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Lacy's Acting Edition.

# SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

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# SHADOWS OF THE PAST. *S*

A Comedy Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON,

(*Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society*) *L*

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Poor Cousin Walter; Sybilla, or, Step by Step; A Fair Pretender; Second Love; Very Suspicious; Appearances; That Odious Captain Cutter; Court Cards; A Scrap of Paper, A School for Coquettes; Heads or Tails; Daddy Hardacre; Dreams of Delusion; Family Pride; Marco Spada; Ranelagh; Only a Clod; Matrimonial Prospectuses; Without Incumbrances; Deadly Reports; A Smack for a Smack; First Affections; The Watch Cry; The Master of Ravenswood; The Roadside Inn; Jack in a Box; An Atrocious Criminal; World and Stage; Marie Antoinette; Stage and State; The Serpent on the Hearth; Schamyl, the Warrior Prophet; The Last Trump Card; A Case for Reflexion; The Siren; The Watch Dog of the Walsinghams; Two Gentlemen at Mivart's; Broken Ties; Prison and Palace, &c.

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## SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal, Brighton (under the management of Mr. Nye Chart), November 1st, 1867.*

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### Characters.

SIR TRAFFORD CLIVE (*Admiral*) Mr. J. H. SLATER.

ADONIS SUNNYSIDE ... Mr. F. HAYWELL.

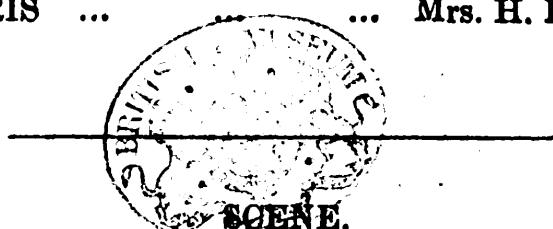
ALGERNON FALKLAND ... Mr. W. H. FISHER.

HOPKINSON ... ... Mr. E. J. GEORGE.

LADY CLIVE ... ... Mademoiselle BEATRICE.

ALICE ... ... Miss HETTY TRACY.

MRS. MORRIS ... Mrs. H. LEIGH.



### AN ELEGANT DRAWING ROOM.

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*Time in Representation—One Hour and Twenty-five Minutes.*

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PERIOD—PRESENT DAY.

# SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*An elegant Drawing Room, handsomely appointed. Entrance door, C. ; doors, R. and L. ; fireplace, with looking-glass, R., window with curtains, L. ; a sofa, R. C. ; a round table in the centre of the stage, with coffee-service set out ; lamps on the chimney-piece.*

HOPKINSON is arranging the coffee-service on the table ; door, C., opens.

HOPKINS. Ah. the gentlemen from the dining room already ! I was just in time.

Enter ADONIS SUNNYSIDE, C., leaning on the arm of ALGERNON FALKLAND, and followed by SIR TRAFFORD CLIVE ; all three are in evening dress.

ADON. (*languidly*) A thousand thanks ! I can repose comfortably here. (*lets himself fall into an arm chair by fireplace, R.*)

ALGER. (*laughing*) After your superhuman exertions in coming all this way from the dining room.

ADON. (*seriously*) After my superhuman exertions.

SIR T. (*who has just entered, to HOPKINSON*) Where is Lady Clive ?

HOPKINSON points to door, L., which opens, and exit door, C.

Enter LADY CLIVE, door, L.

(*going to her fondly*) Ah, are you any better, my darling ?

LADY C. A little repose in my own room, whilst you gentlemen still sat over your wine, has quite dissipated my slight headache. (*gives her hand*)

SIR T. I see it has. You never looked more charmingly. (*kisses her hand*)

LADY C. (*gaily*) Charming ! at my age !

SIR T. At your age ! What do you mean ?

LADY C. Why, when a woman is past thirty—let me see—how much ? (*begins counting on her fingers gaily*)

SIR T. (*holding her hands*) It's no use ! You can't count

zeros. (*LADY CLIVE, turns away laughing, and goes to table—following her*) And beauty laughs at calculation.

LADY C. (*at table, pouring out coffee—gaily*) A compliment ! And from a husband too ! (*offering coffee to ALGERNON*) Mr. Falkland—

SIR T. (*seating himself R. of table*) Why not ? Although some people may call that husband “an old sea bear.”

LADY C. (*as before*) The tenderest of Bruins. (*to ADONIS*) Cousin Adonis, am I to bring you your coffee ?

ADON. (*without moving—languid*) If you really would have the kindness. I don’t see any great harm in it.

LADY C. I suppose I must be merciful—(*goes to ADONIS, and gives him his cup of coffee—laughing*) For, no doubt, you are extenuated with fatigue.

ADON. Dead beat, cousin ! dead beat !

ALGER. (*who, on receiving his coffee, has seated himself, L. of table*) Why, you told me you only got up for dinner.

ADON. No more I did ! but we were employed a whole hour on the fatiguing process of eating.

ALGER. During which you were comfortably seated.

ADON. Comfortably seated ! Heavens ! what an observation !

SIR T. Have you any complaint to bring against my chairs ?

ADON. Not against your chairs in particular, Sir Trafford—against chairs in general. They are altogether absurd pieces of furniture.

LADY C. (*who has seated herself on the sofa, R., laughing*) Well, we will provide you with a couch to dine on, another time.

ADON. (*seriously*) That really is uncommonly kind of you.

ALGER. (*rising*) I cannot understand, Sunnyside, how you—lazy creature that you are—you don’t mind my calling you lazy ?

ADON. Not in the least. I like to be properly appreciated.

ALGER. (*going to him*) I cannot understand how you could ever find sufficient energy to quit your native West Indies—undertake a long voyage, and transport yourself bodily to London.

ADON. Your surprise is natural. But the fact was, Jamaica became insupportable. As if it were not enough to know that those “dear blacks” were emancipated ; to see the lazy niggers sleeping instead of cultivating sugar-canies, and cutting capers instead of cutting crops—and to get my delicate complexion jaundiced with vexation ;—as if all this were not enough, the inert animals must needs get up a rebellion ! Now, I have a horror of all emotions, and on this occasion my emotions were terrific—my susceptible organisation was unable to endure them. So I chose the lesser evil, and moved on to Europe.

ALGER. And Europe must have been gratified, that any force—and that not even a police force—could make you "move on."

ADON. (*seriously*) Europe had every right to be gratified. I tried Paris first; but Paris was unbearable.

ALGER. Paris unbearable? The idea is original.

ADON. But correct. My dear sir, those Frenchmen gesticulate so awfully, and talk in so high a key, and are altogether so confoundedly animated, that my poor nerves were more shattered than ever. (*to LADY CLIVE*) You know something of these people, cousin, for you have lived among them.

LADY C. True. Although English born, I was bred in Paris, and passed my earlier days in Florence. My poor father was an invalid, and hated our chilly climate. I never knew my native land until my marriage with Sir Trafford. Thus, some of my childhood's memories still cling to my tongue; although my heart, I hope, is English ever.

ADON. Yes; I counted on that, when I fled from the French Babylon and sought repose with you in London.

ALGER. Happy London!

ADON. (*seriously*) No doubt. You English work and slave prodigiously, and give yourselves an infinity of trouble to do something, which you call business, but which, in other words, means "money-making." But it does not distress me, I look calmly on; and I am happy. There is nothing so pleasant as reposing, whilst all the world around you is worrying out its life, and you can enjoy the soothing conviction that you alone are living, and that nothing is permitted to disturb your nervous system—

*Enter HOPKINSON, door C.*

(*getting up*) Good heavens! how that wretch's boots creak! Can't he take them off?

HOPKINS. (*remaining at door, C.*) Mrs. Morris desires to know whether my lady can receive her with Miss Alice?

LADY C. (*eagerly*) Certainly! (*going up to HOPKINSON*) Ask them to wait a moment in my boudoir; I will join them immediately.

HOPKINS. Yes, my lady.

*Exit, C., closing the door.*

ADON. (*taking his fingers from his ears, and looking round*) Is he gone? I don't hear the wretch. Well, as I was going to say, I find England to be the only country to live in.

ALGER. To sleep in, you mean.

ADON. (*seriously*) Yes, that's just what I *did* mean. (*he lets himself fall on sofa, R.*) You are all delightfully dull and quiet; you never have any emotions; your married life is one perpetual languid summer without storms. (*turning to LADY*

CLIVE *who has come to him*) Why, here are you, cousin, who have been married for a century—

LADY C. (*smiling*) A very small century, if you please, cousin. (*turns away, and goes to SIR TRAFFORD*)

ADON. A *small* century, if you like; and yet you go on doing your turtle-dove business as if you had only just received the nuptial benediction.

SIR T. It is true, I adore my wife. I'm not ashamed of it. (*kisses both hands of LADY CLIVE, who smiles on him pleasantly, and goes to sit L. of table*)

ADON. And quite right too! Why should you give yourself any unnecessary emotions?

*Enter HOPKINON, door C., with another servant, clears away coffee service, and exit door, C.*

You really are charming people, you native English—you are indeed! You take your dust in the Park with exquisitely formal languor—at most, you canter up and down Rotten Row with most praiseworthy monotony—you lounge on your stair-carpets at your crowded balls; and you banish your children to remote regions, with a gaoler, called a nursery governess, in order to relieve yourselves of their importunate caresses, and their rebellious squalling.

SIR T. (*laughing*) Which last custom we should never have conformed to. Had we had the happiness of possessing children, we should not have banished them from our presence. (*to LADY CLIVE*) Should we, Emma?

LADY C. (*somewhat confused*) Oh, no, never!

ALGER. Your brain seems as rebellious to your creed as your tongue, Sunnyside; for you have evidently placed your spirit of observation on active service.

ADON. I flatter myself, that, were it not for the infernal trouble, I could write you a book on, "The Philosophy of Indolence, or, the World seen from a Sofa,"—pretty title, isn't it? The English should have the first place in it, as, "The Great Emotionless!" No violent passions, no jealousies, no cuttings of throats, or blowings out of brains, for such mere fancies as injured honour.

ALGER. Well! I have known cases—

ADON. Among the vulgar, my good friend—the low people. It is only your Spaniard, or your Frenchman, or some such deplorably excitable person, who kills a man, when the fellow is spoony on his wife.

SIR T. And such a husband is wrong.

ADON. Of course he is.

SIR T. Why kill the lover? A deed of blood cannot make

an injured husband less unhappy. If he loves his wife, has placed all his hopes and happiness in her—and finds, that she has basely deceived him, he has naught to do but kill himself! (LADY CLIVE *springs up convulsively*)

ADON. A pretty idea that!

SIR T. (*laughing*) At all events, it is my own. (LADY CLIVE *sits down again*)

ADON. Then pray keep it to yourself!

SIR T. Heaven forbid, that either you or I should ever find himself in such a fearful pass! (LADY CLIVE *rises again, and walks nervously up and down*) But I have no doubt, gentlemen, that you are both longing for a cigar. The night is fine—suppose we take a stroll. You know you were invited to a bachelor dinner—not a set family party.

ALGER. (*going to LADY CLIVE, and bowing*) I, for one, shall regret the family party. (LADY CLIVE *smiles on him vacantly*)

SIR T. (*going to ADONIS*) Come, man! Make an effort, and get up!

ADON. This is downright cruelty to animals! Why force me to use my poor legs, when they are so happy without movement?

SIR T. Because, if I don't, you'll get as obese as a prize pig. Just help me to hoist him up, Falkland.

ALGER. I'll do my best. (*going to ADONIS, and trying to lift him up*) He's awfully heavy. (SIR TRAFFORD *helps, using seamen's cries, when hoisting*, "Hee houp! Hee houp!") Ah, up at last! (*puts ADONIS on his legs*)

ADON. (*dawdling to C.*) Only ten steps, as you love me—only ten steps!

ALGER. Only nine and a half, if you please.

ADON. Thanks for that expression of sympathy. Accept in return a small cigar. (*pulls out a cigar eight inches long—ALGERNON laughs*) Oh, we have longer ones than that. This is a mere trifle; it only lasts four hours at the most.

ALGER. Thank you, I prefer my own. (*pulls out of his case a small cigar, which he measures with that of ADONIS—during this business ADONIS and ALGERNON go up, C.—SIR TRAFFORD comes down to LADY CLIVE*)

SIR T. I shall get rid of the young fellows as soon as I can, and come and spend the rest of the evening with you, dearest. Does that suit your little book?

LADY C. (*a little confused*) Oh, yes—certainly—of course.

SIR T. (*kissing her on the forehead*) I shall not be long away, my love; I cannot be, you know.

ALGER. (*behind, c.*) Oh, Sir Trafford, do have some pity on my poor legs—they're supporting me all this time!

SIR T. I beg your legs ten thousand pardons. I'm coming.

*Goes up to door C.—ALGERNON and ADONIS exeunt, door C.—looking back and waving his hand—*

Good-bye, good-bye!

*Exit, door C.*

LADY C. (*alone, looking after him*) How he loves me—how dearly—how truly! What a happiness it would be to know that I possessed the affection of such a man—if—if—ah! (*sighs deeply—hurries to door L., and throws it open*) Come—come quickly, now!

*Enter MRS. MORRIS, with ALICE, door L.*

(*embracing ALICE*) My dear child! (*low to MRS. MORRIS*) Pardon me for having kept you waiting. My husband was here; and I am anxious he should see Alice as little as possible.

MRS. MORRIS. (*low to her*) I comprehend.

LADY C. (*drawing ALICE towards her, and seating herself L. of table*) Now, let me look at you well. So you have recovered all your bright colours, I see. It was a capital idea of Mrs. Morris to take that charming little cottage at Brompton for you. The fresh air has done you an infinite good. (*aside*) How pretty she looks!

ALICE. I am in the garden nearly all the day long.

MRS. M. And all the evening too, sometimes. There's no getting her in-doors now. It was ten o'clock last night before I could induce her to leave the garden, I declare.

LADY C. That was imprudent, Alice; the nights are damp.

ALICE. But the evening was so beautiful; and, besides, there was no danger of my catching cold, for I got into the little thatched arbour, and it was so cosy there.

LADY C. My dear child, you ought to be more cautious.

MRS. M. Alice, dear, I have something to say to Lady Clive on matters of business; will you leave us for a few minutes? (*opens door, L.*)

ALICE. Of course I will, if you ask me.

LADY C. (*rising*) You will find several pretty illustrated works on the table in my boudoir; they will amuse you; it was for you I bought them.

ALICE. Oh, how kind you are to me! (*LADY CLIVE kisses her on the forehead, ALICE exit door, L., looking back at her*)

LADY C. (*to herself*) Kind! Ah, why can I not show myself kinder still? (*turning to MRS. MORRIS*) What a cruel fate is mine! I love my husband—how gladly would I clasp that sweet child to my heart, and give her a daughter's name—and yet I am doomed to repress, within the inmost recesses of my heart, the two affections of my life, until I feel nigh suffocated.

MRS. M. (*taking her hands*) Come, come, you exaggerate. I admit that to control the beatings of your heart in the presence of Alice is politic—necessary, if you will. But, since you love your husband, why should he not know all the extent of your affection?

LADY C. Why? Can I live a life of perpetual deception with such a man, and yet say to him with all my heart and soul, "I love you; yes, in my heart of hearts, I love you?" No! I should feel myself a base, unworthy hypocrite. And were he to know all—I tremble at the thought!

MRS. M. Why should he resent the past—that past, when, alone with a cold, proud father—deprived of a mother's love—a mother's protection in the hour of danger—you—

LADY C. (*stopping her, with terror*) Oh, no more! no more! I cannot bear to hear it. (*a pause*) Why should my husband resent the past, you ask. Is it not his to resent treachery and falsehood? But it is not his anger that I dread. No, no, not that. I only fear lest he should tell me he no longer loved me. That would be my death blow!

MRS. M. How should he ever learn a secret known alone to you and me?

LADY C. Who can tell? Oh, my friend, I sometimes wish that I were dead.

MRS. M. Hush, hush! you must not say such things. You have a sacred duty to perform.

LADY C. And, by the performance of that very duty, sacred as it is, I plunge more and more into the mire of deceit. Oh, for strength to bear my cross without a murmur! (*sits, L., wearily*) What is it you have to say to me?

MRS. M. I really don't know whether I ought, just now—you are already so disquieted.

LADY C. (*seated*) Then, what you were about to tell me—

MRS. M. (*standing by her side*) Might give you some uneasiness.

LADY C. (*eagerly*) Does it concern Alice? Speak! what is it?

MRS. M. You know Mr. Algernon Falkland?

LADY C. Yes—in the diplomatic service. He is a friend of my husband—belongs to the same club—was here just now.

MRS. M. You know where he lives?

LADY C. No; or it has slipped my memory.

MRS. M. Athelstane Lodge, Brompton.

LADY C. In the house—

MRS. M. From which they have let us off the detached cottage, allowing us the use of the garden, which divides the two, exactly so.

LADY C. You never told me this?

MRS. M. It never entered my mind. We lived so retired ; and I paid no heed to my neighbours. I should have been ignorant of Mr. Falkland's name, had not this letter compelled me to make enquiries.

LADY C. What letter ? Give it here ! (*takes letter from MRS. MORRIS, and reads it hastily*) A love letter ! From Mr. Falkland, you say ?

MRS. M. I have reason to suppose so.

LADY C. And addressed to—

MRS. M. I found it in the arbour, where Alice spends chief part of her time.

LADY C. (*springing up*) You think, then, it was for her ?

MRS. M. What could I think ?

LADY C. (*walking about uneasily*) Yes ; likely enough ! These young fellows fancy they have but to hold up their little fingers to win a poor child's heart ; and yet, no ! Algernon Falkland is a gentleman. I cannot think he would deliberately plot a poor unprotected girl's dishonour. (*turning to MRS. MORRIS*) At all events, Alice has never read this letter.

MRS. M. No ; but it seems to allude to others previously written.

LADY C. Which Alice has received ? Oh, no ! I cannot think it. (*gives back the letter*)

MRS. M. Do not let us deceive ourselves. Our darling Alice, has been brought up in such ignorance of the world's ways, that her disposition naturally inclines to the sentimental and romantic.

LADY C. Then danger to her peace of mind is imminent. Algernon Falkland, in his position, could never think of marrying a poor orphan ; and even were love to gain the mastery over prudence in his heart, and decide him to that step, how meet his enquiries as to her birth ? How explain ? No ; in any case, the marriage were impossible ! But, first let us learn the truth. Alice is frank and honest. She will answer all enquiries with candour—I am sure she will ! (*pushes MRS. MORRIS towards door, L.*)

MRS. M. It was that you might make these very enquiries, I brought her here.

LADY C. (*stopping suddenly, startled*) I—I—

MRS. M. Yes ; you might glean from her better than I, all we wish to know.

LADY C. I ! in this state of agitation, into which your intelligence has plunged me ? Well, so be it ! I will make the attempt : but my heart beats so painfully. (*goes to sit on sofa, R.*)

MRS. M. (*opening the door, L.*) Alice, dear ! you may come now.

Enter ALICE, door, L., with an album in her hand.

ALICE. (*running to LADY CLIVE*) Oh! what a charming book this Spanish album is. (*standing over LADY CLIVE, and showing her the book*) Isn't that landscape beautiful? Oh! how I should love to go to Spain one day.

LADY C. What! Alone?

ALICE. Oh, no!

MRS. M. (*standing by the table*) With me, perhaps?

ALICE. I am afraid I was not thinking of you.

LADY C. (*drawing ALICE towards her and making her sit by her on the sofa*) Indeed! And with whom, then, are you going to travel?

ALICE. Well, I don't know—I—

LADY C. Ah! I guess. You are all alike, you young ladies. (*takes the book from her, and puts it on the sofa*) You are thinking of the time when you will be married. Well, dear, you may own that without a blush; there is no crime in such a thought. Only I think it would be as well not to fix your heart on travelling.

ALICE. No?

LADY C. To travel, a man must have money or a profession, which in its nature would lead him abroad.

ALICE. But you know, some men have such professions.

LADY C. They are but few, and not likely to seek you out in your retreat. (*ALICE smiles and nods her head archly—LADY CLIVE watching her*) They belong to a sphere inaccessible to portionless young ladies. In my own circle I know but one—Mr. Algernon Falkland. (*ALICE starts and looks down*) You start!—Do you know him? (*ALICE does not answer*) Cannot you tell me whether or no you know Mr. Falkland?

ALICE. (*timidly*) You see—he—lives in Athelstane Lodge, on the other side of our garden.

MRS. M. And how did you know that, miss?

LADY C. You do not answer. Why should you have secrets from us—from Mrs. Morris, who has replaced for you the mother you had lost, and me—me, your best friend? In my childhood I had no mother too, and your kind guardian brought me up; she will tell you that I never concealed from her a thought. Come, if there be a great big secret in that little heart of yours, confide it to your dearest friends. We shall be three then to keep it—and we shall keep it very safe. (*ALICE does not speak*) That poor little heart is beating very fast? And the name of Algernon Falkland has caused all this terrible emotion? You don't say "no;" then it is "yes" that you would say. (*aside*) Oh, how I suffer! yet I must control my feelings—to her I am no mother!

MRS. M. (*approaching ALICE*) And where have you seen Mr. Falkland?

ALICE. At his window.

LADY C. Then you only know him by sight?

ALICE. I know all his good qualities, and all his faults too.

LADY C. And what are his faults?

ALICE. He gets up very late, so I fear he is idle.

LADY C. A grievous fault! And then besides?

ALICE. Besides—(*thinking*) besides? No, I think that's all.

(MRS. MORRIS goes and leans over the sofa between the two)

LADY C. Ah! he has only one fault then?

ALICE. It is the only one I know in him.

LADY C. But, doubtless, his better qualities are far more numerous.

ALICE. (*eagerly*) Oh, yes! He is good, and brave, and generous.

LADY C. Indeed. He is all that?

MRS. M. (*behind sofa*) And how did you find it out?

ALICE. Oh! I can see it in his manner—read it in his eyes—

LADY C. They may give only deceptive indications, my poor child.

ALICE. Oh, but I am not deceived! I am sure I am not. Besides, one day as we passed the lodge gate he was just coming out—Mrs. Morris did not observe him, I dare say—but I did. There was a poor beggar-woman there, holding a miserable little child, and she looked at him so piteously with tears in her eyes; and he pulled out some money, and made the poor creature sob with joy; and then he went back into the house—I am sure it was to bring her food, or clothing, or something. I should have liked to stop and see, but Mrs. Morris went on, and I followed—wishing that I, too, had the means to be as good and kind as he; and the tears came into my eyes, and I begged heaven's blessing on his head.

LADY C. (*springing up and going, L., aside*) No doubt, she loves him! (*after a pause, to ALICE*) If we had the heart to do so, we ought to scold you, my dear child.

ALICE. (*rising*) Scold me! Why?

LADY C. You know it is not seemly for a young girl to occupy herself thus with the doings of her neighbours.

MRS. M. (*who comes down, R.*) Such curiosity is dangerous.

ALICE. (c.) Dangerous!

LADY C. (L.) Yes. Were the good qualities of Mr. Falkland to excite much interest in your mind, you might entail suffering on yourself. He would never pay any attention to you. He does not even know you.

ALICE. Oh, yes, he does !

LADY C. He could never feel any interest about you—

ALICE. (*eagerly*) Oh, yes—he— (*going to LADY CLIVE—she stops, confused*)

LADY C. Ah! But how can you tell? He has never spoken to you. Has he then written to you? (*looks at ALICE, who does not speak*) But how, then, have his letters reached you? Answer me, I implore you, my dear child! Come! Confide in me! (*leads ALICE gently towards, L.*)

ALICE. I found them in the arbour.

LADY C. And you read them?

ALICE. I read the first; I never knew whence it came. It was so gentle, so modest, so respectful, that I thought there would be no harm in reading the others too.

LADY C. In these letters he told you that—that—he felt some interest in you? (*ALICE looks down*) Oh, it is wrong of you to make a mystery of all this to your best friends. (*quits ALICE, going, L.*)

ALICE. Oh, don't be hard on me! Only think what a happiness it must be to a poor lonely orphan, without parents, without resources, without a name, to know there is a being near her who has a kindly thought for her—to feel that she is no longer alone in the world—to cherish the conviction that there is a heart to love even the poor deserted child.

MRS. M. (*reproachfully*) Oh, Alice!

ALICE. Pardon me! I scarcely knew what I said. Yes; you have both been kind to me—kind to me far beyond my merits. Oh, believe me, I am grateful—yes, grateful in my inmost heart, that you should have adopted me, loaded me with kindness, given me the tenderest care. But no caress can ever replace the affection of a mother.

LADY C. (*aside*) Poor child, poor child!

ALICE. (*to LADY CLIVE*) Once more, pardon me, madam. You begged me to be frank and candid. Had I ever known a mother, on whom I could have lavished all the tenderness of my heart, I should have loved her alone—loved her with adoration—loved her to my last breath; no other affection would have ever given me one feeling of delight. Mr. Algernon Falkland would have been passed by unheeded and without one thought of love!

LADY C. (*with a burst of tenderness*) Oh, my child!

LADY CLIVE seizes ALICE in her arms, at the same moment the door C. opens and SIR TRAFFORD appears—LADY CLIVE gets away from ALICE to L.

SIR T. (*stopping at door, as about to enter*) I thought you were alone. I hope I don't disturb you.

LADY C. (*still much agitated*) Oh, no, not in the least.

SIR T. (*coming down, L. C.*) Ah, Mrs. Morris—your pardon, I did not recognise you at first. (*to ALICE*) I fancy I had the pleasure of meeting you often, last summer, in Kensington Gardens. If I am not mistaken, I never see you there now.

ALICE. We don't go out so much now, sir. We have a little garden of our own, where we take the air.

SIR T. The regrets, then, are all on my side. (*goes to put down his hat near the door, L.*)

LADY C. (*to MRS. MORRIS*) I won't detain you any longer, my dear madam; it is getting late, you have a walk before you. (*goes towards door L. with MRS. MORRIS*)

MRS. M. Yes, we almost fancy ourselves in the country, and absolutely talk of "going to town," as though we were not part of London. (*hastily to ALICE, who has approached SIR TRAFFORD, and is talking to him*) Are you coming, Alice? (*ALICE goes up to her*)

SIR T. When the charms of your garden pall on you, young lady, I hope you will not forget your old favourite haunt. (*bows to ALICE and MRS. MORRIS*)

LADY C. (*low to MRS. MORRIS*) I will see you to-morrow—early. (*aloud to ALICE*) Good-bye, Alice.

MRS. MORRIS and ALICE salute SIR TRAFFORD and *exit*, door C.

SIR T. (*after following the LADIES up, coming down, R.*) What a charming girl that is. I think you told me she was an orphan.

LADY C. Yes, an orphan.

SIR T. A charming girl! I suppose some horrid he-fellow will soon be snapping her up.

LADY C. She is too young to marry, yet.

SIR T. You forget how young you were when you married me, my darling.

LADY C. Early marriages, nevertheless, may be sad mistakes in life.

SIR T. Don't say that! And yet I own in our early married years, we two scarcely seemed to understand each other. I fancied you were cold, reserved, embarrassed with me. My heart ached bitterly sometimes, when the conviction would force itself upon me, that you did not love me.

LADY C. Not love you?

SIR T. I was wrong, I own. I expected too much, probably, at my years. How could I look for an ardent affection from a young girl, to whom I might have almost been a father? (*movement of LADY CLIVE*) I confess that I was mistaken. I was an impetuous, wrongheaded fool, if you will. But, when I saw you overwhelmed sometimes with melancholy, absent in mind, chilly in manner, whilst my own heart overflowed with tender-

ness, I shrank into myself with the weary thought, "She cannot love me."

LADY C. Oh! say no more!

SIR T. Let me confess all my sins, love, now I am in the vein of confession. Had it not been for my mad fancies, I never should have left you. But, when offered active service, I said to myself, "She will not regret me;" and I parted from you, though with an aching heart. When I returned from my long service on the coasts of South America, I felt at once the injustice I had done you—the foolish misery I had wilfully entailed upon myself. Your loving smile told me, what a madman I had been to sail about the world for glory, when happiness awaited me in my neglected home. I discovered in my own dear wife such treasures of kindness and affection, that I never would forgive myself my blindness and my folly. But can you—you, to whom I have since done my best to be friend, husband, lover, all in one—can you ever forgive me for that past?

LADY C. (*hastily*) I! forgive you? You do not know—  
(stops)

SIR T. What would you say?

LADY C. (*aside*) Ah! my tongue is tied.

SIR T. (*taking her in his arms*) Speak, love.

LADY C. You do not know all the extent of my affection for you! (*aside*) In that assurance there is no deceit.

SIR T. (*holding her embraced, and making her sit down, L., whilst he leans over the chair*) I never doubted of your love. But its avowal makes me so happy—so happy, that I am almost ashamed of my own happiness. I know that, at my time of life, I ought to be more reasonable. But you see, darling, I have to make up for lost time—to win myself back those years I lost so madly. And now, thanks to you, and your affection, I feel myself young again—I live once more—I love—(*he is bending fondly over the chair on which LADY CLIVE is seated—the door, C., opens abruptly, and ADONIS enters—SIR TRAFFORD turns away impatiently*)

LADY C. (*to herself*) Alas! my happy dream is flown.

ADON. (*entering and putting his hat down, R.*) Just what I expected! You come home to spoon on your wife; and you leave me in the streets, punishing my poor legs. (*sits on sofa, R.*)

SIR T. Your poor legs! your poor legs! Why didn't you sit down?

ADON. Sit down! where? On a door step? Oh, good heavens!

LADY C. (*rising*) A door step! Why, my poor Adonis would have died of it.

ADON. (*seriously*) Indubitably!

SIR T. Well, if you would not sit down, why didn't you follow me? We could have come home together.

ADON. Follow you! A pretty notion that! (*to LADY CLIVE*) Why, my dear Lady Clive, he actually crossed the street to mix in a fearfully tumultuous crowd.

LADY C. (*gaily*) Oh, the naughty inconsiderate man!

SIR T. (*smiling, to LADY CLIVE*) Only a brougham upset, round which a few passengers had gathered. I thought I might be of use.

ADON. (*lying on the sofa*) Of use! Fancy a man being of use. Catch me being of use!

LADY C. (*as before*) The idea is perfectly absurd.

ADON. (*seriously*) Perfectly absurd! Besides, who knows? somebody might have wanted to lay hold of me, as a witness, to prove that the accident was the result of imprudence or drunkenness, or something dreadful—involved me in a police affair—served me with a horrible *subpoena*—dragged me out of my bed in the dead of the night—at noon, to some dirty petty court, to give my evidence. No; I thank you—you won't catch me at that. It would have been the death of me!

LADY C. (*as before*) No doubt of it.

ADON. (*seriously*) No doubt of it! I don't want to interfere with other people's affairs. I came to England, to enjoy perfect and undisturbed tranquillity. (*getting up*) Perfect and undisturbed tranquillity! (*to SIR TRAFFORD*) Do you hear?

SIR T. I hear.

LADY C. (*laughing*) Well, cousin, you must not take us to task—we don't want to disturb you—(*mimicking*) "Perfect tranquillity."

ADON. I don't say you do; but—(*gesticulating violently*) When I think that I came to England to enjoy—

LADY C. (*interrupting*) My dear cousin, if you go on telegraphing like that, you will enjoy nothing but some terrible contortion—somewhere.

ADON. (*alarmed*) A contortion! Oh, the devil!

(*falls again on the sofa*)

LADY C. (*gaily, to SIR TRAFFORD*) I knew that would produce an effect.

SIR T. (*going up to fireplace, R.*) Well, now you have calmed down, tell me what you have done with Falkland? (*LADY CLIVE starts and listens*) I gave him into your keeping.

ADON. (*turning over the leaves of the album on the sofa*) A pretty idea that! Your wonderful Mr. Algernon Falkland nearly annihilated me. (*to LADY CLIVE*) Only fancy, my dear cousin—(*rises, and puts album on table, C.*) that vile miscreant tried to murder me!

LADY C. (*laughing*) Murder you?

ADON. Yes—to bore me to death by dinging a long story about his love affairs into my ears.

LADY C. (*a little agitated*) His love affairs?

ADON. Well, affair or affairs—I don't exactly know whether it was in the singular or the plural—it is all the same.

SIR T. And he took you for a confidant? You!

ADON. Oh, I am not at all conceited about it. He had nobody else at hand, just then, you know; and I suppose the poor devil could not help it—those lovers never can. But, good heavens, how he did talk!

SIR T. (*seating himself on sofa*) He might have chosen better ears to hear him.

ADON. Oh, for the matter of that, he named no names. As far as I could make out, amidst the flux of all his rhapsodies, it was some young girl he had met with somewhere—

LADY C. (*excited*) A young girl?

ADON. A delicious creature, he told me—a little pocket Venus. I don't remember the description; but he bothered me about her eyes until my ears were all in a tingle. Fancy a man going on like that, when two words would have sufficed: She was adorable and he adored her!

SIR T. Why doesn't he marry the girl and have done with it?

ADON. (*going to sofa, and lounging over SIR T.*) Perhaps he would be fool enough to do so; but, you see, there are obstacles. The poor little thing has no parents, no fortune, no nothing at all!—cut out by destiny for a governess or some such monstrosity. The situation is embarrassing.

SIR T. Then let him give her up and forget her.

ADON. But don't I tell you, the poor devil is desperately in love?

SIR T. (*getting up*) Then what would you have him do?

ADON. I! I have him do? Good heavens, I wash my hands of the whole affair. It is no business of mine! I have nothing to do with it—if the silly fellow is determined to see her, speak to her, and declare his insane passion for her, this very evening—

LADY C. (*agitated*) This very evening?

ADON. Yes; it seems the adorable little poppet has a mania for sunsets, and moonlights, and such like romantic nuisances, and sits in her garden in a certain propitious little arbour until very late. (*LADY CLIVE suppresses an exclamation of alarm*) It appears she has already received sundry incendiary letters; and, as Falkland is in a deplorable state of desperation and has lost his head as well as his heart—(*goes tranquilly to sofa and sits down*)

LADY C. (*agitated*) Well?

ADON. (*laughing*) Well, the poor little innocent's virtue seems to run pretty considerable danger, that's all. (*lays himself all along*)

LADY C. (*aside*) What is to be done? What is to be done?

ADON. (*languidly*) Whatever I said of your drawing-room chairs, Sir Trafford, I must compliment you on your sofas. They really are deliciously comfortable.

LADY C. (*aside*) Come what may, I must—I will watch over her. (*goes towards door, L.*)

SIR T. Are you going to your room?

LADY C. Yes; I—good night.

ADON. Good-night, cousin. You won't mind my not getting up, I suppose?

SIR T. (*who has followed LADY CLIVE, taking her hand*) Your hand is hot and feverish. Are you ill?

LADY C. No—that is—I do not feel quite well! a little quiet and solitude will do me good. I wish to be alone—don't mind me. Good-night, good-night!

*Exit hastily, door L.*

SIR T. (*looking after her*) What is the matter with her? (*walking up and down uneasily*) How strangely she spoke.

ADON. (*languidly*) Cousin Trafford!

SIR T. (*turning impatiently*) Well?—what?

ADON. Do you want your supper?

SIR T. Supper?—no! What an absurd idea!

ADON. I thought you might, for you keep trotting up and down like the beasts in the Zoological Gardens, before their meals. It disturbs me.

SIR T. (*to himself*) She seemed struck by this story. What can the love affairs of Falkland be to her? Why should she feel such interest in him? Oh! I must be mistaken. (*walks about uneasily again*)

ADON. (*watching him*) At it again! I hope he isn't going out of his mind. (*sneezes*) Hollo! I am catching cold! These English evenings are confoundedly chilly! (*calling languidly*) Cousin Trafford!

SIR T. Well, what's the matter now?

ADON. If it were not giving you too much trouble, I should be much obliged to you, whilst you are making that domestic excursion, if you would contrive to take one turn more towards the window.

SIR T. What for?

ADON. Why, to shut it of course! I am going to catch a cold in my head—I protest I am. (*sleeps*)

SIR T. Just as you please. (*goes to shut the window behind curtains—Music*)

*Enter LADY CLIVE, door, L., looking around her cautiously, much agitated.*

LADY C. My husband no longer here ! Thank heaven ! I can leave the house unseen. (*starts on seeing ADONIS*) What's that ?—Sunnyside. Ah ! he sleeps. Courage—courage ! I may still save my child. (*goes up to door, C.—SIR TRAFFORD opens curtains—LADY CLIVE staggering with emotion, and clinging to the door-post*) Ah ! more and more thicken around me the Shadows of the Past ! (*SIR TRAFFORD turns, sees LADY CLIVE, and utters an exclamation—Curtain falls rapidly*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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## ACT II.

SCENE.—*The same as in Act I. The furniture in the same order but the lamps extinguished; the curtains drawn over the window; the stage is partially darkened at first.*

ADONIS SUNNYSIDE lies on the sofa, in the same position as on the fall of the Curtain, fast asleep—Enter SIR TRAFFORD CLIVE, door C., followed by HOPKINSON.

SIR T. (*as he enters*) He is here, you say ?

HOPKINS. Yes, Sir Trafford ; Mr. Sunnyside has been lying on the sofa all the night. He was so fast asleep, when I came to shut the shutters, that I did not like to disturb him.

SIR T. Very well ; you may go.

HOPKINSON withdraws the curtains and opens the shutters, then exit, door C.,—the stage quite light.

It was here—here, on this very spot, I breathed in her ear words of the fondest love ; and she spoke of her affection. How happy I was—oh ! how happy ! And now—now only a few short hours have flown, and all the fairy palace of my happiness has crumbled to the dust ! (*flings himself, in despair, into an arm chair, L.*) I have no longer the strength of a child. Oh ! how—how could she deceive me thus ?

ADONIS. (*talking in his sleep*) I won't be a witness. I won't go to your filthy court—my poor legs won't permit me. I saw nothing of the affair.

SIR T. (*getting up and going to SUNNYSIDE*) And he could sleep whilst all this wretchedness was at work—he could sleep whilst I was stricken to the earth ! (*shaking ADONIS, and calling*) Sunnyside !

ADON. (*sleepily*) What's the row?

SIR T. Wake, wake, I say!

ADON. (*without opening his eyes*) Nonsense! It isn't time to get up yet. Come again and ask me at four o'clock in the afternoon.

SIR T. It is not the servant, it is I who speak.

ADON. (*as before*) I don't care who the devil you are. Go away! I want to sleep.

SIR T. (*shaking him*) You must wake up, I tell you.

ADON. What an infernal bore you are! What the deuce do you want? (*opening his eyes*) Why, it's you, Sir Trafford!

SIR T. Yes, I must speak with you at once!

ADON. Oh, must you? Then don't be surprised, if I fall asleep again, whilst you are talking. (*shudders*) Burr—I'm awfully cold! Just put the blankets and counterpane over me, please.

SIR T. Pshaw, you are not in bed! You are in the drawing-room, on the sofa, dressed.

ADON. (*raising himself up a little*) In my clothes? Bless me, so I am! How the deuce did I get here?

SIR T. You fell asleep here last night, about eleven. It is now eight in the morning.

ADON. (*rising*) Eight in the morning! Then it's time for me to go to bed.

SIR T. (*stopping him*) Stay, I want to speak to you!

ADON. At this unearthly hour? Utterly impossible! (*going*)

SIR T. (*stopping him again*) It is indispensable! Judge for yourself! I am about to fight this morning.

ADON. Fight! Had any strong drink thus early, eh?

SIR T. I am about to fight a duel!

ADON. A what?

SIR T. A duel! Don't you hear?

ADON, I hear only too well. With whom?

SIR T. With Mr. Algernon Falkland.

ADON. Nonsense! It's a cruel thing to wake a man up out of his peaceful slumbers only to hear such chaff as this.

SIR T. Look at me well.

ADON. (*passing round him*) If it affords you any pleasure. Only it's a fatigue with the broad daylight in one's eyes. Well, I have stared at you sufficiently.

SIR T. (R. C.) Do I look like a man inclined to jest?

ADON. (L. C.) Upon my soul, I can't say you do!

SIR T. Then do me the favour to believe what I tell you.

ADON. I'll try. But the whole story is absurd; Falkland and you are the best of friends. He was dining here yesterday. How could you have quarrelled?

SIR T. Last night, at the club, a dispute about—a point at whist, no matter what. High words passed—an unpardonable insult followed.

ADON. He insulted you?

SIR T. No, the insult came from me. Nothing is left me but to give him satisfaction.

ADON. Satisfaction, good heavens! A pretty satisfaction—blowing out people's brains!

SIR T. I know well enough that the modern code of English society reprobates duelling—sneers at such a fashion of avenging wounded honour—laughs at the man who meets his adversary face to face in honourable death-struggle, instead of dragging his wrongs into a police court. But I am old enough to belong to an older school, according to whose creed the words "the field of honour" have no mean ridiculous significance. Be I right, or be I wrong, the opinions and principles of my youth are still too vigorous within me to be crushed or quelled by new-fangled prejudice and fashionable sneers.

ADON. Every man his own opinions! only, please, for the love of me, do take it quietly.

SIR T. I have already placed myself at the disposition of Mr. Falkland.

ADON. Oh, good heavens! why didn't you go to bed like a reasonable being, instead of trotting off to your club?

SIR T. The question comes too late! I have chosen for my second a man in whose friendship I can place all confidence. Mr. Falkland will meet you at the club.

ADON. Me—me—for what?

SIR T. To arrange the conditions of the duel with you, as my second.

ADON. I, your second! any man's second, in a duel! Why, you know, I came here to enjoy perfect and undisturbed tranquillity.

SIR T. You refuse me then?

ADON. I don't refuse—I never refuse—it's too much trouble to refuse—I only expostulate. But is there no hope of an amicable settlement?

SIR T. None! the insult has been too grave—the injury too deep.

ADON. (*with a heavy sigh*) Oh! very well. If I must, I must! (*looking for his hat*) After all, it was no such bad idea, my going to sleep with my clothes on. It will save me an infinity of trouble. (*crosses, R., taking his hat and putting it down again, R.*) I suppose, by the bye, I ought to know something about the weapons. What's the right sort of thing I pray. What am I to say about the weapons?

SIR T. (L. C.) You are right. One moment before you go.

I will see to my own pistols, and let you know. (*aside*) Oh, my heart is crushed. *Exit hurriedly, door, R.*

ADON. Second in a duel! I!—good heavens! What fresh exertion has fate next in store for me, I wonder. (*lets himself fall on the sofa, R.*) Morning dreams go by contraries they say. What a lamentable error! I was dreaming about disputes: and I wake to find myself involved in a quarrel.

*Enter LADY CLIVE, door, L.*

Hollo! she here. She must not know—(*tries to gain the door, C., in a careless way*)

LADY C. (*following him up and stopping him at the door*) Cousin Sunnyside.

ADON. (*aside*) I'm caught!

LADY C. I want to speak to you.

ADON. (*aside*) Everybody wants to speak to me now. (*aloud, coming down*) Ah, is it you, cousin? Good morning, cousin. How are you, cousin?

LADY C. I am uneasy in my mind.

ADON. You don't say so! It's a great mistake! You ought never to be uneasy in your mind; it gives one such an awful lot of trouble. Ta ta, cousin, ta ta! I am going to bed. (*attempts to go*)

LADY C. (*stopping him by a gesture*) You must not go until you have answered the questions I have to address you. (*SUNNYSIDE comes down unwillingly, R. C.*) What is going on in this house? I must, and will, know. My husband went out late last night; I learned it from the servants. It was morning light when he came home; and he has never been to bed. I heard him walking to and fro with restless vehemence in his dressing room.

ADON. (R. C.) Then you haven't slept any more than he! (*aside*) Good heavens, what a family!

LADY C. (L. C.) The whole household seems to have been disturbed at an early hour; you yourself are on foot here at eight o'clock in the morning. It is not natural.

ADON. Natural! I should think not, indeed; and what's more, it is excessively prejudicial to my nervous system.

LADY C. Explain, then, what all this means.

ADON. With your permission, my dear cousin, I shall explain nothing at all. Explanations never explain anything. It would be only useless trouble and fatigue; so, as I said before, ta, ta! (*going*)

LADY C. I own I had more reliance on your friendship, sir.

ADON. My dear cousin, if you love me, don't let us have any scene. You know the delicacy of my nervous organisation; my doctor has expressly forbidden me the least emotion. And

you don't wan't to kill me, cousin—I am sure, you don't want to kill me.

LADY C. I want, if any misfortune menaces my husband, that you should assist me in averting it.

ADON. But, when I protest and swear to you, cousin—

LADY C. Something extraordinary is passing here. What is it? Fear not to tell me the truth, I have strength and courage to bear all.

ADON. (*aside*) Oh, yes, that's what all women say, and at the first word they are off in a fit.

LADY C. You do not answer me.

ADON. Why, you see, I am not quite awake yet—I am just collecting my senses.

*Enter SIR TRAFFORD, door R.*

Ah, he now! (*tries to conceal him*)

SIR T. (*not seeing LADY CLIVE, and regardless of the frantic signs made him by ADONIS*) My sea pistols are only fit for rough hands like mine. They will be too heavy for the delicate fingers of my antagonist. He will select his own.

LADY C. (*nearly fainting*) Ah, a duel!

SIR T. (*seeing his wife*) Lady Clive!

ADON. (*aside*) A family scene is imminent. I'm off!

*Steals off, door C.*

SIR T. (*looking at LADY CLIVE, who is struggling to command her agitation—aside*) A few hours since this semblance of profound emotion would have deceived me, but now—

LADY C. (*going to SIR TRAFFORD, trembling, and scarcely able to speak*) Why is this duel?

SIR T. (R.) Can you not guess the motive?

LADY C. (L. C.) How should I?

SIR T. And you have no suspicion?

LADY C. None!

SIR T. (*ironically*) Indeed?

LADY C. (*simply*) Indeed.

SIR T. Perhaps you will tell me, too, that you have no wrongs towards me with which your conscience should reproach you?

LADY C. (*aside, with terror*) Ah, is it possible he can know?

SIR T. You do not answer!

LADY C. But I cannot understand! A duel! With whom, whom—with whom?

SIR T. With Mr. Falkland, madam.

LADY C. Mr. Falkland?

SIR T. With Algernon Falkland—your lover, madam.

LADY C. My lover! Algernon Falkland my lover!

SIR T. Last night, you left your home clandestinely. I

followed you. You took the Brompton Road—entered the house inhabited by Mr. Falkland. I had the terrible strength within me to wait an hour within sight of that accursed dwelling. I still doubted—spite of my eyes—spite of my better reason—that the woman could be you. At last you came away. I could doubt no longer then. For some time my senses seemed to have deserted me. At length, late as was the hour, I went to the club. Algernon Falkland came. I seized the first pretext to fix on him a quarrel, the secret motives of which were a mystery to the bystanders, but which he—he—must have comprehended well.

LADY C. No—no! It is impossible! He could not have comprehended—would not!

SIR T. Ah! indeed? Perhaps, madam, you may have some better explanation to proffer.

LADY C. (*aside*) Oh! I must tell of Alice—I must. My husband's life is in danger!

SIR T. It seems, madam, you can find nothing in extenuation.

LADY C. Yes, yes! But I was so overwhelmed for the moment, by this hideous accusation, that I knew not what to say—I could not speak. Do you know where it was I went?

SIR T. There can be little doubt of that. Mr. Algernon Falkland alone inhabits the house you visited.

LADY C. The house which skirts the road—the lodge—true, true! but by its gable is a garden gate. On the further side of that garden stands the cottage, occupied by a lady whom you know—whom you have seen here sometimes—by Mrs. Morris.

SIR T. (*incredulously*) Mrs. Morris?

LADY C. You do not believe me? Oh, but how easy to convince yourself!

SIR T. Pardon me, I do believe you.

LADY C. (*eagerly*) Well, then?

SIR T. (*ironically*) And I can but admire the ingenuity with which your system of exculpation has been invented.

LADY C. (*recoiling from him reproachfully*) Oh, man, man! (*returning*) But, no, you cannot mean it. Why, I—I scarcely know Mr. Falkland; I have never seen him anywhere but here—here, where you yourself have brought him.

SIR T. How, then, comes it, madam, that at so late an hour of the night you were impelled to visit this Mrs. Morris, with whom you had ample leisure to converse a few hours before?

LADY C. Oh, listen to me! Did not cousin Sunnyside tell us last evening that Mr. Falkland was about to visit, in the night, a young girl, for whom he had entertained a desperate passion?

SIR T. He did—yes ; and thence your anxiety—your emotion—your hurried departure. Oh, I marked all well. Yes, you desired—

LADY C. I desired to warn that poor child of the danger which impended over her. You did not know of this, but I knew all. At the first words I discovered at once that the young girl, mentioned thus lightly, was the orphan under the guardianship of Mrs. Morris.

SIR T. (*after a silence*) That girl—Alice !

LADY C. Yes, the same. The danger was imminent ; one moment of delay, and a life's happiness might have been compromised. I did not pause to think ; I hurried from home to protect the reputation and the honour of the innocent, unwary girl.

SIR T. (*aside*) Can what she says be true ? (*aloud*) But why this mystery ? Had you said but one word to me I could have offered you my arm—gone with you.

LADY C. True, true, I was wrong ; but—but—After all I am but a weak foolish woman. I had lost my head—I did not think of this—I went out alone, as I go out constantly, you know. I did not reflect upon the hour—and—and—I could not have supposed that jealousy and passion could have thus mastered you. I never knew you thus—

SIR T. I never knew myself until this night. But these passions seem to smoulder in our hearts and then break out with all the greater violence, because so long suppressed. I have been a child—a fool—a madman ! (*throws himself down on sofa, R.*) But, you see, my heart will not grow old ; it beats with all its earlier violence—it suffers, when 'tis tortured. Oh, you cannot know what it has suffered during the long hours of the night !

LADY C. And do you not know—can you not divine—how cruelly mine too has suffered ? But now—now—you will not fight this dreadful duel ? Tell me you will not ; you are convinced now. Tell me you are—oh, tell me !

ADON. (*without, behind*) Help me upstairs, will you ?

SIR T. The voice of Sunnyside. Leave me with him ! (*crosses, L., and goes to door, L.*)

LADY C. (*imploringly*) You have not answered me.

SIR T. Not another word now. No one—not even our cousin—must know the motive of this quarrel. A jealous husband always affords a butt for ridicule—more than ever when he has no cause for jealousy. Go ! Sunnyside is my second ; I must consult with him on what I have now to do. (*LADY CLIVE makes an imploring gesture to him*) Go ! (*he leads her politely to door, L.*)

LADY C. (*aside, going*) Oh, the shadow of the past thickens around me more and more.

*Exit, door L.*

SIR T. (*crosses, R. C.*) There is a semblance of truth—nay, every appearance of probability in her story; and yet there is still some mystery I cannot fathom.

*Enter ADONIS, door C.*

SIR T. You have seen Falkland?

ADON. (*dropping into chair, L. of table, on which he puts his hat*) I am dead—extinct! Allow me to draw my last breath before you bury me outright! There! I am a little better—and I'm at your orders now. I have seen Falkland and his second—Sydney Trevor, the Foreign Office fellow. All is arranged for nine o'clock, on the deserted piece of building ground close by—you know. There won't be a soul in the way, barring a stray cat.

SIR T. (*R. C.*) Were no points of difficulty raised?

ADON. Trevor gave himself an infinity of trouble, and me too for the matter of that, by trying to pump out some unavowed and secret motive for the extraordinary quarrel you fixed on your quondam friend last night.

SIR T. Have I not said a discussion arose—violent language was used? No one has need to seek for any deeper motive.

ADON. (*rising*) That's exactly what I thought justified me in answering on your behalf.

SIR T. (*grasping his hand*) It was all I could wish—thanks! Was no desire evinced for a more peaceful settlement?

ADON. Well, you see, Falkland had been grievously insulted. It was not for him, or his second, to make any amicable overtures. They could only come from our side, and just now you were so obstinate—I mean so positive, that I didn't think I should be justified—was I wrong?

SIR T. (*who goes up to the fire-place R., uneasily*) No! But a duel with Falkland, who, but yesterday, dined at my own table, must appear strange.

ADON. Strange! Maniacal, I should say! But you know, my dear friend, if the wrong is on your side, it is your duty to recognise your error.

SIR T. (*coming down, R.*) That is your advice!

ADON. Of course it is! You have insulted Falkland, and by that old-fashioned code of honour you were just now vaunting, you owe him what you call satisfaction.

SIR T. But—

ADON. Your courage is undoubted. You have given sufficient proofs of pluck and manhood in your country's service; you can afford for once in a while to own your error. Come! say but the word, and I'll find out Trevor, and explain—I know he's at the club.

SIR T. (*after a struggle*) Be it so!

**ADON.** Bravo! There's no time to be lost. I'm off at once.  
(goes to take up his hat left on table, c.)

**SIR T.** I will follow you shortly. (to SUNNYSIDE, who is going up) But how is this? I can no longer recognize in you the—the——

**ADON.** (coming down) Out with it!—the lazy devil you have always known me. My dear fellow, did you ever direct your particular attention to the physiology of clocks? No, I dare say not. Now, there are some slow old clocks which it is the deuce and all to get to go; and yet if you oil them a little, and wind them up with delicate care, they will sometimes set off going, and go with the very best. Don't touch them, though, for if you do they'll stop at once; and no earthly ingenuity can ever make them go again. Now, I am just that sort of clock; you have wound me up; I am going splendidly, and I am game to go a devilish long time still. But, if you stop me, nothing will move me more.

**SIR T.** (grasping his hand) Be that as it may, I am grateful for your kindness and good will.

*Enter HOPKINSON, door C.*

**SIR T.** What do you want?

**HOPKINS.** Some one to see my lady.

**SIR T.** Who is it?

**HOPKINS.** The young lady who was here yesterday with Mrs. Morris, Sir Trafford. She says she comes on a matter of importance.

**SIR T.** Ask her to come in here, and let Lady Clive know.

*Exit HOPKINSON, door C.*

A matter of importance! There is still some mystery in all this.

**HOPKINSON introduces ALICE, door C., and exit.**

Pray sit down, Lady Clive will be here directly. (hands over ALICE to sofa, R.)

**ADON.** (low to SIR TRAFFORD) A deuced pretty girl that. A relation?

**SIR T.** No. Why do you ask?

**ADON.** I fancied I saw a sort of family likeness. (SIR TRAFFORD turns hastily and examines ALICE attentively) But I can't stop here gazing at pretty girls. There is no time to be lost. (to SIR TRAFFORD) Are you coming?

**SIR T.** (still looking at ALICE) Directly.

**ADON.** If I am not off at once the clock will stop to a dead certainty. *Exit, door C.*

**SIR T.** (approaching ALICE, who rises to meet him) Lady Clive will be charmed to receive your visit, I am sure; only

just now she was talking to me of the interest she takes in your welfare.

**ALICE.** It is her constant kindness which has emboldened me to the step of coming here alone.

**SIR T.** My wife has long known you, I suppose?

**ALICE.** Yes, since my earliest childhood.

**SIR T.** Ah!

**ALICE.** I can remember, when I was very little, the loving care with which she tended me—the thousand kindnesses she lavished on me.

**SIR T.** Indeed!

**ALICE.** And, as I grew in years, she still evinced her interest by her good advice. Oh, believe me, sir, I am grateful to her for all; and I am so happy now to say how much I love her, to one who loves her too.

**SIR T.** (*leading her back to sit on sofa, R.—standing by her—after a pause*) You never have known your parents, then?

**ALICE.** Alas! no; I had no one to whom I could say the tender words, "father"—"mother." When I was quite a little child, I used to call good Lady Clive, "Mamma."

**SIR T.** Ah!

**ALICE.** But later I was told that the expression was misplaced. I said no more, "mamma;" but it pained me the first day when I was taught to call her "madam." Then, for the first time, I felt how sad it was to be an orphan.

**SIR T.** (*after another pause*) You never knew your parents, you say? At least, you knew who they were?

**ALICE.** Never, sir.

**SIR T.** Not even their names?

**ALICE.** Not even their names.

**SIR T.** But Mrs. Morris must have known.

**ALICE.** This very morning I asked her once again—I had a grave and serious motive for my question. But she refused to answer me. My only hope is now in Lady Clive. (*rises*) My reason for this untimely visit is to implore her to reveal to me the secret of my birth.

**SIR T.** (*who leads ALICE, c.*) But what reason have you to suppose my wife can know? Come, my child, you can confide in me, the husband of your benefactress.

**ALICE.** (*simply*) Because she has known me much longer than Mrs. Morris.

**SIR T.** (*looking towards his wife's room, L.*) Ah!

**ALICE.** Yes, it was her face alone that bent over my cot, morning and night, when I was a little child. She never used to quit me then.

**SIR T.** That was about fifteen years ago?

**ALICE.** It was.

SIR T. (*eagerly*) And then—and then—Go on, I beg of you.

ALICE. These memories lead me to suppose that my mother—on her death-bed perhaps—confided me to Lady Clive, who afterwards placed me under the care of Mrs. Morris.

SIR T. (*aside*) Yes, at the very period of my return to England. (*aloud*) It seems to me, my child, that your conjectures are well-founded. Lady Clive must be acquainted with the secret of your birth; and perhaps my intercession may not be without avail.

ALICE. Oh, how kind you are! I might have trembled to speak out! but, with your help——

*Enter LADY CLIVE, door L.*

SIR T. Here is Lady Clive.

LADY C. (*stopping suddenly at door, terrified—aside*) He with Alice? What can have passed between them! (*she endeavours to repress her emotion, and advances*) Alone here, without Mrs. Morris, Alice?

ALICE. Oh, do not be displeased with me.

SIR T. Lady Clive is not displeased. (*to LADY CLIVE*) Miss Alice has something of importance to say to you. She has authorised me to join my solicitations to hers in order to obtain what she desires. You will allow me then to be present at the interview?

LADY C. (c.) She could ask nothing which could need your intercession.

SIR T. Permit me to proffer it, nevertheless.

LADY C. (*aside*) Between the two—between him and her! What shall I do? (*going c., to ALICE*) What do you desire, my child? Tell me!

ALICE. (R., *timidly*) Yes, madam, Mrs. Morris has announced to me her determination to quit the cottage in which we live—

LADY C. In order to prevent Mr. Falkland from seeing you again.

ALICE. You know, then——?

LADY C. It was by my advice!

ALICE. By yours! by yours! Who, then, remains to aid me in my struggle?

LADY C. But what can you still hope, unhappy child? A marriage with Mr. Falkland is impossible.

ALICE. Impossible! But why—why, madam? Is he unworthy of me? Oh no! Am I, then, unworthy of him? If so, whence comes it? Is it my birth which is an obstacle between me and him? Then let me know my fate at once! I have entreated Mrs. Morris to tell me all: and she was pitiless. Can you, madam—can you be as insensible to all my prayers? Oh tell me, I conjure you—tell me the secret of my birth!

LADY C. (*aside*) She is driving me to perdition, the unhappy child!

SIR T. (L., to LADY CLIVE) You cannot refuse to answer her. It is you who have guided her past. It is for you to ensure her future happiness.

LADY C. How can I, if this secret is unknown to me?

SIR T. From all I know, your ignorance is at least improbable.

LADY C. (*aside, between ALICE and SIR TRAFFORD*) Oh! what torture I endure!

ALICE. However unhappy this secret may be, do not hesitate to tell me all! I am no child now. I can reason, I can suffer, I can love. If my life is doomed to be one of isolation and of misery, I have the right to know my fate. If all happiness is debarred to me for ever, I have the right to die!

LADY C. (*with a burst of tenderness*) Die! die! You!

*Enter HOPKINSON, door C.*

SIR T. (*seizing LADY CLIVE by the arm*) Take care, madam, other eyes are on you. (*goes up*)

HOPKINS. (*announcing*) Mrs. Morris! (LADY CLIVE crosses, L.)

*Enter MRS. MORRIS, door C.—Exit HOPKINSON.*

MRS. M. (*coming down L., to LADY CLIVE*) My dear Lady Clive, I am sorry for the conduct of Alice. When I learned she was absent, I guessed she had come here, and followed instantly.

LADY C. (*low to MRS. MORRIS*) Take her away! take her away! He suspects already.

MRS. M. (*crossing to C.*) I trust you will pardon the strange step of this foolish child, Sir Trafford—a step which no one authorised, and no one justifies. Come, Alice! (ALICE goes to her, C.)

SIR T. As yet no answer has been given to her questions. Perhaps I may be more fortunate in eliciting some information.

LADY C. (*going quickly to SIR TRAFFORD*) Oh, no, no!

SIR T. (*low to her*) You prefer that *she* should not be present. So be it! You will speak more freely when we are alone.

LADY C. (*turning to ALICE*) Go! go at once! there, in my room! (MRS. MORRIS and ALICE *exeunt door L.*, SIR TRAFFORD CLIVE *seats himself on the sofa, R.*, LADY CLIVE *supports herself on table, C.*)

SIR T. I desire to know the truth of this strange mystery, madam.

LADY C. Question me, I will reply.

SIR T. What was the origin of the powerful interest you take in this girl, Alice?

LADY C. (*after a long pause*) I have known Mrs. Morris since my childhood. She was my governess. Little by little I learned to love the child she had adopted.

SIR T. (*rising*) Impossible, madam ; for it was you who confided the child to Mrs. Morris. You were the first to know and love her. Find me some better answer ! (*crosses in agitation to L.*) Well, what have you to say ?

LADY C. I was the friend of the poor girl's mother. On dying she confided to me her child. I promised to watch over her.

SIR T. And at what period was this charge, of which I now hear for the first time, committed to you ?

LADY C. Shortly after our marriage.

SIR T. During the years that I was absent. (*LADY CLIVE falls into chair R. of table*) And what may have been the name of this dear friend ?

LADY C. You ask—her name ?

SIR T. (*coming up to her*) Her name !

LADY C. I cannot tell it you.

SIR T. You can—you must ! I insist upon an answer, madam !

LADY C. Oh, you terrify me ! I have never seen you thus—you so calm—so gentle.

SIR T. The truth, madam—the truth ! If you still refuse to answer, it is to Alice herself I shall reveal all my suspicions. (*going towards door, L.*)

LADY C. (*springing up*) No, no ! Not that !—not that !

SIR T. Well, then, the name of this woman—this secret mother.

LADY C. Oh, spare me—spare me !

SIR T. You refuse. (*going again towards L.*)

LADY C. No—no ! (*after a struggle*) Oh, it is impossible !

SIR T. You have decided, then ?

LADY C. Stay, stay ! I will tell you all ! This woman—this mother—it is I ! (*she falls overwhelmed on the table*)

SIR T. Ah ! (*he looks at her horrified, and in silence*)

LADY C. (*raising herself up slowly*) Hear me ! (*SIR TRAFFORD turns away*) Oh ! let me speak. I was young—inexperienced—deprived of a mother's fostering protection. My father, cold and proud, cared only for himself. He paid little heed to his child, as she grew up to womanhood. It was in Florence. He—that man, pursued me with passionate adoration : and I, foolish and unwary—I thought I loved him. He was a Russian Prince. He told me he could not marry without his Emperor's consent. He urged a secret union—I consented—a few months of fitful happiness were ours—and I was about to become a mother. My father then discovered all. He

demanded a public avowal of the marriage. Then was revealed a fearful truth. The tie which bound me was illegal—void ! The destroyer of my peace was already in his own country the husband of another. I was a dishonoured woman! (*hides her face in her hands—a pause*) I never saw again the wretch—so I must call the man, I once fancied I had loved. He died in a duel by my father's hand. My child was torn from me, by my father, at its birth. He bound me by a solemn oath never to reveal the existence of the poor innocent, he called the “child of shame.” He threatened to place it in some fearful asylum for such children, where I should never—never see it more ! I consented to all he asked. I took the oath he forced on me. You came to Florence--saw me—offered me your hand. Again my father, by his threats, compelled me to accept the homage of an honest man. Now you know why you doubted of my affection—why you deemed me cold, constrained, unloving. And yet I had already learned to love you. You left me in despair. During your long absence, as you know, my father died. My child was recovered, and restored to me. On your return it was confided to my old governess, who alone possessed my secret. My father's death released me from my oath. Oh ! how I yearned to tell you all. But I loved you, loved you fondly : and I could not bear the thought that I might lose your love. I found you so inexorably firm—so rigid—so severe—in all where honour was concerned, that my courage failed me when I would have spoken. I feared that you might cast me off for ever, were you to know the shame I had brought on such a pure and honoured name, by linking it with one so tarnished. No—no ! I could not speak—I preferred deceit, treachery—call it what you will ! I know my baseness ; but is it beyond the reach of pardon ? I have expiated it by such long years of sorrow !

SIR T. What has been your expiation ? What ? You have your child near you—you see her day by day—you bring her here—here—to my house—you savour in secret all a mother's joy ; and then you speak of expiation !

LADY C. (*still holding on to table*) A mother's joy ! Have I ever known that blessing ? A mother's joy ! it is to clasp her daughter to her arms, to walk proudly with her before the world—to triumph in her beauty and accomplishments—to listen to the beatings of her heart—to see her blush, and then grow pale, as she avows the first dawn of love within her soul —to say to all, “This is my child ! mine ! mine !” Have I ever known a mother's joy ? No ! I visited her by stealth ; I embraced her only as she slept ; I shrank from her caress ! Joy ! Oh, you can never know all I have suffered.

SIR T. You have suffered? You! For long years, whilst your heart was filled with falsehood—whilst your every act was one of treachery, you were surrounded with the respect due only to the truthful, virtuous wife—by the affection of your friends—by the love of a fond, doting, injured husband.

LADY C. That love was my pride, my joy, 'tis true; but it was my martyrdom! As, little by little, I learned to know you, appreciate you, admire that great, noble, honourable mind, my heart beat truly—beat for the first time. You have been my only real love.

SIR T. (*crossing to R.*) Oh, no more, no more!

LADY C. I must speak now. For the first time I am able to offer you my whole heart—let you see the depth of love and tenderness for you within it. You thought me cold! Yes! because I felt myself unworthy of your love! Constrained! yes! because I dared not avow the whole force of my affection. Now do you understand what I have suffered? You know all now! Do with me what you will; kill me! But, before the supreme hour which must part us, the words that have so long trembled on my lips shall have been said at last—"I love you; heart and soul I love you!" (*falls at his feet*)

SIR T. Had you loved me you would not have dragged my honour in the dust by daily falsehood. You would not have exposed me to the shame of welcoming, in my own house, the offspring of—(*checking himself*) Ah! rise, madam! (*lifts her up sternly*.)

LADY C. Oh! he will not forgive!

SIR T. But I will be dishonoured, even in my own eyes, no longer. That girl must quit this roof at once. (*he moves towards door L.*, LADY CLIVE flings herself before the door) Let me pass, madam!

LADY C. (*standing before the door, L.*) You shall not—I say, you shall not! You cannot make a mother blush with shame before her child! You shall not pass! You shall not pass!

ADON. (*without—behind*) Still there, you say?

SIR T. (*turning away from the door hastily*) Some one comes! (*goes to R.*)

*Enter ADONIS, door C.*

ADON. (*coming down, C.*) You are a pretty fellow! You call that following me, do you?

LADY C. (*L.*) This duel shall not take place! (*to ADONIS*) You never can permit him to fight this fearful duel.

ADON. All right, cousin! He's not going to fight!

LADY C. Why, then, are you here to fetch him?

ADON. He is simply to come with me to the place of

meeting, when there he is to hold out his hand to his adversary, and express his sincere regrets. It is all settled!

SIR T. (*as if suddenly struck by an idea*) Ah! (*after a slight pause*) I have changed my intentions. (*crossing to C. to take his hat from the table*) Come!

ADON. And here have I been punishing my poor legs for an hour or more, trying to settle the affair!

LADY C. (*dragging SIR TRAFFORD apart, L.*) But Mr. Falkland has never offended you?

SIR T. I have insulted him!

LADY C. But you will own your wrong?

SIR T. (*low to her*) Have no fears for your daughter, madam! Mr. Falkland, whom she loves, will run no danger. (*goes up*)

LADY C. (*to herself, horrified*) Oh! 'tis his own death he seeks!

ADON. (*following SIR TRAFFORD*) He will fight—he won't fight—he *will* fight. If I had only known the trouble he would be—

SIR T. (*making ADONIS pass out before him, door, C.*) Come, come! (*to LADY CLIVE, who follows him up, choking with emotion*) Not another word! Remain, I command you!

LADY C. (*clinging to him*) Oh, you shall not go! I know your terrible resolve. I read it in your eyes—I hear it in your voice. Go, you shall not. Trample me to the earth—kill me! but never shall your blood be on my head!

SIR T. Ah! This is fearful. (*after a pause*) Yes; one way still remains. Sunnyside, bear my apologies to Mr. Falkland—apologies, which I will forthwith confirm, if he will condescend to enter once more the doors of one who has so deeply injured him,

ADON. All right.. If this is not his last commission, I am a dead man.

*Exit door, C.*

(SIR TRAFFORD brings LADY CLIVE down front of stage)

SIR T. Listen to me, madam. During my whole life I have sacrificed everything to one abiding sense of honour—the honour of my house, the honour of my name. That honour must not—shall not be tarnished. It was my first intention to have saved that honour by seeking death at my adversary's hand.

LADY C. Ah!

SIR T. A truer and a better inspiration has been vouchsafed me. There is another way by which I may keep the honour of my name—the name *you* bear, unsullied. Mrs. Morris alone knows your secret?

LADY C. She alone.

SIR T. You can be sure of her fidelity?

LADY C. I can.

SIR T. Then swear to accept all I am now about to do—to abide by it hereafter. Swear to me by all you hold most sacred—by your child! Swear.

LADY C. I swear.

SIR T. 'Tis well! Bring Alice hither.

LADY C. What would you do?

SIR T. Obey!

(LADY CLIVE moves towards door, L.—she returns, as if to address her husband—he waves her away—she exits, door L., with a burst of grief)

SIR T. (seating himself at table at back, L., and writing rapidly) It is not too late to retract my refusal. I may still accept the offer to command this expedition. Yes, far away, buoyed up by a proud sense of duty, I may then find calm to school myself to resignation. Between her child and her I am the only obstacle; without me they may live happily together. But the prying world would seek to know the cause of her affection—divine the truth, perhaps. I can doubt no longer; I have resolved wisely. So be it. (as he speaks, he folds, and addresses the letter, and rings)

Enter HOPKINSON, door C.

This letter to the Admiralty at once. (comes down, R.)

Exit HOPKINSON, door C., opening the door, as he goes, for ADONIS, who enters.

ADON. (L. C.) I have done your bidding.

SIR T. (R.) And he consented?

ADON. He is there.

SIR T. Let me see him then at once. (ADONIS beckons on ALGERNON, door C.) Mr. Falkland, I have allowed my passion to carry me beyond all bounds. I acknowledge my error; will you now accept my frank apologies?

ALGER. Say no more, I entreat. I am only too anxious to grasp once more the hand of my kind old friend. But should you still owe me some redress, the debt may easily be paid. Tell me, I implore you, the real motive of your quarrel. In vain I seek to comprehend.

Enter LADY CLIVE, door L., with ALICE, MRS. MORRIS follows.

SIR T. You may do so now. Look there!

ALGER. (turning) Alice!

ALICE. Mr. Falkland!

ALGER. (turning to SIR TRAFFORD) You know her, then?

SIR T. (after a pause, firmly) She is my daughter!

(ALICE and LADY CLIVE utter exclamations of surprise)

ALGER. Your daughter?

SIR T. Yes; my daughter by a first imprudent marriage

which I had many sad reasons to conceal. (*to ALGERNON*) When I was told that you were compassing her dishonour, my rage went beyond all bounds of prudence. Pardon me.

(*grasps the hand of ALGERNON*)

**ALGER.** It is I who have a reparation, then, to make. Let Alice be my wife—I can covet no greater happiness.

**SIR T.** Be happy, Alice.

**ALICE.** Why did you conceal from me the truth just now?

(*LADY CLIVE keeps her back*)

**SIR T.** I was about to engage in mortal combat with the man you love. You might have hated me. (*music till end—*

**SIR TRAFFORD to LADY CLIVE, who stands apart** Emma!

**LADY C.** (*going to him, low*) Oh, generous man!

**SIR T.** (*apart to her*) I have saved your honour and my own.

(*aloud*) When I am far away, I implore you, by your love to me, to be a mother to my child.

**LADY C.** Far away! Oh, what is this?

**SIR T.** I have accepted that duty, to the commands of which I ought never to have closed my ears.

**LADY C.** (*overwhelmed*) You leave me—leave me on this expedition of danger!

**SIR T.** I must go.

(*the following dialogue low between SIR TRAFFORD and LADY CLIVE*)

**LADY C.** Go? and thus—without one word of pardon for the wretched wife?

**SIR T.** (*after a struggle, with much emotion*) Should I return—time may have soothed the pangs of bitterness—may have obliterated the memory of deceit.

**LADY C.** And then? (*with agony*)

**SIR T.** The word "forgiveness" may then yet be spoken.

Curtain.



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A LIST OF THEATRICAL TRADESMEN, AND THEIR ADDRESSES.

Edited by T. H. LACY.

Ninth Edition, corrected to February, 1872.

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## THE AMATEUR'S GUIDE TO HOME OR DRAWING ROOM THEATRICALS.

*From "Saunders' News Letter," May 23rd, 1866.*

THIS is a most useful little work, which supplies most effectually a want long felt by those desirous of cultivating theatrical amusements and tastes, and of indulging in the harmless and not unimproving recreation caused by amateur theatricals. The book consists of three parts, by three different authors—all amateur actors, who give the benefit of their experience and advice in a rather lively style. The first is by Mr. J. W. CORRELL, and treats of the duties of the manager and company, and the cheapest and easiest mode of bringing out a piece successfully either in drawing-room or private theatre. The author shews how matters which are most mysterious to the general public, and interpose almost insurmountable difficulties to their production by the uninitiated or private companies, may be overcome. Their nature is explained, and a plan—cheap, easy, and effective—is shown by which the most and the least pretentious amateur company may get up a creditable theatre and performance. Chapters are given on scenery and scene painting, stage illusions and effects, thunder and lightning, pieces suitable for private representation, advice on acting, dresses and properties, the duties of a prompter, and rehearsals, in all of which there is excellent advice and valuable information. "How to get up Theatricals in a Country House," by a gentleman who writes under the *nom de plume* of Captain Sock BURKIN, is the second part, and will be found an excellent appendix to the preceding part. It contains, besides, a long list of plays, with descriptions and directions, that will be found of great use to country amateurs. A supplement by the editor, THOMAS H. LACY, is the last part, and in it the deficiencies of the two preceding are supplied. The rules and laws for regulating amateur companies are here laid down, and further lists of plays are given. The book will be found of the greatest possible use to the amateur, supplying a want long felt, and rendering the production of a play upon an amateur stage a matter of ease, even to parties whose opportunities of witnessing theatrical performances have been few.

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