

TEMPTATION;

OR

THE FATAL BRAND.

A DRAMA,

IN TWO ACTS,

BY

W. THOMPSON TOWNSEND,

*Author of "Whitefriars," "John Stafford," "Old Adam,"
"The Dead Woman's Secret," "Fatherless Fanny,"
"The Gold Fiend," "The Lost Ship,"
&c. &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.

LONDON.

913731

CHARACTERS.

HENRY VIVIAN	{ (<i>a young Englishman of Fortune</i>)	Mr. R. HONNER.
LOUIS BERTRAND	{ (<i>a dissipated Young Man</i>)	Mr. JOHN WEBSTER.
PIERRE JACQUES	{ (<i>a Villager seeking for Fortune and a Wife</i>)	Mr. ROGERS.
PHILLIPE RAMAGEAN	(<i>the Outcast</i>)	Mr. T. LYON.
GILTZ	(<i>a Confectioner</i>)	Mr. WILLIAMS.
MORET	(<i>a Police Agent</i>)	Mr. KNIGHT.
OFFICER OF GENS-D'ARMES.		

Waiters, *Gens-d'Armes*, *Masqueraders*, *Peasants*.

PAULINE	{ (<i>a young Italian Villager, beloved by Vivian</i>)	Mrs. HONNER.
ELISE	(<i>her supposed Friend</i>)	Mrs. E. F. SAVILLE.
TERESA	(<i>a Village Girl</i>)	Miss TERRY.

Female Villagers, Dancers, *Masqueraders*.

COSTUMES.

HENRY	—Modern travelling suit. 2nd...Fashionable dress of the day.
LOUIS	—Blue jacket, red waistcoat, green velvet breeches, silk sash, leather gaiters, brown felt hat high in crown, moustache and short beard. 2nd.. Foreign travelling suit, in the height of fashion. 3rd...Old blouse.
PIERRE	—Countryman's green jacket and breeches, red waistcoat, white stockings, short blue-striped gaiters, narrow-crowned Italian felt hat. 2nd...Yellow domino, cocked hat. 3rd...Modern suit rather outré, large moustache and beard.
PHILLIPE	—Ragged jacket and trowsers, old Guernsey shirt. 2nd...Plain blue frock, black cravat, short grey hair and moustache.
GILTZ	—Morning gown, cap, black trowsers with narrow red stripe.
MORET	—Plain blue frock, dark trowsers.
OFFICER	—Red body coat, white tights, boots, and cocked hat.
GENS-D'ARMES	—Red body coats, white tights, and gaiters.

PAULINE—Blue stuff body, long sleeves, trimmed with red, red striped petticoat, white linen head-dress of the Papal States.* 2nd...Fashionable morning dress.

ELISE—Yellow body with long sleeves, red petticoat with broad stripes, white linen head-dress. 2nd...Modern travelling dress.

TERESA—Red body, blue petticoat, white linen head-dress. 2nd...Showy modern dress, shawl and boonet.

* The head-dress is composed of several folds of stiffened linen, about eight inches wide and a yard and a half long; it is then doubled, the folded half secured over the brow, the loose ends falling behind the head; it is fastened with pins to the hair.

✓ X6371393

This drama is the property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.

TEMPTATION.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Picturesque View of one of the beautiful Valleys in Italy, with a view of Rome in the distance—A neat cottage and garden, R.H.; opposite the cottage an orchard.

Male and female PEASANTS busily engaged plucking the fruit and placing it in baskets; in that situation, they sing a lively short chorus, at the end of which, PIERRE looks out of the cottage door yawning, R.H.

PIER. My good people, what are you making such an infernal noise about? (*coming out*) You have roused me out of one of the most delightful slumbers, that ever blest the sleepy senses of a mortal! It must be very late, and at the momentous moment of my life to sleep like a dormouse, what a fool—

They crowd round him, shaking hands with him.

PEASANTS. Good morning! good morning, Jacques Pierre!

PIER. Good morning! What's the matter with your mouths, that you open them so wide?

JEAN. A merry song sometimes lightens labour.

PIER. No doubt, when it is well sung. I shall want you to sing well in the evening, and wish me joy.

JEAN. Joy of what?

PIER. Of my fortune!

TERESA runs on and listens behind.

PIER. It is coming by the post!

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha!

PIER. Foolish people! you may laugh, but listen. (*takes out Newspaper, and looks suspiciously round*)

TER. (*hides behind a Peasant*)

PIER. (*aside*) All right—she is not there. (*aloud*) Now, listen and grow wise. (*reads*) “A lady, possessing some personal charms, an agreeable disposition, and manners calculated to make a matrimonial life a happy one, and likewise possessing a small estate——” (*aside*) That's one of the charms! (*aloud*) “is anxious to meet with one whose disposition will beat in unison with her own.” Sweet soul! there is a heart beating to. “Address to——”

TER. (*snatching it from him*) To the first flat that it will catch!

PIER. Teresa! (*aside*) The serpent! (*aloud*) I say, come, give me back the paper!

TER. I shall do no such thing! Were you such a ninny to answer that?

PIER. Yes I have, and I glory in it!

TER. Then you glory in being a fool!

PIER. Do I?—my sense will all come out one day.

TER. Your nonsense is coming out every hour! Since you've taken to look after the papers, your work's neglected—I am neglected!

PIER. When I get the little estate it shall be settled.

TER. Little fiddlestick! But I know what I'll do—I've got your promise in writing—it shall go to the Mayor; and so, if you break it, you'll be locked up to think of your little estate. Besides, I lent you a hundred francs!

PIER. (*blustering*) Woman, the promise was obtained by fraud! I was drunk—my belief is, you hocussed me! As to the money, I promised to pay it!—

TER. I know you did.

PIER. To pay it when convenient—and that blessed moment has not arrived, and what is more, it's a long way off, but now I can't stand talking here—the post must be coming in, I'm off. (*running off*.)

TER. The post is off, but I'll not lose sight of you, I promise you.

Running off after him, followed by the PEASANTRY laughing heartily, R.H.U.E.

Enter from the Cottage, PAULINE followed by ELISE, the former is neatly dressed, the latter fine and flashy.

PAU. No no, Elise, I must not be tempted; besides I fee no inclination to go to the fête, a poor girl like me is better at home.

ELISE. (*scornfully*) Poor! that's always the word, so then, because we are poor we are to see no pleasure, for my part I am determined to see as much as I can. Now do go!

PAU. I should offend Henry Vivian, the good hearted young Englishman, and I do not wish that.

ELISE. (*starting, and controlling her emotion*) Henry Vivian, why, why—what is he to thee, Pauline?

PAU. He has been a friend to all in this place, since accident placed him here—why what's the matter Elise, you look pale, and tremble!

ELISE. It is the effect of cold. Ha! ha! and so he would be offended—has he told thee so?

PAU. Yes!

ELISE. (*with ill affected ease*) And talked of love I suppose?

PAU. (*playfully*) Come, come, Miss Elise, I am not going to tell you all my secrets, I shall go in and finish the lace, for it must be done this evening, and I should advise you to do the same.

Exit in cottage, R.

ELISE. (*looking after her*) Can it be possible that he loves her? It must be so; he has met my advances with disdain and coldness, with ill-disguised contempt. It cannot be, but if so, I will be revenged upon them, aye tho' my own life is sacrificed. I always hated her, and this would redouble it—

HENRY VIVIAN is seen approaching from the back, L.U.E.
—be still, heart—he comes.

HENRY. Ha! good morning Elise. (*looking round at the door of the cottage*) Where can she be?

ELISE. Are you looking for any one?

HENRY. Why yes—no—that is—

ELISE. Ha! ha! 'tis useless to deny it: I suppose now you think that you have not been observed; you're discovered.

HENRY. Discovered!

ELISE. Yes discovered! I thought at first you had fallen in love with me, and so—(*looking at him*)

HENRY. No, you are wrong Elise.

ELISE. (*with affected gaiety*) Ha! ha! I perceive I am wrong, Pauline then is—

HENRY. Pauline!

ELISE. Yes, she is the object of attraction, why disguise it? but no matter, I don't wish to intrude upon the secrets of other people (*door opens*) here she comes—

PAULINE enters and HENRY eagerly rushes to her and kisses her hand.

ELISE. There—Ha! ha! the secret is out (*aside*) Oh, agony!

HEN. Well then, the secret is out—you are glad of your friend's happiness, Elise?

ELISE. (*vacantly*) Happiness—glad—

HEN. I see Pauline has not told you. She kept her word with me. I love her the more for that.

PAU. Elise will be glad to hear it; she has been my friend and companion since my poor mother died, and then, both being orphans, I made her come and live me. (*going to her and kissing her*) And if at any time we differed, it was when she loved too much pleasure, and I disliked it.

ELISE. True, true. But then, Louis Bertrand, you know—

HEN. Louis Bertrand?

PAU. Now I am so glad you have mentioned his name—Why, what's the matter?

HEN. Who is this Louis Bertrand?

PAU. Oh! he is a cousin of Elise—a Notary's clerk. He wanted me to marry him, but I rejected him; did I not, Elise?

ELISE. I—I believe so.

PAU. Believe so?—you know so! You saw me reject him.

ELISE. Well, well—I did,—it is a matter of no importance. (*going hastily into cottage*)

HEN. I believe you, Pauline. I am happy that I have found a heart without guile, without deceit,—that heart you have given to me—

ELISE. (*is seen listening at door*)

HEN. And Henry Vivian prizes it more than all the world; and believe me, dear Pauline, it shall never be despised.

PAU. I do believe you, Henry.

HEN. My own dear Pauline, I leave you but for a few months. My visit to England will be but brief. I shall then return to take you back with me as my own happy, loving wife.

Enter LOUIS BERTRAND, L.U.E.

LOUIS. (R.) Pauline, my charmer, how do you do?

HEN. Sir!

LOUIS. Sir? And pray who the devil are you?—what are you?

HEN. What you cannot lay claim to—a gentleman!

LOUIS. Oh indeed! That is damned personal, Sir!—I'm—

Enter ELISE hastily.

ELISE. Cousin, what are you about? This is Mr. Vivian, an English gentleman—he is affianced to Pauline. (*aside to him*) He is rich!

LOUIS. (*aside to her*) Is he? (*aloud*) Sir, allow me to tender you my sincere regret, if I have for one moment hurt or disturbed your feelings.

HEN. Say no more, Sir—say no more. I am an Englishman, free to forgive an insult as to resent one. Elise, for the present adieu! Sir! (*lifting his hat*) Pauline, a word with you.

They gradually go off back of the scene, talking to each other, LOUIS staring after them.

LOUIS. Well, that is damned cool!

ELISE. How is it you have been absent so long?

LOUIS. My dear Elise, the fact is, I—

ELISE. (*mocking him*) My dear Louis—the fact is, I dislike affection,—give it up!

LOUIS. 'Pon my honour, cousin, I—

ELISE. Trash! Did you speak like this when suffering in prison for robbery?

LOUIS. (*starts*)

ELISE. You see I know something about you.

LOUIS. (*deeply*) You do indeed!

ELISE. There, there—few are the wiser for it. You must assist me in a little plan, and I think we shall all be the richer for it.

LOUIS. Name it—name it.

ELISE. She loves and is beloved by that Englishman—and—

LOUIS. (*vehemently*) Curse him!—it shall not be!

ELISE. How?

LOUIS. I love her myself—have ever done so; my own folly lost me her affection, and the disappointment threw me deeper into crime. I can now only gaze on the happiness I might have once called mine!

ELISE. This from you?

LOUIS. Aye, from me! (*moodily*) A bad heart may have its affections and its sorrows.

ELISE. Will you assist me in a plan that shall place her in your power?

LOUIS. Yes.

ELISE. She comes. Persuade her to visit the fête this night.

PAULINE enters from the back, sorrowful and dejected.

LOUIS. Pauline, what has made you so sorrowful?

PAU. The separation from a good and valued friend.

ELISE. Come, come—cheer up, Pauline,—he will soon return. Oh dear me, how dull we shall be!

LOUIS. Dull? What! with Rome near us, and a fête to-night? Why, everybody is going. (*looking at PAULINE*)

PAU. No—I am not going.

ELISE }
and } (*surprised*) Not going?

LOUIS. }

PAU. Not going—I promised him I would not.

ELISE. Well—ha, ha! Why, bless me, one would think you were already married to him.

PAU. If I keep not my word with him now, I may perhaps sacrifice the truth when I am his wife. It will be very beautiful, I dare say; (*sighing*) but I must resist the temptation; so I will finish my work, and walk with it to my employer's.

ELISE. Why, that is close to the fête.

PAU. I know that; but I will avoid it—at least, I'll struggle against the dazzling temptation, and strive hard to gain the victory over that and the sacrifice of my word.

Exit to Cottage.

ELISE. 'Tis well. We must be upon the spot, and induce her to join the fête with us.

LOUIS. She'll find the temptation not to be resisted.

ELISE. Come in—we'll not leave her a moment for reflection.

LOUIS. If we do, we shall fail.

Exeunt to Cottage.

PIERRE comes rushing up the back with letter.

PIER. I've got it, I've got it! The little estate is in this to a certainty.

TERESA. (*listening*)

PIER. My hand shakes so, I cannot open it. There it is, open at last. Dear me, my eyes are all of a swim! Now then. (*reads*) "Be at the fête, by the fountain, this evening. If a person should say 'Gull,' you answer 'I know it.' They will lead you to me." Eh? "Gull," "I know it!" Don't like the name,—any other bird would have done.

TER. (*aside*) Goose, for instance!

PIER. No matter! I shan't be much of a gull when I get the little estate.

Laughing in the distance.

—Aye, aye, laugh on, the deuce of one of you will get an invitation I can tell you.

PEASANTS enter and TERESA mixes amongst them.

JEAN. Now then, we are all ready for the walk.

TER. (*taking PIERRE's arm*) Come Pierre?

PIER. (*striving to get loose*) I beg your pardon, but I don't think I shall go, I'm not in spirits.

TER. Lor! The answer will come to morrow.

PIER. (*sneering*) No it won't.

TER. Madeline! take his other arm, and support him, poor dear.

PIER. (*looking from one to the other*) Here's an interesting sight, a lamb between two wolves; I won't go.

TER. Never mind, leave him alone we don't want his company—so come along, let us leave him to his own miserable society ;—ha, ha, poor fellow.

They exeunt R.H., pointing and laughing at him.

PIER. Indeed ! there is more than one road to Rome, you go that, I take this.

Running off, L.H.

Enter PAULINE followed by LOUIS and ELISE. R.H.

ELISE. Come now, Pauline, that's a dear, put on another dress and go with us to the fête—look at me—

PAU. Well I do ! you know I would never accept any of Louis's presents, because I am certain his salary can never afford it, no, this dress, humble as it is, was earned by my own industry, I like it the better for that, good bye, I shall sit up at work until you return, and I wish you much happiness. (*going R.H.*)

ELISE. Why go that road ?

PAU. It is the quietest, I shall be better pleased with it—to be free from temptation, we should avoid it—Elise good bye.

Exit L.H. 1 E.

ELISE. Indeed ! Now let us hasten along the other road, Louis—

LOUIS. Aye, aye, we shall secure her yet.

Exeunt, U.E.L.

SCENE II.—*A street in Rome.*

Enter PHILLIPE RAMAGEAN, dressed in shabby apparel, R.

PHIL. I shan't cut much of a shine at the fête, what a lottery life is, let out of prison this morning and going to a fête this evening—now I'd rather not go, but what am I to do, no place to rest my head in, not a sou in my pocket, and only part of the crust they gave me when I left the prison gate this morning. Who'd engage Ramagean the convict?—I've honest feelings but no kind hand to raise them into life.

Laughter without.

—some of the merry makers are coming this way, it will be as well to see what fortune has placed in my way.

retires up.

TERESA and her party enter, L.

TER. Now mind what I tell you, we shall have rare sport with him, the foolish fellow, ha! ha! he'll remember the fête for some time—his little estate. Ha, ha! come along girls, now for our disguises.

Exeunt R.

PIERRE enters L., dressed in a flaming yellow cloak—cocked hat—*Mash.*

PIER. Now then, I think this is doing it prime—in the disguise, I shall escape the eyes of that precious Teresa, I shall see the darling whose heart beats in unison with mine, (*taking out a purse*—**PHILLIPE** comes down.)

PHIL. (*eyeing the purse*) Spare a trifle—I am starving!

PIER. (*hastily putting up his purse*) I'm not!—I've nothing to give.

PHL. I asked you for relief, not a lie.

PIER. (*frightened*) I say, my fine fellow, be careful—I am not easily frightened!

PHL. Nor is your charity easily moved! I have been in prison twelve months—give me enough to provide food and shelter until the morning, that I may seek honest employment.

PIER. Ha, ha! you must take me to be a soft one—been in prison and now want to turn honest—what an idea! Who do you suppose would employ you when you gave them a character from your last place—eh? Good night!

Exit pompously, R.

PHL. (*looking after him*) He says right!—the fool speaks a damning truth! I have been in prison—no repentance can remove the taint: no, the flickering light of virtue in my breast must be for ever extinguished—so be it! A girl approaches this way—I'll observe her! (*goes up*)

Enter PAULINE, L.—PHILLIPE listens attentively.

PAU. Well, now I am happy! My good employer has given me four francs beyond my agreement, because I took

more pains with the lace. (*looking at her purse*) Dear me, I am rich! Ha, ha!

PHIL. (*comes close behind her and is about to snatch it.*)

PAU. No, I am not rich enough, this is barely sufficient to pay the rent I owe, and I shall have nothing to relieve the wretched!

PHIL. (*draws back his hand*)

PAU. Well, well, when I am married to Harry—he says he is rich—I'll have no misery near me!

PHIL. (*clasps his hands together, looking deeply affected*)

PAU. No, no!

Distant Music, R.

—Hark! that is the music at the fête. I'm so fond of music and a merry dance—it's very tempting. There can be no harm in a little peep—(*reflects*)—only one.

PHIL. (c.) Spare a trifle for a—

PAU. (r.c.) Oh, dear me! how you startle one! (*going*)

PHIL. Girl, I have been listening to you—you have a good heart.

PAU. That may be, but I work hard, and am very poor.

PHIL. I can get no work and am starving—have just left a prison—

PAU. (*shrinks back*)

PHIL. Shrink not from me! I might have robbed you, but would not—you see a prison has not driven all virtue from me.

PAU. I am glad to hear it. Shall I? Now, you'll promise me to be a good man! And yet I don't know. (*taking out her purse*)

PHIL. Heaven will reward you for the deed!

PAU. And it will punish you if you deceive me.

PHIL. I hope it will.

PAU. (*opening her purse*) There now, let me see—there's my rent, and with what I have at home I might squeeze out enough for a new dress, and I'm sure I want it. Ha! then there's none left. I'll do without my new dress—yes, that I will—I can go to church in my old one, and thank heaven just the same. There, there—take them, and be a good man.

PHIL. (*amazed*) What is this—twenty francs?

PAU. Upon my word I can't spare more.

PHIL. More! I will not take them—two will do. I'll work to-morrow, and—

PAU. But if you get no work to-morrow—eh? or the next day, or the next, and the money is gone, that would be a temptation to be bad again.

PHIL. (*deeply affected*) Oh, heaven! this is more than I can bear. Your name, your name—that in a criminal's prayer for mercy it may be blended with his own!

PAU. No—to tell you my name would be to take the merit of a good action. I am only a poor lace-worker.

PHIL. (*taking her to the light, and looking earnestly at her*) When the last dread summons falls upon the heart of Phillippe Ramagean, may his prayer for mercy be unheeded if he ever forgets this act! May heaven place it in my power to return it! Bless—bless—bless you!

Rushes off L.H.

PAU. There now! I am very glad I have done that—I do feel so happy! And now for home! (*going*)

Enter LOUIS and ELISE L.

ELISE. Well, Louis, I declare, here she is! Come along—I'm so glad we've found her!

LOUIS. (*taking her arm*) Come along, Pauline. Listen to the dear, delightful music—see the light—listen to the merry laugh! Oh, you must come! Only one dance, and then you shall go home.

They have each hold of an arm.

PAU. (*pausing*) The temptation is strong—I love a dance—shall I— (*pause*) No! (*letting loose their arms*) No, I promised I would not. Home, home for me! Good night!

At this moment, a riotous party come on L. and surround her—they exclaim, "To the Fête—to the Fête!"—They force her off R., she struggling with them and shrieking—LOUIS and ELISE last, laughing.

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of the Palace, decorated for the Fête—A Fountain in C. of stage.*

Parties dancing and promenading—Refreshment Booths, small table and seat to each, R. and L.

entrances, The Scene brilliantly lighted up, pourtraying one of great mirth and festivity—PIERRE standing at the Fountain.

PIER. Well, here I am—precious tired, too, of waiting. Two or three of the police have been looking rather suspiciously at me. Why don't she come? Who is this? A female. This is her, and a very pretty figure she is. Now then to come the mysterious! (*puts on his mask and folds his arms*)

One of the Peasant GIRLS enters L.U.E., and after looking about her, beckons him down.

GIRL. Gull!

PIER. I know it.

GIRL. No. 1.

Glides off mysteriously L. 1 E., her finger on her lip.

PIER. (*looking after her, and imitating*) Gull!—I know it!—No. 1! What the devil does all this mean? Oh, I see! it's somebody sent to see if I am here.

Another Peasant GIRL enters R.U.E.

GIRL. Gull!

PIER. (*jumps round*) I know it!

GIRL. No. 2.

Exit like the first R. 1 E.

PIER. Gull!—No. 2! Am I asleep, and not acquainted with the fact? I'm tired of this game. I'm so cold, standing by that infernal fountain! I shall have a fit of the ague, and then when the real number comes, I shall be all of a shake, and—

Enter TERESA, in a domino and mask, L.U.E., displaying great affected coyness.

TER. (*with a lisp*) Gull.

PIER. I know it.

TER. No. 3—

PIER. Any number you like!

TER. I am rather tired, you received my note?

PIER. I did most divinest, pray be seated—(*leads her to seat R.H.*)—some wine, fruit, anything.

TER. This is kind, my attendants are also very tired !

PIER. (*aside*) Her attendants, she's a Duchess (*aloud*) disguised. Most illustrious lady let them rest.

WAITER enters with wine and fruit.

TERESA holds her hand up, SIX GIRLS disguised as ATTENDANTS in dominoes and masks enter and arrange themselves behind her.

PIER. What a precious lot, they'll eat a fellow up, hem ! you—a received my letter—(*they eat and drink*)—how they eat, I'm precious thirsty myself. (*drinks wine very fast*) Ha ! ha ! this warms a fellow !

TER. (*starting up*) What ?

PIER. Hillo ! I beg your pardon !

TER. (*sits herself*) Heigho !

PIER. What's the matter now, are you ill ?

TER. I was looking at those expressive eyes and—Oh dear !

PIER. I thought it would be the case—my eyes are appreciated here—You flatter me.

TER. No ! the mellifluous tones of that voice, the tapering delicacy of those fingers. (*taking his hand starts*) Ha !

The Girls crowd round her.

—The ring I saw in my dream last night.—

PIER. (*aside*) The deuce it is, it belongs to old Aunt, I borrowed out of her thimble case, to cut a shine with at the fête !

TER. I shall never be happy without it, will you sell it dearest man ?

PIER. I'm in for it—pray accept it !—I'm as good as hung !

TER. I find you are worthy my love and confidence (*to the girls*) You may go—stop, you can't enjoy yourselves without money, (*feeling for purse*) how stupid, the footman has my purse, I'll go and—

PIER. (*aside*) Her footman, oh the world's at an end, stay my lady (*fumbling for his purse*) there's not much, it's at your service and—

TER. This is very kind, ha, ha ! you'll never see it again.

PIER. (*affectedly*) No matter—no matter—plenty more where that came from. (*aside*) It's all I've got in the world.

The GIRLS go up and exit R.

—I wonder what she's going to say, I am all of a shake.

TER. Will you see if my carriage waits just at the end of these trees, we can talk over our plans while riding in it.

PIER. Our plans—riding in it! won't I run.

rushes off L.H.

TER. Well done gull No. 1, ha! ha! ha!

Running off behind, R., WAITER comes out, looks about him for a moment, then goes up the stage and appears to be telling GENS D'ARMES of PIERRE's disappearance—he rushes on.

PIER. I can see no carriage dearest!—Dearest devil, where is she? absconded, run, gull No. 1, certainly the whole family of the gulls are centered in my person, wine and fruit, my Aunt's ring, my little purse of savings, and—

WAITER. (*presenting bill*) Twelve francs?

PIER. Twelve dev—I've been cheated, robbed, gulled, I'll to my carriage, I'll call again, I'll, call and pay you to tomorrow, I'll, yes—I'll run—

He runs into the arms of the GENS D'ARMES, TERESA and the WOMEN enter R.

TER. Why the Police have hold of Pierre?

WAITER. Hold of him, he has been treating some women to wine and fruit, and wants to run away without paying.

OMNES. How shocking!

PIER. Teresa, I am done up, lend me some money?

TER. I Sir, no Sir!—sell your little estate, I encourage no such practices, not I. (*they go up.*)

PIER. Take me away Sir—I'm the prince of gulls—Aunt's ring has left my finger, I dare say I shall have another sort of one round my leg, a pepper and salt suit, and—lead on, I al a victim to hearts beating in unison.

He is led off by a GEN D'ARME.

Enter LOUIS, flushed by wine L.

LOUIS. That's all right, Elise is dancing and the party that secured Pauline, won't set her free, now then to work,

there is a good harvest to be got here. There is a young fellow dancing with Elise, he has a purse well lined, a watch and chain, softly Louis—they are yours.

going off R.H.

PAULINE enters wildly, R.H.

PAU. What—what will become of me, dragged into the fête, compelled to dance—to—to—drink until I feel as if I was going mad, I am here against the wish of—the man who loves me, let me fly from the scene of vice and degradation, to the purity of my native home, and pray that the error I have been forced into may be forgiven, alas I cannot move, a dimness comes o'er my sight—my limbs fail me, and I—I—feel as if death had struck me.

Sinks into a seat L.H., her head resting on the table.

PHILLIPE enters, L. l E., seats himself opposite.

PHIL. Well, Ramagean, the gift of that dear girl has prospered. I've been at work, have gained a franc—ha, ha! thank heaven—by honest labour: now I'll find a home for to-night, and to-morrow commence again. I'll have one cup of wine to drink prosperity to her, and then—

Noise in the distance.

—What is that—a row? Somebody comes this way. I'll not mix in it—rest quiet, Ramagean, rest quiet, my man! (*sitting down*)

LOUIS rushes on, wild and agitated, R.

LOUIS. The robbery is known—the gates will be closed, and if this is found upon me I am lost for ever. Ha! a girl asleep—this pocket is handy. (*places a small pocket-book in her apron pocket*) Now, then, for safety.

Runs off, R. l E.

PHIL. (*starting up*) What devilry is that?—that girl's dress too. Louis Bertand, my fine fellow, I'll bring you back to account for this.

Runs after him.

MASQUERADEERS and CHARACTERS run on, R.H.,
headed by GENS-D'ARMES.

OFFICER. What girl is that? Rouse her—her sleep may be pretended.

They rouse her.

—Ha! 'tis the girl I saw with Louis Bertrand!

PAU. (*opens her eyes and looks around, trembling*) What —what is this?

OFFICER. Aye, aye! finely acted—come along.

PAU. Of what am I accused?

OFFICER. Of being an accomplice of a thief!

She appears dumb with amazement—OFFICER lifts her apron, and puts his hand in the pocket.

—What is this? Amazement! the very pocket-book stolen! (*holding up*) Come along!

PAU. (*resisting them*) No, no—I am innocent!

OFFICER. (*dragging her up*) You are—

PAU. What?—what?

OFFICER. A thief!

PAULINE utters a piercing shriek, and falls at his feet.—PICTURE.

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

Ten Years elapse between the First and Second Acts.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A very handsome Apartment in a Chateau.*
—*Flower Garden in the distance, windows leading on to it.*

HENRY VIVIAN discovered at table writing—
After a pause, he dashes pen down and rises.

HEN. Strange, that on this day in every year she devotes herself to seclusion, and will not let me—even me, her hus-

band—enjoy her society. She will shortly return from her walk, and then in the solitude of her chamber will she pass the day in prayer and fasting. Strange, inexplicable mystery! Even our boy, whose every look she doats upon, cannot draw her from her solitude. But she comes.

Enter PAULINE from the back—she is pale, her face expressing a profound melancholy.

HEN. Pauline, have you enjoyed your walk?

PAU. Yes—the fresh morning air is very reviving, and it sheds a balm oftentimes upon the sorrowing heart.

HEN. Why should your heart sorrow? Is there aught that wealth can purchase or affection suggest, that will add to your happiness?—speak, and it shall be done!

PAU. No—I am blessed with your love.

HEN. But I have not your full confidence.

PAU. (*slightly shudders*)

HEN. Pauline, tell me—for as yet I have never asked it—why is this day, the 10th of August, to be—

PAU. (*whose agitation is intense*) Hush, hush, Harry! Do not ask me—I—

HEN. Well, well. This mystery racks my heart, and renders me very unhappy; but—(*assuming a gayer tone*) but—Ha ha! I'll forget it—I'll sit with our boy to day, and we'll talk of his angel mother and wish she was present to make our happiness complete—good bye dearest (*kissing her*) good bye—(*going off at the back*.)

PAU. Stay, stay—one moment and I—I—will speak. Eight years ago, you met me in Paris pursuing the humble occupation of a lace worker—

HEN. Yes—but two years previous to that I gave you my heart in Italy—and after two years' absence—I—passing through Paris to Italy, to make you my own dear wife, met you.

PAU. You did—you found me in Paris—I can well remember the meeting—I would have fled from you Harry—it was only to save your life—after six months' agony of soul, and when I saw you sinking into an early grave that I consented to become your wife—

HEN. You did—you did—

PAU. On the day that I became yours, I fell upon my bended knees and implored you to listen to me before you took me to your honorable bosom—you would not listen to

me—and I became yours—the wife of a manly, upright Englishman.

HEN. Come, come, say no more!

PAU. Harry, if you love me, if you love the boy that bears your name,—let me descend to my grave with the remembrance of what happened on that day, shrouded in the silence of my own breast—

HEN. Pauline, this—this earnestness—it shall be as you wish.

PAU. (*sadly*) When do we return to happy—happy England.

HEN. Tomorrow!

PAU. I am glad of it.

A loud crash is heard and a scream—PAULINE starts.

—What was that?

HEN. I will soon see, love. (*rushing out*)

PAU. How every sound agitates my soul! Oh, memory, memory! still dwelling on the past in dread and agony! Oh! if that fearful secret were but known to him! Let me not dwell upon it! Elise, Louis, have not been heard of for years. Oh! will the recollection of that night—the night of the fête, never die?

NOISE—Enter LOUIS BERTRAND and HENRY, supporting ELISE between them, and PIERRE—PAULINE going up to ELISE, utters a shriek at perceiving who it is—They look surprised at her—ELISE at that moment looks up, and recognizing PAULINE, places her finger on her lip.

HEN. Pauline!

PAU. The—the surprise—the fear that the lady was severely injured, caused me to—

ELISE. (*rising*) Such sympathy is indeed kind.

HEN. The lady will require rest, love.

ELISE. For a short time, while the carriage is repaired. Louis, (*approaching him*) you will not be vexed, love? (*aside*) 'Tis Pauline!

LOUIS. (*starting—aside*) Ha! (*aloud*) Certainly not, dearest. (*looking hard at PAULINE*) May we be favoured with the names of our kind host and hostess?

HEN. Mr. and Mrs. Vivian.

LOUIS. (*introducing ELISE*) Marquis and Marchioness Louis.

PIER. (*stifling a groan*) Oh dear!

HEN. Pauline, you cling to that chair as if you were falling. In heaven's name, what is this?

PAU. (*starting*) I—eh?—I am ready to show the lady to her chamber—and—

ELISE. (*taking her hand*) Thanks! I shall soon recover, and— Come, my kind, charming Mrs. Vivian!

PAULINE, holding down her head, mechanically leads her off, L.—ELISE and LOUIS exchanging looks.

HEN. I will give a few orders, Marquis, and will soon return.

Goes rapidly out, R.

PIER. (*looking off cautiously*) Well, what move is this?

LOUIS. Ha, ha! my good Baron!

PIER. Barren enough here, (*tapping his head*) to continue in this.

LOUIS. Why, everything goes on swimmingly.

PIER. Oh yes! very swingingly! It will end in that.

LOUIS. (*aside*) I must get rid of this fellow. (*aloud*) Pierre, go and make yourself comfortable. (*giving him money*)

PIER. I can't—it's no use. At my elbow there's always a police officer,—he is always before me, asleep or awake.

LOUIS. Silence, you cowardly whelp, silence! Go into the Town—entertain yourself as you may. At midnight have a carriage and four swift horse by this gate.

PIER. Four swift asses! Who's to pay it?

LOUIS. Silence! or when alone, I'll pay you, by twisting your neck! Our fortunes are in the ascendant.

PIER. Oh yes! I know we shall go up—I always said so. A pretty game we've been carrying on!

LOUIS. Assume a courage upon it.

PIER. I can't assume anything of the sort. I'm only courageous when I'm drunk. So you having given me money, I'll go and try it. There's one comfort—mine is not a quarrelsome courage. I'm remarkable for my quiet conduct when elevated. Elevated? Don't like the world!

Exit L.

LOUIS. Pauline, after a search of eight years, found at last! Ha, ha! and the rich Englishman's wife, too! 'Tis a mine of wealth to us!

SERVANTS enter R., placing wine and fruit on table.

—And properly worked she will be. Her fears will be drops of gold to us. But see—he returns.

Enter HENRY, followed by ELISE and PAULINE, R.

HEN. Come, my love—bid your guests welcome. (*they sit*)

PAU. (*timidly*) They are very, very welcome!

LOUIS. That is right, my dear madame!

PAU. (*aside*) Heaven support me in this agonizing trial!

ELISE. You seem to have a delightful garden. (*rises, looking at LOUIS*) I am fond of flowers, and—

HEN. Permit me to have the pleasure of showing you the grounds. Pauline, the Marquis will escort you.

Exit, with ELISE, L.U.E.

LOUIS. Oh yes—we'll follow.

PAULINE, who is hurriedly following them, is stopped by LOUIS.

—Stay—one moment's converse!

PAU. No, no—let me pass!

LOUIS. Do so, and you are lost!

PAU. What would you?

LOUIS. We meet again! Your secret is in my keeping. Your fame, nay, your life, hangs upon the will of Louis Bertrand!

PAU. Heaven knows my innocence!

LOUIS. The world will not credit the assertion. We are desperate—are flying from Italy to England. Your husband is rich. You understand? Our silence must be purchased.

PAU. What—what do you require?

LOUIS. Two thousand pounds!

PAU. I have it not—and he would not give it me!

LOUIS. Then you must get it.

PAU. How?

LOUIS. (*coolly*) If he will not give it—take it!

PAU. Villain! Why, after so many years of suffering and sorrow, comest thou to make that agony almost beyond human endurance? I will not add to my anguish the damning guilt of having robbed a doting husband, to give a wretch like thee! In its own good time, (*pointing to heaven*) will my innocence appear!

LOUIS. But in that time you will be sacrificed!

PAU. Then I must bow to my fate.

LOUIS. Be it so—we sink or swim together!

Enter ELISE hurriedly, L.U.E.

ELISE. Join her husband. Haste—haste!

Exit LOUIS rapidly, L.U.E.

PAU. (*sinks into a seat*)

ELISE. This is scarcely the welcome of a friend, Pauline.

PAU. (*convulsively*) You come to destroy me!

ELISE. You will not save yourself. Listen, for your husband knows us not, and our stay here must be brief. There is no one can betray you but us.

PAU. Elise, you know me to be innocent; and were it not the case, gratitude for the shelter I gave you when you had none, ought at least to command your silence.

ELISE. I have nought to do with it now. We have but one object in view—flight to the shores of England. Money is wanted. The sum asked by Louis must be had—and—compose yourself—your husband returns.

Enter HENRY L.U.E., followed by LOUIS.

HEN. Pauline, love—Why, you tremble, and tears are in your eyes!

PAU. (*controlling her emotion*) It is nothing, Harry,—the lady has said something that recalled other times to my mind.

HEN. You must excuse this. Mrs. Vivian has bad health—some painful circumstances of early date prey upon her mind, and render her ill and dispirited. Pauline, love, (*taking a pocket-book from his vest*) take that into my dressing-room, and lock it safely away,—it contains two thousand pounds.

PAU. (*starts*)

HEN. There, there—what a trembler you are ! One would imagine you were going to run away with it.

PAULINE moves slowly off with it, HENRY going up to table just at the point of her exit—She looks up, and perceives ELISE and LOUIS looking triumphantly at her—totters off R.H.—At that moment,

SERVANT enters L.

SERVANT. Monsieur Phillippe, of the Police, Sir ! (they start)

HEN. Admit him.

Exit SERVANT L.

—He comes to give me news of my watch, which I lost a few hours since. Be seated.

LOUIS. (unobserved, takes up a dessert knife, and conceals it)

Enter PHILLIPE RAMAGEAN L.

PHIL. I return Monsieur his watch—it has been absent but six hours. Visitors, eh ? (looks keenly at them)

HEN. Friends of mine.

PHIL. Indeed!—glad to see them. Introduce me to—

LOUIS. (rises) Allow me. Marchioness Louis—her husband, the humble person addressing yon. (pours out wine) To our better acquaintance, Monsieur ! (drinks)

PHIL. Ha, ha!—few men like to be intimate with me. I drink to your health. (drinks) (aside) That voice !

PAULINE appears at back.

—I drink because I am overjoyed !

HEN. Indeed ! The cause ?

PHIL. A curious case. It is some years since a friend of mine was in prison. He left it, and might have starved in the street, or have been led into the commission of more crime, but that a poor girl relieved him. Well, he wandered to a fête, and there beheld a villain—

LOUIS. Is that anything new at a fête ?

PHIL. The act he saw committed was so dastardly—so degrading to human nature—that he has never relaxed in his exertions to secure the scoundrel. Monsieur Marquis, I am on his track !

LOUIS. And the name of this angel, eh?

PHIL. Was—

PAULINE passes rapidly down, and clings to her husband.

—unknown to me.

PAU. Heaven, heaven be praised! (sinking at HENRY'S feet—PICTURE.)

SCENE II.—*A Street in Paris—House c., with practicable door—Door opens, and GILTZ enters, in morning gown and cap.*

GILTZ. Ha ha! Madame Giltz, I shall teach you von lesson ven you sall come home. Ha, ha! Sacré! I shall leave dis house of mine, and go and mount de Garde Nationale; and ven I sall come home I sall find my house dat vas open all overe, shut up—ha ha! Vere sall she be?

Laughing heard without.

—Ha ha! dat sall be her voice. Ha ha! I sall make myself all overe scarce! (goes in)

Enter TERESA and PIERRE L.

TER. Well—ha ha!—who would have thought it, that I should have met you, Pierre? Ah, Pierre! what did you run away for?

GILTZ appears at door, listening.

PIER. After a little estate.

TER. A little fiddlestick!

PIER. Yes, and I got one too—a landed one.

TER. You did? Oh! where is it?

PIER. Listen—you shall hear. I married a sexton's widow. After the marriage, I asked her where her landed property was—she put a spade into my hand, and pointed to the churchyard.

TER. Well, I married a man,—such an ugly fellow—a maker of turnovers.

PIER. (aside) I see, she is rich! Teresa, I always loved you.

GILTZ. (*aside*) Sacré! (*shaking a stick*) He shall love dis!

TER. (*pouting*) You never did, Sir!—you left me to pine away by myself, like—

PIER. A beautiful little flower on the top of a large mountain. I shall never go to my pillow of a night, but I shall dream of little estates and turnovers.

TER. It's no use now, Sir—I'm married.

PIER. Married!

TER. Yes—I am Madame Giltz.

PIER. Oh that I could meet the base wretch that has dared to step in and rob me of such a treasure! I'd pulverize him—I'd—

GILTZ. (*popping between them*) I am Monsieur Giltz—ha, ha!

TER. Ah! my husband!

PIER. The devil!

GILTZ. I shall not be no devil—I am all turnovers and Sergeant of the Garde Nationale—ha, ha! Inform me vat you shall do wis ma femme ven de moon is on de tiles—eh? Ha, ha! (*shaking the stick at TERESA*)

TER. Come, none of your shaking your stick at me—remember, Sir, I'm no true woman if I don't claw you to your heart's content if you do.

PIER. Bravo Teresa!

TER. Oh, I'm not afraid of him, or any old turnover like him! Pierre, you are a friend of mine, take my arm—a glass of cherry bounce will do us both good!

PIER. Exactly! (*strutting in*)

GILTZ. Sall I be on my head, or my other side?—am awake? Von small d—n upon cherry bounce—ha, ha! Sall find my head like some musket on de field-day—all overe von shoot—ha ha!—it sall be turnover with both, by gar! (*going in*)

SCENE III.—*A Corridor in the Chateau—Doors to open.*
Time, night.

Enter ELISE, followed by LOUIS, L.

ELISE. It is a bold and desperate plan!

LOUIS. The only one left us in the emergency. The sin-

gle drop I placed in his wine produced the desired effect
and he will sleep for an hour longer.

ELISE. And where is Pauline?

LOUIS. Watching by his couch. Fear not for her—she
will not dare interrupt me—I have her so completely in the
toils. Do you go and have the carriage ready,—the fool
Pierre I leave to his fate.

ELISE. I will. You will not deceive me?

LOUIS. Deceive!—what mean you?

ELISE. I suspect you, Louis. I obey your wishes, but
beware that in this you play me not false, for if you do, I
swear to effect your ruin, though I fall myself—so heed my
warning!

Exit L.

LOUIS. So so—she suspects me, does she? She is right!
I will be quit of her for ever! She is a clog upon my free-
will, retards my plans—

The door opens, and PAULINE is seen listening.

—and in this adventure will obstruct my way. Now then
for the final arrangement. The money is mine, and then
for England!

Exit R.

PAU. What voice was that?—it was one familiar to my
ear. What is to be done? I am one moment tempted to
throw myself at my husband's feet and confess all, but he
would spurn me from him, and curse me!

Enter PHILLIPE L.

—Direct me, heaven, who alone know'st the innocence of
my heart, what to do! Raise some friend to save a guiltless
persecuted woman!

PHILLIPE suddenly raises a dark lantern—they
start at seeing each other.

PHIL. Mrs. Vivian!—nay, tremble not, madame—I am
here for no guilty errand.

PAU. (aside) He will discover me! (aloud) What want
you in the Chateau at this hour, Sir?

PHIL. I suspect your visitors, Madam, but I am glad you
are here—I would speak with you.

PAU. With me? I-I cannot stay. (*trying to go*)

PHIL. Stay, Madam, I implore you. I cannot be mistaken in the voice, though years have passed since last it fastened upon my heart, engraved there its precious sound in letters never to be erased—those letters formed the word Gratitude! You are the lace worker who placed in my hands the redemption of my soul and saved me from eternal ruin. I-I have met you again—heaven, heaven be praised! (*sinking down on his knees*)

PAU. (*agitated*) No, no—you mistake.

PHIL. No, no; I am right—I saw you at the fête, the sight of—

PAU. (*suppressing a shriek and looking fearfully towards the door*) No, no; hush, hush! if you owe to me your life, do not kill me! It seems now that the heart so full of agony must break, and yet—

PHIL. What means this?

PAU. (*wrapping*) Forget that night for ever!

PHIL. Forget it! never!—the three great events of my life occurred on that night. I came out of prison a changed man—the one seed of virtue lay in my breast, ready to spring into a luxuriant tree;—your voice and hand it was that bade it bloom. Can I forget that?

PAU. Yes; for it was only the simple act of duty we ought all to do for each other.

PHIL. But one little practised. Well then, on that night I got into prison for the second time.

PAU. You were bad again?

PHIL. No; I had tasted the heaven of virtue, and forsaken for ever the pollution of vice. In doing a good act, I saw a villain place a stolen pocket-book upon the person of a poor girl who, exhausted, was sleeping on one of the seats in the garden. I pursued him—was myself apprehended—the money your goodness gave me was turned to my disadvantage. I had only left prison that afternoon (of course I had plenty of time to retrieve myself). One of my judges said I ought to have gone home. Home! great heaven! my only home was the canopy of heaven—my bed, the street—the cold stone my pillow, until you relieved me!

PAU. (*who has betrayed fearful agitation*) And what—what became of the poor girl?

PHIL. Oh, I grew mad when I heard it! I told them the truth—they laughed at me. She was condemned as

a thief, and suffered the punishment—pure and innocent as an angel of heaven! Look at me! from a despised outcast, relieved by you, and following the path of honesty, I am the detector of crime—the protector of virtue!

PAU. Didst know her?

PHIL. No.

PAU. I did. She did suffer innocently; but years after, in a foreign land, married happily.

PHIL. Heaven be praised!

PAU. But did that husband—whose soul is the unblemished fountain of honour and truth—did he know the fearful events that had taken place, and that the woman he had taken to his bosom was branded as a thief, he would die cursing her who had bowed his head into the dust with degradation. Should you ever meet them, let that seal your tongue. I, knowing her, ask that of your gratitude—I feel I may depend upon it, and am happy for her sake. Poor girl! what a heart of agony has she carried for years, and with what an unrepining spirit has she borne it! Good night, Sir, good night! you will ponder well upon what I have said. (*going slowly through c. door*)

PHIL. (*gazing after her*) No, no, it cannot be!—and yet she was at the fête—was a lace-worker; the girl—the innocent victim of the villain Bertrand—was one—was dressed like her;—and immortal Justice, what a crowd of suspicion is flashing through my brain! Methought to-day the voice of that Marquis sounded like one I had heard before. I leave not this place to-night! If it is as I suspect, the life preserved by her shall be devoted to prove her innocence, and drag such monster guilt to the world's light!

Exit R.

SCENE IV.—*A double scene divided in the centre—In the apartment L. a door practicable—At the back, on a table, a cash box containing the pocket-book—Two lights burning—A French couch with curtain; VIVIAN asleep on it—the rest of the apartment neatly fitted up—Window with curtain, and balcony a short height from the ground, the R.H. portion of the Stage representing the Gardens attached to the Chateau, wall, and door.*

PAULINE discovered kneeling at the couch gazing on her husband—After a pause she rises.

PAU. He sleeps, and soundly. Oh! would that sleep that knows no waking were mine! The only word of anger his lips ever spoke to me, has been breathed upon me this day! Hark! what noise was that? (*going cautiously up to door*) It was but imagination. (*placing her hand accidentally upon the cash-box, starts back, looking at it*) In that box lies the sum would purchase the silence of those wretches! Shall I? (*pauses*) It is a temptation, and—(*taking her hand off*) No, no, I will not! Why should innocence purchase the silence of the guilty? No, no! I will kneel by the couch of my beloved husband, and pray for heaven's mercy and protection! (*kneels down*)

The door in the wall R.C. opens, and ELISE enters cautiously.

ELISE. All is prepared; and this, if safely carried out, will be the making of us. Ah! the dread of Pauline too, when one word of mine would remove all. No matter!—she thwarted me in all my hopes, and shall now suffer for it. I'll not leave the carriage, for fear of Louis deceiving me,—he is villain enough for it.

Exit door in wall R.C., PHILLIPE entering just in time to discover her, from R.U.E.

PHIL. Eh? what was that? A female, and if I mistake not, the Marchioness! Ha, ha! the day is coming when the fine feathers must be taken off my lady! I'll get over the wall, and just have a peep at the goings on here. Aye, aye!

Climbs up the far end of the wall, peeps over, and then disappears—during this the door L. opens, and LOUIS looks in—PAULINE apparently asleep at the foot of the couch—LOUIS enters, looking round.

LOUIS. So, so, all seems secure,—they both sleep, and the prize is mine! (*looking out at the window*) All is still—

PAU. (*looks up*)

LOUIS. So now for the golden chance !

PAU. (*gradually rising*)

LOUIS. Where is it?—ha! that box—yes, yes! (*bringing it down*)

PAU. (*fastens the door*)

LOUIS. This is it—now then for the carriage.

PAU. (*firmly*) You pass not here with that!

LOUIS. Do you value your life, mad girl?

PAU. No; it is worthless if held at the bidding of a wretch like thee!

LOUIS. (*seizing her by the arm and swinging her round*)

Fool! (*rushing to the door*) By hell 'tis fast!

PAU. (*springs to the window*)

LOUIS. (*pulling out the knife*) Thy life!

HENRY starts up, and catches him by the throat—

PAULINE shrieks—A struggle takes place—HENRY falls on the couch, LOUIS standing over him with the knife.

LOUIS. (*looking malignantly at PAULINE*) I will not take his life, but he shall live to curse thee. Behold her! she is a convicted thief—the brand is on her arm! Thus am I avenged!

He rushes to the window, leaps out, and is suddenly met by PHILLIPE in the garden.

PHIL. Ha! I have thee at last!

LOUIS. Yes, but not for long!

He stabs him in the shoulder with the knife, and rushes off, followed by PHILLIPE—The door is forced open, and DOMESTICS rush on in chamber—PAULINE standing at the window the picture of despair.

HEN. This, then, accounts for thy shrinking from the world! A thief!—the brand upon the arm! (*fiercely*) Remove the sleeve.

PAU. (*gasping with terror*) I—I—cannot!

HEN. (*starting*) 'Tis true, then!—married to a thief—a damning stain placed upon my name and fame for ever!

(seizing her and bringing her down, she slightly resisting—tearing up the sleeve) It is the brand of crime seared upon her arm! May the curse of a blighted heart fall upon you, and—

PAU. (faintly) Innocent! innocent! innocent!

She falls at his feet, HENRY gazing distractedly upon her—DOMESTICS looking sorrowfully.

SCENE V.—*A Room in Giltz's House.*

Enter GILTZ, R., followed by PIERRE and TERESA—PIERRE intoxicated—a slight storm heard.

GILTZ. I sall not listen—I sall ask you to leave my house.
PIER. I sha'n't leave your house—I'm not going to be bounced into that!

TER. I should think not, indeed!

GILTZ. Bounce!—ha, ha!—dat is in de bottle!

PIER. No, it is not in the bottle—it was! (staggering)

TER. Now what nonsense this quarrelling is—let a woman settle it!

GILTZ. Ha, ha!—ve sall see.

TER. Silence, Mr. Giltz! I'll have the use of my tongue in my own house—it's a very slight privilege granted to poor weak woman, that it is!

GILTZ. Ha, ha! I sall be all ears.

PIER. Like a great ass!

GILTZ. Ha, ha! sacré! vat sall you mean?

PIER. Oh, nothing! What a fool you are!

GILTZ. Fool and ass!—ha, ha!—I sall have satisfaction for all dis—I sall look for von second!

Going, L., is met by MORET, a Police Agent.

MORET. Stay a minute. (*looking at PIERRE*) What is your name?

PIER. (*rather tremulous*) Pierre! (*aside*) I wish I was in the oven!

MORET. (*looking at paper*) Humph! it's very like!

PIER. Like what?

MORET. Like the man I want. How old are you?

PIER. A trifle past seventeen.

TER. Oh, I know him to be seven-and-twenty.

MORET. Here, Giltz! (*they go up and converse*)

PIER. Teresa, I'm off!

TER. Where?

PIER. Anywhere!

MORET. (*comes down*) I do not feel satisfied.

PIER. It is a difficult thing to satisfy people in this world.

MORET. You must go with me!

PIER. Oh, with all my heart! I'll just—

MORET. What?

PIER. Change my coat!

Rushes off, followed by MORET, L.

GILTZ. Ha, ha! vere is de bounce now?

TER. (*with mock dignity*) When I return, I'll let you know, you ugly old turnover!

Bounces out L.

GILTZ. Sacré! the woman is all overe mad. Vat vill become of me? I sall be all turnup and turnover. Ha, ha! Vat sall I do? I sall turn in, and viss mysel a good rid-dance of a bad bargain!

Exit R.

SCENE VI.—*A Wood—Storm.*

PAULINE enters, pale and exhausted, L. 2 E.

PAU. With bitter imprecations upon my devoted head, he has driven me forth, a wanderer and an outcast, upon the world! What—what will become of me? Die! Yes, but not with the stain upon my name—the brand of infamy upon my flesh! (*Storm*) How cold the wind feels, and the rain! (*Thunder*) But I shrink not from it, nor from the thunder, for its dread voice seems to assure me that heaven will one day proclaim my innocence! Alas! I am weak, and yet must I crawl into the depths of the forest, and find shelter for the night. (*attempts to move, but falls exhausted*)

HENRY VIVIAN rushes in with loaded pistol, L.

HEN. This is the spot befitting the solemn deed! Yes

PAULINE listening.

—despair is at my heart—home and its joys blighted—my every hope crushed —

PAULINE gradually rises behind him.

—my name and honour, pure and unsullied for generations, fouled and degraded!—allied to a thief!—pointed at—jeered at—scoffed and despised! Never, by the heaven above me! (*pointing the pistol to his head—PAULINE places her hand upon his arm*)

PAU. (*faintly*) Hold!

HEN. Who art thou?

PAU. A being dying—the victim of unjust persecution!

HEN. Ha! that voice! You are the wretch that I thrust from the hearth you have polluted and defiled! (*seizing her by the wrist*)

PAU. I am thy true and honest wife!

HEN. (*wildly*) Honest!—ha, ha! Look on thy arm—there is Thief branded upon it!

PAU. It is an unjust brand, as I hope for the justice of heaven! Did I not implore you not to marry me, and to bid me farewell for ever?

HEN. But you became my wife, knowing you were a thief—the mother of that child you shall never behold again!

PAU. (*shudders*) What mean you?

HEN. That the expiation of thy offence is at hand—

PHILLIPE enters behind, L.U.E.

—and thy husband will avenge his injured honour! Die! (*raising pistol—PHILLIPE stays his arm*)

PHIL. Rash man! wouldst sacrifice the innocent?

HEN. She is a thief!

PHIL. 'Tis false, as the judgment of heaven is true! Madame, (*raising her*) your troubles are nearly over,—the time approaches when that husband who has thrust you off shall take you again to his bosom with joy and love!

HEN. Never!

PHIL. What! you an Englishman, and refuse justice? Listen, and I dare you to deny it! For a theft committed whilst starving, I suffered a just punishment. I was then thrust from a prison, after I had paid the penalty—

HEN. Humph! so you were her companion? I see it all!

PHIL. She will forgive you that ! On that night I had no home, no money ; and those who had known me shrank from me as from a pestilence. Goaded almost to madness, I was about to commit further crime, when that suffering woman, by her god-like kindness, saved me ; and oh ! if the kind hand of mercy, the soft accents of pity, were but stretched out to raise and soothe the desolate heart of the criminal when he returns to a world he has been driven from, how often would he see the errors of his past life, and vow that gratitude should make his future days a work of trust and service to his fellow men ! To her will I now evince my gratitude for the past, and prove her spotless innocence !

PAU. (*with emotion*) Oh, Sir, the thanks and tears of a persecuted heart are yours !

PHIL. Thanks ? Did you not give me life ?—for what is life without a name ? Listen ! The rising moon shows you yonder ruined abbey. (*points off*) To that place direct your steps. Those that placed this trouble on your head, are there,—they cannot escape—they are surrounded ; and after ten years, Phillippe has secured them.

PAU. 'Tis almost too joyful to believe !

PHIL. 'Tis what I have lived to see. (*to HENRY*) You are armed ; follow, and protect her, if needed, with thy heart's dearest blood—she deserves it. Go—go !

Exeunt HENRY and PAULINE R.

—Ha, ha ! she will be saved by the grateful heart of the man she so nobly preserved !

Exit R.

SCENE VII.—*The Ruined Abbey—Moonlight.*

LOUIS is seen lying upon an old vault, disguised in a blouse, his face haggard and ghastly—he seems to be suffering great agony—the Moon shining upon him—ELISE at the back, looking out.

LOUIS. Elise, dost hear anything ?

ELISE. (*coming forward*) No !

LOUIS. It—it is time to rise—to move. What feeling is this ? Elise, I feel faint—almost dying !

ELISE. Indeed! (*going*)

LOUIS. (*alarmed*) Where—where are you going?

ELISE. I will try and gain the town, to send thee aid!

LOUIS. (*sharply*) You would desert me!

ELISE. (*coolly*) No, there is no occasion, although you intended me that compliment!

LOUIS. Oh! this dreadful agony!

ELISE. Louis Bertrand, it was intended for me. (*showing phial*) In this was contained the powerful agent that was to have ridded you of an incumbrance and me of life; and the poisoned wine you drank was prepared by you for me—no mortal hand can save thee! (*holding up pocket-book*) The money is mine; and now, Louis Bertrand—

PHILLIPE looking in L.U.E.

—a pleasant journey to you, and may every treacherous villain soon be on the same road!

Exit R.U.E., followed silently by PHILLIPE.

LOUIS. (*utters a cry of horror, and falls on his knees*)

PAULINE enters, followed by HENRY, L.U.E.

LOUIS. I am dying, and by treachery! Ah! (*seeing PAULINE*) Art thou there, the cause of this, come to upbraid me—to mock me? No matter—I'll revenge myself!

He attempts to seize her—she avoids him—HENRY is about to fire.

PAU. In the name of heaven, fire not!

LOUIS. (*c., on ground*) I am powerless!

ELISE is brought on by PHILLIPE, R.U.E.—POLICE, &c., at back.

PAU. (*kneeling to LOUIS*) Louis Bertrand, the dews of death are fast gathering upon you, and the account between heaven and yourself closing. Look at me, and, before it is too late, speak the word that shall again restore me worthily to those who once loved and esteemed me! Oh, take the accursed brand from off my name!

LOUIS. Never!

PHIL. On the night of the Fête, I saw you place a pocket book in that girl's apron.

LOUIS. 'Tis false! (*seeing ELISE—joyfully*) Who—who?—Oh! you are there, are you? Speak—who has arrested that woman? Speak, for I owe him a debt of gratitude!

PHIL. I did!

LOUIS. Thanks—thanks! (*his senses wandering*) When I placed it there, I did not know it was Pauline!

HENRY. Pauline, then, is—

LOUIS. Unjustly branded! The last word of a guilty man is—that she—she is—

PAU. What—what?

LOUIS. In—in—innocent! (*dies*)

PHIL. Behold the reward of crime! Live happy—early sorrows tend only to bind affection the stronger. Henceforth, Phillipe Ramagean will never cease to bless that Power who nerved his arm and strengthened his heart in rescuing the innocent and virtuous from the grasp of the wicked and designing!

PICTURE.

ELISE. POLICE.

LOUIS.

PHILLIPE.

HENRY
embracing
PAULINE.

L.

Curtain.