

THE
WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

A Household Picture,

UNDER TWO LIGHTS.

BY

WESTLAND MARSTON, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

The Patrician's Daughter, A Life's Ransom, Strathmore, Philip of France and Marie de Meranie, Anne Blake, Borough Politics, A Hard Struggle, Gerald (a Dramatic Poem), &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

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THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket,
(under the Management of Mr. Buckstone)
on Monday, 10th of March, 1862.*

Characters.

DAVID LINDSAY (<i>a Classical Tutor and Man of Letters</i>)	Mr. HOWE.
DEXTER (<i>an Author</i>)	Mr. W. FARREN.
CAPTAIN MORTON (<i>Cousin of Clara</i>)	Mr. VILLIERS.
ROBERT LINDSAY (<i>aged 12 years</i>)	Master FIELDER.
MISS LINDSAY (<i>David's Sister</i>)	Mrs. WILKINS.
CLARA LINDSAY (<i>David's Wife</i>)	Mrs. C. YOUNG.
MRS. MORTON (<i>Wife of Captain Morton</i>)	Miss WEEKES.
JANET LINDSAY (<i>aged 13 years</i>)	Miss STON EHAM.
ANN (<i>a Servant</i>)	Miss LOVELL.

SCENE:—

Partly in LONDON, partly in SCOTLAND, at DUNLOCH, on the CLYDE.

*An interval of one day is supposed to elapse between the 1st and 2nd
Scenes of 2nd Act.*

Time of Representation—1 Hour and 10 Minutes.

Costumes.

- DAVID LINDSAY.—Black frock coat, black trousers, and vest.
DEXTER.—Light coat, light trousers, and vest.
CAPTAIN MORTON.—Brown coat, dark trousers, and vest.
ROBERT.—Jacket, black trousers, and vest.
CLARA.—Morning dress. *Second Dress:* Black satin dress.
MISS LINDSAY.—Brocaded silk.
MRS. MORTON.—Fashionable dress.
JANET.—Merino dress, &c.
ANN.—Cotton dress, cap, &c.

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THE WIFE'S PORTRAIT.

ACT I.

SCENE.—*A Room in David Lindsay's House in the suburbs of London. The apartment, though scantily furnished, denotes some refinement in its arrangement, doors, l. and r.*

CLARA LINDSAY is discovered seated by the fire in an anxious reverie; **MISS LINDSAY** sits opposite sewing; **ROBERT** seated at c. table, a slate and books before him.

MISS L. (*cheerfully*) Clara, Clara! I say. Why where are your thoughts, love? you've been dreaming with open eyes this half-hour.

CLARA. (*sadly*) It would have been kind, dear aunt, had you let me dream; waking life has few charms for me. (*shivers and stirs the fire*) The bell's broken. Order coals, Robert—no, wait half-an-hour, coals are two guineas a ton, and we've no right to luxuries.

MISS L. My dear Clara, what can you mean? Go, Robert. (*Exit ROBERT, r. d.*) Cheer up, all will be well; my dear brother's earnings—

CLARA. For five pupils twice a-week at 3s. a lesson, amount to 30s.; just seven above the rent: that's now a month in arrear, and the landlord threatens.

MISS L. (*aside*) It's very hard for her, she was tenderly reared. What a shame that her father, the major, who lived in comfort on his annuity, should have left nothing behind him! (*after a pause*) But, who knows, Clara, poor David's talents may be acknowledged at last.

CLARA. I've lost hope. Ever since he threw up his professorship in Glasgow and came to London for fame, life has been one long struggle.

MISS L. After all he has written he'll surely find some publisher—

CLARA. To buy his Epic of Ulysses, or his Systems of Moral Philosophy? No.

MISS L. But there's his tragedy of Leonidas; you know he counts so upon that; and his new friend, Mr. Dexter, has taken a copy of it to the manager.

CLARA. Tragedy's grown stale at the theatre. Would David write what's useful, he might provide for his family; but perhaps at the expense of his taste.

MISS L. You speak bitterly.

CLARA. Possibly. A mother who sees want threaten her children cannot always be amiable.

MISS L. Come, let me talk to you. (*she extends her hand, which after a slight hesitation, CLARA takes, and sits on a stool at her feet*) My dear Clara, must this strife between husband and wife never cease? At least David is industrious; he's now with his pupils, and when at home the pen's never out of his hand.

CLARA. But his notions are so old-fashioned, he's all for the classics like his father before him; he writes nothing that sells.

MISS L. He hasn't the gift to be popular.

CLARA. Nor the will.

MISS L. Perhaps not; you know he says he writes for posterity.

CLARA. Yes, but Robert's coat's threadbare, and Janet wants a cloak. Perhaps I feel these things too much; but I had the misfortune to be born a lady.

MISS L. But were not the less fit, on that account, to be David's wife.

CLARA. Forgive me! I meant no reproaches; I could not reproach *you*. (*kisses her tenderly*)

MISS L. Nor should you David. I know what you have to bear; but a wife should bear with a husband who loves her.

CLARA. (*impulsively*) Ay! if he *loved* me.

MISS L. He does!

CLARA. No, aunt, no! that dream's over. Years since he threw over me the spell of his fancy, and made me an idol. He married, found me a mere woman with a woman's faults and was disenchanted. And now, when I am forced to remind him of household cares, of bills that must be

paid, of wants that must be met, he hints that I drag him down, that I lower his mind.

MISS L. You mistake.

CLARA. No, there's the sting! (*rises from stool and sits again at fire*) Obscurity, privation, toil, even fears for my children I could endure; but to be looked upon as a sordid drawback, *I* that did so love him, *that* makes me indignant, bitter. I half become what he believes me, *because* he believes it.

MISS L. There's something to be said for him, too. Here are the coals.

Enter ANN, door L., with coals which MISS LINDSAY throws on the fire.

(*stirring fire*) Take heart! I often think that trouble's like the poker: we shouldn't know how much light and warmth there was in us unless we were well stirred. (*crosses to table, L.*)

CLARA. It's so with you.

ANN. Bills, ma'am. (*giving them respectfully and dusting fire place*) The baker was pressing to be paid almost rude; and there's the taxes; the collector said he wouldn't call again.

CLARA. Very well, that will do, Ann.

ANN. (*crosses, L.*) And please, ma'am, master Robert was a trundling his hoop, so I called him in. Here he is.

Exit, door, L.

Enter ROBERT, door, L.

CLARA. Why did you leave your lessons, sir? How often have I forbidden you to play in the street?

ROBERT. I didn't think, ma—

CLARA. (*severely*) Silence! (*suddenly softening and taking his hands, as he looks dejected*) There, don't try mother, she's much to tease her.

ROBERT. (*apart to Miss L.*) Oh, aunty, here's papa and Janet coming; I saw them meet as he came out of the draper's.

MISS L. Well, go to your books, dear. (*a peculiar tremulous knock heard at door, L.*) That's David's knock.

(CLARA springs up, resumes her seat at fire, and seems absorbed in her work)

MISS L. Here he is! Here's papa! (*going to meet him*)

Enter DAVID, door, l., followed by JANET, who gives CLARA a parcel and kisses her.

MISS L. What a singular knock that is of yours, David, I should know it among a thousand. (*taking his hand*)

CLARA. (*glancing from her work*) Oh! it's you, David.

DAVID. (*aside*) She has no welcome. (*crosses to her*) Yes, Clara, I've just finished with my pupils; here are the week's earnings. (*gives her money*)

CLARA. I'm very sorry, but it's all bespoken; the rent's overdue, and Janet must have a cloak.

DAVID. Very well, Clara.

MISS L. But you look ill—quite fagged out.

DAVID. It's nothing; it's no matter. (*aside*) Clara never sees it.

CLARA. (*rising anxiously*) Ill, David?

DAVID. (*takes M.S. from shelf, and without perceiving her, begins to read*)

CLARA. Ah! he's lost in his tragedy. I mustn't disturb him.

DAVID. (*after a pause, taking his pen, seated at table, c.*) This speech of Leonidas wants fire. (*recites it unconsciously*)—

"Ye brave three hundred, though your foes count millions,
Reckon by souls, not forms, and we outweigh them."

"Outweigh's" tame, very tame; perhaps it's my delivery though; I'm not lofty and classical enough. (*recites with an assumption of great dignity*)—

"Ye brave three hundred, though your foes count millions,
Reckon by souls"—

Pshaw! that's stilted and pompous; I'll try the natural conversational manner. (*recites in a colloquial style*)—

"Ye brave three hundred, though your foes count millions"—
Nay; the tea and toast style will never do for heroes.

"Ye brave three hundred"—
(stops perplexed)

JANET. (*who has taken off her bonnet and shawl, approaches DAVID slyly, and raps on the table*) Any one at home?

CLARA. Janet! Janet!

JANET. (*rapping again*) House quite empty?

DAVID. (*looking up*) What is it? Well, Janet?

JANET. Postwoman.

DAVID. Hush, love—

“ Ye brave three hundred”—

JANET. Fact, pa. The postman put these into my hand as you went up stairs. (*producing letters*) All paid as far as the street door—a penny each for the postwoman; one, two, three. (*taking a kiss from him as she gives each letter*) The last's a double one. (*he kisses her twice*)

DAVID. (*looking at the stamp*) Ludgate Hill! the nearest post to Paternoster Row. At last, sister! (*brings chair down*)

MISS L. Yes, David. (*sits beside him*)

DAVID. Answers from the publishers, no doubt. Yes, yes; sit close. (*opens a letter*)

MISS L. Come, Clara.

CLARA. (*hurt, aside*) David doesn't ask me. (*aloud*) No, I'm only a wife, and not invited!

MISS L. Nay—

DAVID. It's past belief! Were there ever people so blind to their own interests?

MISS L. Bad news?

DAVID. Listen. (*reads*) “Sir—We regret to inform you, that your elaborate and learned treatise, entitled ‘Attempts towards the Recovery of a Universal Language; with some remarks upon the original confusion of tongues, —their primary divisions, and their possible re-combinations,’ is not in our opinion calculated to interest the general public: we must therefore respectfully decline it.” Not interesting! Why, it was the grandest idea ever conceived; just think of it—one language for all the world. It cost me years of study. Well, they've lost *their* chance, and I would have given it to them for nothing.

MISS L. No, David, you must think of yourself.

DAVID. *Myself?* It would have been a boon to mankind; who, that deserves to live in the future, thinks first of himself? Well, thank heaven there are more publishers than one; and there's my tragedy. What's this? (*opens second letter*) “Sir—I have returned, per parcel delivery, your epic, called ‘Ulysses, a sequel to the Odyssey;’ the title page was enough. I suppose, if published, few readers would get further.”

MISS L. How impertinent!

DAVID. Hush, hush, sister ; we can't waste a word upon this person. Here's a third. (*apart*) There's the tragedy. (*opens third letter, and reads*)

MISS L. Well, David, the third letter ?

DAVID. (*not reading, but relating*) The writer does not believe that my Scheme for a Model Republic, altered from Plato's, would have a chance at the circulating libraries, or that it would be saleable in a cheap form at the railway stations. Besides this, (*looking at letter*) he says, though he does not know Mr. Plato personally, he thinks the subject—"Plato's Republic"—objectionable, and likely to strike at social order.—Poor Plato ! (*aside*) Well, there's still the tragedy ; and young Dexter promised me the manager's answer this morning.

MISS L. My dear David ! Come, speak to him, Clara.

DAVID. No, don't trouble Clara.

CLARA. (*who is engaged with ROBERT's lesson; repressing her tears*) I should only intrude, and I'm busy. (*to ROBERT*) That sum's quite wrong ; where's your French translation ? Not three lines done. What have you been scrawling here ? Windmills, and soldiers on horseback ! Go to your room, sir, till that lesson's perfect ; I insist on it, Robert. (*ROBERT slowly goes out with his books and papers*)

DAVID. What has he done ?

CLARA. Oh, of course he's not in fault ; it's only his severe mother. (*JANET runs up and kisses her*) Ah ! she loves me. (*bursts into tears, and goes out with JANET, door R.*)

MISS L. Ah ! she's unhappy. Why don't you talk to her, David, about your plans.

DAVID. Alas ! sister ! she cares not for them. If I do ever breathe to her the hope that makes life sacred—the hope that I may one day raise or soften the hearts of my fellow men, perhaps live in their memories ; she only asks what it will bring in.

MISS L. David ! she is anxious for the children ; remember, it is she who sees the scanty wardrobe, and dreads the empty cupboard.

DAVID. That's true ; but she's so sarcastic.

MISS L. She thinks you despise her.

DAVID. She despises me—has long ceased to love me ;

she thought the life of an author was to be a triumph without a struggle ; when the hard fight of life came, she grew disgusted, and repented.

MISS L. (*aside, rises*) How long people may live under one roof, and be blind to each other's hearts !

DAVID. Why here's a letter I've not opened ! (*opens it, rises*) "Dunloch ! Scotland." (*reads*) Come, a ray of sunshine ; Clara's cousin and his wife offer, as they promised, to educate Janet with their own children.

MISS L. How kind. Clara was so anxious for it.

DAVID. They enclose this note to pay our expenses to Scotland. (*gives her the letter*)

MISS L. (*reading*) Ah ! Douglas Lodge ! Douglas Lodge on the Clyde—the very house where Clara lived when you courted her.

DAVID. Happy times ! Yes, we were then all friends together ; Clara's cousin, took the house, you know, when her father died.

MISS L. (*reading*) What ! Your cousin asks you to go by the first train.

DAVID. Yes ; that he may see us before he leaves home. Can't Clara go ?

MISS L. Impossible ! she has the care of the house on her, and her health is delicate ; besides, he wishes to consult you on your affairs. (*pointing to the letter*)

DAVID. What's to be done ? To-day's Friday, and I must be back to my new pupils on Tuesday.

MISS L. There's but one course ; you must start to-day.

DAVID. (*looking at his watch*) It must be this very hour then, or we shall lose the train. Dear sister, will you order the trunks to be packed, and send for what Janet needs ?

MISS L. Instantly.

Exit, L.—a low and long knock heard, L.

DAVID. Who can that be ?

Enter CLARA hastily, R. door.

CLARA. Oh, David !

DAVID. Read this, Clara. (*offers the letter*)

CLARA. (*cheerfully*) Not just now. I heard Mr. Dexter below ; he may bring us good news.

DAVID. Of the tragedy ? That might help us all ;

open to me a bright career. (*aside*) It's strange I always felt so confident about it before ; but now—

MISS L. Here's Mr. Dexter, and, as usual, in such spirits. (*goes to D. L.*) Mind, sir, you'll fall, you'll fall !

Enter DEXTER, L. door.

DEXT. Fall, my dear madam ! I never fall, or if I do it's on my toes. *Fall!* bless you, I could walk in skates up the sides of a pyramid, pirouette on the summit, and alight on terra firma without a scratch. How d'ye do, Mrs. Lindsay ? (*aside, glancing at DAVID, who is nervously arranging his bookshelf*) Ah ! there's my friend ; I can't say now whether I more pity or admire that man. This is an awkward little commission of mine, but it must be done. Good morning, dear sir. (*respectfully*)

DAVID. (*turning*) Oh, why—why, it's Mr. Dexter.

DEXT. Yes, punctual as the sun. You know I said I should call about that little matter of yours.

DAVID. (*aside*) He can't mean the tragedy. That *little* matter.

DEXT. (*aside*) I've made a mistake. I mean the little matter of arranging for your tragedy ; of course I don't call the tragedy itself a little matter.

DAVID. Why, hardly, hardly. Well, Mr. Dexter. (*they sit*)

DEXT. (*aside*) This is decidedly unpleasant ; though perhaps, my dear sir, the manager wouldn't object if your work were a trifle—a shade—the slightest degree—you understand ?

DAVID. Not quite.

DEXT. A little less matter than it is ; he finds it too long.

DAVID. Too long ? That's impossible.

DEXT. It should be so from your pen.

DAVID. I don't mean that ; I mean that it's only the usual number of lines, and that if it seems long, it is because—because (*mastering his emotion with dignity*) I have failed in it.

DEXT. (*starting up*) Failed ? you're joking. I never fail ; and what am I compared to you ?

DAVID. (*sadly*) It wasn't for me to draw the bow of Ulysses.

DEXT. Yes it was, and to hit the "bull's eye" too, if

you only allow for the wind—the taste of the times I mean. True, it's changeable; all wind is; you've only to humour it. Last Spring, an African prince came over with two sweet children. Immediately there was a run on black babies; out came my "Molok and Malou, or the Twins of Abyssinia;" sold a thousand a day, for a fortnight! Another year we had the hippopotamus. In a week, my farce "The Hippopotamus turned Lion" filled the theatre to the slips. As to the Crystal Palace, my Comic Guide called "Puck, or a Girdle round the Earth in Forty Minutes," is as good as an annuity. But we're wandering; the manager rather fancies that Leonidas *talks* a little too much.

MISS L. Why, what else can he do in a play, Mr. Dexter?

DEXTER. Fight, my dear madam, fight!

MISS F. Well, but he couldn't fight through five acts.

DEXT. No, ma'am, few heroes can. Ah, if the play had only been in three—

DAVID. Three, Mr. Dexter. (*controlling himself*) Well, he couldn't be fighting *all* the time through three.

DEXT. No; I see the hitch.

DAVID. And if he doesn't talk, where's the sentiment of the piece?

DEXT. Ah, that's not essential!

DAVID. The development of character,—motive passion?

DEXT. Very little room for them.

DAVID. The poetry?

DEXT. Decidedly better without it.

DAVID. What have you left then?

DEXT. Incident, sir, incident; crowd your canvas with events.

DAVID. And leave out your men and women. But surely, Mr. Dexter, the manager can't hate poetry!

DEXT. On the contrary, he prefers it; but after all, a manager is but a merchant. Call him a wine merchant; he may think the old grape of Mount Parnassus excellent for his private drinking; but what if his customers will insist upon having the vintage of the Boulevards, or the Palais Royal? No, my dear sir, incident—a sensation scene, my dear sir; can't you make your hero take a header or leap on the Persians, like Leotard, by the

help of a trapéze? You've a fair chance in your last scene; but it's thrown away.

MISS L. Thrown away?

DEXT. Yes, Leonidas makes a speech and fights with only one Persian; cut out the speech and let him tackle three Persians at once. (*takes a fighting attitude*) Three's under the mark for a hero.

DAVID. Why, that's melodrama! What would Sophocles have thought of it?

DEXT. Can't say; he won't be in the pit, will he? Then there's your heroine, I've an idea for her.

DAVID. Well?

DEXT. Flourish of trumpets—Leonidas kills Persian No. 1—another flourish of trumpets—Leonidas kills Persian No. 2—grand flourish of trumpets and terrific combat—he kills Persian No. 3; a dastard Persian, No. 4, stabs Leonidas in the back; a brave young Spartan kills the dastard Persian—a chance arrow strikes the brave young Spartan—he sinks by the side of Leonidas, his helmet rolls off—it's the face of a woman—it's the wife of Leonidas, herself! There's a tableau! there's a situation for you!

DAVID. Impossible, Mr. Dexter! According to history, she was safe at home.

DEXT. What matter? where's the use of a fine imagination if you keep yourself to facts?

DAVID. (*dejectedly*) I see, I see.

DEXT. (*aside*) Now how to bring out my proposal? I know he's in want.—My dear Mr. Lindsay, may I talk to you for a minute or two not as a poet, but as a man?

CLARA. Listen to him, David.

DAVID. I fear, sir, the two have become inseparable.

DEXT. No, poets live on air and men don't. There, blundering fellow that I am, I've hurt you. But consider, all things must have a beginning; once insert your wedge and you may force your way. Now this play's the wedge.

DAVID. Well?

DEXT. But it's a trifle too large; it wants planing, sharpening, pointing—mere drudgery that would tire you. Now shall *I* be your carpenter? in other words, let me

throw your play into three acts, put in some rough situations, wind up with the pass of Thermopylæ, the Greeks and Persians in real armour, and a general combat. Fifty to one your play's taken, your purse fills, your wedge enters, and you can wield the mallet ever after with your own hand.

DAVID. (*rising*) How, Mr. Dexter, do I understand—you cannot venture, sir.—Forgive me. (*grasping his hand*) You mean it kindly, most kindly, I'm sure. (*crosses, L.*)

MISS L. (*r.*) That he does.

CLARA. (*crosses to DEXTER*) And will the manager take the play with your alterations?

DEXT. (*L. c.*) He will.

CLARA. But not otherwise.

DEXT. I fear not otherwise.

CLARA. (*anxiously apart to DAVID*) David, you'll not refuse. Think of the children. (*points to them*)

Enter ROBERT and JANET, R. door, they go to fire, R.

DAVID. (*surprised*) Clara!

CLARA. If they should want a home—for the children's sake.

DAVID. (*crosses, c.*) Mr. Dexter, I feel your goodness deeply, it shows me that I have in you a true friend; but I cannot accept your offer. My tastes are formed on old, perhaps worn-out models, but my heart clings to them; nor could I, with honour, accept in *my* name, and as the meed of my talents, a recompense which would be due only to *yours*. Heaven bless you! (*again grasps his hand warmly, then walks away and sits L. of c. table*)

DEXT. That's to the point now. Why can't he put stuff of that sort into his plays, instead of that confounded blank verse? (*to Miss L.*) Good morning, ma'am. Good morning, Mrs. Lindsay; perhaps I may serve him some other way. (*crosses L.*)

CLARA. (*despondingly, crosses, c.*) Thank you truly, I fear not.

MISS L. Yes, David has so many gifts.

DEXT. Gifts! he has as many gifts as a three-decker has guns; he might take any fort on the whole coast of life, if he could only get within range. I say, my dear

Lindsay, do cut your play down; take a hint from our new tactics. Your long tragedy's like a man-of-war that can only float in deep water; it's your little gun-boat that runs into shore which does the mischief, and carries the public. *Exit, l. door.*

CLARA. (*r. of c. table*) And so you've refused.

MISS L. Hush, Clara, don't fret him now.

CLARA. Oh, it's only money that he's refused; it only means cold and hunger. (*pressing the children closely to her*)

MISS L. Clara! before the children?

CLARA. (*sarcastically*) I forgot that; but it's scarcely a fault, you know, to *forget one's children*.

DAVID. (*turning to her with stern grief*) Clara!

MISS L. (*taking children to door r.*) Go to Ann, dears. (*to JANET*) She's packing your trunk, love; I'll tell you why, soon. *Exeunt ROBERT and JANET, door r.*

DAVID. Do I forget the children?

CLARA. Haven't you just thrown away success—success which was money?

DAVID. Money gained by another's industry is *alms*.

CLARA. Oh! pride becomes an obscure author!

DAVID. Self-respect does.

MISS L. Clara!

CLARA. An author! the puppet of popular favour, who holds his very brains at the disposal of others; he can act the grand seigneur—the high-toned gentleman!

DAVID. I hope so; for he has the refinement by nature, which some fail to gain by education; he is of a class whose emotions make life's morals—whose thoughts become its laws—rulers—for they sway the heart—lawgivers, for they mould the will. I am, as you say, poor and humble; but still enrolled in that band. Madam, you may wound me in other ways, and I shall bear it; but you must not insult my order.

CLARA. (*r.*) I was wrong—mad: David! (*imploringly lays her hand upon his arm*)

DAVID. Not just now. Ah! had there been more brightness, more sympathy by my hearth—I might not have been now the obscure man whom you despise.

CLARA. (*apart to Miss L.*) There, I told you; I am

his evil star, the blight upon his powers. (*to DAVID*)
Perhaps then we should be better apart?

DAVID. We shall be so—at least, for some days; we
were interrupted when I offered you this. (*giving her letter*)

CLARA. From Scotland?

DAVID. You will see that your cousin begs me to go
there instantly.

CLARA. (*reading*) With Janet! When must you start?

DAVID. This very day—at once.

CLARA. Impossible!

MISS L. It's for her good, you know.

CLARA. Yes, but so soon.

DAVID. I had no choice; I must return to my pupils on
Tuesday.

CLARA. But Janet's clothes?

MISS L. Are nearly packed; she'll travel in my shawl.

CLARA. She needs so many things.

MISS L. They can be got when she arrives. I must see
to the luggage.

CLARA. The luggage!

DAVID. (*looking at his watch*) And you'll send for a
cab, sister.

MISS L. Yes.

Exit, D. R.

CLARA. What, this instant! My child! (*going, D. R.*)

DAVID. One word, Clara, ere we part. It has often
struck me that the cares and trials of my lot are a burden
to you, that my pursuits do not interest you. I think,
perhaps, you might be happier if you lived in Scotland
with Janet, while I remained and worked here. Think
of it while I am absent.

CLARA. David! (*aside*) I see, he would be free from
the incumbrance, the drag. (*aloud*) I'll think of it.

Re-enter MISS LINDSAY, JANET, and ROBERT, door R.

JANET. (*partly attired for her journey*) Is it true, dear
mamma; must I leave you?

CLARA. (*clasping her*) My own! But for a time, darling.

JANET. You'll come and see me?

CLARA. Ay, that I will.

ROBERT. And I'll come too, Janet. I shall be papa
when you're away. (*crosses to DAVID*)

DAVID. (L.) No, don't be *that*, my boy, be a comfort to your mother.

Enter ANN, door L.

ANN. The cab's here, sir.

Exit door L.

MISS L. (*gives plaid*) Here's your plaid; your best suit and linen are in the trunk, David; you had better see that all's right in the carpet bag.

DAVID. Good bye, Robert; sister! (*kisses them*)

CLARA. (*fondly embracing JANET*) Bless you. Bless you, darling!

JANET. And you, 'ma—you'll come?

DAVID. (*taking his hat and advancing*) Clara! (*kisses her*)

CLARA. Good-bye, David.

MISS L. You had better not come down, Clara.

CLARA. I can't—one last! (*embracing JANET*) Now go.

Exeunt all but CLARA, L.—she throws herself into a chair by table and weeps bitterly.

And so he wishes we should part; I kept that grief down at least; I'm sorry though I took his kiss so coldly; but I couldn't have borne up a moment longer. (*listening*) I hear their footsteps!—they tread upon my heart!—Gone!—I wish I had said “Heaven bless you.” (DAVID's *peculiar knock heard*) Ah! he's come back—perhaps he would make it up with me.

Re-enter MISS LINDSAY, door L.

Well?

MISS L. David's forgot his tragedy, which he wants to take with him. (*takes it from table, and goes out, door L.*)

CLARA. I'll go and say good-bye—but no; if he really wishes we should part, I mustn't force myself on him—still he's going away—if anything should happen to him. Yes, I will speak to him. (*the door closes loudly, and the cab drives off*) Ah! it's too late! (*she rushes to the window, then turns from it, advances towards front, and supports herself by a chair*) Too late! Too late!

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Apartment in Douglas Lodge on the Clyde. The room presents an aspect of comfort and elegance; a bay window in c. commands both at the sides and in front a view of the adjacent port of the Clyde, and of a projecting rock, surmounted by castle; wine on table.*

CAPTAIN and MRS. MORTON, DAVID and JANET grouped round a cheerful fire. Time, near sunset.

CAPT. M. Fill your glass, fill your glass, Lindsay. Nay then. (*fills DAVID's glass himself*) You've a long journey before you, since you will leave Scotland. You'd better stay and go with me to the Highlands.

MRS. M. Much better, you seem only just come. You've spent but one night under our roof and found it so dreary, you won't risk another.

CAPT. M. Very well put, Meg.

DAVID. (*deprecatingly*) Nay, Margaret.

MRS. M. Ask papa for one more night, Janet. (*to DAVID*) She won't leave your side a moment to play with her cousins.

JANET. Do stay, pa; do now, won't you?

DAVID. Tell your cousin, darling, that papa has duties at home, grave duties, and that he must deserve such kind friends by doing what is right; besides, I wrote home that I should start by the five o'clock steamboat to-day, and take the train at Glasgow.

CAPT. M. Well, we must say no more, you needn't start just yet.

MRS. M. It was so pleasant to have a gossip over old times.

CAPT. M. Yes, and in this dear quaint house where my uncle, Clara's father, lived before us. There's the old corner where poor Clara used to sit at embroidery, when you, sir, came a wooing.

MRS. M. Yes, do you remember what a trick she had of pretending to be lost in her silks, that she might hide her blushes? Has she any of those tricks now, David?

DAVID. Now! (*sighs*)

CAPT. M. Ah! you'd some fears about her. She was

the belle of every ball, at race or regatta. That young ensign, the seventh son of a Scotch lord, would have turned the heads of many a major's daughter.

MRS. M. Then there was rich MacPherson, with his "Eh, lassie, I'm a plain body, but if ye'll tak' me, ye soll no greet for siller." (*laughing*) But Clara was true through all.

JANET. Pa, love.

DAVID. Yes, pet.

JANET. Did mamma ever really live in this nice comfortable house?

DAVID. She did, Janet.

JANET. Then why did she ever leave it for our gloomy place in London? Oh! I suppose to be with you.

DAVID. Yes, to be with *me*.

JANET. Oh, do you know, pa, I saw a book to-day in the library called "Sonnets, by David Lindsay;" was that you?

CAPT. M. Yes, papa was the poet.

MRS. M. Clara gave it me; it's twelve years since.

JANET. There was a sonnet in it to Clara. Now wasn't that ma? And she had written under it something about her beloved David. (*DAVID remains silent and averis his head*)

MRS. M. Will Janet run into the drawing room and bring me my crochet work? JANET goes out, door R.

CAPT. M. (*rising and walking to window*) Time's getting on; we must start in a few minutes.

MRS. M. Is the steamer in sight?

CAPT. M. Not yet; there's a mist rising, but it's very calm. (*as the mist rises, the stage very gradually darkens till end of Scene, and lights are seen from windows of castle*)

MRS. M. I'm glad of that; the Clyde here is nearly a mile wide, and sometimes as rough as the sea.

Re-enter JANET with work, and a miniature in case, R.

JANET. Here's your work, cousin; and oh, look pa—I've found mamma! I saw this on the table, just opened it, and there she was—I'm sure it's ma's likeness, although she's a good deal altered. How beautiful she looks, how happy—how different from what she looks

now! (DAVID takes the miniature, looks at it awhile, then kisses it, and after a struggle weeps silently and covers his face with his hands) What's the matter, pa?

CAPT. M. (to JANET) Come little lady, we must go together and see after Andrew and the luggage; there, I've eloped with her. *Exit with JANET, l. 1 e.*

DAVID. (*rallying himself and rising*) Don't go, Margaret—if you knew what feelings these few hours with you bring back, what emotions this face revives! (*looking at miniature*) Her old smile kindly and sudden as sunlight through a rift; those eyes fresh and pure that had seen life but in its morning; that ripening lip like tomorrow—ever in the bud!

MRS. M. And she's still the same—not changed?

DAVID. By trial—not time. If a tint be lost, if a line be deepened, a mother's cares have blanched the rose and worn the channel; she chose my fate, or she might still be thus. (*looking at miniature with much emotion*) Ah! give it me—let me have it?

MRS. M. Oh! we should miss it so much.

DAVID. It's the Clara of my youth; I could almost fancy it was a spell—a talisman to save me.

MRS. M. Well, then you shall have it.

DAVID. Thanks, thanks—I will never part with it, never; it will make me a better man.

MRS. M. (*taking miniature*) One more look—it can't make you a better husband.

DAVID. Oh, yes, I've neglected her—turned, vexed from the very cares I should have lightened—been lost in the creation of poetic virtues, while I forget the common duties. Ah! let poets learn—'tis a needful lesson—that he who would paint virtue in the ideal should practise it in life.

MRS. M. My dear friend— (*laying down miniature and taking his hand*)

DAVID. Well, well, I may repair the past—I hope so. But if, Margaret, by any chance I should never—(*she smiles*) nay, such things are possible—if I should never meet Clara again—

MRS. M. David!

DAVID. You'll tell her what I now say—that I knew

all she had sacrificed for me, that I was sensible of my many faults, and loved her to the last.

MRS. M. Oh! you'll see her to-morrow.

DAVID. (*solemnly*) Who knows what to-morrow may bring forth?

Re-enter CAPT. MORTON, door L. 1 E., hat in hand.

CAPT. M. Now, indeed you must go. The steamer's near the landing.

DAVID. Farewell, then, dear Margaret!

MRS. M. Farewell! farewell! (*shaking hands*)

CAPT. M. Come, Lindsay! Your luggage is in the hall. I'll see you on board, quick, quick!

DAVID. Where's Janet?

CAPT. M. Outside here, come!

CAPT. M. and DAVID go out.

MRS. M. (*standing at door*) Take care of yourself. Good-bye! good-bye! What! Janet, Janet. (*she goes off for a minute and returns with JANET in tears*) Nay, dear, let's go to the window—we shall see papa pass. Come! (*they go to window and look from it*) There they are! how quick they go. Ah! now papa turns his head, he sees us! Wave your hand!

JANET. (*waving her hand*) Papa!

MRS. M. Look! he replies! I can hardly see them now there's such a mist; yes! there they are. I've quite lost them, it's so thick; but they must be at the vessel.

JANET. How the mist makes one see everything through a veil—what's that great thing in the distance like a moving rock?

MRS. M. Most likely a large steamer bound for the North Channel: it's getting quite a fog.

JANET. The sailors down there have lit their lanthorns.

MRS. M. Who is it that hurries so this way? my husband!

Re-enter CAPT. MORTON, door L., hurriedly.

Anything forgotten, George?

CAPT. M. It's that miniature of Clara; David says you gave it to him.

MRS. M. Yes, I laid it down here, I think. (*looks for it*)

JANET. Or perhaps in the next room. (*goes out door, R.*)

CAPT. M. He begged me to run for it, as if it were for his life.

MRS. M. (*still looking*) You left him on board?

CAPT. M. Yes, safe on board. Quick, love!

MRS. M. Here it is!

CAPT. M. (*from window*) See; we're too late, Margaret; the boat's off; I saw the light at her mast. There she goes!

MRS. M. How very thick! I can't see half across the river.

CAPT. M. She's rounding the rock now I think. (*pause*) Yes! there she glides off!

MRS. M. I can still see her light—and look! there's another light.

CAPT. M. Yes! and by its quick motion that of a large steamer.

MRS. M. And—oh! look, George! how close she comes to David's. There! look! look!

CAPT. M. Heavens! she hasn't seen her!—she's on her!—strikes her!

(*a distant cry from the river of "Help! help! boats."*

The same cry is repeated loudly from the shore; then the same cry is again heard from the river and shore at once; a signal gun is heard)

MRS. M. Oh! that cry!

(*a roar of voices from the BOATMEN below. "Now lads! now lads! push off. Help! help! help!"*

The trampling of Men is at the same time heard, and the gleams of shifting lanterns are visible from the shore)

1ST VOICE. They've fouled. Why, she's on the rock!

2ND VOICE. Yes—filling! Boats!

CAPT. M. (*from window*) Quick! Quick! my brave fellows.

2ND VOICE. Too late sir. She heels over.

CAPT. M. Sinks! Sinks!

MRS. M. Oh, George! George! You're sure he was on board?

CAPT. M. Alas! quite sure!

MRS. M. Heaven pity him!

CAPT. M. Lost! lost!

(signal gun is again heard, and the reflection of a blue signal light is visible on stage from L.; they rush out; she clinging to his arm. Voices and hurrying of SEAMEN heard from the beach below)

SCENE SECOND.—*A passage, lighted by a small lamp, in David Lindsay's House in London.*

Enter MISS LINDSAY, R., in bonnet and walking dress, ANN enters, L.

MISS L. Ann, I think I heard the bell; Mrs. Lindsay has most likely come down, and wants you.

ANN. Yes, ma'am, she has just rung.

MISS L. Of course, you'll have tea ready and the room comfortably arranged for Mr. Lindsay's return?

ANN. Of course, ma'am; Mrs. Lindsay's gave me the most particular orders.

MISS L. That's right, we expect your master almost immediately.

ANN. (cheerfully) He can't be here too soon. (*going*)

MISS L. (aside) That's a good faithful creature—and Ann, just tell your mistress that I've gone over to the baker's to order a nice seed cake and one or two other things.

ANN. Very well, ma'am. (*goes out, R.*)

Enter ROBERT, L., cap in hand, with a toy ship.

MISS L. Well, Robert, my boy!

ROBERT. Well, aunty, look here—look at my ship! mamma gave me a shilling to buy it. I wish papa was coming home every day.

MISS L. Why so?

ROBERT. Why first, because it's so jolly to see him again: Then, it puts mama into such a good humour. Shouldn't I get shillings out of her?

MISS L. Go in, foolish boy; mind that when you marry, you make your wife glad to see you again.

ROBERT. Oh, I shan't marry, aunty! I don't fancy women. I shall be a sailor and go round the world.

(*runs off, R.*)

MISS L. (*smiling*) It puts mamma into such a good humour! What the lad says is true. This short separation between Clara and David may be good for both. I'm sure she's much softened to him—sure by a hundred signs that she loves him deeply, though doubt of his love makes her try to hide her own. Ah, what a pity! so full as life is of accidents that may part us at any time—so sure as it is that the dearest of us must part at last; but I'll not grow melancholy; at all events the present seems brighter, and why cloud it with fears? No, I'll hope for the best, hope for the best.

Exit, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*Same as First Act. Lights on the table, c.; tea equipage on small table at back.*

ROBERT and ANN discovered. Enter CLARA, r. door.

CLARA. Ann, have tea ready; you'll bring it the moment I ring.

ANN. (*arranging table, &c.*) Yes, ma'am.

CLARA. (*referring to a letter apart*) "I shall leave Dunloch for Glasgow by the five o'clock steamer on Monday evening, and be with you the next night, soon after seven." Yes, that's to-night, Tuesday—just one hurried line. (*rather sadly*) Soon after seven; why it's now nearly eight. Where's Miss Lindsay?

ANN. Just gone to the baker's, ma'am; Mr. Dexter saw her cross the road.

CLARA. (*recovering herself, and in a buoyant, almost gay mood*) Very well. (*taking up flowers*) Here, Robert love, sort and cut these chrysanthemums, then put them into the vase. Is my collar quite right? (*looking in mirror*)

ANN. Quite, ma'am, you look charming.

CLARA: (*to ANN*) I think I'll wear my blue bow. (*aside*) No, this will do, he likes pink best. You can go, Ann. *Exit ANN, door L.* CLARA arranges herself before mirror, Bring me that bracelet, Robert:

ROBERT. (*bringing it*) Why it's your cameo, 'ma, the one you said papa gave you before you were married.

CLARA. There, clasp it!

ROBERT. (*laughing archly*) I suppose you've put it on because papa's coming home?

CLARA. Hush, hush!

ROBERT. And that was why you were so hard to please about your bow and your back hair.

CLARA. Go to your flowers, sir, and don't jest about your papa; you're growing very like him. (*kisses him*)

ROBERT. Is that why you kiss me? (*taking up vase*)

CLARA. (*apart*) Can a child read my heart thus—all its fondness which this absence has again revealed? How I long to see him, to say, "David forgive the past; it was my trouble, not me." Yet he wished us to part; gravely, earnestly—I may have said so in a wilful mood; but *wish it!* ah, no! My love may be only a trouble to him; I must keep my secret better.

Enter Miss LINDSAY and DEXTER (a newspaper in his hand) door L.

MISS L. (*laying down a parcel*) Well, Clara, I've done my little commission, you see, and brought Mr. Dexter back. Isn't David arrived yet?

CLARA. (*rather indifferently*) No, not yet!

MISS L. He should have been before this.

CLARA. I suppose the train's not punctual?

DEXT. Can't rely upon them; railways are slow things after all. When are *wings* coming in?

CLARA. (*aside, looking anxiously at time piece*) Five minutes to eight.

DEXT. Well; we've such news. First, the play's accepted.

CLARA. (*touched*) What! David consented?

DEXT. Yes—called on me on his way to the station—would insist though on our being partners. Next, what should catch my eye just now at the stationer's but a notice of his new book in to-night's paper?

CLARA. What new book?

DEXT. Why that I coaxed him to edit, "Caesar for Children, or the Commentaries, with pictures." Such pictures! A fac-simile of the chariot of Cassibelanus, our respected ancestors, the ancient Britons, stained from top to toe with blue woad, the original *true blues*. Locomotive Almanacks, with suns and moons on their bodies. There's a school book for you, always in request; listen.

(*reads from newsaaper*) "This Cæsar of Mr. Lindsay's"—He's in print, you see—"is a rare gift book for boys, happily conceived, splendidly illustrated, learnedly annotated, and will be in a thousand homes next Christmas." Bravo! It's a hit! It's a hit! Didn't I say so? (*claps his hands and paces the room*)

CLARA. This was your doing.

DEXT. Oh, it's nothing! I'm made for the present, Lindsay for the future. He'll be a great man when I'm forgotten; I know that very well. Bless you, a poet takes nearly a life time to grow, and seldom gets well above ground until he's under it. Next age Lindsay may be as much praised as Milton—(*aside*) and perhaps as little read. Ah! what's fame after all? The dictation of the few who care for genius to the many who don't. What have you there, Robby?

ROBERT. It's my ship; I wish you would show me how to fix the jib?

DEXT. Let me first glance at the latest news—you'll forgive me, ladies. (*sits L. of c. table*)

CLARA. Oh, certainly. (*timepiece strikes eight*) Eight o'clock!

MISS L. Strange David's not come!

CLARA. (*forcing a laugh*) Strange! why aunt, you're getting quite nervous.

DEXT. (*reading aside in a low tone*) What's this? "Dunloch. By electric telegraph.—The passage boat leaving this port for Glasgow at five last evening, encountered a large steamer in a dense fog, and so fearful was the collision that the smaller vessel sank almost instantly."

ROBERT. (*coming to him*) Her mainsail's right—look!

DEXT. "In consequence of the fog nearly every passenger was below: prompt efforts were made; but the ill-fated boat being off the rock at the time, and the night so thick, we grieve to add that the greater number of those on board perished." What port? (*reads*) Yes, Dunloch!

CLARA. (*catching the word*) Did you say Dunloch?

DEXT. (*evasively*) Did I—did I? (*reads aside again*)

"We give a complete list of the few who have been rescued —John Black, George Oliphant, Mary Wilson and child, Thomas Blair, William Thompson," (*he runs down the list of saved with his eye*) The brief list of saved, and David's name not amongst them!

CLARA. (*approaching, r. c.*) What did you say of Dunloch?

DEXT. (*c., trying to speak carelessly*) That's the port Lindsay left;—at what hour last evening?

CLARA. Five o'clock.

DEXT. Five o'clock!

CLARA. Why do you speak in that tone?

ROBERT. I say, Mr. Dexter?

DEXT. Not just now, dear, isn't it bed time?

ROBERT. Shan't I stay to see papa?

CLARA. Go downstairs, Robert.

ROBERT. But—

CLARA. Go, love.

Exit ROBERT, door l.

There's something wrong, Mr. Dexter.

MISS L. No, Clara.

CLARA. Yes, he named Dunloch. (*to DEXTER*) Why did you wish Robert away? (*pause*) It's in that paper. (*tries to take the paper which DEXTER withholds*)

DEXT. My dear friend. (*compassionately*)

CLARA. He speaks in pity. Give it me.

DEXT. Not just now, calm yourself.

CLARA. (*r. c., giving him her hand*) There, I'm quite calm. (*suddenly seizing paper*) Give me the paper. Ah! (*she reads*) "Dunloch—by electric—fatal collision!"

MISS L. (*r.*) Fatal collision!

CLARA. (*who has stood silent with eyes riveted on the paper*) Ah! list of saved. (*reads*) "John Black, George Oliphant, Mary"— Where's his name? David's.

(*DEXTER sadly turns away his head, she looks at him for a moment, and falls senseless in chair, r. of c. table*)

MISS L. (*bending over her*) Clara!

DEXT. Remove the paper.

MISS L. How she grasps it! (*taking the paper, she reads it by CLARA's side*) Oh, David, David!

DEXT. We must now think but of her.

MISS L. (*still reading and violently repressing her emotion*) True, true.

DEXT. Hush! she revives.

CLARA. (*uttering a deep sigh, and gradually recovering*) Yes, yes, it's gone, it's gone now; I've had these dreams before, often—but they go, they go. (*looking round*) Ah, what's this? not daylight, not my chamber. How you look!

DEXT. Let me entreat—

CLARA. (*with impetuous command*) Silence! It was a dream.

MISS L. It may not be true.

CLARA. True! let me think, true! What, *I* here, life going its daily round with me; rest, food, talk, duty; a roof to shelter, fire to warm—and *he*—(*laughs hysterically*)

DEXT. There may be hope.

CLARA. *May!* there *must!* (*in an altered tone*) Why what's changed? there are his books, his very pen, the table at which he wrote, the door by which he entered—often without a welcome. To see him there *now* what would I not give! (*sinking on her knees*) Heaven, I have sinned. I was his wife, but did not lighten his cares—did not cheer his toil—did not brighten his home; but I loved him, I loved him! Oh, spare him till he knows *that*! Try me with want, with hunger, so I share it with him; drive me from a home, so I find one in his arms—so there I confess my sin and hear his pardon. Oh, let it not be too late, not too late, not too late!

MISS L. Heaven grant it!

CLARA. (*rising suddenly*) I must go now.

DEXT. Whither?

CLARA. To know the worst—to the railway—to Scotland! I must be with him living; or, if—if—(*she stops overpowered*) Ay, even then with him—still mine, still mine!

Exit door R.

DEXT. Do not follow, Miss Lindsay; leave her to herself. (*takes her hand*)

MISS L. Oh, Mr. Dexter, the train must have been in long ere this!

DEXT. I fear so; another train is more than due now—

the express. It may bring tidings! I will go with Mrs. Lindsay and must seek a conveyance.

MISS L. Bless you, bless you! *Exit DEXTER, door L.* David's name not in the list of saved—the same boat, no doubt of that—his train arrived without him—oh proof upon proof! And he so good, so—(*bursts into tears*) I must not think of it—not while she's here. What, so soon! (*observing CLARA*)

Re-enter CLARA, door R., shawled and prepared to start.

CLARA. I'm ready. Where's Mr. Dexter? (*crosses L.*)

MISS L. He'll be back directly. (*CLARA moves dreamily about the room*) Compose yourself, love.

CLARA. (*sinking into a chair L. of c. table*) Yes, I'm quiet now. I don't think heaven will take him till I have his forgiveness. Often I yearned to ask it; but, oh, wretched pride, I doubted his love—thought *he* should speak first; and so, I waited—waited—gambled with death!

MISS L. Not these thoughts.

CLARA. Oh, you're wrong; let me feel remorse—feel it to the heart's core! If I did not suffer, would heaven have mercy? (*pause*)

Re-enter DEXTER, door L.

MISS. L. (*to CLARA*) Mr. Dexter!

CLARA. (*turning to him*) Well; shall we go?

DEXT. There's no conveyance yet.

CLARA. We'll walk then.

DEXT. The distance is too great; besides, we need not start yet.

CLARA. Not yet!

DEXT. Another train, the express, has arrived. I shall have news soon.

CLARA. News!

DEXT. As to the truth of the report.

CLARA. Report! Bless you! bless you! only report!

DEXT. Not confirmed yet, as regards Lindsay.

CLARA. I almost think—don't tell me if I'm wrong—I almost think you've a hope. The express arrived! You've seen some one?

DEXT. Yes, a friend at the door.

CLARA. Well?

DEXT. He merely placed in my hands this small packet.

CLARA. Not a letter?

DEXT. No—no letter. I begged him though to procure what fresh information he could and return at once. (CLARA turns dejectedly away—apart to MISS L.) Command yourself Miss Lindsay; my friend has already news of your brother.

MISS L. What news?

DEXT. My friend will break it himself. When I think she can bear it, I shall give him a signal to enter—a light in the window.

CLARA. (returning) What means this whispering?

DEXT. I was about to open this packet; look!

MISS L. Oh, not now, Mr. Dexter, not now.

CLARA. (with keen scrutiny) You can talk about trifles.

DEXT. See before you judge. What if it should be some token—some dear memorial—some pledge of hope?

CLARA. Open it!

DEXT. (opening packet) 'Tis a morocco case! What does it contain? (touching the spring) A portrait!—ay, a precious talisman. It saved my friend.—Nay—forbear! It will surprise you. (lets her take it)

CLARA. Myself! My gift to Margaret! It came from Dunloch. Who brought it? Who? Smiles through your tears; you'd never smile if there were doubt. Speak! I can bear it. He's here! here!

MISS L. (supporting her) Clara!

DEXT. I may give my signal. (he places light in window, immediately after which, DAVID's peculiar knock is heard)

CLARA. (drawing herself up and clasping her hands) Ah! 'tis his step!—nearer!—nearer! Let go!

Enter DAVID, door L.

CLARA. David! Husband! (she bursts away, and falls on his neck)

DAVID. Clara! (embracing her, she grasps his hands, draws him to his chair, places him in it, then sinks on her knees by his side)

CLARA. Forgive me! forgive me! forgive me!

DAVID. You too must pardon.

CLARA. I have not deserved this! Saved!

DAVID. Yes; after heaven, by my wife. (*both rise*) See, sister! see friend! here was my talisman. (*taking miniature from CLARA*) I had left it in my haste—discovered my loss when on board—sent for it; but in vain. I could not part from it; at the last moment I leaped on shore—the vessel passed—passed on her fated way; but I—I was spared!

CLARA. And to me! (*looking at miniature*) This face—ah! may all that you once saw in it—sweetness, devotion, patience, all that have been but dreams of your fancy, now become—

DAVID. (*folding her to his breast*) What they are—Home Truths!

Curtain.