

THE
SECRET

A Farce

IN
ONE ACT

[ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH]

BY

WILLIAM BARRYMORE.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,*)
LONDON.

913671

THE SECRET.

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| M. DUPUIS | Mr. YATES. |
| VALARE | Mr. TYRONE POWER. |
| THOMAS | Mr. HERRING. |
| PORTER | Mr. SALTER. |
| CECILE | Mrs. WAYLETT. |
| ANGELICA | Miss SCOTT. |

COSTUMES.

M. DUPUIS—Fashionable morning dress.
VALARE—Frock coat, fashionable vest, and pants.
THOMAS—Full livery suit.
PORTER—Drab overcoat, breeches and top boots, hat with band.
MRS. DUPUIS—Fashionable morning dress.
ANGELICA—Silk or barege walking dress, bonnet, &c.

Time in Performance, Forty Minutes.

✓ x6370815

There is no charge for the performance of this Farce.

THE SECRET.

SCENE.—*An enclosed Gothic Apartment, with Oak Panels—A Sliding Panel in R.F.—A Gothic Door to match the Scene, L.I.E.—The Furniture to correspond—A table with red cloth; two chairs—A lighted candle on the table—Key in L.D.*

As the Curtain rises, VALARE opens the secret panel and comes down, with a lighted candle in his hand, which he places on the table.

VAL. Hist! hist! Dupuis! (*comes down*) So, all is safe, all is safe, and I may now venture forth to enjoy the free air of this apartment. Heavens! with what anxiety do I wait my friend's return! Each minute seems an hour; while the dread of being discovered by the prying domestics of the house, renders my confinement here painful in the extreme. Ah, Angelica! what do I not suffer on your account? But for thee, that fatal duel, which now exposes me to the punishment of the law, would never have taken place, and Valare might still be in the full enjoyment of his liberty. My friend Dupuis, too!—what uneasiness he experiences on my account! His secret visits to me have so much the air of mystery, that his wife, naturally jealous, and unconscious of the true cause, conceives his love for her abated, and that another female, possessing superior charms, has gained his heart, and rendered her company odious to him. Poor Cecile! what pains dost thou take to render thyself miserable! (*NOISE, L.*) Hark!—surely I heard some one. Yes—quick, Valare, quick to your hiding-place. (*takes his candle, goes into the panel, and closes it after him*)

CECILE *peeps in at door, L., with a lighted candle in her hand, then enters.*

CEC. I thought I heard some one here. (*looks about*) I must have been mistaken. (*places the candle on a table, and sits down*) Heigho! my husband not returned. Every day, now, does he regularly go out, and when he returns, it is only to lock himself in this chamber. Where can he be gone to-night? Would I could find out, for I already suspect his visits are to the houses of such friends, that husbands wish their wives to be little acquainted with. Oh, men—men! but worst of all, ye married ones, how greatly are ye privileged; while women, poor, weak women, cannot even indulge in complaint. (*Noise L.*) Hark! I hear the street-door close. (*goes to the door L. and calls*) Dupuis, is that you?

THOMAS. (*putting in his head*) No, missis, 'tis I, Thomas.

CEC. Where's your master?

THO. I can't tell, missis.

CEC. You followed him out?

THO. Yes, missis—into the street.

CEC. And where did he go?

THO. Into a house across the way.

CEC. Into what house?

THO. I can't tell, missis.

CEC. You are deceiving me, sirrah!

THO. What! I, missis?

CEC. Yes; so answer me—are there any females in the house?

THO. There are women everywhere.

CEC. Your master, then, is gone to a female?

THO. Very likely he is, missis.

CEC. You know it then? Thomas, you are deceiving me—like your master, you are deceiving me—he pays you for it.

THO. I did not say that, missis.

CEC. I believe, Thomas, you are more knave than fool.

THO. You flatter me, missis.

CEC. Tell me, Sir, why is it that this chamber has been locked at different periods during the last fortnight?

THO. I can't tell, Missis.

CEC. There is some mischief, some mystery.

THO. I have long thought so, but on entering this room I never see anybody, and everything appears in its proper place.

CEC. I think you know something about it.

THO. Me! Lord! my master never tells me anything.

CEC. Nor me: he treats me like a servant.

THO. And me like a woman: he never trusts me with a single secret.

CEC. Impudent fellow! but tell me, have you seen any one come lately into the house with your master?

THO. Yes, Missis: a fortnight back—a—

CEC. Well Thomas, well?

THO. A man came in with my master.

CEC. A man?

THO. And I don't think he went out again.

CEC. Come in, and not go out again?

THO. No, Missis; I think I could swear to that, for if he had I must have seen him.

CEC. But are you sure it was a man?

THO. Why, certainly, I can't swear, I'm sure he had breeches on.

CEC. 'Twas a woman in disguise.

THO. That is possible, Missis.

CEC. But what can have become of her?

THO. Faith I can't tell, Missis.

CEC. Come here, Thomas. Dear Thomas, now tell me—tell me, I conjure you, do you think your master is in love with any other women?

THO. Why Missis, I can't tell. But I suspect—

CEC. What Thomas?

THO. I don't know Missis.

CEC. Come, Thomas, I am sure of it; so here, good Thomas, take this. *(gives money.)*

THO. Oh, I can't take it, Missis.

CEC. You must, good Thomas; now, don't conceal anything from me, but let me know the worst. *(weeping.)*

THO. *(weeping.)* Oh, Missis, your grief cuts me to the soul: my master certainly is in love.

CEC. *(walking about, greatly agitated.)* I thought so! Oh, vile Dupuis! is it thus you treat me? But say, kind Thomas, who is the creature? what is she? where did she come from?

THO. I can't tell, missis.

CEC. What is her name then?

* THO. I can't tell that neither.

CEC. What is she like?

THO. I never could find out.

THE SECRET.

CEC. How! what do you know of her, then?

THO. Nothing, but I'll soon find out.

CEC. Will you, indeed, good Thomas?

THO. Yes, I'll ask my master to tell me.

CEC. Pshaw, you are a fool.

THO. I can't help that, Missis.

(knock at street door, L.)

CEC. See who knocks.

THO. Yes, missis. *(goes to door, L.)* 'Tis my master he's coming up.

Enter DUPUIS, L., he crosses to C. THOMAS goes up.

CEC. So, you are come home at last.

DUP. Yes, my dear, and dreadfully fatigued.

CEC. That's no fault of mine.

DUP. I did not say it was my dear. Thomas, a chair.

He places his hat and cane on the table—THOMAS brings down a chair.

CEC. Thomas, a chair. *(THOMAS brings her a chair on R. she sits.)* Pray, sir, may I ask where you have been?

DUP. Certainly my dear; but you must expect not to be told.

CEC. That's as much to say, that I shall never know anything of the mystery that has reigned within these walls for so many days past.

DUP. You shall know all about it, my dear—*(she draws her chair towards him)*—some day or other.

CEC. You have a secret, then?

DUP. If I had, my dear, I should not scruple at confiding it to your keeping; but the fact is, the secret is my friend's, and not mine; so, of course, you cannot expect me to part with what does not belong to me.

CEC. Very well sir; but I know your secret.

DUP. Know it!

CEC. Yes, to my sorrow. You no longer love me Dupuis, the chains of Hymen hang heavily round your heart; another possesses your affections; yes Sir, I have your secret—it is not to be denied.

DUP. How is this, Cecile?—jealous!

CEC. Yes. I am; now you know it.

DUP. 'Pon my word, I never knew my merits before—ha! ha! ha! ha!

CEC. Aye! sneer, you ungrateful man, it becomes you admirably. Oh, heaven! what fools women are, to be treated thus! why do they not retaliate—but let me not say too much.

DUP. Don't check yourself, dear; there are many women who practice what you are about to preach.

THO. (*at table, c.*) Good! (*chuckling to himself in the back ground.*)

CEC. You no longer love me, then?

DUP. My dear Cecile, have but a little confidence in me, and I promise you, you shall know all; for the present, however, I must beg you to oblige me by leaving me alone; I have writing to do that requires study and privacy—when finished, I will join you in the drawing room.

CEC. But why write here, Dupuis?

DUP. Still doubtful?

CEC. Oh, not at all; but this chamber—— (*he shows displeasure*) Well, I'm going; but don't stay long, or—— (*aside*) Oh! who would be married?

Exit L.

DUP. Now, then, let me lock the door, and release my prisoner. (*goes to door L., locks it and is crossing the stage, when he sees THOMAS standing at the back of table—they eye each other for some time*) What are you doing there, Sir.

THO. Waiting for your orders, Sir.

DUP. Then have the goodness to wait for them on the outside of the door. (*goes to door, and unlocks it*) But beware, Sir!—no peeping or listening—or by my soul——

THO. I hope you don't suspect——

DUP. Away! (*crosses to R.*)

THO. I'm gone, Sir.

DUP. If I catch you prying about, I'll break every bone in your infernal body!

THO. Thank you, Sir! I'm gone. (*aside*) But I'll have my eyes about me, for all that.

Exit L.

DUP. (*locks the door*) Now we are in safety, Valare must be warned of his danger, and put upon his guard. (*opens the panel and calls*) Valare! come forth;—'tis I—your friend.

Enter VALARE R.

VAL. Oh! Dupuis—my best of friends—say, what have you for me?

DUP. Not such as I could wish. Your duel, and the death of your rival, is the general topic of conversation through the city.

VAL. But Angelica, what news of her?

DUP. Here is a letter that will give you every information,—'tis from your friend Duval; but its contents, I fear, will cause you more uneasiness. Read it;—in the meantime, I will seek my wife. You may remain here till my return; the door being locked, you need not fear interruption.

Exit L.D., locking door.

VAL. News from Angelica? News, too, that will afflict me? Heavens! I almost dread to open the letter. (*reads*) "My dear friend, I scarce know how to disclose an affair that will cause you so much uneasiness. But the truth must be told. Two days ago, Angelica quitted the city, and fled no one knows where. At the same time, your rival disappeared, and in the same mysterious manner. Would I had better news to tell; but, as it is, I shall only just make one observation—that women in general are not worth half the pains men take to obtain them."—Perfidious woman! to deceive and abandon me thus! Oh, Angelica! have I deserved this of you? I, who have exposed my life for your sake,—I, who—

Enter DUPUIS hastily, L.D., unlocking door.

DUP. Quick, Valare, to your hiding-place! My wife is coming up-stairs.

VAL. Oh, my friend—such news of Angelica!

DUP. We'll speak of that presently. In, I say! (*pushes him in, then runs to table and sits, just as CECILE enters L.D.*)

CEC. (*suspiciously*) You are not alone, Dupuis.

DUP. You are right, my dear, unless you reckon yourself nobody.

CEC. You were speaking to some one.

DUP. What! did you listen, then?

CEC. Suppose I should say yes?

DUP. Then I should say you were doubly wrong;—first, for having listened; and secondly, for believing that I was speaking to any one.

CEC. I heard you talking, I am sure.

DUP. Well, my dear, as to talking to any one, the thing

speaks for itself; but surely, my dear, you would not prevent me from speaking to myself?

CEC. Oh, you deceitful man!

DUP. What! you are going to begin again?

CEC. Yes, I shall begin again,—I'll never leave you!
(sits)

DUP. Delightful!

CEC. I'll torment you for ever! (*rises*)

DUP. That's charming!

CEC. And if I cannot partake of your happiness abroad, you shall share my ill-humour at home.

DUP. (*sings*) "There was a little woman,
And she was very cross——"

CEC. Barbarian!

DUP. (*calls*) Thomas!

Enter THOMAS, L.D.

THO. Sir!

DUP. My hat!

CEC. What! are you going out again?

DUP. Thomas!

THO. Sir!

DUP. My gloves!

THO. Yes, Sir.

CEC. Very well, Sir—it's very well—but go, Sir, go to your woman—you cruel, inhuman, barbarous man!

DUP. Thomas!

THO. Sir!

DUP. My cane!

THO. Yes, Sir!

DUP. Good night, my dear! (*going*) Go to my woman—eh? Why, my dear, do you take me for a Turkish bashaw, or Captain Macheath in the play? "How happy could I be with either," &c.

Exit singing, L.D.

CEC. Provoking! But I'll find out where he goes to. Thomas!

THO. Ma'am!

CEC. Follow your master—he may want you.

THO. Yes, Ma'am! (*going, but is met by DUPUIS, who re-enters suddenly*)

DUP. Where are you going?

THO. To see you safe to the door, Sir.

DUP. I order you to remain here, Sir. If I find you prying into my affairs, I'll discharge you immediately, you infernal, stupid scoundrel!

Strikes THOMAS with his cane, and exit L.D.

THO. (*runs over to R., rubbing his head*) I'm obliged to you, Sir.

CEC. I can scarce contain myself! To be treated thus! without any cause, too! But I'll be revenged!—I will!—yes, that I will!

Exit L.D.

THO. Behold the fruits of matrimony! Happy, happy state! How enviable his lot must be, who, like my master, possesses a handsome, jealous, scolding wife! Well, if ever I should prevail on myself to take pity on the fair sex, and marry, let my wife beware of being jealous without cause; for if she should, hang me if I wouldn't soon give her cause to be jealous! But now that I am alone, let me consider awhile. My mistress pays me to tell her my master's secrets. Good! Now, as I do not tell her what I know, I invent, and tell her what I don't know—so that's one and the same thing. On the other hand, my master pays me to keep his secrets. Good again! Those that are useful to me I tell, and those that are useless I keep;—so thus I act fairly towards both parties. (*at door L.*) What do I see? A woman coming up-stairs—a stranger, too. If this should be my master's flame? I'll pump her a bit. Walk in, ma'am.

Enter ANGELICA, L.D.

ANG. Is Mr. Dupuis at home?

THO. No, Miss; but here's his servant, and yours at the same time.

ANG. I am very sorry I can't see him.

THO. My master will be very sorry at not seeing you (*aside*) She's very pretty.

ANG. It is on business of importance.

THO. If you would wish to see my *missis*, perhaps she would do as well.

ANG. Oh no! 'tis Mr. Dupuis I wish to see.

THO. Oh! *Mr.* is it?—not *Mrs.*? True—I understand.

ANG. Will he return soon?

THO. I don't know, Miss; but if you would like to wait, I'll call my *missis*, and she'll keep you company.

ANG. No, I had rather not.

THO. Oh, true! I understand.

ANG. What hour is it likely he will be at home?

THO. My missis can tell you that, Miss, better than I can, if you will favour me with your name.

ANG. That is not necessary, I am not known to Mrs. Dupuis.

THO. True, I understand! but how will my master know who called if you do not leave your name?

ANG. I shall see him shortly.

THO. But do let me call my missis.

ANG. No, no! it's not necessary, I'd rather not.

THO. Ah true, you said so just now.

ANG. As I am not so fortunate as to meet with Mr. Dupuis, have the goodness to give him this packet.

THO. To my master did you say?

ANG. Yes, you see it is addressed to him.

THO. True, I understand! Anything else I can do for you, Miss?

ANG. Nothing! Good evening.

THO. Stop, Miss, and I'll light you down; ours is a very dark staircase.

ANG. It is not necessary.

THO. Oh Miss! I couldn't think of letting you go down in the dark—but I hope you won't think that I want anything for my trouble, ma'am, from you; my master never allows us to take anything from anybody, I assure you, ma'am.

ANG. Ah, I had forgot. (*offers money.*)

THO. No! I really dare not take it. (*she presses him.*) Oh well, if you insist, I must.

*Takes it, then follows ANGELICA, L.D., with light.—
Stage dark.*

VALARE enters from panel.

VAL. Surely I heard Angelica's voice? Yes, 'twas she—my heart tells me so—but what could bring her to this house? To search for me! Why then quit it so soon? No! I must be deceived. (*a noise.*) Hark! some one comes. In, in, Valare—confusion! I cannot find the spring; here then let me conceal myself. (*hides behind window curtains—
Stage light*)

THOMAS enters laughing, with candle, L.D.

THO. Ha, ha, ha! " 'Tis Mr. Dupuis I want, not Mrs. " "Your name, Miss?" "Oh, that's not necessary." "Ah, true, I understand!" Ha, ha, ha! but she did not understand me, tho' she took my bait like a gudgeon. Ha, ha, ha! my master has certainly a very good taste—but let me see, what shall I do with this packet? (*brings forward a chair and sits*) My missis ordered me to seize on all letters—directed to my master! Well, I have seized on this, and since it's the first I have seized on, I see no reason why I shouldn't be the first to read it—so without scruple here goes—there! (*opens it*)

VAL. (*from the curtains*) Rascal!

THO. (*starting*) I thought I heard my name—No, 'tis nothing! Bless me, my heart almost jumped into my mouth. What the devil am I afraid of? There's no one here! Now then—What's this?—a miniature Egad, it's her likeness. "Angelica" too! a pretty name truly, and a very pretty face—but poor thing, you can see what she is by her eyes—Now then for her letter. "Ever since your late misfortune," Misfortune! what misfortune? "of meeting with your rival," Rival! the devil—a duel! here's a discovery! "I have taken refuge at your father's house." An invitation! and as modest a way of asking a man to come and see her as ever I knew of. One of these days, now this amiable bit of goods will be leading some poor unhappy devil to the altar—when he'll find he's got little better than—

VAL. (*coming forward*) Villain! (*seizes the letter and miniature, blows out the candle—stage dark—knocks THOMAS down, and exit through secret panel.*)

THO. Murder, murder! (*falls upon his face, c.*) Fire! Thieves! Murder! Spare me, spare me! I know I'm a villain. Have pity on me.

CECILE enters with light, alarmed—lights up.

CEC. Heavens! what alarm is this? Thomas!

THO. Murder, murder!

CEC. Rise this instant, Thomas! do you know who I am?

THO. The devil—the devil! Murder!

CEC. Be not alarmed, Thomas—'tis your mistress.

THO. The devil you are—yes it is (*looking up*) Oh dear, I'm so glad to see you—Oh missis, such a thing! it's all over with me.

CEC. What mean you?

THO. Don't hurry me, I beg, just let me recover myself.

CEC. What is it that has alarmed you so?

THO. Oh dear, such a sight! did you ever see the devil?
I beg pardon, I mean the black gentleman?

CEC. See who?

THO. Just lend me the candle, will you. (*looks round the room still alarmed*) As I am alive he's gone through the keyhole.

CEC. Who do you mean?

THO. Who indeed! there's a pretty question—but I'll tell you, missis, you must know that a young lady has been here—but however that's nothing.

CEC. A lady!

THO. Yes, and she asked for my master, but that's nothing.

CEC. How sir! why didn't you call me?

THO. Because, missis, the young lady didn't wish it, but however that's nothing—she left a great many messages, but they were all for my master, so that's nothing—and before she went away, she gave me a letter and a miniature to give him, but that's nothing.

CEC. A letter say you, and a miniature? very pretty!

THO. Oh yes missis, much prettier than you.

CEC. Knave! Where are they?

THO. Don't be in a hurry missis, I am going to tell you—you see that chair! Well, as I was sitting there looking at the miniature, and saying to myself, Thomas, your master is not acting towards your mistress as he ought, in carrying on an intrigue with another woman, when he has got so kind, so sweet, so gentle a wife: on which Thomas answered, and said—that is, I said to myself, Thomas, you are right!—on which I had made up my mind to disclose the whole affair to you—and for that purpose I rose from my chair to bring you the letter—when just as I reached the door, I was seized round the body—when turning round, thus—I saw a great tall figure all in white, 17 feet high—with large red eyes as big as saucers, who pronouncing my name in a hollow voice three times, saying, "Thomas! Thomas! Thomas! give me the miniature!"—this I boldly refused, on which he snatched that and the letter from me—blew out the candle, seized me by the neck, and dashed me to the ground, and then vanished in a blaze of fire! don't you smell the brimstone now, missis?

CEC. And do you think, sir, I am to be imposed upon by such a tale as this?—out upon thee, knave, my eyes are open—

ed! (*aside*) I'll no longer listen to idle tales; but make a trial of my husband myself—this letter which I have written, shall fall into his hands—he will read it—its contents are of a nature to inspire him with jealousy—which if he feels not, then must he be the most insensible of men, and I (convinced of his infidelity) the most miserable of women! there—(*throws it and is going*)

THO. Missis, you've dropped something.

CEC. I know it, and wish it to remain there!

THO. Oh, I understand.

CEC. Mind, Sir, I forbid your touching it. You see I place it there on purpose, so beware you speak not of it to your master till I give you leave.

Exit L.D.

THO. I understand. I see how it is. She wants to make my master jealous of her; poor creature! But it won't do! my master's too cunning to be taken in—but as luck would have it, here he comes. Now for it.

Enter DUPUIS, L.D.

DUP. Thomas, leave the room.

Exit THOMAS L.D.

—(*locks the door, and opens panel*) Valare, come forth.

VALARE enters.

— My friend, I have excellent news for you.

VAL. And I for you.

DUP. Indeed!

VAL. Angelica has been here.

DUP. How know you that?

VAL. Behold her letter and miniature.

DUP. How came they in your possession?

VAL. The story is too long to tell you now. Suffice it then to say, I took them from your servant Thomas.

DUP. 'Twas rather imprudent but no matter. Your rival, I am happy to tell you, is not dead, but in a fair way of recovery.

VAL. Indeed! Happy tidings!

DUP. Moreover, a meeting has taken place between your father and his, and I have every reason to believe that all will be amicably adjusted. Remain you, therefore, in your retreat till I have summoned the family together—

disclosed the secret—and put an end to both mystery and danger.

VAL. Oh, my friend, you know not how happy I feel at this moment.

DUP. But I can conceive it, judging by the pleasure I feel at having contributed to it; but retire, Valare; your confinement will not be long.

Exit VALARE to panel.

— Now then to my jealous wife, and make her happy! (*sees the letter*) Eh? what's this? A letter? It has fallen from my pocket. No! 'tis to my wife! The devil, how it smells of perfume! Thomas!

Enter THOMAS L.D.

THO. Sir.

DUP. Call my wife.

THO. Here she is, Sir.

Enter CECILE, L.D.

DUP. Cecile, my dear, I have just found a letter; it belongs to you.

CEC. (*pretending embarrassment*) A letter! ah, 'tis—

DUP. (*offering it*) A very sweet one, certainly.

CEC. Heavens! you haven't read it?

DUP. 'Tis not addressed to me, my dear.

CEC. You were not then, so curious?

DUP. Certainly not. If it contains but chit-chat, it is not *worth* reading; if it is full of disagreeables, I had rather not.

CEC. You won't be jealous then, Dupuis?

DUP. Jealous, my love? Not I, truly! So take the letter, my dear; and to prove how far I am from being jealous, I shall leave you alone to read it.

Exit L.D.

THO. I say, Missis, it wouldn't do.

CEC. Silence, fellow! Was ever woman so treated as I am? 'Tis plain now, he loves me not! Oh! if I knew who this minion of his was!—perhaps he is gone to her now. If so, I'll follow him, and if I catch her I'll tear her eyes out.

Exit L.D.

THO. Egad! what a stew she is in. I thought my master would be too deep for her. Ha, ha, ha! Eh! but

they have left me by myself, and if my invisible friend should return, who knows but he may walk off with me as well as the letter? (*violent knocking*) Oh lord! what's that?

Enter PORTER L.D., carrying a trunk.

POR. (*who stutters*) I have brought this trun-un-unk.

THO. From whom.

POR. A lady, named Ange-e-e-elica.

THO. Angelica! Oh, true! I understand. What's your demand?

POR. It is pai-ai-ai-aid for.

THO. Then good day, friend.

Exit PORTER, L.D.

—A box from Angelica! What the deuce; she isn't going to live here surely! Egad, I'm glad it's come tho', for now I shall have an opportunity of convincing my missis that what I told her of Angelica was true—so lie you there my friend till I return—and if my missis is not satisfied with the evidence of your *outside*, I shall take the kitchen poker, and, sans ceremonie, force you open, and search for better proof *inside*.

Exit L.D.

Enter VALARE from panel.

VAL. What did I hear? A box of Angelica's, and that rascal going to break it open—that at all events must be prevented—so come you along with me.

Exit with box at panel

THOMAS. (*without.*) Come along, missis.

Enters with CECILE L.D.

—Now I'll convince you.

CEC. A box did you say?

THO. A box! and from Angelica—now say I am deceiving you, if you can, for here—(*misses the box*) Phew!

CEC. Well sir, the box?

THO. Is gone to the devil, after the miniature!

CEC. Do you dare to trifle with me, fellow? hence from my house—no longer will I keep in my service, a man whose only study is to deceive me! hence, I say!

THO. Well, missis, as you please—it is not very agreeable to live in a house, where the devil has got the first floor.

CEC. You play your part admirably, knave.

THO. Play! I'm in no playing humour—but you may kick me—beat me—discharge me—still I will maintain I left the box on that table, and that none but Old Nick himself could have taken it, and firmly do I believe that if you stay here much longer, he'll walk away with you also.

CEC. I know not what to think—Hark, some one is coming up stairs! See who it is.

Exit THOMAS L.D.

—'Tis very strange!—that Thomas is a knave, that's certain, yet still I think he wouldn't carry the jest so far unless there was some truth in it.

Enter THOMAS L.D.

THO. Now, missis, you shall be satisfied! the very lady, Angelica, is coming up stairs! Here she is!

Enter ANGELICA L.D.

ANG. I beg pardon, Madam, but is Mr. Dupuis yet returned?

CEC. And pray, ma'am, what do you want with Mr. Dupuis?

ANG. I have come for an answer to a letter I left, but now with his servant.

THO. Missis! what do you think of Old Nick now?

CEC. Silence! A letter, say you—and to my husband? And pray, madam, may I ask—

ANG. Yes, madam, it contained the enquiries of an unfortunate female to whom Mr. Dupuis could give such information as would administer comfort to her affliction.

CEC. But you sent a miniature also, did you not?

ANG. A miniature!

THO. (*alarmed*) No! no miniature!—I swear I never said a word about a miniature—a *box* I told you.

ANG. I certainly did send a box.

CEC. It is very strange, I think, young woman, that you, whom I haven't the least knowledge of, should be sending boxes here, without asking my leave! 'Tis very suspicious.

ANG. I feel, madam, that appearances are against me, but still there is nothing to give you any uneasiness. Mr. Dupuis is in possession of a secret, on which my happiness depends. Obligated to fly my relatives to avoid persecution, I had recourse to Mr. Dupuis, who alone can free me from my present load of misery.

CEC. But how came you acquainted with my husband?

ANG. I know but little of him—but he is the intimate friend of a person who is dearer to me than life. With respect to the box—when I fled from home, I took the liberty of sending it here, because I knew it would be in safety.

THO. (*aside.*) Oh, yes! it's perfectly safe.

CEC. Upon my word, Miss, your story would make an admirable subject for a romance.

ANG. How madam, would you injure—

CEC. Your character, my dear? that's impossible.

ANG. Madam! What mean you?

CEC. That you are known, Miss.

ANG. Now I understand you, madam! but your suspicions are as groundless as they are cruel and unkind—but Mr. Dupuis will explain; so, madam, good day!

CEC. Oh, pray don't go child! You had better stay till your protector comes.

ANG. No, madam, I shall retire to avoid further insult.

CEC. But you stir not hence. (*intercepting her exit.*) Thomas, call your master.

Exit THOMAS L.D.

—Now, my gentle Miss—I'll have you face to face—ah! you may well blush, fie on you, fie! (*goes to the door and calls repeatedly*) Mr. Dupuis!

ANG. Unfortunate Angelica!

VALARE *opens the panel and beckons ANGELICA, she runs to him, exits through, and he closes the panel.*

CEC. Mr. Dupuis, Mr. Dupuis, I say!

Enter THOMAS and DUPUIS, L.D.

THO. Now for it! We shall have a precious row!

DUP. Now, Cecile! What would you?

CEC. Oh, you base man—I have detected you at last—well may you look pale! but look here, Sir, look at this face (*she turns, and missing ANGELICA, screams violently.*)

THO. Damme! but Old Nick has nicked her too.

DUP. What does all this mean?

THO. Mean! Why it means that this house is haunted—that my missis is jealous—that you are found out—and that I am to lose my place, that's what it means.

DUP. Come, Cecile, 'tis time to undeceive you. I pro-

mised you that one day you should know all—and thus I keep my word. (*opens panel.*) Vaiaire, my friend, come forth.

Enter VALARE and ANGELICA, from panel.

CEC. How!

DUP. (L.C.) Cecile! are you jealous now?

CEC. (C.) Oh, Dupuis, forgive me.

ANG. 'Tis I should ask forgiveness for having been the cause.

VAL. And I—so— (*they exchange congratulations.*)

THO. (*aside*) Then this was the devil after all! I don't see his cloven foot. Sir, give me leave to ask you one question. Were you the Devil—Gentleman I mean, that took a box from that table?

VAL. I was!

THO. Then perhaps it is to you that I am indebted for the box of the ear I got?

VAL. It is, but you'll allow you deserved it?

THO. Say no more about it, and I forgive you.

DUP. Aye, all forgiven—all forgotten.

And with our mystery all discord here shall end.

THO. Huzza! I've saved my place.

DUP.

And I preserved my friend!

VALARE. ANGELICA DUPUIS. CECILE. THOMAS.

B.

L.

CURTAIN.