

AN ORIGINAL SENSATIONAL SOCIETY PLAY.

STIRRING COMEDY DRAMA,

PS635

Z9L2565 ENTITLED—

THE INSANE LOVER;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE LIBERTINE.

IN THREE ACTS AND SIX TABLEAUX.

BY SIMON M. LANDIS, M. D.

Author of "The Devil's Kingdom." "The Social War of 1900 ;
or, The Conspirators and Lovers." "Lessons in Search of
Greatness ; or, Stepping Down the Ladder." "The
Fiend ; or, Torturer of Innocence." "Mesmer, the
Terror of the Rich," &c.

PRINTED, BUT NOT PUBLISHED,

By the Author, *Dr. S. M. Landis*, at his Medical Institution
13 NORTH ELEVENTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1875.

Exp.



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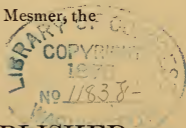
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CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

Age.

22. CHARLES WELDON, "THE INSANE LOVER." Genteel modern suit.
28. TOM FAIR, a rake and millionaire. Fine broad cloth, fashionable suit.
36. JIM BLUSTER, a drunken outlaw. Shabby genteel modern suit.
26. HANS, a wide-awake servant. Ordinary servant's suit.
18. MISS JENNIE WINSLOW, a coquette. Fashionable modern dress.
20. BIDDY McFLANIGAN, an Irish lass in love with HANS. Servant's suit.

SERVANTS, PEASANTS, &C.

THE INSANE LOVER;

OR,

THE FATE OF THE LIBERTINE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Drawing Room of Miss Jennie Winslow. She reads a love-letter from CHAS. WELDON.*

Miss Jennie Winslow.—[*Reads.*] “My dear Jennie—I love you better than my own life! I hope you are fully aware that Tom Fair has designs upon your chastity.” What can he mean? Oh! he is only a little jealous! Ha! ha! ha! the dear fellow! “And I warn you against his wiles; because, he is a very deep scoundrel! And if man was ever born to seduce a virtuous woman, he is that man, so my darling beware! beware of this rake!” Great heaven! This language to me! The impudent boy must think I am a fool! I am as indignant as I can be! I wish I had him here, I’d teach him a little lesson. I do not believe that Mr. Fair is that sort of a gentleman! He is rich, and always very polite and gentlemanly; moreover, he moves in the best of society, and is admired by every lady of taste! I wish he would make love to me! Yes, I should encourage him all I could, and thereby teach Mr. Charley Weldon a lesson for his insulting letter to me! But, I almost forgot [*Looks at letter.*] that I had not finished reading this chaste epistle, which was written for my special (?) benefit. “Do you know that I am awfully jealous, and I would murder any man who would take you away from me!” Ha! ha! indeed! jealous; but I’ll teach you, my boy, to beware how you write insulting letters to me without cause! [*Meditates a moment.*] But, then he is all alone, away in that old orthodox college! [*Cools down.*] I pity him! He loves me dearly, [*Kisses the letter.*] or he would not be so jealous! I will finish it. “If you should cease to love me, I’d”—What do I see? [*Shocked, stares and reads.*] “If you should cease to love me, I’d murder you!” [*Screams and falls on chair.*]

[Enter BIDDY McFLANIGAN.]

Biddy McFlanigan.—[Runs to her MISTRESS.] Och! dear lady, was it ye that screamed, an' what bees the matter wid yer swate silf?

Miss J. W.—[Composed.] Oh! nothing, nothing! Go, please leave me—

Biddy.—Lave ye; no, swate lady, ye air sick, an' I could not lave ye—

Miss J. W.—[Enraged and nervous.] Go, or I'll murder you! [Makes for her.]

Biddy.—[Scared, runs out and screams awfully.] O-c-h! murder, murder! Hans, Hans, where air ye?

[Exit BIDDY Left. Enter HANS Right.]

Hans.—[Red faced and fierce.] Mine Cot, wat bish de madder mid youens! [Expects to find BIDDY, but sees MISS W. instead, which causes him to be bewildered.] Becks pardon, I makes much misdake, because I heard mine Piddy holler in dis room, and wen I comes, she wash not been here! Ha! ha! you bees here, and she bees not here! Ha! ha! ha!

Miss J. W.—[Smiles, but is vexed.] Yes, yes, she was here, but has gone into the kitchen. [Points.] Go there, you'll find her.

Hans.—Yaw, yaw, wise Gott, I goes! Ha! ha! [Stands still.]

Miss J. W.—[Impatient and nervous.] Go!

Hans.—[Jumps.] Mine Cot! she bish as mat as mine pig bull! [Frowns.]

[Exit HANS.]

Miss J. W.—Once more alone; these stupid servants are a nuisance, but they are by this time making love for themselves. Now to finish this letter.—[Reads.] "If you should cease to love me, I'd murder you!" [Meditates, holds her heart and sighs.] Oh! Charley, dear Charley, how can you write such cruel words? "Remember my words, and shun Tom Fair. Farewell.

CHARLEY."

[Falls into a chair, a knock at the door. Enter MR. TOM FAIR.]

Tom Fair.—Miss Winslow I hope will pardon me for this abrupt intrusion upon her private meditations; but I have been sent by Mrs. Weldon, the mother of your particular friend Mr. Charley Weldon, to inform you of an accident that befel Mr. Charles—

Miss J. W.—[Holds her heart and faints.] O-Oh!

T. F.—[Spies the letter which she dropped, and after he makes her easy, takes and reads to himself.] Great heavens! This of me, and to her, and from Charley Weldon, my tried and true friend and schoolmate? Curses on this bastard ingrate; whom I have favored with gifts, loans and friendship! [Drops letter where he found it.] She is coming to, I must be calm!

Miss J. W.—[Sighs and moans.] Oh! where am I?

T. F.—Here in your own cozy drawing-room—

Miss J. W.—Please, ring the bell for the servant—

T. F.—Permit me, dear lady, to be your servant—

Miss J. W.—[*Indignant.*] No Sir, I thank you—

T. F.—A moment first, before you call your servant—

Miss J. W.—Well, quick then, what is it?

T. F.—If you send for your servant, I will not have an opportunity to relate the incidents, that caused the accident of your devoted lover!

Miss J. W.—[*Frowns. Aside.*] Is this man teasing me, or what does he mean? I'll try him. [*To him.*] Of course, he is a true, good fellow! So pure and affectionate!

T. F.—[*Looks lovingly.*] I wish some one would esteem me in that light! Dear lady, it is a blessing to be loved by so beautiful and fascinating a person as yourself.

Miss J. W.—Indeed! [*Sarcastically.*] But, I did not say that I loved him—

T. F.—I am delighted, that you do not love him—

Miss J. W.—[*Indignantly.*] Who do you mean?

T. F.—Mr. Charles Weldon, of course!

Miss J. W.—What is that to you?

T. F.—Everything, sweet lady! [*He advances to her.*]

Miss J. W.—Stand back and finish your errand, then you can leave!

T. F.—I am no errand-boy, I'd have you know! I am a gentleman who does not brook insults with impunity; neither have I anything to tell you from any one, but I came here of my own free accord, for the purpose of gaining your affections, and—

Miss J. W.—Silence! [*Pointing to door.*] Leave, or I'll call my servant, who will put you out!

T. F.—[*Smiling.*] It would take a very strong man to put me out, and then you would expose yourself so much as to expose your lover's best friend.

Miss J. W.—If you refer to Mr. Charles Weldon, you make a mistake; because he is no friend of yours, I had a letter to-day that proved this assertion; and you certainly are not his friend, or you would not insult him through me as you have just done!

T. F.—Yes, I have been his most substantial, if not his most affectionate friend—

Miss J. W.—How is that?

T. F.—Easy, my dear, and I'll tell you! Who is one's best friend? Money, money! [*Strikes his pocket.*] And he, and even you, have lived on my friendship! Yes, open your charming eyes, and deny it, if you can! And more than this; I have used influence that placed him and his above want! Ha! ha! ha! Poverty is a crime! And when it comes into the house, love flies out, and you know this to be as true as preaching. With my wealth and influence I can place you above want, or on the contrary, crush you! What do you think of my friendship? Is it worth having?

Miss J. W.—[*Looks puzzled.*] You speak the truth, when you say that money is one's best friend! But, at the same time it is a sad state of affairs, when the human family become enthralled in this manner!

T. F.—I do not exactly comprehend you. Do you mean, dear

lady, that I propose to enslave you, because I have plenty of it? If you do, you are mistaken, but, it is *pure love*, with which I would like to captivate you, and then when that is done, I am the man who can supply the substantials to sustain everything, without the wings of poverty carrying away the better share of mortal's happy days; because, you must know that one cannot be happy without the necessaries of life; and you fashionable ladies [*Smiling.*] have numerous expensive wants. Am I not right?

Miss J. W.—You are right in your last remark, but Mr. Charles Weldon is talented and respected; moreover, when he returns home as a fully bred lawyer, he may soon make plenty of money—

T. F.—Not if I oppose it, because my money and influence can ruin all his bright prospects—

Miss J. W.—But you would not be so cruel and wicked as to carry out your threats?

T. F.—Certainly not, if you promise to love *me* and relinquish your affection for him! But, if you do not encourage my suit, I shall do that very thing.

Miss J. W.—[*Aside.*] Great heaven! what can I do to save dear Charley? I dare not reject this tyrant, and to encourage him would imperil both our lives, should Charley discover us! [*To him.*] Promise me to do nothing hastily, because time may change your mind!

T. F.—Certainly, fools only do things hastily! But I have loved you ever since I first saw you, some six or seven years ago; and Mr. Weldon promised to introduce you to me, but from some cause or other he always failed to do so! I suppose he was jealous!

Miss J. W.—He does not love me well enough to be jealous of me; because, they say, [*Laughs.*] it requires great love to provoke it—

T. F.—Yes, great love or great selfishness! With me it is genuine love, as I have no need to be selfish, having sufficient money to supply my every wish outside of love! But, [*Shrugging his shoulders.*] with a poor man, like Mr. Weldon, selfishness is self-evident, or he would not want to drag you into poverty! because, what else but poverty could he give you for your love?

Miss J. W.—I must say that you reason well, and I am proud to have so noble a gentleman as yourself pleading for my hand—

T. F.—[*Aside.*] Devil take her hand, I don't want to marry the poor fool, but I want her love! [*To her.*] Yes, my arguments generally are water proof, and so are all the many wants, which make handsome young ladies like yourself, queens in *elite* society!

Miss J. W.—[*Looks quite pleased, and exhibits some affection.*] I sincerely believe that we could agree very well, and I could—

T. F.—Love me, sweetest lady! [*Grasps her hand and waist, embraces her.*] Say so, and be happy!

Miss J. W.—Certainly, I desire to be happy!

T. F.—Heaven bless you for that! [*Kisses her amorously, she lays limber in his arms.*]

[Enter Mr. CHARLES WELDON.]

Charles Weldon.—[Suddenly upon the lovers.] My curse upon ye both! [Grasps her, and dashes her to the floor, then springs upon him like an infuriated fiend.]

TABLEAU.

SCENE 2.—Kitchen or Dining Room, of Miss JENNIE WINSLOW'S house. HANS and BIDDY making love.

Biddy.—Hans, ye does not care what becomes of paples, or ye wuld have gone tow Miss Jennie's room, when she screamed.

Hans.—[Embraces her.] Dunder und blitzen! wash I not been dare, und she told me to gits oud; und if I wash been oud, wen I wash been told so, I goes not pack to be told ower to go oud! Mine Cot, put I loves you! [Holds and kisses her amorously.]

Biddy.—[Screams.] Lave me be, ye has no true luf fur eny one—[Wants more hugging.]

Hans.—Mine Cot, I dinks I wash been luffing you mid mine whole boddy, und you dinks, I luf wash not been much strong! Gott in himmel, cum hare, und I shwallow you—[Grasps her in his arms, throws his legs around her, and lays his neck around hers, &c.]

Biddy.—[Submits quietly.] Ye bees a funny boy. [Laughs.]

Hans.—Poy! [Laughs and smacks his lips.] When I beens a poy, what beens your mans? [Hugs her more and kisses her fast.] Mine Cot, wen I lufs her I beens a poy, und wen I lufs her not, I beens haf no drue luf to anyboddy. [Looks quizzically at her, whilst he takes a resting spell, still holding her tightly.] Das been much grade works! Mine Cot, if I knows dat mine Piddy here [Pointing to her.] wash not been luf by dis pusiness, I'd leafer not works so much! [Sighs, sweats and blows hugely, but hugs and kisses all the time fast and hard.]

Biddy.—Och! Hans, ye air a funny boy!

Hans.—Mine Cot, yust hear dat! I beens a poy anoder dimes! Say, young womans, how much has it took of luffing in dis way to make a mans, if I wash been a poy all dis dimes?

Biddy.—I mane, Hans, that ye air a boy, becace ye act so quick wid yer jerks.

Hans.—[Stares with quizzical amazement.] Yust hear dem womans spoke! Wen I squose her mid mine whole life, she call dem "queek yerks," und wen I do nottin, she spokes, I wash haf been a poy! [Laughs.] Mine Cot, what ways kan one mans do, what makes luf to dis womans!

Biddy.—Why, Hans, ye should be more gentlee.

Hans.—[Rough speech and boisterous.] "More shentlee," [Laughs.] "more shentlee!" [Aside.] I dries anoder way, what am "more shentlee," und haf no "yerks." I yust lick her mid mine tong! [Sticks out his long tongue and laughs. To her.] Piddy, mine sugar and molasses womans, I wash a dinkin a blans what wash not been mid "yerks," oder "more shentlee." [Smothered laugh.] It wash been dis way! [Begins to lick her face all over, whilst holding her still and tight.]

Biddy.—[*Screams.*] Och! ye dirty feller!

Hans.—[*Puts his hand on her mouth.*] Now, I beens a “dirty feller.” [Laughs. Licks her again.]

Biddy.—[*Screams and struggles to get loose.*] Go away, ye pisons me wid yer rough tongue. [She slips from his grasp, looking all ruffled, and tumbled hair.]

Hans.—Cum hare; [Beckoning her with his finger.] wen I wash making your hairs purdy mid mine tong—[Goes for her, she runs and falls, he falls over her awkwardly, and bruises his nose.]

Biddy.—[Laughs as he holds his nose.] An’ shure, ye got yer desserts fur bein’ so indacent—[Points and laughs.]

Hans.—[Half mad, laughs roughly.] Ha! ha! ha! [Addresses the audience.] Dem womans, dinks she wash been smart, when she goeses dat way.—[Points as she did.] I dinks dat is damned stoopid. Ha! ha! ha!

Biddy.—Hans, if ye will promise to behave yersilf, I’ll forgive ye fur slobberin’ myself all over.

Hans.—[Looks comically.] Wash dat so! Yust look at dem womans what haf one harts as pig as a moundains. [Waves her to him.] Cum, I forgifs you doo; dat wash, if you sung me dem songs what I likes so much!

Biddy.—Shure, of ye bees rale fine, I’ll do it fur ye!

Hans.—Yaw wole. [Sing together.]

SCENE III.—*Drawing Room of Miss Jennie Winslow. Enter the “INSANE LOVER,” Mr. Charley Weldon, who looks ghastly pale, dishevelled hair, hatless and distracted.*

Insane Lover.—[Rushing like a madman into the room.] Here, O, here was the place, where I did it, and he too was dying, when I tore them apart! Ha! ha! ha! Oh! ha! ha! ha! She soon died, ha! ha! ha! when I dashed her to the floor! [Shows how he did it.] She would have lived to this day, had she been true to her vows to me! Ha! ha! ha! [Raves awfully in a hysterical manner.] But, I told her in my last letter that I should murder her, if she was false to me! Ha! ha! ha! O, ye gods, I have kept my promise, I am true, ha! ha! ha! always true to my promises! ha! ha! ha! true to my promises! [Calms down as he spies a letter lying on the floor, picks it up and pretends to read it.] A letter, [Opens it.] my letter, I’ll read it as I am alone! [Looks around.] “Dearest Jennie!” [Discovers it to be a letter from Tom Fair to Miss Jennie Winslow, when he screams and goes on terribly.] Heaven, hell, earth and air! It is Tom’s letter to Jennie! Oh! ye everlasting demons of torture, avaut! Tom Fair, Tom Fair I’ll be after you! Beware, beware, I’ll keep my promise with you, as I’ve done with her, whom you have betrayed, ravished and deserted! May all the realms of damnation open their infernal jaws to receive your incestuous carcass! Ha! ha! ha! [Points heavenward.] Oh! ye gods of vengeance, and all ye gods of love, I am preparing food for your

morbid appetites! I was born to conquer, born to terrify and annihilate my opponents! [*Calms again.*] Ha! ha! ha! I submit myself to Cupid! Come to me, you sweet curator, thy laurels shall be unfettered and free as the mountain air! I have sacrificed already one of nature's noblest creatures, have safely embalmed her, thereby shielding her from the wiles of wealthy libertines and rakes, who go about devouring thy subjects, sweet and lovely goddess of love! My love is pure as water, solid as a rock, lasting as time, tender as a dove, absorbing as a mountain of sponge, and when abused or maltreated rises up in my soul and curses every thing before it, until one vast ocean of carrion monsters stare at me like devouring wolves, whose natures terrify every woman that yields to the offerings of deceivers! Ha! ha! ha! ha! Beware, beware then, all ye maidens how ye receive into your confidence the defilers of Cupid's children! Rise and flee from the offerings of wealthy libertines, for as sure as the god of love adorns the sacred brow of innocence, so sure art thou shorn of thy virtue, when Tom Fair's go about, compassing sea and land, and proselyting the earth to their hell born passions! Oh! fly! fly! from his presence, and save your souls, young women, from the torture of mammon kings! Ha! ha! ha! ye all obey me, except one, one, one! Oh! pity and curse that one! Yes, may hell and the devil surround her faithless soul, as she harrows my vitals; drinks the marrow of my bones, and spews it to the four winds of the earth, without thought, fear or favor! Unloose your grip on my lifeless heart, and avaunt, or I'll call the gods of vengeance to cast you into outer darkness, where eternal longing for love will flood your soul without being gratified in the least! Ha! ha! ha! [*Terribly agitated, falls on the floor insensible and exhausted.*]

[*Enter BIDDY and HANS.*]

Hans.—I luf you morer dan anyding. But you womans been always lookin' oud for some more fellers, what am richer than we mans! Bis dis not so, mine Piddy? [*Chucks her under the chin and smiles sweetly.*]

Biddy.—Hans, ye were making luv to Miss Kittie Conover, the other day, an' ye need not be accusin' me of havin' more than one lover.

Hans.—Mine Cot, I wash not been makin' luf to Miss Kittie Conover; but, I yust dells you! Ha! ha!

Biddy.—An' why don't ye tell me, thin?

Hans.—Yaw, you gifs me dime, wen I dells you dat I wash not been makin' luf to Kittie; ha! ha! but dat fine womans wash been makin' luf to me. What you dinks of dat?

Biddy.—Begorra! an' I tink ye are lvin', Hans.

Hans.—Nine, I wash not lvin', I wash standdin'! [*Spies INSANE LOVER.*] Gott in himmel, Piddy [*Points.*] looks dere, dat mans wash beens lvin'.

Biddy.—[*Shudders and nestles close to HANS, being scared.*] Hans, darlin', plaze put him out, he looks crazy!

Hans.—Piddy, does ye dakes me for a pig army? [*Also looks scared, and backs toward the door.*]

Biddy.—Och! see, he is gettin' up! Ye go and put him out.

Hans.—Nine, by Cot, I does not begins dem foolish dings mid such crazy mans!

Biddy.—Hans, darlin', ye air a coward.

Hans.—What for you sphoke dem foolish dings! Mine Cot, id would not pay to have mine head brokes mid dem crazy mans dingoos.

Biddy.—See, he is gittin' up! Ye go for hilp—

Hans.—What you makes so much spectawkle of dis pusiness? Go dineself und told Miss Chennie! [*He points past where IN. L. lies and pushes her, whilst he runs off the other way scared.*]
[*Exit one right, the other left.*]

In. L.—[*Rises up and crawls to the lounge, lies on floor and lays his head on lounge and moans.*] Oh! O, my weary, weary brain! [*Strokes his forehead and sighs.*]

[*Enter MISS JENNIE WINSLOW and BIDDY.*]

Biddy.—There's the crazy man.

Miss J. W.—Great heaven! It is he!

Biddy.—Who, did ye say?

Miss J. W.—Never mind, Biddy, but go and leave me!

Biddy.—Och! me swate lady, an' he might harm ye.

Miss J. W.—Never mind, but go. [*Angry.*]

[*Exit BIDDY.*]

In. L.—[*Shakes his whole body as if getting a spasm, and groans.*] Oh! O, my head!

Miss J. W.—[*Weeps, and goes to him. Lays her hand quietly on his shoulder.*] My poor, dear Charley! In heaven's name, what has changed you so in a few days? [*He is silent.*] Charley! Dear Charley! [*Strokes his forehead gently.*] Don't you know me?

In. L.—[*Suddenly he raises his head and stares at her wildly.*] Ye gods of love, I am with you once again! But I am weary and forsaken, therefore give me peace and quiet! [*Is docile.*]

Miss J. W.—[*Aside.*] Great Father, I've been the cause of all this; yes, my flirtations have brought this noble soul to this condition! Oh! woman, woman, what your pride can do! Had I not been so ambitious, to outdo my sisterhood, I would have shunned Mr. Tom Fair, and continued true in word and deed to my dear Charley! After all, I love him only; even in this distracted condition! Money and influence may provide imaginary wants and make a butterfly of one, but they do not satisfy a loving heart. Heaven forgive me, and I vow by this desolate soul, that I will make every reparation in my power, even to the sacrifice of my own life, to save and love my dearly beloved Charley, Oh! Charley. [*Shakes him, he awakes as it were.*] Charley, speak to me!

In. L.—Who calls Charley? [*Mildly.*]

Miss J. W.—I do, your own Jennie! Speak, oh! speak to me! [*Weeps.*]

In. L.—Certainly, fiend!

Miss J. W.—I am no fiend, my love!

In. L.—[*Becomes animated.*] Love! Yes, Cupid, I am here at your bidding; although Tom Fair has crossed my path in love, yet I love on as if I had never seen him! Oh! if only she had proved steadfast, I could have been happy, but alas! now, I am lonely, [*Weeps.*] forlorn and forsaken! [*Weeps.*]

Miss J. W.—[*Weeps likewise.*] No, no, my dear Charley, [*Stroking his forehead and cheeks.*] you are not forsaken! I love you more than ever! I pray you look at me, and believe me that I always loved you; have been true to you—

In. L.—Accursed be the tongue that lies! [*Speaks unconcerned, as if no one was about.*]

Miss J. W.—Indeed, indeed! I have been true to you; however, I admit a little indiscreet, having been flattered and courted by a cunning scoundrel, but I have never loved him, my love is yours; will you have it, my dear Charley?

In. L.—Love, love; yes, I love you, dear lady; you have a beautiful hand, [*Takes it into his and looks at hand, but wont look at her face.*] it looks more like the hand of a young lady I knew than the hand of a “goddess of love!” May I kiss it?

Miss J. W.—Certainly!

In. L.—[*Is shocked, jumps to his feet, greatly agitated.*] Who are you, and what do you want here?

Miss J. W.—Don't you know me? Please look at me—

In. L.—[*Weeps again.*] Cupid, Cupid; ye gods do not drive me mad! Ye mock me with your familiarities; ye torture me with your wiles, but I am content! [*Drops his head.*]

Miss J. W.—Oh! had it not been for Mr. Thomas Fair—

In. L.—Tom Fair! [*Flies up furiously and terribly agitated.*] Who calls Tom Fair? I'll murder him, the first chance I get; where, where is he? [*Grasps her fiercely and roughly.*] Tell me, or I'll send you to hell! Ingrate, fiend, monster, carrion, liar, viper, snake! [*Dashes her violently away, but instantly seizes her again.*]

Miss J. W.—Oh! do not curse me, I'll make every reparation—

In. L.—Reparation! [*Bends her over, chokes and handles her awful roughly, she screams.*]

Miss J. W.—Help! help!

In. L.—Yes, help, help! Come, oh, come, ye gods of vengeance, and assist me to tear the false heart from every mother's son. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

[*Enter HANS and BIDDY.*]

Hans.—Mine Cot, Piddy, [*Pointing and scared.*] Look dem crazy mans wash been killing dem womans—

Biddy.—Murder, murder, murder!

Hans.—Yaw, wise Gott! murder! murder, much damn murder! [*They run around the stage screaming, until the whole neighborhood is aroused and brought to them.*]

[*Enter JIM BLUSTER and PEASANTS.*]

Jim Bluster.—[*Runs and grasps INSANE LOVER by the*

throat, endeavors to tear him away from Miss J. W.] Scoundrel, I'll teach you a lesson—

In. L.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Jerks him aside ferociously as if a flea.*] Ye gods of vengeance, rise up in your everlasting majesty and concentrate your forces upon this bedlam of vipers! Ha! ha! ha! [*Flies around, strikes in every direction, dives through the crowd, some of which try to secure him, but he floors them as if they were nothing. All look scared to death.*]

J. B.—[*Having secured a huge club.*] Take that! [*Miss J. W., grasps his arm just as he is going to strike the poor lunatic, who turns around, spies them, dashes J. B., to the floor, puts his foot upon him and opens his arms to Miss J. W., who flies into them.*]

In. L.—Ye gods of love, millions of thanks! Ha! ha! ha! mine is the victory!

TABLEAU.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Drawing Room of Miss Jennie Winslow.*

Miss Jennie Winslow.—[*Sitting downcast.*] Poor, poor Charley! He now is in the Insane Asylum, a confirmed lunatic, say the physicians, but I have every hope that he will be restored to me! Had it not been for that scoundrel, Tom Fair, we might now be happy; because, dear Charley was always sober, industrious and ambitious; which is more than Tom Fair can say, who is either drunk, or at his old game of leading innocent girls astray!

[*Enter HANS.*]

Hans.—Miss Chennie, dat damn mans beens in de barlor, what wants to seen you—

Miss J. W.—Who is it, Hans?

Hans.—Id wash been dat feller what goes damn drunk mid Jim Bluster!

Miss J. W.—Great heaven! it is Mr. Fair! [*Hesitates ominously.*] Well, Hans, show him up!

Hans.—Yaw! [*Aside.*] Mine Cot, what beens dem womans comes to! Dey lufs de feller mid blenty of monish, yust so mid mine damn Piddy McFlanigan! Yaw wole, wise Gott! [*Exit.*]

Miss J. W.—What can he want? It seems to me, that I gave him a final answer when we last met! but some men never know where to cease their intrusions upon those they have made miserable.—Hark! he is coming, I must arrange my toilet somewhat, or, he will think I have grown poor! [*Goes to mirror and fixes herself speedily.*]

[*Enter TOM FAIR.*]

Tom Fair.—[*Fiercely.*] Well, my charming Jennie, I am delighted to meet you again! [*Walks up and extends his hand.*]

Miss J. W.—[*She don't receive it.*] I should think you might know better, than to go where you are not wanted—

T. F.—Of course, sweet lady, I never go where I am not wanted.

Miss J. W.—What did you come here for then?

T. F.—Because you want and need me! Ha! ha!

Miss J. W.—Don't be too sure of that. [*Rings for the servant. Enter HANS.*]

Hans.—I wash been here—

Miss J. W.—Hans, show this person the door!

Hans.—[*Determined and saucy.*] You mans, haf you seen dat door?

T. F.—[*Looks at the door and smiles.*] Yes, I have seen that door, what of it?

Hans.—[*Pulls off his hat, coat, vest and cravat and spits into his hands.*] By Gott, I yust shows you damn loafer, what of id! [*Goes for him.*]

T. F.—Stop a moment, Hans! [*To Miss J. W.*] Miss Jennie—

Hans.—[*Hopping pugilistically around.*] Miss Chenny, must I shtop a momend, before I shows him dat door?

Miss J. W.—Yes, stop a moment.

Hans.—[*Feeling his muscle.*] Mine Cot, I beens sorry for dat. [*Stands ready for action.*]

T. F.—I wish to inform you that unless you listen to me, you will prove your own destroyer.

Miss J. W.—[*Remembering her indebtedness for rent, &c., shudders.*] What do you mean Sir, by your threats?

Hans.—[*Hops about. Aside.*] Gott in himmel, I winch, I yust culd gif him von! yust von leetle von!

T. F.—You had better send your servant away, when I will tell you what I mean.

Miss J. W.—Hans, you can leave us.

Hans.—Yaw! [*Aside, whilst putting on his clothes.*] O, Mine Cot, but I would likes to have beens shown dat damn mans dat door!

Miss J. W.—I say, Hans, you can go.

Hans.—Yaw! yaw! I beens goin? [*Shakes his fist at TOM FAIR and grumbles. Exit.*]

Miss J. W.—Now then, we are alone, so be brief, but none of your trickery.

T. F.—My dear Jennie—

Miss J. W.—Don't be so familiar, or I wont listen to you—

T. F.—[*Sits down beside her and grasps her wrist.*] Yes, you will listen to me, and very willingly at that.

Miss J. W.—Take your hands from me, I am no criminal, that you need to chain me.

T. F.—[*Aside.*] But you will be damn soon, if you don't listen to my love. [*To her.*] As you will, but please believe me, that I love you better than my own life—

Miss J. W.—Is this the ruinous threat by which you mean to conquer me?

T. F.—No ma'am! This is love, but as you despise my proposals in that manner, I'll just form my words more forcibly. You are in debt for rent and for many other things, and I have bought

up everything that stands against you and your mother; and if you refuse my overtures of affection, I shall sell you out and set you out in the street forthwith!

Miss J. W.—[*Writhing in agony.*] Oh! heaven! what shall I do! Dear Charley, if you were only well now—

T. F.—Ha! ha! ha! But he is not well; he is a confirmed lunatic, confined in an asylum for such miserable wretches!

Miss J. W.—[*Rises before him like a giantess, furious.*] Cease to call him a wretch, or I'll strike you to my feet, you venomous reptile. [*Distressed and weeps.*]

T. F.—My dear young friend, I did not call *him* a wretch, still he is a poor miserable fellow—

Miss J. W.—Yes, and who caused his misery but yourself, you infamous heretic and scoundrel!

T. F.—You wrong me—

Miss J. W.—How do I wrong you? You who have everything that heart can wish for—

T. F.—Except your love, dear lady! [*Grasps her hand and falls upon his knees before her.*] And you shall share everything that I have got, with me, if you will only love me! See, I humble myself before you; I kneel in submission to you, which I have never done before, to God or mortal!

Miss J. W.—[*Aside.*] Oh! mother; O, Charley; O, all ye powers above! Shield and guide me aright in this bitter hour of trial! [*To him.*] Get up, please, and tell me what I can do to satisfy you for my indebtedness. If you love me, you will give me a short time to liquidate the same!

T. F.—The only way, dear lady, that you can ever liquidate your debts is by loving me! If you persist in your determination to cast me off, I shall turn your bitter enemy, and can you afford, or is it safe to do that? Mark well my words, because I mean what I say, and seldom waste many words.

Miss J. W.—[*Puzzled.*] Will you give me a few days time to consider this matter?

T. F.—Why do you wish to consider it at all? Charles Weldon is a raving lunatic, and I am a gentleman of wealth and influence, who offers to share everything with you; now, please decide instantly!

Miss J. W.—I can't and I won't! My heart and hand belong to another as long as he lives, whether he is sane or insane, and all the wealth, influence, words and threats in the world could not change me one iota! So do your worst! Leave me instantly.

T. F.—[*Aside.*] Curse this stubborn fool! I'll compel her to be mine! [*To her.*] You insist then that I shall leave you?

Miss J. W.—Yes Sir, I do; go! [*Rises and orders him out.*]

T. F.—[*Enraged, rises to go.*] I am going, proud pauper! But I'll come again when you least expect it, and in a manner that will astonish you! Ha! ha! ha!

SCENE II.—*Chamber of TOM FAIR. Enter TOM FAIR and JIM BLUSTER.*

Tom Fair.—Come, Jim, let's have a drink of my genuine bourbon—

Jim Bluster.—Aye, my boy, you know what's good! [*Smacks his lips, as TOM pours out the stuff of damnation.*]

T. F.—Of course I do. [*Aside.*] I will make this loafer drunk, when he will do anything for money! Ha! ha! Miss Jennie Winslow, your cake is baked.

J. B.—[*Drinks freely.*] Say boss, this is delicious, hic, why don't you drink? You generally take the most, hic, hic.

T. F.—Never mind, I have business on the tapis that requires a clear head—

J. B.—The hell you do; do you mean to say that, hic, hic, my head is not damn clear? Hah! do you? [*Rises and staggers.*] Look, boss, now I am fit to do any kind of business, hic!

T. F.—Just so, and for this reason I want to engage you to do a particular little job for me!

J. B.—[*Smiles.*] How much? [*Holds out his hand.*] And what is it, I am cocked for anything, hic, hic?

T. F.—Here are fifty dollars, and when the work is done, I'll triple it—

J. B.—Bully boy, hic; I am at it, what is it, spit it out? hic, hic.

T. F.—To-night, sharp at 8 o'clock, Miss Jennie Winslow, is to visit the Insane Asylum in the suburbs, and she may remain inside an hour or more, I want you to watch when she goes in, so you will know her when she comes out; and when she does come out, I will be there with my close carriage, and when I say "this way for Miss Jennie's carriage," I want you to throw a blanket over her head, and dash her into my coach! Then you jump in with her, and the balance you shall learn as we move along!

J. B.—Be gad, you are a brick, old boss, hic.

T. F.—Do you mind, what I said?

J. B.—Of course, boss, I'll be there, square!

T. F.—Enough said! [*Exit both.*]

SCENE III.—*Exterior and Interior of Insane Asylum.*—
CHARLES WELDON *in a cell. Enter MISS JENNIE WINSLOW and KEEPER, watched by JIM BLUSTER.*

Miss Jennie Winslow.—[*To the KEEPER in corridor.*] Is Mr. Weldon calm now, or is he still violent?

Keeper.—Yes ma'am, he is calm now! He has not been violent for a long time!

Miss J. W.—Then I will enter his apartment, hoping however, that you will be near at hand, in case he should become violent.

Keeper.—Certainly, I'll remain on the outside, so I can be with you at a moment's warning!

Miss J. W.—Thank you. [*Enters cell, INSANE LOVER lying on a bed or lounge.*]

Insane Lover.—[*Groans.*] Oh! O, Jennie, Jennie!

Miss J. W.—[*Kneels by his bedside, with uplifted hands in supplication.*] Powers of heaven, I fervently pray, send a ray of light upon the soul of my beloved Charley!

In. L.—[*Awakes and rises up.*] Cupid, O, Cupid, I have felt thy thrilling darts! Thou art ever by my side, for which accept my everlasting thanks! Thy charms are soul-stirring, and I would be an ingrate to overlook thy vivid sparks of living fire! Ha! ha! ha! Thou art true! No coquetry about thee! Jennie, O, Jennie, why could you not remain as true as lovely Cupid! Ha! ha! ha! because, mortals can be flattered, but thou hallowed “goddess of love,” canst not be beguiled by aught! Thanks! thanks! thanks! Ha! ha! ha!

Miss J. W.—[*Lays her hand on his forehead, he remains quiet and smiles.*] Dear Charley, I love you as much as you do your charming Cupid?

In. L.—Love! Love! [*Looks wildly into the heavens.*] Of course, love only passes as par at this bank! We deal in nothing else but love, true love, that nothing, not even death, can sever! Don't we gentle Cupid? Ha! ha! ha! fond messenger of joy! Thou dost always answer in the affirmative! Blessed partner of my toils, thou art the very image of grace! Yes, both thy vigilance and zeal magnetize mortal souls; and thou feedest thy children on endless volumes of bliss! But, I see thou desirest to retire for the night; therefore good bye, good bye! [*Kisses his hand in the air.*]

Miss J. W.—Oh! what can I do for this poor, dear mortal? He is so gentle, so eloquent and tender in his pleadings with the tender affections! Undoubtedly he would have been as loving to me, had I remained steadfast! Yes, had he not found me with Tom Fair—

In. L.—[*Rises wildly to his feet and rants about his cell.*] Tom Fair! Tom Fair! Ha! ha! ha! [*Mildly hysterical.*] Don't you come where I can reach you, or I shall murder you and cast you into the jaws of the gods of vengeance! Ha! ha! ha! [*Throws himself on the bed, and buries his head in his hands and weeps.*]

Miss J. W.—He is insensible to everything, except that horrid man's name! Oh! heaven protect him from harm and grant a speedy recovery of his senses! I must leave him! [*Goes to him.*] Good bye, dear Charley, I must leave you, but Cupid will remain with you; may your tender soul be comforted by him, until the real joys of life will illumine your noble mind! [*Weeps.*]

[*Exit from Asylum MISS JENNIE WINSLOW.*]

J. B.—Hark! she is coming, now for our bird! [*Throws a blanket over her head, she screams.*]

Miss J. W.—Help! Murder!

In. L.—[*Hears it and seems to be sensible to it, jumps up and flies to the door.*] What, what have ye done to her? Come! come! ye gods of love and vengeance and protect, protect her! There, there, ha! ha! ha! Cupid you have again obeyed my com-

mands! Ha! ha! ha! Ten thousand thanks! Ha! ha! ha!
 [*Throws himself on his bed and continues laughing.*]

J. B.—[*Waits a moment, until IN. LOVER is quiet, fixing blanket.*] All is quiet now.

TABLEAU.

SCENE IV.—*Dining Room or Kitchen of MISS JENNIE WINSLOW'S house. Enter HANS and BIDDY.*

Biddy.—Hans darlin', do you tink that our swate mistress can be found agin?

Hans.—Yaw, wise Gott, I wills find her, und if I muss beens hunten her all dis dimes! Gott in himmel, it wash beens dat mans what I wash to "show dat door," und what Miss Chennie stops me from showen dem damn mans dat door! [*Shake's his fist.*] I just wants to gif him von leetle von, what Miss Chennie wont let's me gif him! Mine Cot, now I wants to gif him much pig vons!

Biddy.—Ye air right, Hans darlin'. If ye could only find him, but ye air very sharp, aren't ye? [*Chucks him tenderly under the chin.*]

Hans.—[*Stoops to her.*] Dat wash gude, mine sugar und molasses Piddy! Doos dat much more, und den I be damn if I doos not find dem mans, what loaf's mit Jim Pluster!

Biddy.—[*Chucks him more and kisses him.*] There, ye naughty boy take that!

Hans.—[*Laughs, strikes his knee.*] Mine Cot, yaw, I dakes dat und beens a naughty poy so long as I lifs! Piddy, mine sugar und molasses, you beens looken oud for Miss Chennie, when I goes mit mine old coats und dem dutch caps, what nobody knows; und I damn queak finds where beens Jim Pluster und Tom Fair!

Biddy.—Yis darlin' Hans, but ye be kereful not to git discivered or hurted. An' where will ye go fur to larn where our swate mistress is?

Hans.—I goes to de Lager Beer Saloons where dem damn fellers goes und makes much drunk. Now, cum [*Looks at her lovingly.*] gif me anodder of dem naughty poys! und den I sing you von songs. [*She kisses him, &c.*]

SCENE V.—*Insane Asylum. Enter TOM FAIR and KEEPER.*

Tom Fair.—Is Mr. Charles Weldon still an inmate of the Asylum?

Keeper.—Yes Sir, he is.

T. F.—How is he getting? Any hopes of his recovery?

Keeper.—Oh! Yes Sir, the doctors say that in a few months he may be cured.

T. F.—[*Aside.*] The devil he may. [*To KEEPER.*] Is he gentle, or otherwise?

Keeper.—Oh! very gentle.

T. F.—Conduct me to him!

Keeper.—This way Sir.

[*TOM FAIR enters cell, KEEPER locks him in and leaves them.*]

In. L.—Oh! Jennie! Jennie! had you not yielded to a rakish

tongue! Oh! O. [*Groans lying on bed, but now sits up, but does not notice him.*]

T. F.—The fool still harps on Jennie. [*To him.*] Mr. Weldon, don't you know me? Look at me, don't you know your old friend?

In. L.—Yes, ye gods of love, and gods of vengeance, I know ye both, but my soul does not pant for carrion blood just now! Please, O please, shield me from devouring him! [*Gentle now.*]

T. F.—To whom do you refer? [*Trembling.*]

In. L.—Cupid, dear Cupid, why dost thou wave me in that bloody direction? Thou hast never done so before! Oh! do not leave me; I pray, I pray, do not leave me! Ha! ha! [*Rage beginning.*] I behold my gods of vengeance; come then, ye terrible ministers of torture, and guide me to the spot, where deeds of mercy and Cupid's tread cannot appear! I am sorry! sorry! very sorry! [*Weeps.*]

T. F.—[*Aside.*] I am afraid of this mad man! [*Tries the door, finds it locked. To IN. L.*] My dear Charles, do you not know me? I am your old friend, Tom Fair.

In. L.—[*Springs upon him with one bound, like an infuriated demon, and dashes him upon the floor.*] Dog, carrion, and libertine! [*Tears him around terribly, raises him on his knees, choking him until he is purple.*] The gods of vengeance have sharpened my appetite for you! Ha! ha! ha! You, you, Tom Fair! Tom Fair! The drunken seducer! The rich rake! Ha! ha! ha! Charley Weldon, the fearful, has got you now safely in his clutches of vengeance! [*Again tears him around the cell, until every bone seems to be broken in his body, and looks lifeless, then dashes him on the floor, and sits down on his bed nearly exhausted.*]

T. F.—[*Groans.*] Oh! O, O, heaven!

In. L.—[*Watches him like a cat watches a mouse.*] Ha! ha! ha! Ye gods of vengeance, laugh at men's misery! Ha! ha! ha! [*Stares awfully into void space.*] What? What? More, more yet! Ha! ha! ha! and still more! Oh! is there no mercy in your composition? None, none! Oh! none. Then, beware, awake! Tom Fair and all ye fair libertines, and let me summon you to your doom!

T. F.—[*Crawls into a corner, trembling.*] Murder! help! help!

In. L.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Points at T. F.*] Look at yonder coward! Ha! ha! ha! He calls for help! Screams murder, when rooming with a playmate of the male gender! Were he an innocent young woman, he'd rave and rant, and boast, and flirt, and defy; but, now, ye gods of love, and gods of vengeance, look what a cur, ha! ha! a pusillanimous whelp the great Tom Fair is; crouching in yonder corner, [*Points.*] like an innocent baby! Come forth, you bold and gay tyrant, when I will show you your future deeds! Come, come! [*Goes gently to him, and takes the calm though scared TOM by his ear and leads him to the centre of his cell, and points him heavenward.*] Tom Fair, look

up there, do you see those gods of love? And now, look down there, do you see those gods of vengeance? Now, noble millionaire, I have shown you both places where the gods congregate; and whilst I did not make this state of affairs, I am nevertheless compelled by said gods, to give you your reward! Ha! ha!

T. F.—[*Shakes.*] Oh! my dear Charley, have mercy on your old schoolmate, who has favored you with loans, and—

In. L.—Liar and slave! [*Takes him with herculean strength by the throat, and lifts him fairly off his feet.*] You have robbed me, and now feel my burden on your bastard throat! Ha! ha! ha! [*In anger.*] You hang out your tongue like an old distempered horse! [*Dashes him to the floor and kneels upon his breast.*] Ha! ha! ha! Lie there, it is better than lying with your perjured tongue! Ha! ha! ha! [*Chokes T. F. again.* *T. F. groans as in death.*]

TABLEAU.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Drinking Saloon.* TOM FAIR JIM BLUSTER, *ragged and drunk.* HANS *in disguise*; CITIZENS and BAR KEEPER.

Tom Fair.—[*Roughly.*] Landlord, some of your best whisky! [*To JIM.*] Say, Jim, haven't we done the business on the square. But curse the proud bird for her stubbornness; she'll learn my ways after a while! Ha! ha!

Hans.—[*Sits in a corner pretending to sleep off a drunken debauch. Aside.*] Mine Cot, dat wash de mans, "what I wash shown dat door!" I wash now beens after you damn scoundrel!

Jim Bluster.—Yes, boss, you are the coon for that! Ha! ha! Let's take a seat! [*Sit down to a table.*]

T. F.—[*Drinks freely.*] Say, Jim, what I, hic, cannot perform, is not worth performing, hah! what say you to that?

J. B.—Hah! ha! but didn't she kick, when I carried her to your coach?

Hans.—Dunner und blitzen! dats Jim Pluster! Ha! ha! mine poys, I yust keeps me eye on you damn mans. [*Totters forward, toward the couple.*]

T. F.—[*Jolly drunk now, rises and slaps HANS on the shoulder, thinking it is J. B.*] Say, Jim, we, hic—

Hans.—[*Laughs drunkenlike.*] You makes a misdakes; ha! ha! I wash not beens "Chim hic."

T. F.—Who in the thunder are you then?

Hans.—I ams a thirsty Brussians, what yust cumes from Berlins.

T. F.—Landlord, more whisky! [*To HANS.*] Come, Mr. Prussian, sit down and drink, hic, your fill!

Hans.—[*Aside.*] Yaw, I drinks your fill, wise Gott. [*To him.*] Yaw, I danks you mouch. [*All three seated now at the table, drinking. HANS, spilling his however.*]

J. B.—Boss, hic, hic, tell us one of your good old stories—

T. F.—Say, b-o-ys, let's fill up first and be merry, hic.

Hans.—Yaw, Wise Gott, dat wash gude! [*Pours out.*]

T. F.—[*After drinking, becomes communicative.*] Say boys, hic, hic.

Hans.—[*Aside.*] Ha! ha! He calls me poys, yust like mine sugar und molasses Piddy! Put, I yust waits a leetle, when I poys him, und shows him dem doors damn much!

T. F.—Say, say, hic, hic, ha! ha! hic—

Hans.—[*Impatient, aside.*] Dunner und blitzen, notting put, say, say, und hic, hic! Mine Cot, I'll damn me if I don hic you drunken hound!

J. B.—Boss, hic, tell us one of your good old stories!

Hans.—[*Aside.*] What dem damn mans goes, hic, hic, all de dimes. [*To TOM.*] Yaw, Boss, dell ums, dem stories!

T. F.—Ha! ha! hic, hic! ha!

Hans.—[*Aside.*] Damn, dem “hic,” notting put hic, hic! [*Draws to hit him.*]

T. F.—Say, hic, boys—

Hans.—[*Looks mad as fire, and draws to hit him, but is quiet. To TOM.*] Yaw.

T. F.—Say, say, Jim, I'll just rel-a-te, hic, to our Prussian here, how we, hic—kidnapped Miss Jennie Winslow, hic—

Hans.—[*Aside.*] Kid-papped! Dunner und blitzen, what am kid-papped? [*To him.*] Yaw, yaw, das wash damn gude.

T. F.—Say, Jim, didn't she rip and kick though, when we jammed her into my second story chamber in my dwelling, at the corner of North and Summer Streets? Ha! ha! ha! hic, hic.

Hans.—[*Thunderstruck and angry, still anxious to learn more. Aside.*] Ad de corner of Nord und Summer Strets! Hah! hah! mine nice mans, I yust but dat down in mines buke! [*Writes it down.*]

J. B.—Yes, boss, but you struck her rather a heavy blow then—

Hans.—Gott for damned, put I beens much mad now! [*To them.*] What I hears? You strikes a womans? [*Rises up for a fight.*]

T. F.—[*Also jumps to his feet.*] What's that to you, hic, accursed dutchman?

Hans.—[*Aside.*] I must beens quied, oder I yust gif him much leetle von. [*To him.*] Notting! [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! I wash beens dinking ov mine kundry mans what strikes my modder! Mine modder wash a womans!

T. F. and J. B.—[*Both laugh.*] *J. B.*—He thinks we were speaking, hic, hic, of striking his “modder”! [*Both laugh again.*]

Hans.—[*Is now ready to move off.*] Mine friends, I must beens off to mines pusiness! Haf much pusiness! [*Aside.*] Yaw, wise Gott, I hafs pusiness what makes you drunken mans much wonder! [*Shakes his fist at them, they stagger towards the bar.*]

TABLEAU.

SCENE II.—*Chamber in TOM FAIR'S Residence, second story corner of house. HANS discovers MISS JENNIE WINSLOW to be imprisoned there; has a ladder and tools.*

Miss Jennie Winslow.—Oh! heaven, I am imprisoned! [*Tries doors and windows.*] Every thing is locked! [*Hunts in drawers, &c., for tools, finds none.*] I'll see if I can find any thing to break out of this place! Of course, this is Tom Fair's dirty work! Undoubtedly, this is his private residence, [*Tries to look out at window, but can't see anything.*] I can't look out anywhere! What shall I do? I hear some one coming!

[*Enter JIM BLUSTER.*]

Jim Bluster.—Good morning, my fine lady.

Miss J. W.—[*Stares with amazement.*] What do you want? Drunken fool!

J. B.—Don't be snappish my dear! [*Tries to embrace her.*]

Miss J. W.—[*Gives him a push and throws him down, then makes for the door, which he was wise enough to bolt inside.*] Let me out, and you shall be well paid!

J. B.—Pauper! you have no money, but Tom, hic, has plenty! Ha! ha! [*Crawls up.*]

[*Enter TOM FAIR.*]

Miss J. W.—[*Aside.*] Am I to be murdered?

T. F.—Halloo! what in the thunder are you doing down there? [*To her.*] My dear, I hope he has behaved like a gentleman?

Miss J. W.—Gentleman! [*Turning up her nose.*] More like a thief and libertine!

T. F.—Curse him! [*Jerks him roughly out of the chamber.*] Get out you drunken loafer. [*To her, after locking door.*] He is gone and we are alone, proud lady! You see now, I hope, that my words to you, at our last interview, have come true! I told you then, that I would astonish you!

Miss J. W.—But you have not astonished me as yet! [*Defiantly.*]

T. F.—[*Himself looks greatly astonished.*] Why not? Does this imprisonment in my own bed chamber not astonish you, proud pauper?

Miss J. W.—No Sir, coward, nothing that you can do astonishes me; simply because I know that you are vile enough to commit any crime, but—

T. F.—No buts, madam, nor any more of your impudence! [*Takes hold of her, being still half drunk.*]

Miss J. W.—Ye powers above protect me! [*Gives him a push that sends him reeling.*] Now, you dare to come near me again, and I'll kill you. [*Draws a dirk.*] Do you see this?

T. F.—[*Scared to death.*] My dear Jennie! [*Moves towards the door.*] I do not wish to insult you, but—

Miss J. W.—[*Makes for door herself.*] No more of your buts, and stay here, until I'll teach you that I am no baby! Open this door and leave me out of this house or I'll kill you with this dirk.

T. F.—[*Aside.*] S'death, I am trapped again. [*To her.*] Say, Miss Jennie, you know that I love you—

Miss J. W.—But I do not love you, and that is the end of this business. Will you open that door, or give me the key?

T. F.—[*Goes to the bell and rings it, unknown to her, when JIM BLUSTER and SERVANTS rush into the room.*] Ha! ha! ha! now, my brave heroine, my turn comes. [*To SERVANTS.*] Grasp her, and take that dirk from her! [*They obey.*] Search her, and ascertain if she possesses any more little playthings. Has she more?

J. B.—None Sir.

T. F.—All right. Leave us, but wait without, in case of needing your further services!

Miss J. W.—Base villain!

T. F.—You don't say so! [*Tantalizingly.*]

Miss J. W.—[*Takes a large pin from her hair.*] If you come near me, I will send this through your hard and wicked heart!

T. F.—Then I shall not come near you.

Miss J. W.—Ha! ha! ha! [*Hysterically.*] I thought so. If you are not going to let me out of this place, leave me, or you may die yet at my hands, base scoundrel!

T. F.—As I don't feel very well, I will obey you this time, but prepare for my next visit! [*Exit TOM FAIR.*]

[*Enter HANS.*]

Hans.—[*Looks at house.*] Dis wash beens de house, what dem damn loafer says Chennie wash beens! [*Puts ladder he brought to second story window.*] Dem doors beens all shut, but I maks every dings mit mine dingoes. [*Exhibits a chisel and hammer, goes and pries shutter open and calls quietly.*] Miss Chennie! Miss Chennie!

Miss J. W.—[*Hearing a noise.*] There is some one at that shutter! What can it mean? [*Listens.*] Oh! it is Han's voice! [*Jumps with delight.*]

Hans.—Miss Chennie! [*Dark in chamber.*]

Miss J. W.—Yes, Oh, yes, Hans, I am here! Heaven bless you for coming to me!

Hans.—O, I beens much workin' bis I find mine gude lady! Now cum mid mineself— [*Sits coolly on window sill.*]

Miss J. W.—But, how can I get out?

Hans.—Ged oud! Mine Cot, cum und I'll yust hold you downs! You beens not scared of me, beens you?

Miss J. W.—My dear Hans, how you do talk.

Hans.—[*Aside.*] Gott in himmel, she calls mineself "dear Hans." Dat wash gude! [*To her.*] I yust winch dat damn mans come now, what I wash to shows dat door when you'ens stopped me from gifing him von leetle vons!

Miss J. W.—Hans, let us get out of this place as soon as possible!

Hans.—Cum den! [*Carries her down, or she gets down herself.*]

Miss J. W.—[*As they reach the ground, enter in chamber TOM FAIR and JIM BLUSTER with a light.*] Dear Hans, I hear them coming, hurry and let us be off!

Hans.—Mine Cot! [*Pugilistic.*] I yust winch dem damn mans would cum, I yust now show dem de door, werry much von dimes!

T. F.—Great Mars! that window is open, and she is gone—

J. B.—Ha! ha! boss, she was too much for—

T. F.—Shut up, you drunken loafer!

Hans.—[*Sees them at the window with a light, draws a pistol and fires at them.*] Dakes dat, you damn drunken mans! [JIM staggers as if shot.]

TABLEAU.

SCENE III.—*Drawing Room of MISS JENNIE WINSLOW.*

Miss Jennie Winslow.—Oh! I am too happy to learn that my dearly beloved Charley has been discharged as cured. [*Jumps around delighted.*] And what is still more delightful, is that he will visit me at ten o'clock. [*Runs to clock.*] It is now five minutes of ten! Goodness! [*Clapping her hands.*] In five minutes he'll be here! My, oh, my goodness, but I have cause to be grateful! One can only fully appreciate life after having suffered all sorts of privations and tortures! A few days ago all was darkness, and just think of it, now all is sunshine! [*All this time she is busy fixing things around the room, and her own toilet.*]

[*Enter BIDDY.*]

Biddy.—Och! me swate lady, a gentleman is in the parlor, who looks jist like Mr. Charles Weldon—

Miss J. W.—[*Clapping her hands.*] Send him up, send him up quickly.

Biddy.—[*Aside.*] An' shure, has she gone mad also! [*Looks back at her.*] An' I never saw her act so crazy! The lord protect the crature! [*Hands uplifted and exit.*]

Miss J. W.—I wonder if he'll be glad to see me, I am sure he will—

[*Enter CHARLES WELDON.*]

[*Runs affectionately to him.*] Oh! dear Charley, I am too glad to see you—

Charles Weldon.—[*Waves her coldly away with his hand.*] Good morning, Miss Winslow!

Miss J. W.—[*Shocked and chagrined. Aside.*] Miss Winslow. [*To him, kindly, but with dignity.*] I am sorry if my love for you has been too arduous!

C. W.—[*Aside.*] Gay dissembler. [*To her.*] If true, it could not be.

Miss J. W.—Oh! Charles, if you knew what I have suffered for you! you would not treat me so coldly—

C. W.—Women always think that they suffer the most, when they are the cause of all their own misery and the sufferings of others!

Miss J. W.—[*Chap fallen.*] True, true, I have made you more miserable, than I did myself, but—

C. W.—But what? [*Angered and suspicious, giving one of his insane looks, which scares her.*]

Miss J. W.—I was going to say, [*Speaks very humble and tenderly.*] that I suffered greatly on account of my childish folly with—

C. W.—Tom Fair, the libertine! [*Looks insane again.*] Ten thousand curses on his impious head! and you—

Miss J. W.—Oh! kill me, if you think I deserve it! [*Falls before him on her knees and weeps aloud.*]

C. W.—[*Looks pitifully at her for a moment.*] Ye gods of peace, convince my mind that she is pure and innocent—

Miss J. W.—[*Springs vigorously to her feet and faces him boldly yet kindly.*] As I hope for heaven! I am pure and innocent!

C. W.—[*Opens his arms to receive her, smiling benignly.*] I believe you, come to my arms! [*Kisses her forehead.*] But tell me, where is Tom Fair?

Miss J. W.—Oh! dear Charley, don't mention that horrid man's name! He has been the cause of all our suffering!

C. W.—What great suffering did you undergo?

Miss J. W.—[*Weeps.*] What did I not suffer?

C. W.—Please, tell me how.

Miss J. W.—I will, dear Charley, and when you learn the true state of things, you will not blame me any more! In the first place, he threatened you violence, if I should reject him, and in my ardor to serve you, and through my youthful indiscretion, I permitted him to visit me! [*Stops a moment and blushes.*] Pardon me for reminding you of that horrible night!

C. W.—[*Embraces her.*] Never mind the past, but tell me how it all happened!

Miss J. W.—[*Weeps.*] Oh! the misery I suffered on behalf of your disease, almost killed me; and then the repeated persecutions of Tom Fair, and his drunken chum, Jim Bluster, were too horrid to endure—

C. W.—[*Getting impatient.*] Go on, go on, and tell me quickly. [*A raving expression on him.*]

Miss J. W.—Dear Charley, don't look that way, you frighten me!

C. W.—No, no, most precious one, [*Embraces her tenderly.*] don't be frightened, but finish without fear! [*Kisses her affectionately.*]

Miss J. W.—I will, but please promise me *first*, not to become vexed or excited over my story, because, as you said: "never mind the past."

C. W.—I will obey you, but tell me what Tom Fair did to you by way of persecution?

Miss J. W.—Well, the worst of all his villainies, was my abduction and incarceration in his bed chamber, after he found that he could not accomplish his fiendish purposes—

C. W.—Oh! ten millions of curses on his dastardly head! [*Terribly agitated.*] I swear by all that is sacred to me that I will kill this lecherous scoundrel—

Miss J. W.—[*Scared worse than before, seeing his insane emotions again.*] Dear Charley! hear, O, hear me! [*Pulls him and pleads.*] I pray, I pray you, listen to me for only one moment—

C. W.—No, no, my soul is in arms, and by all that is fearful, I vow to be revenged! Oh! that I had the villain here now! [*Grinds his teeth and foams.*] I'd tear him limb from limb!

Miss J. W.—[*Hangs on to him and pleads.*] Oh! no, no, dear Charley, listen, listen, to me!

C. W.—[*Tears around like a perfect maniac, until she falls exhausted and faint before his eyes.*] Heaven! [*Stops and stares in a subdued manner.*] Poor girl, I have given her too much trouble already, without adding more to it! [*Takes her up and speaks to her.*] Speak to me, my dear Jennie, I'll be calm hereafter, indeed I will! [*Aside.*] Should I meet with the bastard cut throat, I'd have satisfaction!

[*Suddenly enters TOM FAIR.*]

Tom Fair.—[*Jerks CHARLES WELDON away from MISS JENNIE WINSLOW, not knowing him.*] Fiend, who are you—

Miss J. W.—[*Screams as she sees TOM FAIR, and runs towards CHARLES WELDON, who takes her in his arms.*] Oh! Charley protect me from that villain! [*Terribly excited.*]

C. W.—[*Calm as a cucumber.*] I will; be calm darling. [*To TOM.*] Well, you infamous rake and bloat, what is your business in this lady's house? Look at me, I think you know me?

T. F.—[*Somewhat alarmed.*] That is none of your business! [*Aside.*] Charles Weldon, by the gods.

C. W.—[*Walks deliberately up to him, and smacks him in the face.*] Take that, coward!

T. F.—Coward? Coward? [*Raves.*] I'll have satisfaction, satisfaction!

C. W.—[*Calmly.*] My dear Jennie, will you please leave me a few moments alone with this villain.

Miss J. W.—He will injure you—

C. W.—[*Smiles serenely.*] Don't fear that, I'll promise you, that I will look out for myself! Go, darling, if you love me!

Miss J. W.—Love you; yes, with all my soul!

C. W.—Thanks, many thanks. [*Leads her out and returns instantly.*] Now Sir, I am ready to give you satisfaction, name the time and place, coward!

T. F.—[*Trembling.*] To-morrow morning at ten o'clock, in the woods yonder!

C. W.—And your weapons?

T. F.—Swords!

C. W.—All right, I'll be with you with all my heart! [*Smiles at him.*] I advise you to say your prayers before you come, for I am going to send you to hell! Farewell! [*Exit CHARLES WELDON.*]

T. F.—The crazy fool! Curse him! [*Exit TOM FAIR.*]

SCENE IV.—*Woods. Duel. Enter TOM FAIR and JIM BLUSTER.*

Tom Fair.—Jim, if I should fall in this duel—

Jim Bluster.—Nonsense, boss, you can easily run that lunatic through!

T. F.—I am not so sure of that! Curse that infernal lunatic! Oh! Jim, I feel a terrible lump in my throat.

J. B.—[*Pulls a bottle of whisky from his pocket.*] Here, boss, take a nip, it will cure that “terrible lump.” Ha! ha! ha!

T. F.—You, cursed drunken fool, can easily laugh, you have nothing to lose by this affair—

J. B.—Oh! yes, boss; if I should lose you, how could I make a living? I have been doing your dirty work for years, for which you paid me freely! [*Cries aloud.*] Nothing to lose, should you be killed?

T. F.—Do you then feel so badly, when you think of losing me?

J. B.—Yes, boss, [*Sighs.*] for where should I get whisky, [*Brightens up.*] unless you will make a will quick, before you die, and make me your heir!

T. F.—That’s infernally consoling!

J. B.—What is?

T. F.—Hinting about my dying. Even if I should make a will, as you have proposed, you’d get nothing.

J. B.—Why not, boss?

T. F.—Because I am insolvent! I have far more debts than dollars to liquidate them!

J. B.—How could you run your gay establishment, if you were so poor?

T. F.—On tick, making my creditors and everybody else believe that I still am wealthy! Fools ain’t all dead yet!

J. B.—Just so, boss. But here comes Charles Weldon and friend.

[*Enter CHARLES WELDON and FRIEND.*]

Charles Weldon.—Well, coward, I am here at the hour appointed.

T. F.—[*Sighing.*] I see you are.

C. W.—Are you ready?

T. F.—Yes Sir. [*To JIM BLUSTER.*] Give me another nip. Now lunatic, come on.

C. W.—All right! [*They fight, TOM FAIR is wounded unto death. Enter MISS JENNIE WINSLOW, BIDDY and HANS.*]

Miss J. W.—Great heaven! [*Runs to CHARLEY WELDON.*] What have you done?

C. W.—I have kept my promise! I am avenged!

T. F.—Yes, [*Groans and rises partly.*] you are; but wont you forgive me?

Hans.—Mine Cot, I yust winch I could shows him de door to dem pad blace!

Biddy.—Och! Hans darlin' ain't ye ashamed of yersilf.

Hans.—Nine, he wash a pad mans!

T. F.—Charles, old school-mate, and Miss Jennie! wont you
[*Gurgles in throat.*] forgive me?

[*They bow in assent, he dies.* HANS, BIDDY and MISS JENNIE
WINSLOW and CHARLES WELDON form an affecting

TABLEAU.

THE END.



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