be better, but where is a boy to find it?

Tom. Anywhere—everywhere!

Bryan. Faith, sir, that's exactly the place I've been looking for the last three weeks, and there was nobody at home. I hunted the work, sir, while I had the strength to crawl after it, and now if it were to come, I'm afeared I haven't got the strength to lay hold of it.

Tom. Are you hungry?

Bryan. I *am* a trifle that way inclined, sir, but I'm used to it; for many's the year I've felt the same onpleasant feeling—excepting it might be a month or so, awhile agone.

Tom. How was that? you weren't hungry for a month.

Bryan. No, sir; I had the good luck to catch a mighty strong lump of a fever, and it drove away the hunger while it lasted.

Polly. Poor man! sit down and eat; we haven't much, but it's better than nothing. [*Takes meat from table and gives it to BRYAN.*]

Bryan. I'd relish it better standing up if you plaze. God bless you! Sure it's the poor man that's the poor man's friend, after all. Sure, and you've saved me, soul and body, this blessed day. I have never begged yet, but it was coming on me strong. I looked into the eyes of the quality folks, but they carried their noses so high they couldn't see to read the starvation in my face, and I wouldn't ax the poor people, for fear they were as bad off as myself.

Polly. Ain't you sorry, Thomas, for what you said just now?

Tom. No! I'm more discontented than ever, to think that a few hundred swindling schemers or fortunate fools should monopolize the rights of millions. Isn't it a damned shame that I can't put my hand in my pocket and make this poor devil's heart jump for joy?

Polly. Point out to him how he can get some employment: all the money you could give him would be no use. See if you can't get him a chance to earn his living, and his heart will be continually jumping.

Bryan. May the heavens be your bed for this good act. I'm strong now—maybe luck won't be a step-father to me much longer.

Tom. Stay! suppose I were to give you something to do, what would you say?

Bryan. I wouldn't say much, sir, but I'd do it.

Tom. I can't give you any money

Bryan. I don't want it yet awhile, sir. I'll work for my bit; just let me drop in when ye's are done; the smell of the mate will be enough for me.

Tom. Come along with me then, and if I have any jobs, I'll get you to help me.

Bryan. Long life to you for putting new blood in my veins.

Tom. Ah, if I had only a little money, how happy we should all be.

Polly. Hush, Tom! I won't hear you say that anything could make you happier.

Tom. Not now, Pol, but bye-and-bye: to look ahead and see nothing but toil, toil!

Polly. Did you not hear how he *prayed* for what you so much dread?

Tom. That's a different thing; he's only an Irishman!

Bryan. True for you!

Tom. Come along, Paddy. Good bye, Polly.

Bryan. To be sure I will, sir, follow you all over the world. Long life to you, Ma'am, and may you never know sickness, sorrow, poverty or distress, I pray.

[*Exit TOM and BRYAN, D. F.*]

Polly. [*Watches them out.*] Bless his heart, if it were not for those little fits of discontent, what a man he'd be. But we can't be all perfect—even I myself confess to thinking of silks and velvets, sometimes, instead of cottons and calicoes—and I'll be bound if the truth were known, the great folks that wear nothing else but grand things, don't behave a bit better, but keep longing for something a little grander still; so he mustn't be blamed, poor fellow, and he shan't be, neither. in my hearing.

[*Exit R.*]

SCENE III.—*A plain Chamber*—HENRY and MARY TRAVERS.

Enter R. H.

Mary. Take courage, dear Henry, and hope for the best; the old man promised to speak to your uncle; when he knows the severity of our distress, he will surely assist us.

Hen. Ah, 'tis but a slender hope, wife; I know his stern unyielding nature too well. Is it not hard to see him revelling in wealth which ought to have been mine, for I am sure that it was at his dictation, and by his advice, my father made so unjust a will.

Mary. Will they not give you longer than to-morrow?

Hen. Not an hour they say. [*knock, L. H.*] Who can this be? every sound goes through my heart in pain.

[*Goes to door, L. H.*]

Enter, MRS. GRIMGRISKIN, L. H.

Mrs. G. Well, good folks, you'll excuse my intruding, but business, you know, is business; not that I want to make you feel uncomfortable,

but houses won't keep themselves ; lodgings is lodgings, board is board, and markets is markets ; beef and mutton don't jump into our hands promiscuous like, neither do the hydrants run tea and coffee spontaneous, as far as my slight knowledge of hydrants goes.

Hen. The plain sense of all this is—

Mrs. G. Exactly what I am coming to. I'm a woman of few words. I make it a point to send my bills in every month, and I presume it's not an unreasonable stretch of imagination to expect them to be paid ; rents is rents, and moreover must be paid ; and mine, I am sorry to observe is not a singular exception in such respect.

Mary. My dear Mrs. Grim—

Mrs. G. As I before remarked, I'm a woman of few words but I have my ears about me ; whispers is whispers, and ears is ears, and I have heard something that might make you uncomfortable, but as that is not my principle, I won't repeat it, but talkers you know will be talkers, and boarders never can be anything else in the world but boarders.

Hen. What have they dared to say of me ?

Mrs. G. Nothing ! Oh, indeed I'm proud to observe that my boarders pay regularly every month, and are therefore highly respectable ; and respectable boarders make a respectable house, and my ambition is to keep nothing else

Hen. May I be permitted to ask what this all amounts to.

Mrs. G. Just \$200, being 80 for board, and 120 for extras. I'm a woman of few words. [Gives paper.]

Hen. And I am a man of less. I can't pay it.

Mrs. G. I had my misgivings, notwithstanding your boast of being connected with the rich Mr. Granite. Allow me to say, sir, [*Sits.*] here I sit until you do pay it ; so you had better see about it at once.

STERLING puts his head in L.

Sterl. May I come in ?

Mary. Oh, yes ! let me look in your eyes. Ah, there is hope. [*Sterling shakes his head.*] No, no ! heaven help us !

Sterl. Heaven has helped you, my bright bird. I only shook my head to make your joy the greater.

Hen. What say you ? Has a miracle been done ? has that stony heart relented ?

Sterl. It is not a stony heart. I'm ashamed of you for saying so ! it's a good, generous heart, as I always knew it was ! It has made mine glow with long forgotten joy this very day.

Hen. Does he give us relief ?

Sterl. He does ! great, enduring relief ! What do you think of five thousand dollars.

Hen. You dream ! I dream !

Sterl. No, you're awake ! we're all awake, full up and overflowing with happiness.

Mrs. G. Five thousand dollars. You'll excuse me, but I'm a woman of few words. I hope you will not take anything that I have said as at all personal to you, but only an endeavor as far as in me lies to keep up the respectability of my establishment ! As for that little trifle between

us, of course you can take your time about that. I am a woman of few words, but when I *do* speak, I think I may be permitted to flatter myself it is to the purpose. [Exit R. H.]

[*Sterling, who has been searching his pockets falls into his chair with a groan.*]

Mary. What is the matter—are you ill!

Sterl. Don't come near me. I'm the destroyer of your peace and of my own forever. I've lost it! lost it!

Hen. Not the money?

Sterl. That's right—kill me—I deserve it! Oh, careless, careless, guilty, unhappy old man! Lost! lost! lost forever!

Mary. Heaven support us—this is a blow indeed!

Hen. Forgive even the appearance of injustice, my good, kind old friend. I am a doomed man! it's no use to strive against destiny.

Sterl. Don't, don't! this kindness is worse than your reproof. Let me die! let me die! I am not fit to live. Stay! I'll run back! Ah, I haven't the strength.

Hen. Come, come, old friend, take it not so much to heart; lean upon me; we'll go and search for it together; and even if it be not found, 'tis not a fatal loss so long as life and health remain. Come!

Sterl. You say this to comfort me, my boy. You see I'm selfish even now, detaining you when every moment is of consequence. [Exeunt.]

[*MARY appears tranquil until they are gone, then throws herself into chair and weeps.*]

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Tom. [*Without, R*] Whoa! you stupid brute, won't you? stand, will you? There, take that on your broad shoulders, carry it to No. 44, and wait for the money.

Enter O'BRYAN, R. H.

Bryan. 'Deed will I! [*Kicks on wallet.*] What's that? a soft stone, I suppose. By my soul, I'm rising in the world at last; if I'm not kickin' fortune before me like a foot-ball, I never will. Blessings on the day that I lighted upon that tender-hearted pair. I'm to go to 44, but how am I to find it? Here's 41, and next door to it is 43; divil take me if they haven't left out 44 altogether. Well, now, look here if 44 hasn't walked right across the street. Faith, if a fellow had to find out many numbers this way he'd be tired crossing the street.

Enter TOM, R. H.

Tom. That's right, up with you. You've got to cord another and bring it down; be as quick as you can, for jobs are scarce. [*Bryan enters door, R. H.*] That Polly is a regular dictionary of thoughtfulness; this poor Paddy is ready to jump out of his skin for joy that he's got something to do. I mustn't serve him as some folks I have heard of, who under the pretence of charity break a fellow's back with work. [*Takes out a dirty little wallet.*] Only fifty cents all this blessed day, and this job will make a dollar, and that's all the money I have in the world; but haven't I a sunny-hearted, loving, careful wife, and a home that I am always delighted to rush to? I must acknowledge that in the do-

mestic department I wouldn't change with the biggest bug of them all. I ought to be happy, and I will, too, in spite of the hard times. [*Kicks wallet.*] hallo, what's that? it looks very like—my gracious! how my heart throbs!—it is! [*Looks round—picks it up quickly.*] Money! heaps of money! The blood's running into my head. [*Puts it in his pocket.*] I feel faint. Hold, it ain't mine. [*Takes it out.*] I'll leave it there again! No, I won't! [*Pops it back.*] It's a windfall; nobody has seen me; how do I know that? somebody from those windows—what a fool I am! [*Whistles and walks carelessly to and fro*] It's no use! I can't persuade myself into quietness; it ain't safe here! it might fall out! [*Puts it into his hat.*] That won't do! [*Puts it into his breast.*] That's it! No poor man could have lost it, it's too much. Nobody wants it more than myself! What's that! there's a police officer—he's looking straight at me—I know he is, and I dare not turn. It's a new thing to me not to be able to look a man in the face. I'll go up to him and deliver it. [*Turns.*] He's gone! I'll be hanged if I don't keep it—*hanged!* ugh! what a peculiar feeling that word brings all about my back bone. I know I deserve it. My good gracious, the temptation is frightful! Pshaw! would the next one who passed by, be more honest than myself? deuce a bit. Fortune has sent it me, and by Jingo I'll keep it.

Enter O'BRYAN, R

Bryan. I found it!

Tom. You, you scoundrel, it's a lie! What do you mean by you found it?

Bryan. I found 44, and a purty circumlocutious travel I had to do that same. A man must be mighty drunk to go straight through this street any way.

Tom. Oh, I see! where's the trunk?

Bryan. Well, the lady towld me that the man that was goin' got a lot of money just now, so he's goin' to not go away for the present.

Enter HENRY and STERLING from house, L.

Hen. Don't be so alarmed, old friend, we may find it as we go along.

Tom. It's his money I've got in my pocket. What shall I do? I'll give it up. No, I won't—he looks well off.

Hen. I say, my man, you didn't find a pocket-book about here, did you?

Bryan. Is it me? the never a find! I wish I did.

Hen. Indeed! What for? You'd keep it, I suppose?

Bryan. Bad luck to the keep, and to you for thinking of it; but it's the way of the world—a ragged waistcoat is seldom suspected of covering an honest heart.

Hen. Those people have not seen it, that's evident. Come, let us search further. My good friends, if you should see or hear of any person who may have found this money, pray give notice of it in yonder house; for ruin, perhaps death, may follow from its loss.

[Exeunt HEN. and STERL., R.

Tom. Confound it, I must! No, I won't!

Bryan. Poor fellow! he looks wild.

Tom. Humbug! it's only put on to make us give it up.

Bryan. Give it up, eh?

Tom. That is, if we had got it; but don't stand prating there; if you mean to earn your salt, set about it. It's time to put the horse up. You can do it, can't you?

Bryan. If I can't I can learn. There's nothing in the way of an honest living that I won't have a try at.

Tom. Confound you, who wants you to do anything else; be off! I'm sick and goin' home. I've got an oppression on my chest, and if I don't have relief I'll drop in the street.

Bryan. Something's come over you since morning, sure enough. But you've been kind and generous to me, and may I never leave this spot, but if I could do you any good by taking the half of your complaint, I'd do it. [Exit, R. H.]

Tom. I dare say you would, but my constitution is strong enough to carry it all. Now for Polly! Shall I tell her? I've never kept a secret from her yet. But suppose she shouldn't consent to my keeping it! I shan't say a word about it. I'll hide it for the present—then swear I had a prize in the lottery. That's a capital idea! My God! what am I lingering about here for? I must go,—and yet I feel as though I were leaving the happiness of my life upon that spot. Pooh! lots of money will make any one happy. A good stiff horn or two will make me all right. "Begone, dull care,"—the singing is gone out of my heart, just now; it will come back bye-and-bye. [Exit R. H.]

SCENE V.—*Tom's Chamber as before. POLLY discovered at work.*

Polly. What a dear, considerate, good-natured husband I have, to be sure; the proudest lady in the land cannot be happier than I in my humble home. It's nearly time for him to be here, and I must get his bit of supper ready; it isn't much, to be sure, but it's honestly earned, and will taste the sweeter for the thought. I have a surprise for him for this evening—a delicious bit of tripe;—he's so fond of tripe as I cook it, and I made the man give me plenty of fat. Won't he like it! [Attends to pot on fire.]

Enter TOM slightly drunk, D. F.

Polly. My dear Tom, I knew you were coming. I said so to myself just now.

Tom. Did you? Then you didn't tell no lies.

Polly. What's the matter?

Tom. Why, what *should* be the matter? Where's the use of asking such a stupid question as that?

Polly. Don't speak so crossly, dear Thomas; I didn't mean any harm.

Tom. Bless your little soul, I know you didn't, and I'm a brute.

Polly. Indeed, you're nothing of the kind.

Tom. I am, Polly! I insist upon being a brute. Ah, you don't know all.

Polly. All what? you alarm me.

Tom. There's no occasion for alarm. [Aside.] I wish I could tell her. [Aloud.] I've earned a jolly lot of money to-day, Polly.

Polly. How much, Thomas?

Tom. Shall I! I've a great mind to astonish her weak nerves. I will! How much do you think?

Polly. I can't say!

Tom. No, I won't! a dollar!

Polly. Only a dollar! Well, never mind, dear Tom, we must make it do; and better a dollar earned as you have earned yours, by your own honest industry, than thousands got in any other way. But come, supper's ready.

Tom. I can't eat!

Polly. What, not the tripe, you're so fond of; onions as——

Tom. Pooh! Tripe is disgusting and onions is vulgar! I tell you I can't eat; isn't that enough?

Polly. Yes, if you say so, Thomas; but I never saw you in this temper before.

Tom. Why do you keep saying savage things that you know must aggravate me. Have you got any brandy in the house? I have a pain here that I think it would relieve.

Polly. Yes, I believe there is a little in the bottle. But, dear Thomas, have you not had a *leettle* too much already?

Tom. That's my business; do as I tell you.

Polly. Certainly! my poor Thomas, something must have annoyed you, or you would not have taken this drink. But you are so seldom thus, that I must humor you; the best of men are subject to temptation.

Tom. [*Starts up.*] What do you mean by that?

Polly. Why, even you have been tempted to forget yourself.

Tom. How do you know?

Polly. I see it in your face.

[*Exit for bottle, R. H.*]

Tom. I believe you do—everybody can. Yes, I am a marked man, and for what! I'll take it back. I cannot now, for I have denied it.

Re-enter POLLY with Brandy Bottle.

Polly. [*Tom drinks.*] You frighten me, Thomas; something has happened, I know there has!

Tom. Well, suppose there has;—is a man accountable to his wife for every moment of his time. Go to bed! Where's the use in whimpering about it. You've had such a smooth, easy road of it all your life, that the first rut breaks your axle. Ha, ha! don't mind me, Poll. I don't mean to wrong you; but you see I'm a little sprung—leave me to myself. Stay! kiss me before you go. I'll make a lady of you yet, Pol—see if I don't! Didn't you hear me tell you to go to bed?

Polly. Yes, Thomas, but—

Tom. Well, and why the devil don't you go? what do you stand staring at me there for, as if I were a ghost.

Polly. I'm going, Thomas, but pray drink no more.

Tom. I'll drink just as much as I please, and moreover, I won't be dictated to by you, when I can buy you and your stock up root and branch. I've stood your nonsense long enough; now take my advice and start at once.

Polly. Thomas, dear, never did I expect this; but you will be sorry for it in the morning, so I forgive you. [*Exit crying, R. H. 2 E.*]

Tom. Damn it! I am an unfeeling savage! [*Goes to door.*] Don't cry, Pol., I didn't intend to hurt you. I won't drink any more. [*Looks round and takes out pocket-book.*] I wonder how much there is. Lord, how my heart beats, and something whizzes through my head like a regiment of mosquitoes. I feel faint! What's that? I could have sworn I heard somebody call out my name. [*Pops it in again.*] I feel like a coward;—for the first time in my life the rustling of a leaf startles me. I never yet feared to stand up before a giant—but now a boy would cow me; it's only because I'm not used to it. Here goes! [*Takes out money.*] Fifties and hundreds, by Jingo. I never saw such a sight as this before. Ten, twenty, thirty, forty, a hundred! my eyes are getting dim. Ten, twenty, thirty—1 can't count it. I do believe I'm a little mad; but oh, it is a glorious sight! a feast! a banquet, that kills all other sights and appetites, and all mine! mine! Nobody saw me! nobody knows it! Nobody but one—but one! Ah, I mustn't think of that. [*Clasps his hand on head*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—GRANITE'S Office as before. GRANITE discovered.

Gran. Stay! I am alone! why not destroy all evidence of the old man's testament. [*Finds envelope of testament.*] Here it is! here are the cursed words, which uttered in a human ear would in a moment dash to earth the structure I have toiled for years to raise. [*Reads, and as he prepares to burn it, the paper drops, unseen by him, from the envelope; he burns the remainder in the grate.*] Thus, my son, do I peril soul as well as life for you! 'Tis done!—a brief, sudden flame, a few transitory sparks, and the past is sealed as with the silence of the dead. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Enter STERLING, L. H.

Sterl. Lost! lost forever! I've told him all, and he is inexorable. I have killed the son of my benefactor, destroyed the only thing on earth to which the wretched remnant of my life was devoted. He can't recover from the shock, I know he can't! nor can I! I feel as though my heart were breaking. I wish it would! I wish it would! To fall from such a height of joy into a gulf of despair—and I, I did it—I who would have sold my very life to bring him a moment of happiness. Oh, hard, desperate fate. [*Picks up packet and places it on desk.*] The crime of self-destruction is great, but I am sorely tempted! With chilling selfishness on one side, and such misery on the other, life is but a weary burden. [*Looks at packet*] What 'do I see? "abstract of will!" why, 'tis dated after that one by which Henry was disinherited. Powers of justice, should it be!—it were too much to hope; my limbs tremble—I cannot stand [*Puts on spectacles.*] Nor can I see!—a moment!—patience, old heart! Now, it is! it is! Oh, merciful dispenser of all good, let me but live to see this great wrong righted. Caution! caution! Oh

for an hour of youth and strength and energy. He comes! I have his heart within my very grasp.

Enter GRANITE, R. H.

Gran. Well, my good Sterling, I am to be troubled no more, I hope, by that fellow's pitiful whinings. I was a fool to be overpowered by you, but benevolence is my failing!—a commendable one, I own, but still a failing.

Sterl. I am glad to hear you say that, for you now have great opportunity to exercise it.

Gran. What do you mean?

Sterl. You see before you the most miserable wretch in existence:—the money you gave me——

Gran. Well?

Sterl. Is lost! I have lost it.

Gran. Pooh! old man; don't think to deceive me by such a stale device; that's a very old trick.

Sterl. Ah, I feared that, even more than the money's loss. You don't believe me?

Gran. No!

Sterl. After so many years?

Gran. The temptation was too much for you; the old leaven exhibited itself once more; you remember——

Sterl. Silence, sir!—the majesty of my integrity emboldens me to say that even to you, my master. Your cruel taunt has wiped out all of feeling that I had for you;—fellow sinner, hast thou not committed an error likewise.

Gran. Insolent!

Sterl. Nay, not an error, a *crime!*

Gran. How dare you insinuate?

Sterl. I don't insinuate, I speak out. I *know* you have!

Gran. Know it!

Sterl. And can prove it; but enough of this. I have lost the money you advanced; will you replace it?

Gran. Away, fool! you are in your dotage.

Sterl. A dotage which shall wither your strength and strip you in an instant of your ill-bought possessions;—the consciousness of detected guilt even now shows itself upon your ashy countenance. Since humanity will not prompt you to yield a portion of your stolen wealth, justice shall force you to deliver it *all—aye all! all!*

Gran. Villain, what riddle is this?

Sterl. One easily solved;—behold its solution, if your eye dare look at it;—a will devising all the property you now hold to Henry Travers!

Gran. Ha, ha! deceived! malicious fool, it is a forgery! it must be, for I burnt the——confusion! what have I said?

Sterl. Oh, you burnt it, did you? You cannot, you dare not dispute this evidence. There are dozens who can swear to my old master's signature. Stern, proper virtue would induce me to vindicate his son's cause, but I know he would not purchase wealth at the cost of your degradation; divide equally with him, and let the past be forgotten.

Gran. [*Aside.*] Ha! a glimmer of hope. [*Aloud.*] My kind, generous old friend, this is an act of clemency for which I was not prepared. In deep humility I acknowledge my very great crime, and shall make even more reparation than you require; let me but have a small pittance to retire into the oblivion which I have courted and deserved—the rest shall be *his* to whom it rightfully belongs. Your hand, old friend; you'll find that I shall repair all—thus! [*Snatches paper furiously from STERLING.*] Thus, and thus! you shallow-pated fool! And now the only evidence that could fling a shadow across the golden sunray of my good name, would be your fragment of miserable breath, which I could take, and would, as easily as brush away a noxious wasp, but that I despise you too entirely to fear your sting. Go, both of you, and babble forth your injuries to the world. Go and experience how poor a conflict starveling honesty in rags can wage against iniquity, when clad in golden armor. I defy ye all. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Sterl. Oh, villain, heartless villain—lost, lost forever.

[*Staggers off, L. H. 1 E.*]

SCENE 2.—*Tom's chamber as before.*—*TOM discovered asleep on the floor.*—*Enter POLLY R. H.*—*She goes quietly over and touches him on the shoulder.*

Tom. [*Waking up suddenly.*] Stand off! you shan't have it, it's mine!

Polly. Why, Thomas, what are you talking about?

Tom. Oh, is that you, Poll? Nothing, nothing! I had a nasty kind of a dream, that's all. I couldn't sleep all night and I've just had a few cat naps, and very uncomfortable they were.

Polly. My dear Tom, you mustn't drink any more. You see how it leaves you in the morning.

Tom. So it does, Poll! what a dream I had. Ah, the darkness is a terrible time to get over when one's conscience is filling the blackness with fiery eyes. Ha, ha, ha! [*Aside.*] I've a devilish great mind to astonish her, and I will too! No, I won't! not yet! [*Aloud.*] Polly, do you know it's my belief that you were cut out to be a rich woman some of these lucky days.

Polly. Dear Thomas, let me be rich in the happiness of our humble but contented home. I ask for nothing else.

Tom. Pooh, nonsense! suppose, now, you got a heap of money—a prize in the lottery or something of the kind. wouldn't you like to elevate your little nose and jostle against the big bugs?

Polly. Not at the price of our comfort, Thomas.

Tom. You're a fool! money can buy all sorts of comfort.

Polly. What do you mean, Thomas, by those hints about money? has anything happened?

Tom. No, oh no! but there's no knowing when something may! now I'll try her! [*Aloud.*] It's my dream, Polly: shall I tell it you?

Polly. Do, my dear Thomas. I'm so glad to see you yourself again.

Tom. Well then, I dreamt, that as I was returning from a job, what should I kick against in the middle of the road with nobody near but

me, at the time—what should I see, but a wallet. I looked into it and found it stuffed with money: presently the owner comes along, enquiring if I had found it, I said no—clapped it in my pocket and came away a rich man.

Polly. I know your heart too well, Thomas, to believe that such a thing could occur except in a dream.

Tom. Why not? I should like to know. If fortune did—I mean, if fortune *were* to fling luck in my way, don't you think I should be a great fool not to grab at it?

Polly. Thomas, you've been drinking too much.

Tom. No, not enough; give me some more.

Polly. Not a drop! husband; if you will poison yourself, it shall not be through my hand.

Tom. Fetch me the brandy bottle and don't be a fool. I'm master of my own home I should think.

Polly. Home! Ah, Thomas, some evil spirit I fear, has stolen away our once happy home forever.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

Tom. There has, and this is it. Confound you, I'll have nothing more to do with you. [*Throws it on table.*] Poor Polly! I'll take the cursed thing back. I wouldn't have her eyes wet with sorrow to be made of money. I'll find out the owner. Stay! why should I take that trouble, let him come to me; it will be time enough then! it's rather hard to be obliged to throw away a fellow's luck. Here, you O'Bryan!

Bryan. [*Without D. F.*] Sir!

Tom. Truck ready?

Bryan. All right, Sir!

Tom. Then I'll go out and see what a little work will do. There was a time, I thought if I had as much money, I should be able to jump out of my skin for joy, however I came by it; but now that I have it, I don't feel so dreadful happy. Poor Polly! she's crying, I know she is. I never went out to my labor without giving her a parting kiss—but now I haven't the heart; the fact of it is, I'm perfectly miserable and there's no disguising the fact. I have it! I know what I'll do—I'll go some where, a terrible way off—right out of the bounds of civilization, to New Holland, or New Zealand, or New Jersey.

[*Exit leaving wallet on table.*]

O'BRYAN *appears at door.*

Bryan. There's a job at that place we were in yesterday, the trunks are goin' after all—and so by the same token is the old woman's tongue. [*Sits on chair.*] Well, glory be to fortune, I'm on the high road to good luck at last. [*Knife, and bread, and cheese.*] Plenty of the best in the way of eatin', an illigant stable to sleep in, and the finest of straw to sleep on—with a christian like quadruped for company. If I had only a trifle of money to get myself some duds, wouldn't I be so full of fun and industry I'd take the buzz out of a hive of bees. Bad luck attend me, if I don't think the divil has slipped a swadge of temptation before me at the very word; but the never a one o' me'll touch it. Get out, you schemer! I feel the whisk of your tail as natural as if I saw it.

I wonder whose it is? it ain't mine anyway! You needn't stare me in the face that way. I wouldn't howld you no more nor if you were made of blazes! and maybe you are, you black looking bit of bedvilment.

Enter POLLY, R. H.

Polly. Gone! Is Thomas gone!

Bryan. Just this minute or two back. Howld hard! don't come this way; do you see that?

Polly. What is it?

Bryan. Don't touch it! it's Temptation! bedvilment! I was foolish enough just now, to wish I had a trifle of money, and may I never see harm if that lump of a pocket book didn't spring up afore my eyes.

Polly. Thomas must have dropped it! Ha, I know! it must be! his dream was not a dream but the reality; he has found this and his uncertainty whether to retain it or give it up, has caused his sleepless uncomfortable night. Did you hear any one say they had lost money yesterday?

Bryan. Faix, I believe I did.

Polly. Where?

Bryan. Just a street or two beyant.

Polly. Quick! quick! my shawl and bonnet; it shall be returned at once. Come, show me the place, Bryan. I don't know how it came here but this money *must* be that which has been lost.

Bryan. Who knows but it may; at all events one comfort, if it ain't enough, maybe there'll be a fresh crop when we come back.

[*Exeunt, L. D. F.*]

SCENE III.—GRANITE'S Chamber as before.

[*Voice without.*] He will not see you.

Sterl. [*Without.*] He must! he shall! [*Enters L.*] Heaven has endowed me with an increase of strength and resolution for this, my last interview.

Enter GRANITE, R. H.

Gran. What outrage is this? Did I not warn you never to cross my threshold again?—beware, lest the residue of your days be passed within a prison's walls!

Sterl. I care not! your inhumanity and vile ingratitude to those whose inheritance you have stolen, have made me desperate. Oh, I'll be patient, humble, cringe and lower myself to be the veriest dog that ever licked the hand that spurned it, if you will but be merciful. You don't know how they suffer.

Gran. You have heard my answer. Here, Williams!

Sterl. Not yet! not yet. I implored you once for the sake of your own flesh and blood;—recollect, the measure that you mete out may be returned on his head—your son's.

Gran. I won't hear you speak of him. Dare but to couple his name

with the vile herd, and I'll have you driven hence with blows. Williams, I say! can I not be obeyed? You have had my answer before; hear me repeat it and bellow it in your deadened ear. I wouldn't give you or the viper who sent you here, a shilling, if I saw you and the whole crew starving before my face. The property is mine! mine! I hold it by the strong arm of the law, and I will keep it, despite of—

Sterl. Heaven's justice. Take heed! it sometimes overtakes the guilty in their hour of greatest triumph.

Gran. I'll hear no more. Go, or I shall strike you to my foot. Here, Williams.

Enter WILLIAMS, L. H.

Gran. You are come at last! why did you not answer me?

Williams. Because the messenger who brought this letter said that its contents would concern you nearly. Your son, sir—

Gran. Ha, my son! Letter! Concern me nearly! Give it me! What terrible presentiment of evil sweeps across my thoughts like a shroud. [*Tears it open and strikes his forehead in agony.*] Dead! dead!

[*Faints—WILLIAMS and STERLING assist him.*]

Sterl. Miserable man! retribution has come suddenly. Is it his son?

Williams. Yes, sir; he was found dead in his bed at college last night.

Sterl. This is terrible!

Gran. [*Reviving.*] Oh agony! agony! it must be a dream! a hideous! a damned dream. Say that it is. Who are you? Ah, old man, you have slain him and I'll have your heart's blood. Williams, what is this? where is my son? Oh, my boy! my boy! my noble, innocent, glorious boy! Dead! No, no! there's some life, some hope! Paper, Sterling, paper! My heart is broken! Let Travers have all. I'll sign it;—perhaps the tardy justice may propitiate Heaven, and my son will yet live! He's in a trance! a faint! Come, let me sign, then take me to him—beggared! but living! No matter! while I have breath, let me see him once—once more.

[*They bear him off, L. H.*]

SCENE IV.—MRS. GRIMGRISKIN'S, *as before.* *Enter TOM, cautiously.*

Tom. I cannot keep the cursed thing any longer; this is the house, and luckily the coast is clear. I'll make it all right in a jiffy. Where shall I put it?—cry out and swear I found it under the trunk—or put it under the sofa? No, they must have looked. I'll leave it on the table. Yes, that'll do. Ah, where is it! I couldn't have lost it. Oh, that would be sure perdition. I have it! It's not here! Now what a cursed villain I am. Oh, it serves me right; why did I yield to the temptation. Stay, I may find it in the street! No, no, it's gone—gone! clean gone! Some rascal, bad as myself, has got it;—but there may be a chance. I'll look through the back streets I came along. God help me—if I don't find it I shall go mad.

[*Rushes out, L. H.*]

Enter MRS. GRIMGRISKIN, HENRY and MARY, R. H.

Mrs. G. You'll excuse the intrusion, if you please, but being a woman of few words, there can be no necessity for me to inform you that this is my house, meaning of course, as long as I pay my rent, which I

don't see the slightest possibility of doing unless a similar proceeding takes place with regard to my rooms.

Hen. What do you mean?

Mrs. G. I mean that people as can't pay, should have no objection to turn out in favor of them as can: so perhaps you'll be good enough to act accordingly. [*Exit, D. F. 1 E.*

Enter hurriedly POLLY and O'BRYAN. L. H. 1 E.

Bryan. This is the house, and there's 44.

Polly. Oh, sir—Miss! I beg your pardon for breaking in upon you so suddenly. but have you lost any money?

Hen. Yes, my good woman, a large sum. Speak, in mercy—say, do you know of it?

Polly. Was it—was it *taken* from you?

Hen. No! it was dropped in the street.

Polly. Thank Heaven for that relief—here it is!

Hen. It is! it is!

Mary. Bless you! bless you! you know not what a weight of misery you have alleviated.

Hen. Take half of it; it honestly belongs to you.

Polly. Not a penny! I hate to look at it.

Hen. Won't you, my good fellow?

Bryan. Not if you were my father, I wouldn't. Sure I'd rather feel the feeling that's warming me up like a piece of sunshine while I'm looking at you there now, than all you could give me. They say money that isn't earned is the devil's wages, and I don't want him for my master, any way.

Hen. Tell me, my good, kind friends, where did you find this money?

Bryan. Sure, sir, it looked me straight in the face, and axed me to pick it up, and I was afraid, sir, and——

Polly. My husband found it, sir, and thought—that——

Hen. I have no right to ask any questions; it is returned—and I have no doubt, correctly.

Polly. Pray sir, look at it, I have a reason for wishing you to do so; is it—is it *all* there?

Hen. It is all correct; not a shilling lost.

Polly. Then sir, whatever pleasure you may enjoy in its recovery cannot equal mine in being the means of restoring it to you.

Bryan. May I never, if here ain't the mather coming over in a state of distractitude.

Enter MRS. GRIMGRISKIN, 1 E. R. H.

Mrs. G. What's the meaning of this uproar.

Bryan. It's no business of yours Mrs. Woman of few words.

Mrs. G. Ah, you ignorant Irishman!

Bryan. Troth, and ye haven't called me out of my name, Ma'am. I know enough anyway to keep me from saying anything agin a female, when she tries to forget that she's a lady.

Polly. Oh, sir—you said you would like to assist me. All I wish you

to do is to look over my husband's fault; he's a good man, indeed he is but the drink is in him now, and——

Hen. Never fear me! you have saved my life—all our lives and my gratitude is yours forever.

TOM rushes on L. H.

Tom. I have lost—Polly here!

Polly. [*Interrupting him.*] Yes love. I did as you told me, I brought the money, you know, that you found. May I sir? you see how he is.

[*All go up but POLLY and TOM.*]

Tom. What's this, Polly? What do you say? Money! why it's lost! No! did you? it can't be! My head! what with brandy and terror I am in an awful state. There, I can hear now. Dear, dear wife! guardian angel! speak to me—tell me again, did you find it?

Polly. I did!

Tom. Hurrah! And brought it here?

Polly. Yes.

Mrs. G. What do I hear.

Tom. God bless you! he will! he will! Oh, sir!

Polly. Hush! he knows nothing, but that you found it, and sent it by me. You did; you know you left it there for me to take.

Tom. I wish I could tell this fellow that [*Strikes his breast*] and he would believe me; but I did mean to give it back.

Polly. I know you did, dear husband: your true heart could not harbor a bad thought long.

Hen. My good friends!

Mary. My kind, honest fellow, your hand.

Tom. I can't! Poll, I can't—I'm half a scoundrel still; how dare I. [*POLLY signs for him to take her hand.*] All shake hands with Tom.

Hen. Ah, here comes good old Sterling.

Enter STERLING, L. H.

Hen. By the gloom on your brow you have been as unsuccessful as ever; but we shall make you shed tears of joy; this good fellow here, has found and restored the money! why you don't seem glad! has that old rascal——

Sterl. Hush! heaven has avenged you in a sudden and a fearful manner.

Hen. How is this? Mr. Granite——

Sterl. Is dead!

Hen. Dead! with *him* let his faults be buried; his son may be more merciful; he will inherit——

Sterl. He has inherited—his father's fate.

Hen. Dead?

Sterl. Justice may slumber for awhile but retribution must come at last. You are now, by the old man's signature, his sole heir.

Mrs. G. I'm a woman of few words, but if I had been a woman of less, I do believe it would have been more to my advantage; but never mind, sudden millionaires are generous. Hem! I am sorry to intrude upon the solemnity of your grief, but there's a lovely first floor—such a

carpet, just turned for the season—bath room on the same floor—hot water.

Bryan. Plenty of that, I'll be bail!

Mrs. G. It ain't my intention to say much—

Bryan. Well then don't! haven't you got the gumption to see that there's one too many here?

Mrs. G. Then why don't you go, you Irish savage.

Bryan. Because I'm not the one.

Tom. Do you forgive me, Polly?

Polly. From my heart.

Tom. Bless your kind soul! I have learnt a wholesome lesson and never—never shall I forget it, and I hope none of our friends will forget it either.

EPILOGUE.

Tom.

There is a moral in our little play,
Whose influence may not be cast away,
Oh! think what magic's in a kindly word,
And mercy show to those who've slightly erred.

Polly.

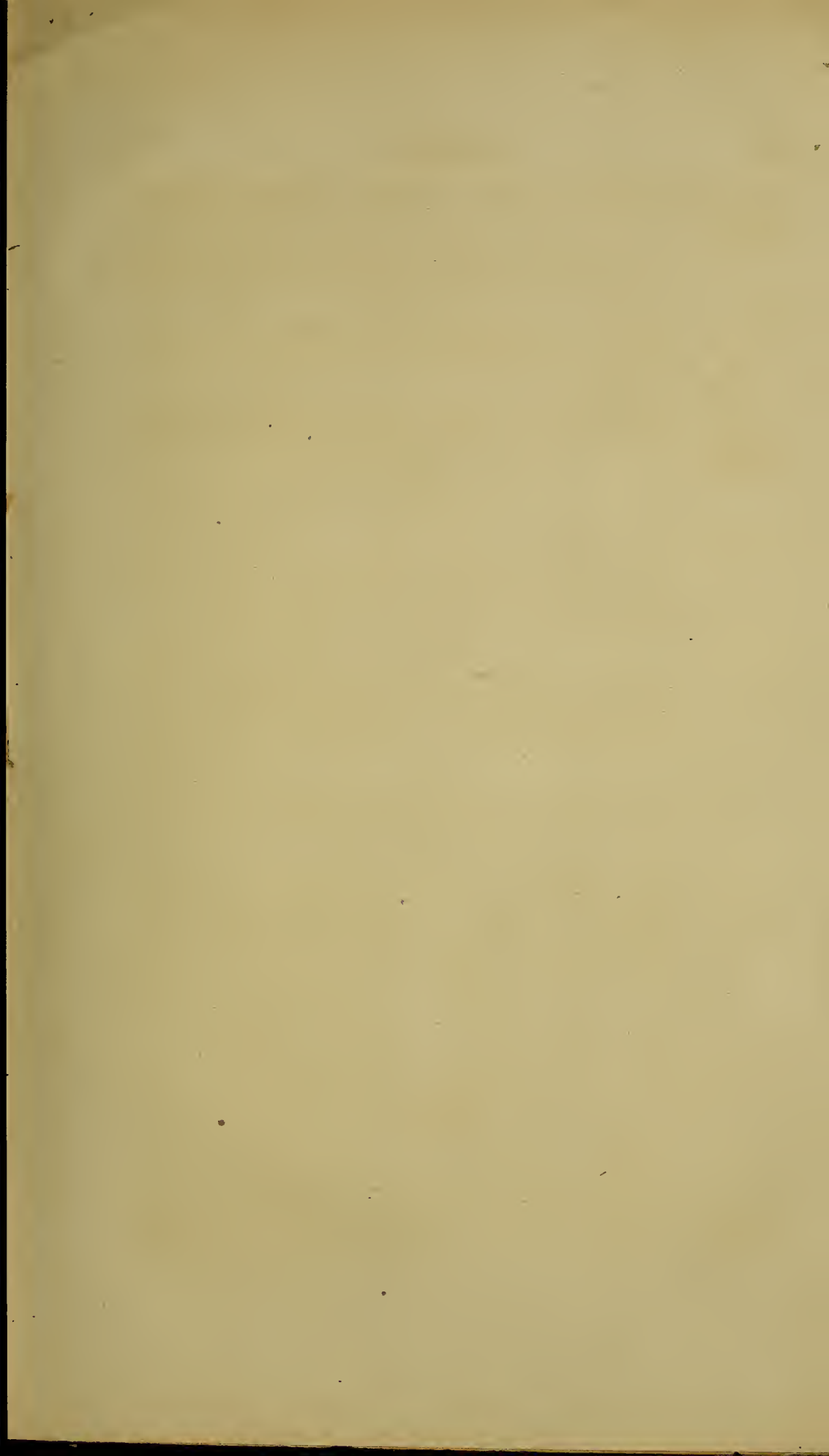
I was to blame dear Tom to envy those
Whose wealth enabled them to wear rich clothes;
But mercifully was this lesson sent,
To teach us, the best wardrobe is content.

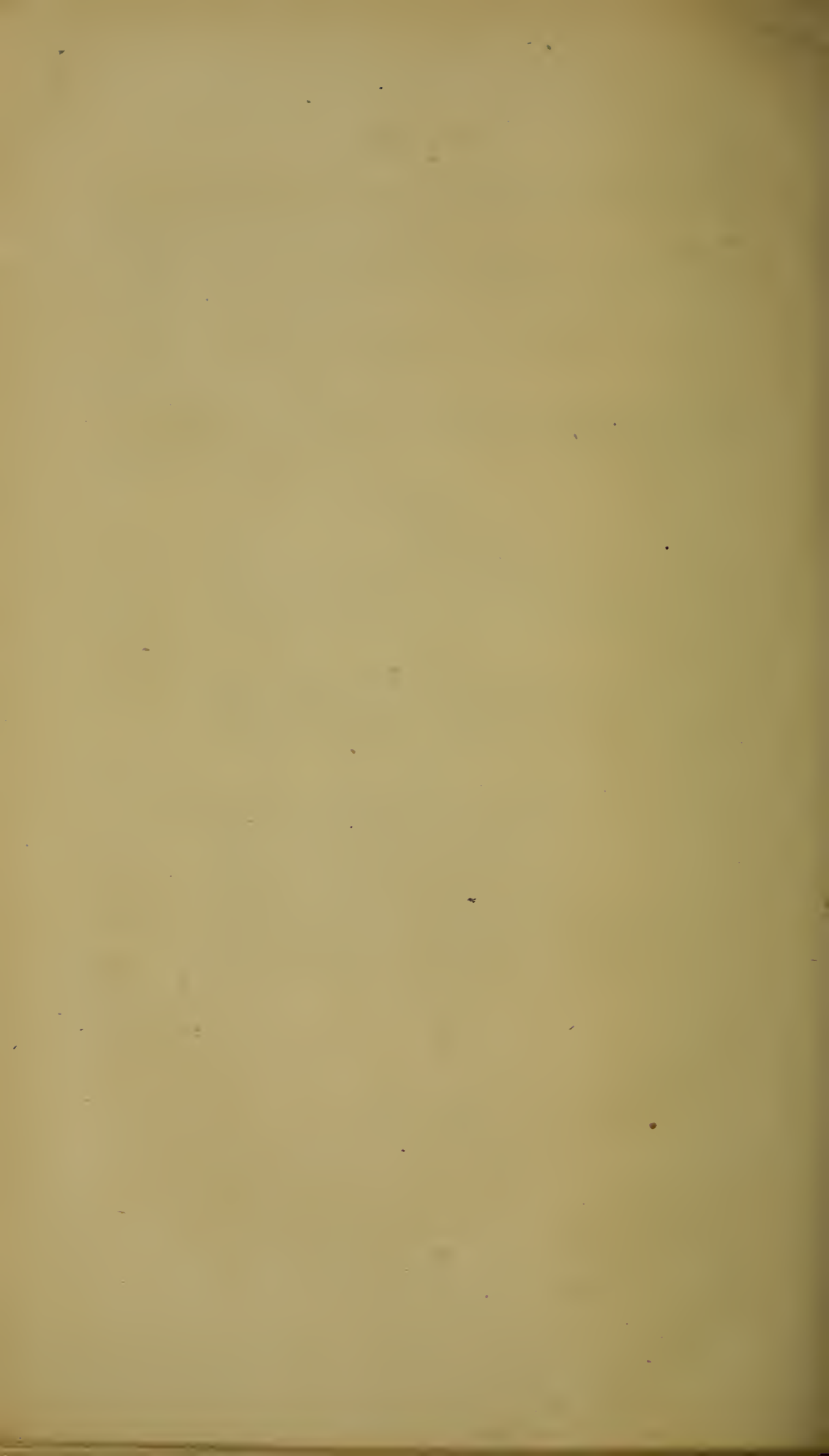
Bryan.

That's true enough my darling, didn't I,
By forgetting of that same completely fly
Into temptation, like a big bull calf.
Why hanging is too good for me by half.
I'll venture now to say a word to you,
I'm sorry to differ with the worthy few,
They'd have you shun Temptation, don't you *do it*,
But when *you see Temptation here, come to it.*

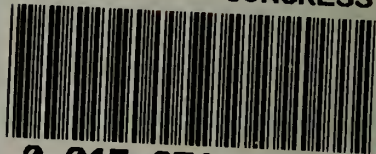
CURTAIN.

THE END.









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