

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

An original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS,

BY

BAYLE BERNARD, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

*The Evil Genius," "Leon, or The Iron Mask," "The Round of
Wrong," "The Passing Cloud," "Lucille," "The Farmer's
Story," "St. Mary's Eve," "Marie Ducange," "Robes-
pierre," "His Last Legs," "Irish Attorney," "Nervous
Man," "Dumb Belle," "The Boarding School,"
"Man About Town," "The Middy Ashore,"
"The Mummy," "Balance of Comfort,"
"A Splendid Investment," &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

L O N D O N .

902704

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

First performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket,
March, 1857.

Characters.

WYNDHAM (<i>a West Indian</i>)	MR. FARREN.
HAWKSWORTH (<i>his Friend</i>)	MR. HOWE.
LAMBOURNE (<i>a Gambler</i>)	MR. E. VILLIERS.
MONTAGUE SPICER (<i>a natural Man of Fashion</i>)	MR. BUCKSTONE.
CAPTAIN TATTERS (<i>of the Company's service</i>)	MR. COMPTON.
HOOKHAM (<i>a Librarian</i>)	MR. ROGERS.
JOE (<i>Spicer's Boy</i>)	MR. CLARK.
CHEEKS (<i>a Bailiff</i>)	MR. BRAID.
JACOBS	MR. COE.
ADAMS	

Tradesmen, Gamblers, &c.

MISS ROCHDALE (<i>engaged to Wyndham</i>)	MISS REYNOLDS.
ELLEN GRANTLEY (<i>her Friend</i>)	MISS E. SABINE.
MRS. SPICER	MRS. E. FITZWILLIAM.
MADAME RUSPINI	MRS. POYNTER.

Periods, Scenery, &c.

ACT I.—1825.

B E A C H A T T E N B Y.

(O'Connor.)

THE CLIFFS NEAR TENBY. MARINE VILLA.

(Callcott.)

(O'Connor.)

ACT II.—1828.

THE "GOLDEN TEA-POT," HOLBORN. (Morris.)

Gray's Inn Passage.—First Floor at the "Golden Tea-pot."

(O'Connor.)

ACTS III. AND IV.—1835.

Old Inn Yard, "The George," Southwark.

(Morris.)

A STREET IN THE BOROUGH.

(Morris.)

VILLA AT RICHMOND (MOONLIGHT).

(Callcott.)

Interior of Villa at Richmond.

Lodgings at Spicer's.

(O'Connor.)

(Morris.)

A WEST END CLUB HOUSE.

(Callcott.)

Costumes—Modern.

✓ X6366340

A LIFE'S TRIAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Beach near Tenby, in South Wales.* *The town is seen to the l. of the bay; a circulating library, r., with verandah, under which are chairs and tables covered with books, papers, telescopes, &c.; l. 2 e., an old-fashioned tavern, with bow window, table and chairs before it; the sea flows at the back; a yacht is seen at anchor; bathing machines in the distance.*

HOOKHAM comes from the back, l. u. e., with an open newspaper.

HOOK. So here's the county paper, and now what's the news? What more of this panic—this commercial tornado which has blown down half the old houses in England? Any more gone? Yes—one at Bristol, and another at Plymouth—the fourth in the west of England in the course of this week. Phew—what a wreck! Well, goodness be thanked, we're all right at home—the old Carmarthen Bank stands as firmly as ever—the old steady bank of my friend, Colonel Rochdale; and—eh! (*looking off*) here comes his daughter and her young friend from town—she's coming for another volume of Sir Walter Scott's last, so I'll go in and get it—an exquisite girl—a first-rate advertisement—she never comes to my door but I think it's as good to me as five hundred hand bills.

Exit into library, r.

MISS ROCHDALE and ELLEN GRANTLY, come from the beach, l. u. e.

ELLEN. And so, here ends our tour.

MISS R. Yes, love, our tour of this little Welsh haven—which presents such a contrast to your great world of London—where, when you are all enlightened, we are still in the dark, and we catch fashions and books a year after they're launched, as the Indians do timber at the mouth of the Amazon.

ELLEN. Well, at least it's antiquity has not touched your spirits—they were never more buoyant.

MISS R. And is there not reason—after all our disquiet, our terror at this panic, which has produced so much ruin. Our only terror now is something under our roof—something that embodies the storm in order to vary its discipline.

ELLEN. You don't mean Mr. Wyndham?

MISS R. Yes; Mr. Wyndham, that favourite of yours, whose tropical soul is so true to his climate. When the bank was in

danger he wanted to sell his estate, and now the peril's over he's just as uneasy, just as anxious to do or to sacrifice something, which we just as promptly are forced to decline.

ELLEN. And yet, Carry—yet—

MISS R. Why he would have run home to Barbadoes if we had consented, and that the week too I had agreed to a certain happy event—a novel mode, certainly, of showing devotion—we often hear of men carried away by their feelings, but we hardly expect them to go as far as America.

WYNDHAM is heard L. U. E.

WYNDHAM. Caroline, Caroline!

MISS R. Now he's been to the post, and if again disappointed, ten to one but he'll talk of an appeal to the Government.

WYNDHAM comes from the beach, L.

WYND. Well, Carry, as usual—no letters—no letters, though my factor at Bristol must have had advices last week.

MISS R. But you may hear from him to-morrow. Dear, dear, what a face—what a boon to the tropics, where they're thankful for clouds.

WYND. Now, Carry, don't laugh; the neglect is too shameful.

MISS R. Well, but your misery won't cure his neglect. Really one would think, to judge by your countenance, that your West India property grew nothing but lemons. Where's Mr. Hawksworth?

ELLEN. Mr. Hawksworth!

MISS R. Yes, Ellen; the gentleman we encountered at Baden, last summer, and who's here in his yacht—a great friend of Edward's—they're never apart.

WYND. And nothing so strange, I think, for he's a capital fellow.

MISS R. Well, he's certainly very sensible.

WYND. Yes; and generous to a fault.

MISS R. And yet, with all his good qualities—he has something about him which—

WYND. Which, it's plain, makes you shun him—and what are your reasons?

MISS R. Well now, Ellen, I ask if that's a gallant question?—is a lady bound to give reasons for anything?

WYND. Not for her sympathies, perhaps, but certainly her aversions; and where it's a case that demands one's respect—

MISS R. Respect I admit; but I may be allowed not to like him.

WYND. On condition you'll be good enough to say what you do like.

MISS R. Why, for instance, I like you.

WYND. Being the reverse of my friend.

MISS R. Now, Ellen, did I say that?—did you ever hear such a man? But I see I must run away, or my lamb here is in a humor to change skins with a porcupine. So, Edward, we'll leave you, for we've to go to the cliffs; but we shall see you at dinner, where

you'll bring Mr. Hawksworth, and I shall try to atone—I really feel I ought. I've learnt to like olives, in order to oblige you, and what can there be so unpleasant in him?

They go off, R. 1 E.

WYNDHAM sinks into a seat, R.—HAWKSWORTH advances from L. U. E.

HAWKS. No news, I perceive?

WYND. No, Hawksworth, no.

HAWKS. And this remittance, you expect, is rather a large one?

WYND. Yes, 'tis some thousands.

HAWKS. Which I trust I need not say, if it's in my power to manage—

WYND. No, no, Hawksworth, thank you; you've done enough already.

HAWKS. And yet not enough, it seems, to have a claim to your confidence. I've observed for some days you've been sadly cut up, and yet, whatever are your difficulties, if you'd only explain them—

WYND. Mine—they're not mine! But I deserve your reproach, and now will be frank with you. It's the Colonel wants aid.

HAWKS. The Colonel!

WYND. Even he.

HAWKS. You amaze me!

WYND. It's the fact. Though he has stood his ground, this crisis has tried him, and in a couple of months will try him still more;—he has some bills coming due which are unusually heavy. The fact is, he has been dabbling in some mines about here, and you know what they are.

HAWKS. Oh yes;—grim mouths, always gaping to swallow more capital.

WYND. So you may judge what I suffer in perceiving his danger, and yet giving no help; for need I say what I owe him—my father's old friend, to whom I was consigned when a boy—who, when I was sent here to college gave me more than his home, who opened his heart to me, could I have had a higher proof of it?—Did he not give me his child?

HAWKS. I feel your case sensibly;—but then what are you to do if this remittance doesn't come, and you require large advances?—West India property is so depreciated of late, your only hope is in other markets—America, for instance—where capital is abundant. But as you're going—(crosses) there is a step, which the Colonel and Miss Rochdale would be sure to object to.

WYND. I'd dispense with their consent, if I saw there were grounds for it.

HAWKS. You would?

WYND. Why, of course;—would it be justice to themselves even to pause in that case? No! Shew me it's my duty, and you shall see I respect it.

HAWKS. Well, then, since you say this, I have no hesitation in disclosing some news. I told you I'd a friend who'd gone over to Barbadoes, and with whom I should communicate in regard to your affairs, when you apprized me, some months since, of your straight-

ened position. Well, I've had an answer. (*he takes a letter from his pocket*)

WYND. Indeed!

HAWKS. And oddly enough he confirms my advice. He says if you'd go over to Barbadoes in person, he thinks he sees a way of meeting your wishes.

WYND. Is it possible?

HAWKS. There's his letter.

WYND. Hawksworth, this is a service.

HAWKS. Well, well, see if its practicable.

WYND. But not here, I should be interrupted: excuse me, my friend, I'll read this on the beach.

He rises and goes off with it, R. U. E.

HAWKS. And read it, to what end? That letter should suffice: it's well considered—comes in time—has every inducement to decide him; and should it succeed, and he return—once home he must remain—his affairs are such a wreck, that years only could retrieve them. Whilst meanwhile, as he has confessed, the Colonel is in need—wants aid which I could give him—I, who am at hand. Why, then, the way would open: I am his friend, and that established—I am the friend also of his child; the casual and cold acquaintance would then become the councillor—the ordinary visitor would grow into the guest—I should share her home, her confidence, would have a claim on her esteem—her esteem, but not her heart! that would still be his. She dreams not of my own—dreams not of the passion that ever heaves into its recesses, as the waves of some abyss down which no sunbeam penetrates. Well, then, in what's my trust?—why Time, the common comforter; the mould of life is circumstance; the hour which changes most things might possibly change her.

TATTERS enters, L. U. E., with a heavy moustache and whiskers, blue braided coat, &c.

TATT. Good morning, Mr. Hawksworth.

HAWKS. Ah! good day, Captain, good day.

TATT. Magnificent weather—had your bath, I suppose; anything in the papers? 'spose not, though, 'spose not—all the news, like the oysters, seems to be sent up to town.

HAWKS. Why certainly, certainly!

TATT. Unless it's this panic, and a panic's a thing which we East India fellers don't at all understand—we who've done our work amongst the Burmese and Mahrattas—know the way to Burrumpootah and Mahoolygojaub—market's poor to-day, not a bit of fish in it; and I really don't know how I can dine without fish, I really don't know how I shall manage—to dine.

HAWKS. (*aside*) And now shall I follow him and learn his decision.

TATT. By-the-bye, talking of fish, rather an odd one out yonder wants to see Mr. Wyndham.

HAWKS. Indeed?

TATT. Yes, a person I fancy that's come over from Bristol,

HAWKS. (*aside*) Bristol—there's his factor; what if there should be news for him?

TATT. I heard him enquiring as I passed the hotel, and—

HAWKS. (*aside*) This remittance he expects; why then he defeats me—he remains by their side, and—I have but one chance—to urge his instant departure.

TATT. Any billiards to day?

HAWKS. Billiards—well no, Captain, no I—Captain, my friend Wyndham's engaged just this instant, if you should see this person again would you tell him as much?

TATT. Oh, certainly, certainly.

HAWKS. And say he'll be here shortly. (*aside*) All hangs on a thread—but a moment only is left me, and yet that moment may do much.

He goes off at back, R.

TATT. Not a shilling from him then—what a miserable place this, not a match to be made with either a man or woman; I'd done Brighton so often, and Ramsgate and Margate, I thought I'd try Wales, and see if there was a chance here of any gentlemanly tastes—or a woman to be found who could make a man comfortable. And I don't ask for much—no youth or beauty, or nonsense of that sort; don't require luxuries—but just a fair temper and two hundred a year—don't even object to a little infirmity, so it's not expensive, something genteel about an invalid wife, and also convenient if she's confined to the house—she can't always be dogging the steps of her husband; and yet, moderate as are my views, here I've only one chance—that Madame Ruspini, that artist on the Terrace, whom every one says makes four guineas a week—so I shall sit to her for my likeness, and perhaps while she's taking me I may do something in the mesmerizing line.

SPICER. (*heard outside, L. U. E.*) Boy, have you seen anything of my curriole about here?

TATT. Halloa, who's this?

SPICER. My curriole, I say, and my scoundrel of a groom?

TATT. Oh, it's this person who wants Mr. Wyndham.

SPICER enters showily dressed, L. U. E. with eye glass, stick, &c., followed by a Boy.

SPICER. Haven't seen it, you say?

TATT. Your currycomb, sir?

SPICER. My curriole, sir.

TATT. What be it like, sir?

SPICER. Like, you stupid ass, like a carriage and horses—run, and if you find it I'll give you a shilling.

Boy. Thank'ee, sir, thank'ee.

He runs off at back, L.

SPICER. And if you do find it I'll give you a pound. I've always observed at these places, that a man goes for nothing unless he's got an establishment—say you've got a curriole and every one looks at you—hopes to get something out of you—mercenary devils, they deserve to be punished; (*aloud*) why where is that fellow, where can he have got to? (*he walks about surveying*)

TATT. (*aside*) It strikes me that this gentleman is something in my line, one of the leech species.

SPICER. Really not a bad place this, not at all a bad place, eh—isn't that Lady Jane Twankington, yonder?

TATT. (*aside*) Well, I'll soon ascertain; seen the London paper, sir?

SPICER. (*turning*) The London paper, no, sir—(*aside*) military I see! a colonel at least; I had once a major-general in my second pair back, and I could swear those moustaches came off the same hide (*he seats himself, L., opening the paper*)

TATT. (*aside*) Plated goods, clearly; a pewter spoon wash'd!

SPICER. Well, who's in town? eh, bless my soul, my old friend at last—arrived at Mivart's, Lord Algernon Hardup.

TATT. (*turning*) Lord Algernon Hardup?

SPICER. Yes, sir.

TATT. Why how very extraordinary—an old friend of mine!

SPICER. (*aside*) The devil he is!

TATT. We were at Sandhurst together.

SPICER. (*aside*) Now how precious unlucky!

TATT. And now I observe you; I must have seen you at Hardup's!

SPICER. Wal, sir, it's pausible.

TATT. You've served, I believe?

SPICER. Served, sir, served!

TATT. Yes, served—been in the Peninsular?

SPICER. Oh, yes—Peninsula! (*aside*) Thought he meant Holborn.

TATT. Stay any time here?

SPICER. Only a day or two.

TATT. Dreadfully dull!

SPICER. Wal, so I suppose.

TATT. Nothing but billiards you play, I suppose?

SPICER. Wal, a little—a little, when I'm in Pawris.

TATT. In Paris!

SPICER. In Pawris.

TATT. Why, how singularly fortunate—the French game I've been trying to learn all my life—perhaps you'll not object to give me a lesson?

SPICER. A lesson!

TATT. For they've a capital board here which is just disengaged.

SPICER. (*aside*) Well, as I never could manage to hit a ball yet—

TATT. You'll, of course, give me odds?

SPICER. Very happy I'm sure, sir; but—

TATT. (*rising*) I'm really impatient to receive your instruction.

SPICER. The fact is, I'm engaged, sir—engaged all this morning—got to call on a Mr. Wyndham that's living in Tenby.

Enter HAWKSWORTH from R. U. E.

TATT. A West Indian gentleman.

SPICER. Perfectly right! I've a letter to give him, and I think

some good news. I was staying at Clifton, and a Bristol friend of his asked me to take it.

HAWKS. (*advancing*) Well, sir, Mr. Wyndham will be here in a moment, he sails with me to-day, and we lunch at this inn. Bye-the-by, Captain, they've some sherry here that's rather peculiar, I should like you to taste it.

TATT. Very happy, I'm sure—

HAWKS. And perhaps your friend here will join us.

SPICER. What me, sir?

HAWKS. If disposed—and give me his opinion also.

SPICER. Sir, I should be proud.

HAWKS. Then as I fancy it's all ready. Roberts, our sherry!

(*he goes to the inn door and calls*)

SPICER. (*aside*) 'Pon my word now that's civil.

HAWKS. And meanwhile, sir, that letter which you have brought for Mr. Wyndham; if you'd like him to have it at once—

SPICER. You'd give it, sir? I'm a thousand times obliged.

He gives him the letter; WAITER then comes from inn with wine on tray, which he puts on table; HAWKSWORTH advances.

TATT. (*pointing to chair*) After you, I beg.

SPICER. Sir, I couldn't think of it.

TATT. You really must allow me—we East Indy fellers always take the lead in the field, but at home we always follow. (*they take seats at table*)

HAWKS. It's in my hands—the means—the only means of his detention—and there is a hope of his compliance; my missive has not failed—he only hesitates about bidding them farewell, yet that would be as fatal—one hint of his intention and they would chain him to the spot—no, no; there must be no meeting—he must go this very instant. The Plymouth Packet sails to-morrow, and I have offered him my yacht to reach it. I have told him that with this wind he could reach home in twenty days—might be back in abundant time to preclude the Colonel's danger—he can need then but little urging—the game is on the board—this last throw to decide!

He goes off at the back, r.; TATTERS and SPICER rise from table.

SPICER. Ha, ha, ha!

TATT. Famous joke, wasn't it? Well, sir, our affair at Mahoo-lygogaul—there was a fort on the hill, two redoubts on its side, and a bridge at the bottom, and yet in less than twenty minnites we carried the post.

SPICER. Wonderful, wonderful! (*aside*) Oh, this fellow would carry a whole railing!

TATT. That was sharp work, sir—I call that sharp work. And so you like Tenby—not a bad style of place—only what I detest here is the imposture one meets with—people passing themselves off for something better than they are.

SPICER. Oh, disgusting—dis-gusting!

TATT. But I see an exception—a charming person yonder whose

health I must enquire—so you'll meet your friend, Wyndham, perhaps take a sail with him, and in the evening I shall hope for a lesson in billiards. For the present then, I've the honor, sir, to bid you good morning.

SPICER. Sir, I've the honor to bid you the same.

TATTERS goes off at the back.

There, now—there—and yet Selina to tell me that I couldn't mix among people of fashion—hadn't a morsel of style in me. Why, I find I'm in demand here—actually called for. Waiter—more wine! It was the same thing in Bristol; the agent of Mr. Wyndham only saw me a moment, when he begged me to take the letter. And that foreigner, again, I met at the inn—that distinguished Italian, who asked me to call on him—gave me his card—hope I haven't lost it—no—here it is—the Chevalier Ruspini (*drawing it out*)—So what does it all prove? 'Twasn't my fault, I suppose, I was born in a shop—served like a bad shilling, and nailed to a counter. In spite of it all, the truth oozes out. Nature, like coffee, will boil to the top—if the gentleman's in you, the gentleman blazes—it's what they call a case of spontaneous combustion. Waiter, more wine!

(he throws himself on a chair, putting his legs on the table)

WAITER enters with decanter.

WAITER. More sherry?—yes, sir.

TATTERS and MADAME RUSPINI enter, L. U. E.

TATT. And now, then, we'll go in for your volume of fiction—fiction being a matter of which I think I'm a judge.

(as he hands her into the library, a Boy runs in at back, L.)

BOY. (to TATTERS) Please, sir, have you seen Mr. Spicer about here?

TATT. Spicer!—who's Spicer?

SPICER. Yes, Spicer,—who's Spicer?

BOY. Mr. Spicer, of Lunnun, sir—comes from "The Golden Teapot."

SPICER. (jumping up) Teapot!—get out, sir—don't you see we are gentlemen!

BOY. But master said he se'ed him, sir.

SPICER. Get out, you young scoundrel—teapot, indeed!

(he drives him off at the back)

TATT. (aside) I fancy I see the handle—to this golden teapot.

He enters the library—SPICER returns from the back.

SPICER. Really, the way one's insulted at times! Waiter, more wine!

HOOKHAM comes from the library.

HOOK. (aside) Ah! an arrival! Good-day to you, sir—happy to see you at Tenby—trust I may have the pleasure to put you down for the season.

SPICER. Oh, certainly, certainly—two, if you like.

HOOK. Thank you, indeed, sir—what name shall I say?

(he opens his subscription book on table, R.)

SPICER. What name?—why—*(aside)* Well, now, that's awkward—can't give my own. Suppose Mr. Wyndham should ask me to sail with him—I don't think my name is quite the thing to go yachting with *(draws out a card)*—not like this foreigner's; that's the real article; that's got a ring in it; and as he's gone up to town, what if I borrowed it!—I don't see the harm—he'd never know it—and—quite clear—I shall. *(aloud)* The Chevalier Ruspini.

HOOK. The Chevalier Ruspini!

SPICER. Am I not distinct, sir?—the Chevalier Ruspini!

HOOK. And so you're come at last, sir!—most happy to see you.

SPICER. *(aside)* Oh, then, they expected him!

HOOK. *(aside)* And now I'm all safe about his wife's little bill. One guinea, if you please.

SPICER. A guinea?

HOOK. A guinea for a season subscription.

SPICER. *(aside)* And I'm off to-morrow. Well, I suppose I must pay it; I must consider it the fee for the title I've taken. Well, sir, there's your money.

HOOK. Thank you, indeed, sir; you'll find Tenby very full—a great number of nobility, whom I dare say you know, sir.

SPICER. Oh, I dare say.

HOOK. And all pleased to see you; for one person's feelings I can certainly vouch; your amiable little woman has been pining about you.

SPICER. My amiable little woman!

HOOK. For she fully expected you a fortnight ago; you know she's in the library.

SPICER. In the library—who?

HOOK. Your amiable lady, sir.

SPICER. Nonsense, sir—where?

HOOK. Why there, sir; don't you see her? don't you know your own wife?

SPICER. My what, sir?

HOOK. Your wife, sir—Madame Ruspini. Oh, if you haven't met her, I'll tell her you are here. *He enters the library.*

SPICER. Why, confound it all, have I got into a firm? I never dreamt of this—never thought that a name was to help me to a family. What can I say to her! Oh, I can say nothing—I must be off. *(he is going)*

MADAME RUSPINI comes from the library.

MADAME R. Stay, sir, I must first know how long I've had the honour of your alliance.

SPICER. Why, really, to say the truth, ma'am, I—what am I to say?

MADAME R. Or am I to understand this as merely a watering place jest?

SPICER. Exactly, exactly, ma'am—merely a jest.

MADAME R. In which you borrow my husband's name as you might his coat or his cloak?

SPICER. Precisely so, madame, I borrowed it as a cloak.

MADAME R. Well, sir, as you've been pleased to assume some of his rights, perhaps you'll not object to a share of his courtesy to see me to the coach, by which I'm going to London.

SPICER. See you to the coach, madame, I shall feel highly honoured.

MADAME R. Then, I suppose, I must allow you to keep up your character?

SPICER. Well, really, as my character is of some value.

MADAME R. And yet, I think you'll admit you've taken a great freedom?

SPICER. Well, perhaps so—perhaps—but—and 'pon my soul, a fine woman.

MADAME R. And, indeed, I don't know whether I ought to forgive you.

SPICER. Ha! ha! don't you really? (*aside*) A positive angel!

MADAME R. Only—as there can't be much danger in quarter of an hour!

SPICER. No, as there can't be much danger in quarter of an hour.

MADAME R. Ha! ha! why so, my dear husband—

SPICER. Ha! ha! and so my dear wife—

(she takes his arm, HOOKHAM comes from library, TATTER appears at its door)

MADAME R. Good morning, Mr. Hookham.

SPICER. Good morning, Hookham, going to see off my darling.

HOOK. Oh, indeed, sir, indeed!

SPICER. Yes, going to leave me for a week, I shall be wretched till she is back, shan't I, my angel?

MADAME R. I fear you will, my dearest. (*aside*) Oh, you deceiver!

SPICER. (*aside*) Oh, you enchantress, 'pon my soul, she's a goddess!

They go off at back, L. U. E.

TATT. So I'm beaten again.

HOOK. I've made out her bill, five pounds two and two-pence.

(TATEERS sinks into a seat with a look of reflection, HOOKHAM draws out the bill.—Scene closes)

SCENE II.—*Cliffs near Tenby.—The sea in view, L.*

MISS ROOCHDALE and ELLEN enter R. 1 E.

MISS R. Yes, Ellen, yes, there's the yacht—she's still in sight.

ELLEN. And that boat we saw put off to her.

MISS R. Conveyed Edward and Mr. Hawksworth, they've gone for their usual sail, and I must say I'm glad of it; Edward was so excited, and this sailing always calms him, you'll scarcely know him when he returns.

ELLEN. And he deserves the good it brings him.

MISS R. He does, Ellen, he does, his very faults have something noble in them, his very wildness and imprudence have such forgetfulness of self—so you must not suppose if I speak carelessly—I value him the less—or—

ELLEN. Nay, nay, Miss R. Well, well, I know it's very foolish, and so, now where shall we go? Yes, to the cliff yonder, where you'll say the view's magnificent—that is if you can climb as high?

ELLEN. Can climb as high, indeed—and do you think a girl who's been in Switzerland, isn't equal to a cliff in Wales?

Miss R. Well, to test your Alpine powers, I should like to make some dreadful wager?

ELLEN. I'll accept the most extravagant, what shall it be—a pair of gloves?

Miss R. Very good, now there's the cliff.

ELLEN. Which I can't climb, indeed.

Miss R. Now, no boasting, let us see.

They run off, L. 1 E.

HOOKHAM. (*outside* R. 1 E.) Miss Rochdale, Miss Rochdale!

He enters hastily, R. 1 E.

Yes, yes, I'm sure it's her running up the rocks there, and knowing nothing of this news—this dreadful news that's come—this danger of the bank—the Colonel's bank, of all things—the old Carmarthen bank that we all thought as lasting as the banks of Newfoundland—why, the world is at an end!

HAWKSWORTH. (*outside, R. 1 E.*) Hookham, Hookham!

HOOK. Mr. Hawksworth, he's heard the news, I see, and it's moving him like others.

HAWKSWORTH enters R., hastily, followed by TATTERS.

HAWKS. Answer me, I beg—this report about the Colonel?

HOOK. All true, sir, quite correct.

HAWKS. In danger?

HOOK. It's a fact, sir, owing to a crash it seems in Bristol—a run set in this morning, and unless he gets assistance, down it comes as sure as night.

HAWKS. (*aside*) I dream!

HOOK. All Carmarthen they say is crazy—the whole neighbourhood in fact will soon rock with it, as with an earthquake.

TATT. Very horrid, really.

HOOK. A man so much respected, everybody's friend.

TATT. And now that he's unfortunate, everybody's enemy.

HOOK. But the ruin, sir, the ruin—the sinking it will cause?

TATT. Yes, and what's worse, the rising—the general insurrection of everybody's creditors.

HOOK. Well, I must run home again, I dare say I shall be wanted there, and—

HAWKS. Stay, friend, stay an instant, I must enquire into this matter, and see if I can be of service, and as it's possible I may want assistance, perhaps you'll join me in a task which would be as useful to yourself.

HOOK. Of course, sir, pray command me.

HAWKS. Then I'll follow you to the hotel, where you shall know what I propose.

HOOKHAM goes off, R. 1 E.

(aside) Now, now, my purpose dawns ; dimly it's true, and doubtfully, but ere long it may take shape.

He follows HOOKHAM, R. I. E.

TATT. Why what's he going to do—not pay the Colonel's debts ? I wish he'd pay mine, generosity is a fever which oughtn't to be intermittent; well, this panic's general—I shall have to suspend—there will be a run in my case before morning, and I fancy towards London. It's clear my game is up here, my last card has been trumped by that impostor of a Chevalier—for that's the thing that goads me, it's the imposture that one meets with ; to think how I've been trifled with—how led to indulge hopes of that woman's four guineas a week—the want of a moral sense in some people is perfectly appalling.

SPICER. (heard, R.) Ha, ha, ha—now 'pon my word, it's capital !

TATT. Ah, they're coming, and in high spirits, well now really such deception ought to be exposed, it's such impudence—such an insult to even Welch people's credulity—that an impostor like that should attempt to deceive the world, merely because he has imposed on such a ninny as himself.

He goes off, L. 1 E.

SPICER and MADAME RUSPINI enter, R. 1 E.

SPICER. And I say again, it's capital, to walk you all about the town and make every one believe that I'm actually your husband.

MADAME R. But you must allow it's very impudent ?

SPICER. Poh, poh ! I say it's fun, a first-rate bit of fun ; and after all where's the harm, no one will ever hear of it, neither your dear rib nor mine !

MADAME R. Oh, then you are married, are you ?

SPICER. Oh, yes, I'm married—got a sweet little soul in town—a treasure of a woman—a woman I appreciate.

MADAME R. So it seems !

SPICER. She's so charmingly domestic, such a genius too for management—such talent for arranging and weighing various matters.

MADAME R. I see ; as we paint justice—she's a lady with the scales !

SPICER. Ahem—now I, on the contrary, am just as fond of travelling—had my portrait taken to shew it—with my hand upon a globe to prove I'd been round it—and Mount Vesuvius at my back, in order to throw me out !

(coach horn is heard, L. 1 E.)

MADAME R. Ah, the coach at last !

SPICER. Then here I suppose we part ?

MADAME R. We do.

SPICER. Never to meet again ?

MADAME R. Never, unless some day in London I should call on your little wife—in order to judge of her talent in arranging and weighing matters.

SPICER. (aside) Ahem—then I'll hand you to the door ; but I say, we must keep up appearances—when I put you in I must give you a salute.

MADAME R. Oh, no !

SPICER. Oh, but I must though !

MADAME R. I really must decline that—

SPICER. But I must, upon my honor ;—I really must insist on it, for the sake of keeping up appearances.

They go off, L. 1 E.

HOOHKAM runs in, r. 1 E.

HOOK. And so it's gone!—the crash is come!—the bank is down! Why, then, everything is going. Yes, there's Madame Russini going; the coach is just come up, and—ah! horrid thought! what if both of them are going, and my bill still in my pocket! Both of them are at the door;—now she enters—now he follows—no he don't—yes he does—no he don't! The door shuts; my heart opens; my vital current flows again!

SPICER returns, L., waving his hand.

SPICER. Agew, my love, agew! 'Pon my life, I'm a lucky fellow! All the coach was envying me, and no wonder, with such a woman—such a splendid soul as that!—much finer than my Selina! Selina's very amiable—the soul of domestic goodness—but no style in her;—nothing high, except perhaps her voice; and if she were to hear of this—phew! there'd be a stir in the teapot!

HOOK. (*looking off, r.*) Yes, 'tis them, sure enough;—a string of fellows coming, and all with their accounts. Good day to you again, sir. Seen your lady off?

SPICER. Yes, Hookham, yes. The star of my existence!

HOOK. It's easy to see you love her, sir.

SPICER. Love is not the word, sir;—it's adoration—it's absorption!

HOOK. A woman for whose sake I'm sure you'd make any sacrifice.

SPICER. Anything, sir, anything;—what would be too great for her? (HOOKHAM draws out his account)

HOOK. You're aware she'd a little account with me—

SPICER. A little what, sir?

HOOK. A little account, sir.

SPICER. What the devil do you mean, sir?

HOOK. Merely five pounds two and two-pence, which she told me you would settle.

SPICER. Five pounds two and two-pence?

HOOK. And having, sir, this morning to meet a very heavy bill—

SPICER. But I tell you it's all nonsense!

HOOK. And hoping, sir, you'll pardon this very great intrusion—

SPICER. But I say, sir, it's all nonsense!

HOOK. Being pushed, sir, greatly pushed—(*aside*) I shall be in a moment.

SPICER. The horrible impostor! I've been regularly done!

HOOK. Having a deal coming on me, sir—(*aside*) There's six of 'em at least.

SPICER. Pay five pounds for a walk, a dirty walk, about a town?—why, I shouldn't pay five shillings to walk about a palace.

HOOK. Being pressed, sir, greatly pressed—

SPICER. A downright piece of robbery! Well, sir, there's your money—five sovereigns and two shillings.

HOOK. Thank you indeed, sir;—the two-pence I can post.

SPICER. Was there ever such a swindler?—such a horrible impostor? However, it's a lesson, it's a lesson, and now it's over.

TRADESMEN enter hastily, R. 1 E.

1ST TRADESMAN. I say, Hookham, have you seen Madame Ruspini's husband?

HOOK. Seen her husband?—why?

1ST TRADESMAN. Because I hear she's off, and she owes me twenty pounds.

2ND TRADESMAN. Yes, and she owes me fifteen.

3RD TRADESMAN. Yes, and me too, seven pun' ten.

SPICER runs off, L. 1 E.

1ST TRADESMAN. Hollo, is that him? Here!—haye!—haye!—stop!

They run after him, HOOKHAM opposite.

SCENE III.—*Parlour of a Marine Villa opening at back on a lawn, with the sea in the distance; doors R. and L., the latter open.*

ELLEN is discovered looking through L. door; a MESSENGER stands at the back, in a great coat and top boots, with whip, &c.

ELLEN. What a sight is this I witness? still he lies there hushed and motionless, and Caroline beside him covering his face with tears and kisses, and can I give them but useless sympathy? my father could assist him—and surely must, when he knows all—let me write to him then, at once—yes, yes, this very instant—at least I should make the effort—whatever its result.

She goes off through R. door.

Enter ADAMS from L. door.

ADAMS. (to MESSENGER) There's no answer for you yet, my master is too ill to write, you'd better step in again.

The MESSENGER goes off at back. To write—he can scarcely speak—'tis a wonder he's alive; but he wants to be alone—my young lady leaves him. Well, I can do no good—I can only grieve for them, and what help is there in that?

He goes off by the lawn.

Enter MISS ROCHDALE from L. door slowly, and sinks into a chair.

MISS R. We dream sometimes by day—see forms and listen to voices that exist but in the brain; and am I not dreaming now—is not all I've heard too pitiless, too monstrous to be true? I want proofs of this—good proofs—'tis no ordinary wreck, it had no preparation—when the gale was at its height he stood firmly and defied it. (she pauses—turning to L. door)

HAWKSWORTH appears on the lawn.

Yet, who is it lies yonder, bowed and feeble as a child,—mourning no loss, no wealth, save that of his good name? And must this be his fate—must he indeed endure this same—?

HAWKSWORTH advances, R.

HAWKS. Not so, (*she turns and recoils, pausing a moment*)

MISS R. Who's this?

HAWKS. The man you least expected, whose presence is then in harmony with the affliction that besets you.

MISS R. Mr. Hawksworth.

HAWKS. 'Tis but a part of life's daily riddle—the last one in our thoughts is often first in our emergencies.

MISS R. You cannot mean to trifle with me at an hour such as this. Speak, sir.

HAWKS. Well, then, you had claimants in this neighbourhood—claimants that in the terror which this news was sure to cause might have been driven to your door. It was not in my power to avert what has befallen you, but still I dared to hope I might in some degree allay it. (*he gives her a paper*)

MISS R. Paid!

HAWKS. Do not thank me—I can remember but what I wished—I can think but of other clamourers whose demands amount to thousands.

MISS R. No, no!

HAWKS. Who must be met? for they endanger more than can be measured by mere gold—that which in itself includes all wealth, your father's honour—his old name—you must have friends then, and there is one who if till this hour almost a stranger—is proud to give this evidence that he was not unconscious of your claims.

MISS R. You, you!

HAWKS. Is this a marvel? it has its counterpart, its solution. May I detail it? may I tell you of a man who had grown up from his youth without one aim or joy to stir the calm stream of his life? Who had health, position, fortune—all the instruments of good, yet felt them to be worthless, wanting the end that could apply them—who was cold, perhaps repellent, but who beneath his rigid looks felt at length a new emotion, a growing life, a rising fire—that ever surged as that of Hecla under a covering of ice.

MISS R. Well, sir, well.

HAWKS. He loved then, but without hope; for she he gazed at was another's—knew not of and cared not for the madness she aroused, the passion that inspired—could only torture, not require him. Yet vain as it was, and frenzied, still 'twas vital—'twas enduring there, was a power in his heart that bore him up as on a flood—a strength that gave him courage to confront the worst, look of despair.

MISS R. No, no, you cannot dare?

HAWKS. I can, I dare avow to you these tortures long concealed.

MISS R. Villain!

HAWKS. And if it be so, not unpunished—not unscathed.

MISS R. This, this to the wife—the betrothed wife of your own friend?

HAWKS. I grant it.

MISS R. That friend who is by her side—who in an instant may confront you.

HAWKS. Or shall we say—some days hence—some months, perhaps—some years—when wearying of that home to which he is now flying back so eagerly—that birthspot in the West, to which his vessel's prow is turned.

MISS R. Slanderer!

HAWKS. Well, then, his own words. (*he draws a letter from his breast*)

MISS R. His own words.

HAWKS. And his last ones!

(*he gives her the letter, she tears it open, reads an instant and falls in the chair transfixed.—The curtain slowly descends*)

END OF ACT I.

SCENE I.—“*The Golden Teapot*” in Holborn; its parlor in the foreground; the shop at back, opening on the street; and scene through a centre door and wide glass partition, L.; doors R. and L. opening on inner room and passage, L.; a settee, R., chairs and table L.

MRS. SPICER is discovered sewing, L., at the table; JOE brushing a dress coat, R.

MRS. S. Montague, Montague, haven't you shaved yet? You never had a beard till you brought home a dressing-case—and two years ago you would wash at the tap. There, there, Joe—that's enough; you'll brush that coat to pieces.

JOE. But I must do it nicely, ma'am. Master says if there's a speck on it—his friends wouldn't speak to him.

MRS. S. Wouldn't they indeed—how mighty particular—they don't care a straw if there's a speck on his character.

VOICE. (outside) Shop!

JOE runs in with coat to inner room and then returns to the shop.

MRS. S. A nice time I think, for a tradesman to get up—between one and two—to be dressing himself when he ought to be dining—and all because Mr. Montague must go to the Opera—must throw away 8s. 6d. to look after his friends—and look after them he's likely—for they'll all walk away from him; so of course he goes to bed when he ought to be rising—and when he does rise he's too tired to work. And what's caused it all? Three years ago he was industrious enough—all this is come since he went down to Wales. That visit to Tenby, that was the thing; ever since that he's got foolish and lazy, and been going to ruin just as if he had been born to it.

JOE runs in from the shop.

JOE. Letter if you please, ma'am.

MRS. S. Oh, for the first floor,

JOE. And boy wants to know when the gentleman will get it?

MRS. S. When he comes home to dinner, between five and six.

HOOK. (heard outside) Shop! — *Joe runs off again.*

MRS. S. Well, there's one comfort, if the business is neglected, the house seems to let—I've excellent lodgers—who'll make the rent easy, if I can only get them to stop. All I care about now is my second pair back, and —

Hookham comes from the shop in a great coat, wrapper, &c.

HOOKHAM. Very good, then—I'll ask. Good day to you, ma'am, you've a bed-room to let?

MRS. S. Yes, sir, I have.

HOOK. I'll see it if you please. I've come to town on some business, and as my coach stops in Holborn, the only coach I think that goes straight on to Tenby.

MRS. S. Tenby, dear me, my husband was there, sir, about three years ago.

HOOK. What in the time of the panic?

MRS. S. Yes, in the panic; and we've cause to remember it, for the County Bank broke, and he lost twenty pounds by it.

HOOK. Colonel Rochdale's, ma'am?—yes, we all lost by that. A hard case for everyone—hard even for the Colonel, for it killed him poor man, though even his fate wasn't so sad as his daughter's.

MRS. S. His daughter's?

HOOK. Yes, ma'am, didn't you ever hear of it? the sacrifice she made to protect him, poor girl. She was engaged to be married to a West India gentleman—but when the Colonel, you see, got in danger of jail, in order to prevent it she married a Mr. Hawksworth.

MRS. S. Did she indeed, sir?

HOOK. Yes, ma'am, she did—gave up a worthy fellow—a man she loved dearly, everything you may say, she had hoped for and prized.

MRS. S. Why, what a good noble girl.

HOOK. Noble indeed, 'twould take a long day to say all on that point—everyone grieved for her, and so she left Tenby and I did hear that her husband himself had met with misfortunes—but I trust it's not true, 'twould be a hard return indeed if she should want money—she who never had it—but her first thought was always who wants it the most.

(*a gentle knock is heard, L.*)

MRS. S. (calling) Jane—the first floor. Well, what adversity!—only that trouble, like typhus, seems to seize upon every one. Here's the lady coming in—I should say she's had her share of it, to judge by her looks, she's so pale and so careworn a person—that has evidently seen better days—and she's been in Wales too,

HOOK. In Wales!

MRS. S. So she says.

HOOK. And—and—what sort of lady? a young person, pray?

MRS. S. Well, about five-and-twenty,

Hook. And very gentle and quiet and—?

Mrs. S. Quiet, indeed—you wouldn't know she was alive if it wasn't for her sighing.

Hook. (*aside*) Why, it never can be—living over a shop—she's going along the passage! (*he looks off through L. door which is open*) No—yes—it's herself!

Mrs. S. Herself, sir—who, pray?

Hook. Who? Mrs. Hawksworth.

Mrs. S. Mrs. Hawksworth!

Hook. Herself, ma'am. I should know her from a thousand.

Mrs. S. Why, they call themselves Mordaunt.

Hook. Poor lady—poor lady, and so bad off as that—even forced to change their names.

Mrs. S. Well, here's a piece of news!

Hook. And so, now, ma'am, you won't wonder if—if I don't take the room.

Mrs. S. Don't take it!

Hook. Why, you see, I should have to meet her—pass her perhaps daily; she's not a proud person, but she would scarcely like that—I shouldn't it myself, ma'am, 'tisn't because she's now poor, that I'm placed on her level—goodness like her's never loses its rank; so I hope you won't be angry if—

Mrs. S. Angry, indeed! you're a good worthy man, and if you ever want the room again you shall have it for nothing.

Hook. Thank you, ma'am, thank you—I wish you a good day!

Exit through shop.

Mrs. S. Well, I thought my case was bad enough—but it seems in this world one can always find some one worse off than oneself. Eh! isn't that her coming down—she steps so very softly, that—yes, yes—it is!

Mrs. HAWKSWORTH appears at the door L., genteely but plainly dressed.

Mrs. H. May I ask if you're disengaged?

Mrs. S. Oh, certainly, Mrs. Mordaunt, pray step in, I beg.

Mrs. H. (*advancing slowly*) I—I would say a few words which—

Mrs. S. But do take a seat, for I can see you're very tired. (*she places a chair Mrs. HAWKSWORTH sits*)

Mrs. H. Thank you. Indeed—I am rather weary—I have been some little distance, and—

Mrs. S. And you're not at all strong, it's easy to see that—so do let me get you a bit of cake and some wine—we've some famous in the shop, and I'll open a fresh bottle.

Mrs. H. Oh, no—many thanks; rest is all I want, and need I say, I gain strength from your kind expressions. To proceed then—you must have inferred from my husband's appearance that he was not always in the position you see him at present.

Mrs. S. Oh, easily, Mrs. Mordaunt!

Mrs. H. Like others, he has had reverses, and known what it is to exchange affluence and ease for restricted enjoyments; you

will believe it is very painful to me to witness this change, and that it would afford me great happiness were it in my power to relieve it.

MRS. S. Well, madam.

MRS. H. Were I able for instance to turn to use any accomplishment—so as I believe I possess a little talent for music—I wished to ask whether in the event of my being able to obtain pupils, you would object to my occasionally receiving them here?

MRS. S. Not I, ma'am, I'm sure, the only thing is whether—

HAWKSWORTH appears at the door.

MRS. H. Mr. Mordaunt will approve of it;—he is sensitive, of course, and feels our change keenly; but he's abroad all the day—need in fact never know it, and—*(HAWKSWORTH advances)*

MRS. S. Oh, here is Mr. Mordaunt.

HAWKS. Mrs. Spicer, I regret to say, that owing to the demands of business, I must cease to be your tenant.

MRS. S. You'll leave me, sir?

HAWKS. I must, madam. I am in your debt, I believe, for some expenses as well as the week's notice; if you will put the sum on paper, I shall be happy to pay you.

MRS. S. Certainly, sir, certainly; but I am really very sorry. Here's a note for you, sir. I had made up my mind so you were going to stop, that—*(aside)* Now, was ever a woman so unlucky as I am? *She goes off to the shop, he opens the note and reads it.*

MRS. H. You—you are going, and from London?

HAWKS. From London.

MRS. H. And may I ask whither?

HAWKS. That you will know in time; enough that there is now no occasion that my wife should become a governess.

MRS. H. But you'll do justice to my wish?

HAWKS. Or again be under the necessity of making a confidant of a shopkeeper.

MRS. H. If—if I do make such confidences, it is because I am denied them—have to beg for a privilege which others inherit.

HAWKS. And which others deserve—others, whose anxiety has reference to their husbands and not to themselves.

MRS. H. And can you charge me with this feeling? Oh! in what have I shown it?—have I failed to avow the great debt I owe you?

HAWKS. Well, well.

MRS. H. From the hour you saved my father from that shame that awaited him—that you guarded his door, and soothed the sad pillow on which he soon sank to rest—what proof have I failed in that was justly your due?

HAWKS. My due is the question, if mere gratitude sums it.

MRS. H. And more I could not give you—more you did not ask.

HAWKS. But I asked for some appearance, some feeling, some tenderness towards the man you made yours;—yet what is it I receive? a settled coldness that repels me, a silence that upbraids—and if to this daily welcome I presume to demur, the still more

appeasing and tender answer of tears—always tears—that skilful resource with which you sex can make reproaches, and at the same time avert them.

MRS. H. Oh, mercy, mercy! Do not wound me in this way;—it were more generous to kill me than to—

LAMBOURNE comes from the shop.

LAMB. Still here?

HAWKS. (to her) You can leave us.

MRS. H. (aside) And life itself with how much joy!

She goes off by L. door.

LAMB. And you can stay here—you can linger when you know what's at stake—your freedom! Your very life even—which you have still the power of saving.

HAWKS. My safety includes two persons.

LAMB. What would you take her with you—Hawksworth are you mad?

HAWKS. The resolved are often thought so.

LAMB. This woman! who already has dragged you to your ruin—to obtain whom you have spent thousands—till sinking stage by stage you lose at last even self-restraint—and are urged to commit a crime by way of counteracting folly.

HAWKS. Have you done?

LAMB. And all this for a being who requites you with contempt—who having learnt you were a gambler, from that moment has despised you—and, yet whose loathing you repay with the same passion, the same worship—or is it that you fear she might again meet her old lover—who has returned to this country, and returned to it in prosperity.

HAWKS. Will you cease?

LAMB. A lover too, who can boast that he's not been unrevenged—that he has sought out his enemy, and twice foiled his schemes.

HAWKS. And therefore it's extraordinary the defeated should delay—should remain here 'till his antagonist is placed within his reach.

LAMB. Within your reach!

HAWKS. Thanks to a friend. (*shews the letter*) He lives in the Regent's Park, and not a great way from the fields, dines at six, and usually leaves home at nine—the hour and the spot you see are equally propitious.

LAMB. So, then, all's explained?

HAWKS. Yes, sir, that life has some ends that outweighs life itself—still I shall leave this house, but have a note or two to write of which you must be the bearer—so come with me to my room, nay, nay, no reluctance—you see, Lambourne, at last I had some cause for my delay.

They go off by L. door.

SPICER. (*singing and calling in room, r.*) Di tanti palpiti—la, la, la, la—de, de, de—joe—dah, daha—dah, dah—joe.

He comes from room, r., in a morning gown, a newspaper in his hand.

Dah—da, ha—da, ha—dah—Well certainly, Pasta was ei-

chanting last night; I can't get that aria out of my head. Dah, dah, a—dah a dah—can't say which music I like her best in—that or "Medea." "My dear!" rather a familiar name to give to a queen!—why not, "my adorable." What's in the paper? (throws himself on the sofa, R.)

JOE comes from the shop.

JOE. Did you call, sir,

SPICER. Call, sir!—of course I did,—called till I was hoarse. Hark you, Mr. Joe,—I've promised when I leave business, that I'd give you a place, that I'd make you my tiger!—do you hear, sir—my tiger!

JOE. Yes, sir, I know; when you gits a cab, I'm to hold on behind.

SPICER. Then I should certainly advise you to hold on before—unless you attend, sir —

JOE. But what's a chap to do sir—there's the shop to be minded, and unless I tends to that, missus will sack me.

SPICER. And what if she does?

JOE. What if she does, sir!—why, shouldn't I starve?

SPICER. Only for a month or two—and what's a little hunger; it's a part of your character—tigers are always hungry.

MRS. SPICER (heard in the shop.) Joe!

JOE runs to the back, then hesitates.

SPICER. Very good sir—very good sir—take your choice—I discharge you.

JOE. Oh, don't now, Mr. Spicer, don't now—what do you want, sir?

SPICER. Want—look at my boots—do you call that brushing 'em? if you're able to see your face in 'em—see it, and blush.

JOE. Well, I can soon settle that matter—the blacking's under the stairs—I can fetch it in a jiffey.

He runs off by L. door, and returns directly with brushes, bottle, &c.

SPICER stretches out a foot—he operates.

SPICER. Di tanti palpiti—Ah! here's the account—but what fashionables were present, some of my friends, of course (reads) Prince and Princess Muffinuffsky—Duke de la Vesuvio—Lord and Lady Larrydandrum—

MRS. SPICER comes from the shop.

MRS. S. Oh! it's that what you're about?

JOE. Yes, ma'am, it is—just finishing master,

MRS. S. And you'll finish yourself if you don't keep in the shop, there's a pint of oil wanted.

JOE. Pint of ile—yes, ma'am. He runs off to shop.

MRS. S. Now, really it's too bad, Mon! you're wasting his time—doing nothing yourself, and—why, you're not going out?

SPICER. Yes, darling, yes—just a turn in the park to see if any of my friends are there.

MRS. S. And what good will that do?

SPICER. Now, really, my precious; we've settled that matter—they're all people of rank.

MRS. S. That only know you by sight.

SPICER. Well—but every thing has a beginning—some day we

shall speak, and of course when we get intimate, they'll help me to something—I shouldn't at all wonder but some post under Government.

MRS. S. A post under Government!

SPICER. Perhaps at the Horse Guards!

MRS. S. What, the post at the gateway—where they'll want you to sweep? Montague, are you mad, sir—I say are you mad?

SPICER. No, my love, but I shall be if you bawl in that manner.

MRS. S. Don't you see you're going to ruin—that you're killing the business?

SPICER. Oh, bother the business.

MRS. S. Bother it indeed, it's lucky you've got it to keep you in bread. Your father had the business, and your grandfather before him; they both kept the Teapot, and why shouldn't you; you were born in the Teapot, and why are you ashamed of it?

SPICER. (singing) *Di tanti palpiti.*

MRS. S. Very well, sir, very well—I see your design, you want to kill your poor wife, and then you'll be satisfied—kill her and be happy—a wife you don't love, sir.

SPICER. Indeed but I do. I love her so much, I hope never to see another.

MRS. S. I've been a good wife to you, sir—a martyr I may say, and this is the way I'm abused and neglected; it wouldn't cost you much to lay me in my grave.

SPICER. Oh but it would though—it would cost me ten pounds.

JOE looks in from the shop.

JOE. Please, ma'am, you're wanted.

SPICER. (looking at the paper) And so the Duke de Vesuvio will go down to Chatsworth.

MRS. S. Mr. Spicer, since affection's thrown away upon you, I shall come to plain words; you shan't go out to-day, sir—do you hear me? you shan't. If you dare to go off, sir, I go off too.

SPICER. Very good, my darling, only put on your bonnet.

MRS. S. I hope I am plain, sir—I hope I am plain.

SPICER. You are, Mrs. Spicer; not to say ordinary.

JOE looks in again.

JOE. It's a gentleman, ma'am, shall I ask him to come in?

SPICER. A gentleman, of course; and give him a chair.

JOE disappears.

(he rises) So, silly, my darling, I'll go to my room, and do now compose yourself; pray do be calm, you worry me much; you make me quite nervous. I really havn't power to—*Di tanti palpiti.*

He enters room,

TATTERS comes from the shop in a shabby genteel suit of black minus his moustaches, a book in his hand.

TATT. I have the honor, I believe, to address the lady of this establishment?

MRS. S. Yes, sir, you have.

TATT. May I be allowed to beg the favor of a few words on business?

MRS. S. On business, oh, certainly; pray do take a seat.

TATTERS takes a chair, L., she R.

TATT. Ahem! It's easy, ma'am, to perceive by a countenance so intelligent and amiable as yours, that you're a person whose feelings are always well exercised.

MRS. S. Oh, you're very good, sir.

TATT. Nature on some faces makes its "hall mark,"—says this is true gold which must always pass current. Inspired by this conviction, I venture to hope that I may have the honor of your support to a great national project.

MRS. S. A what, sir?

TATT. You must be aware, my dear madam, it has long been our reproach that we pay but small respect to our illustrious dead—we honor their lives, but what do we do for their memory—eager I confess to wipe off such a stain, I have founded a society, which proposes to erect monuments to all our past geniuses—statues, which shall be placed in all our principal streets, and near lamp-posts, to remind us that they lived to enlighten us—we thought of beginning with Shakespeare—you admire him of course, madam?

MRS. S. Well, sir, I suppose so; I always go when I get orders.

TATT. However, Shakespeare will keep, madam; Shakespeare will keep—so we've resolved on commencing with a great light of science. What do you think of Sir Isaac Newton?

MRS. S. Can't say I ever heard of him.

TATT. What, madam—not the immortal discoverer of gravity?

MRS. S. Was he anything of a clergyman, sir?

TATT. An astronomer, madam—the prince of astronomers. We have him up first—and we are regularly constituted—with a patron, a president, and a long list of vices—manager, treasurer, secretary, and consulting physician. But as concentration is a principle that always gives vigour, I'm the manager, treasurer, and secretary, myself, ma'am.

MRS. S. (rising) Well, sir, I don't think this is in my way at all.

TATT. And now you'll permit me to read a list of subscriptions—"the Archbishop of Ethiopia, five pounds; the Commissary-General of the Pilliloo Islands, five pounds."

MRS. S. (aside) Oh, I must get rid of this man; I must send Montague to him. Montague! Montague!

TATT. Seventeenth page, continued subscriptions—a working man, a pound; a lover of science, a shilling—you see we've all classes—a father, five shillings; a mother, two shillings; dear baby, sixpence. There, ma'am, you see we can even count upon babies.

MRS. S. Montague! Montague!

SPICER comes from L. room, dressed.

(aside) There's a man wants a subscription, now we've nothing to give him—so do you send him off?

SPICER. Of course, love—of course.

MRS. S. (*aside*) Not a penny—remember and do it at once.

SPICER. But compose yourself, darling, compose yourself, pray—I'll do it of course—but calmly—like a gentleman.

TATT. Twenty-fourth page, concluding subscriptions—Boling broke Baggs, Esquire, seven shillings and sixpence.

SPICER. (*crosses to him*) Sir, not having the honour of your personal acquaintance, I must beg to inform you that in the matter of charity I subscribe to a hospital; I pay heavy poor rates and—

TATT. Who do I see?

SPICER. Good gracious, powers!

TATT. My friend the chevalier.

SPICER. A—a—Captain Tatters.

TATT. Delighted to meet you, delighted beyond measure. (*he rises and shakes his hand warmly*)

SPICER. Well, you're very good—I—

TATT. And allow me to ask how is Madame Rus—

SPICER. (*stopping his mouth*) Hish!

MRS. S. What did he say, Mont?

SPICER. Ha! ha! nothing, darling, nothing, merely a remark that—so allow me to introduce him, an old friend of mine—the Honourable Captain Tatters of the Company's Service.

TATT. (*bowing*) Of the Company's Service, madame.

MRS. S. (*aside*) At any Company's Service—who'd give him a shilling?

SPICER. Ha! ha! and so we've met again, captain—well, how very extraordinary. Been to the opera?

TATT. No, chevalier, no—as I've told your good lady, I'm busy just now in erecting a monument to a great light of science—the imperishable Newton.

SPICER. And very right too—the imperishable Newton!

TATT. A great man you'll allow.

SPICER. Oh! a wonderful man! the inventor of pippins.

TATT. Then I hope you'll allow me to put you down for a pound?

MRS. S. A pound!

SPICER. Ha, ha—of course love, of course—the imperishable Newton!

MRS. S. (*aside*) Montague! are you mad?

TATT. (*writing with pencil*) The Chevalier—a pound!

MRS. S. (*aside*) But I say you shan't sir!

SPICER. Now, Silly, my precious! Such a genius as Newton—

TATT. So sublime! and yet simple—who could discover his great law by merely an apple happening to fall on his head.

SPICER. There, Silly, there—why I should discover nothing if a whole bushel fell on mine—

JOE looks in at back.

JOE. Please, ma'am—there's a lady been arter the room, and she says she'll come again. JOE disappears again.

TATT. Oh!—you've a room to let—well, how very odd, I'm in want of lodgings—I'll take it myself.

SPICER. Well that's very kind of you—very kind really!

MRS. S. (*aside*) But do you mean to say he'll pay for it?

SPICER. Pay for it, Silly!—in the Company's service—

TATT. It will be so pleasant you know to be under the roof of an old friend! (*stretching himself out in a chair*)

MRS. S. (*aside*) Without costing him sixpence—is that what he means?

SPICER. (*aside*) Now, Silly, my cherub!—your words are quite painful—so unworthy of a woman—woman that always trusts.

MRS. S. (*aside*) Not if she has lodgers—I'll tell you what, Mr. Spicer, it strikes me you are either a great fool or a rogue!

SPICER. (*aside*) And it strikes me, my seraph! that I'm a something between both.

JANE comes from L. door, with table cloth.

JANE. Dinner's ready, if you please, ma'am.

She spreads the cloth, and goes out again.

MRS. S. (*aside*) Then you'll tell him to go—we've a very small leg of mutton.

SPICER. (*aside*) And you wish to show you've a heart just as small as your leg!

MRS. S. (*aside*) What's he to board as well as lodge with us?

TATT. Well, I must be off—and yet do you know, chevalier, there's such comfort in the place—such an air of enjoyment—of domestic felicity—

SPICER. (*aside*) And to be prejudiced against a man who can utter such sentiments—really, Silly, I'm ashamed of you. Captain, you'll dine with us—we've nothing to offer you, but I trust that you'll stop?

TATT. Well, since you press me—very happy I'm sure.

The MAID brings in the dinner—they seat themselves, SPICER, R.

HOOKHAM comes from the shop.

HOOK. Excuse my return, madame, I hope you'll excuse it—but I just wish to say, that—eh! bless my soul—

SPICER. Why, an old friend again!—another old friend—well, how lucky I am to day.

MRS. S. Lucky indeed!—you'll have in the whole street—

HOOK. And pray may I ask how is Madame Rus—

SPICER. Hush!—ha, ha! delighted too see you—delighted indeed, you'll dine with us to day—yes, yes, you must dine—I'll take no refusal—Jane! bring a plate—

SPICER seats himself at the top of the table, HOOKHAM, R., and

TATTERS, L. JOE looks in at the back again.

JOE. If you please, ma'am, the lady's come back about the room.

SPICER. Oh, bother the lady! Say we're at dinner.

MRS. S. But that needn't matter;—ask her to step in.

JOE. (*calling*) Step in, if you please, ma'am.

MRS. S. What sort of a person?

JOE. Oh, quite respectable;—she has given me her card—it's a French lady, I think. (*reads*) It's a Madame Rus—

SPICER. (*jumping up*) Who?

JOE. Madame Rus—pi—ni.

HOOKHAM and TATTERS rising—SPICER dives under the table, and re-appearing in front, with the table cloth over his head, goes off by l. door, dragging the dinner after him, TATTERS and HOOKHAM picking it up—MADAME RUSPINI appearing at back, and MRS. SPICER standing speechless. Closed in by

SCENE II.—*A Street near Holborn.*

Enter WYNDHAM, R., looking round.

WYND. Yes, 'tis the next turning; but a step then to Gray's Inn—my last visit, and a brief one. A few minutes with my solicitor will now adjust my affairs in England, and then welcome the brighter skies and warmer pulses of the south. Let me see, his letter says to me—

He opens a note and stands reading as LAMBOURNE enters, l., and pauses.

LAMB. (*aside*) Can it be possible?—himself?—and Hawksworth gone to meet him? Could I prevent his returning home, the lives of both might be preserved. Mr. Wyndham, I believe.

WYND. (*turning*) Sir.

LAMB. A stranger, as you perceive, but you must allow me to add, a friend.

WYND. You must excuse me if I'm not in the habit of making friends so publicly.

LAMB. Nor anywhere, I hope, without such proof as I can give you. I am acquainted with your history.

WYND. Well, sir?

LAMB. You were once on the point of marriage.

WYND. Silence, sir; that is a subject that I forbid, even to the dearest.

LAMB. I am to infer then, that she you lost—

WYND. I loathe as I do him. The traitress that could forfeit the holiest vows her soul could pledge; who could be false to its first love; and without the outcast's want could descend to her pollution, speak of her no more, sir.

LAMB. And do you deny that her excuses—

WYND. What were they? an hour's pang—her father's transient peril—which I could have requited, if unable to prevent; yet I—she should have flown to—I that was her own.—But it's over, all is past, sir.

LAMB. All but her own punishment; and what if she has expiated this error you denounce by deep and various sufferings; what if she is now in danger of absolute privation—

WYND. Caroline!

LAMB. Is on the point of being abandoned by the man to whom she gave herself.

WYND. No, no, base as he is—he is not monster enough for that.

LAMB. Yet if it were so, I presume—

WYND. Would you waste my time in questions?

LAMB. You'd require only the proof—

WYND. The proof which you can give, for you can conduct me to her door—and you will do so—you will. I now see you are a friend. Deserted, homeless, sorrowing—No, Caroline, no—I may have ceased to love you—may have ceased even to respect—but when can I refuse to pity—when, when cease to remember. Come, sir, I will go with you.

They go off, L. 1 E.

SPICER enters opposite, without his hat.

SPICER. What am I to do?—that's the plain question. What's a man to do who's got under an avalanche? Ought I to act boldly? go home at once or stay away for an hour 'till the storm has blown over? blown over, indeed—my Silly's a trade wind, she'll blow for six months—and the worst of it is, that say what I would to her she'd never believe me—the more I explained the more she'd suspect. My case is quite horrible. Here's a gentleman in the streets walking about without a hat. I must look like a lunatic, the police might come up and insist on knowing my keeper. I shall certainly get desperate if I don't get advice—go and buy laudanum. Only who'd sell me laud'num in the state I am in?—they'd tell me I'd taken it.

TATTERS enters L. 1 E.

TATT. Chevalier!

SPICER. Ah! my dear Captain, is that you?—is that you?

TATT. Why, what a horrid affair this is—I've followed you to see if I can't explain away matters.

SPICER. Well, you're very good.

TATT. If I can't heal this sad breach. A blow such as this, to overturn everything—even a man's dinner.

SPICER. And all through an impostor—an impostor who cost me five pounds for a joke.

TATT. Then, as that's the case, of course you'll go home again?

SPICER. Go home!

TATT. Go home, state the fact and sit down.

SPICER. Impossible, Captain.

TATT. Impossible, nonsense, I can't see your happiness wrecked in this fashion—your hearthstone deserted—your altar profaned, sir.

SPICER. And do you believe then, there's room to—to—

TATT. Room, ample room—I see plenty of room for me.

SPICER. When everything's cut up so?

TATT. Cut up—not at all, there's is nothing cut up yet—so come home, sir, I say—I've a craving on this point that can't be resisted.

SPICER. Well, then, if you think so, we will go home, Captain, but coolly you know—coolly, coolly, like gentlemen.

TATT. Exactly, exactly, and then a word settles it—state but the fact and she'll open her arms to you.

SPICER. Well, that I dare say, only I can't help remembering that when I'm once in her arms, I'm in reach of her fingers.

They go off, L. 1 E.

SCENE III.—Drawing Room, at Spicer's, opening through a French window on leads; door r. to a passage; door l. to a bed room; table and chairs, l.

MRS. HAWKSWORTH is discovered at the table—a letter in her hand.

MRS. H. What is the mystery—the purpose of this letter; it contains Edward's address—states when he is to be found at home. Is it to him my husband's gone? and if so, with what aim? My heart frames an answer that would die upon my lips—rather than that conviction. Oh! how merciful were doubt. I hear a step—it's he returning—oh! what happiness. I can appeal to him, and I must do so—I must, though the prayer be on my knees.

WYNDHAM comes through r. door; she recoils and supports herself by the table.

Great heavens!

WYND. Be not alarmed, madam, I am aware this is an intrusion—that it is capable even of being misconstrued; let me state to you at once then, that I am here by the merest accident, and on grounds only of humanity.

MRS. H. Will you explain?

WYND. In a word, then, I know your husband's history. And though I might have guessed—that he who has ceased to respect himself must soon be untrue to others. I confess I was not prepared for the news of your position—

MRS. H. My position—

WYND. I see then you've to learn it—you're ignorant that this man has enhanced his crime to me, by treachery to yourself—that he has deserted you?

MRS. H. What say you?

WYND. Has quitted you this evening never to return.

MRS. S. Oh, no—you must be deceived.

WYND. I have had proof, or I were not here—'tis to your position then, I speak—not to your heart—not to your memory. I have done, madam, with the past, your misery is sacred, and I'll not profane it by reproaches.

MRS. H. Well, sir?

WYND. If, therefore, from this necessity—to which you see yourself subjected—you will permit me to offer you the means of extrication.

MRS. H. I thank you—thank you deeply—do every justice to your motives; but you will pardon me if I feel that so long as I can exert myself, to do so is most accordant with the respect I owe another.

WYND. Then you cling to him—this man who has degraded and who deserts you? You cling to him—when to know him further is but to sink to his own level!

MRS. H. He is my husband.

WYND. You cling to him because you love him—be honest and confess it—clear up in these few words the whole mystery of your conduct—it may pain you, it may humiliate; but 'tis but justice to

my sufferings. I will own even it excuses you, speak then, and I am satisfied—acknowledge that you love him.

MRS. H. (*pausing—with emotion*) He—he is my husband.

WYND. And this is she whom I so honored—so trusted in—so worshipped, that—

HAWKSWORTH appears at the door, R.

MRS. H. Edward!

WYND. Yes, yes—enjoy your triumph—see the proofs it has wrung out; man, as I boast myself, see how abject you can make me.

MRS. H. No, no—I can endure your anger, I could almost say, your scorn—but add not to the wretchedness, the despair I bear already, by telling me that I have burthened your heart as well as mine. (HAWKSWORTH advances)

HAWKS. To your room!

MRS. H. Ah! what is it you would do?

HAWKS. Will you obey me? *She bows and goes off, L. D.* I regret, Mr. Wyndham, to have disturbed this secret interview, which it's easy to perceive was not without its purpose.

WYND. A purpose I avow, sir—to save one whom you'd abandon.

HAWKS. And of course it would be impertinent to ask on what conditions.

WYND. Beware, sir, beware! You know what's in my heart, that naturally I would harm no man—would bear pain, not inflict it—but with all this you know—that there is no serpent—there's no tiger that could spring across my path, whose life I would take so willingly, so eagerly as yours.

HAWKS. I thank you for this candor; hatred has at least this merit, superior in this to friendship, that it's marked by no imposture. I was in search of you, Mr. Wyndham—was on my way to your very door, when missing an important letter, I fortunately turned back. There is now no occasion to delay the wish of both. (*he draws pistols from his pocket*)

WYND. Here?

HAWKS. In this room.

WYND. And your wife in the adjoining.

HAWKS. Is it for her sake you are so anxious, or is it for your own?

WYND. Be it so. (*he takes a pistol and examines it*)

HAWKS. We must have a signal. Here's a book; when you are ready, it shall fall.

WYND. Agreed. (*they take their stations—WYNDHAM in front, R., HAWKSWORTH at back, L., a book in his L. hand; they level—the book falls—HAWKSWORTH's pistol snaps*) Your life is in my hands.

HAWKS. Well, sir—do I tremble?

WYND. Your life is in my hands, and yet I hesitate.

HAWKS. Trusting I will pray for it—will crouch to you for mercy. Ah! there are footsteps! Fire, sir, at once! (WYNDHAM still hesitating)

LAMBOURNE comes from R. D.

LAMB. Hawksworth, you're pursued! the officers are below!

HAWKS. Fire, if you're a man!

WYND. And you pursued? Not I; I have no partners in my quarrel. (*he throws away the pistol*)

LAMB. Now but an instant's left you: there is still escape this way; steps lead to the yard, and there's a door to the adjoining street.

WYND. Go, then; and till you're in safety I will keep the door.

HAWKS. And owe you my life again? Not I; here I remain.

WYND. Go, sir, and if you will—our contest shall be suspended; live that we may meet again.

HAWKS. Aye, be it so: life has a value now, for it may yet bring compensation.

He goes off by the window with LAMBOURNE, WYNDHAM closes and holds the door.

MRS. HAWKSWORTH totters feebly from door, L.

MRS. H. I can endure this suspense no longer. Speak! what is it you have done—Edward? (*she recoils leaning on the table*)

LAMBOURNE looks in at back.

LAMB. You have saved him.

WYND. You hear, Caroline, I have saved him—he you cling to, he you love; 'tis a last proof of my own for you, and now, farewell for ever!

He goes off through R. door, Mrs. HAWKSWORTH falls on the table.

END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

SCENE I.—*An old Inn Yard in the Borough, opening through its gateway at back, on the street, the sight of which is shut out by an empty coach; R. side of Inn visible—gallery running along it; tap, R. 2 E.; entrance to coffee room, R. 3 E.; booking-office opposite, L. 2 E. beyond it projects the tail of a waggon, and between that and the gateway are crates, boxes, hampers, &c., as well as round the yard.*

JACOB is discovered moving about the boxes; HOOKHAM comes from the office, writing in book.

HOOK. Well, Jacob—what for you?

JACOB. Why, here's some goods for the City, sir, and a whole lot of luggage to go down to Richmond.

HOOK. Oh, ah! come from Brighton—all out of the waggon?

JACOB. Yes, sir, I think so—all but this man, here.

HOOK. (*still writing*) What, man?

JACOB. Why, some poor starving chap, they picked up on the road.

HOOK. And who's now fast asleep; well, let him stop—hard to

grudge a man, who's as well off as crockery, gets packed up in straw. What things are here?

(turning to L., JACOB goes off L., moving boxes; JOE comes through the gateway, dressed as a page, and walks about looking at the boxes)

JOE. (reading) "Wiggins and Company," no, not for us—"Sawkins and Saunders,"—all City things. I say, my good man, have you any luggage here for a lady, named Hawksworth?

HOOK. (turning) Hawksworth!

JOE. Yes, Hawksworth, of Auburn Lodge, Richmond.

HOOK. Here's a cart-load, from Brighton.

JOE. Well, that's the lot.

HOOK. And Hawksworth, do you say?—I knew that name once, ten years ago, now—when I was in Wales.

JOE. Well, it's the same—she comes from Wales.

HOOK. What, wife of a Mr. Hawksworth, who went to America.

JOE. Yes, and who died there.

HOOK. Died there—

JOE. He did, about a twelvemonth ago—was drowned off the coast.

HOOK. And so, that was his end.

JOE. My missus, you know, having been left in this country—left to live as she could.

HOOK. And now, she's well off, do you say?

JOE. Yes, sir, she is—her father had some lead mines, which had turned out a failure—'twas they, I think, ruined him. Well, a friend of his bought 'em—and soon after that, sir, they turned up a prize.

HOOK. A prize!

JOE. It's a fact—began to yield beautiful, so as every one said, they belonged of rights to my missus, and this gentleman was a friend, and knew how she'd been treated—he settled at once, she should have a part of the profits.

HOOK. He did?

JOE. Yes, he did, sir; he made her quite easy.

HOOK. Why, what capital news!

JOE. So, as she had lodged with Mrs. Spicer, she took her for housekeeper—and as she had a great respect for me she made me her page.

HOOK. What a just piece of fortune?

JOE. Not a common page though, I'm better than that—more of a wally—a groom perhaps some day—as I want to see the world. Though, what I should like best is to go abroad as a currier, a chap as speaks French and wizzes a passport—however, as it is I've got plenty to do:—what with this coming from Brighton and our maid's falling ill; she had to stop at your house here, and as missus is in town to-day she's coming to see her.

HOOK. Coming here?

JOE. Yes, she is, about two o'clock, and what's the time now? why, it must be near that—so I think I'll step in and let Susan know.

He enters the inn by the coffee room.

HOOK. Why what a change to be sure—the storm all blown over and she once more at ease—come, then, we mustn't say fortunes so blind if she does wear a bandage, she contrives to see through it—gets mesmerised perhaps, and by the fair hand of goodness—

(TATTERS comes through the gateway in a shabby military undress coat, cap with band, and carrying a jug in each hand)

TATT. Ah, Hookham, good day to you.

HOOK Good day, Captain, good day.

TATTERS goes to the tap and puts in jugs.

TATT. Mrs. Baggs, ale for Madame R. if you please, and porter for me.

He returns drawing out a bill.

Hookham, allow me the pleasure of offering you a bill—a bill which if accepted I'm sure will be honoured.

HOOK. Oh, of the panorama!

TATT. Yes, the panorama, our morning exhibition—we intend to have two, in order to get the two effects—of "with candles" and "without candles"—including the attraction of "first time by candle light."

HOOK. Well, and how are you doing?

TATT. Oh, poorly, Hookham, poorly, the Borough's not the place for us—a region of tan-pits! No soul, but all hides.

HOOK. And yet it's a good painting?

TATT. Good, sir, it's a grand one, Madame Ruspini's best effort—to say nothing of the subject, the Siege of Seringapatam, with the further advantage of being explained by myself.

HOOK. Well, that it wants—she has put so much smoke in it—all you can see is a gun or two, and a bit of the wall.

TATT. But that's art, sir—high art—you can't fight without smoke, and the less that you see—the more's left to the imagination. You should hear what a judge says, we've had a good one today—you remember Mr. Wyndham?

HOOK. Who?

TATT. Mr. Wyndham—our old friend in Wales.

HOOK. Of course, and is he here?

TATT. Yes, just come home after a long stay in Italy, where he's been devoted to art—he has brought back some specimens, a Bacchanal among others, who's slightly in rags—so having met Madame Ruspini, he has engaged her to mend him—and grandly she'll do it, sir—her repairs will stand out!

HOOK. That I dare say.

TATT. So not to lose time he has brought it over this morning, and I left them discussing rather a critical point—whether the Bacchanal's nose didn't interfere with the sunset.

VOICE. (heard in tap) Beer!

TATT. Thank you, Mrs. Baggs.

He goes to the tap, puts in coppers and takes jugs

JOE comes from the inn, R.

JOE. Didn't I hear a carriage?—yes—it's Mrs. Hawksworth.

He goes off at the back, R.

TATTERS returns from tap with the jugs.

HOOK. Well, and I say, is Mr. Wyndham a single man still?

TATT. Single! of course—and likely to be, with his passion for art—art, as I tell you, is all he loves now. Faces on canvas—they are the things now;—canvas, in his case, has neutralized muslin.

JOE comes from the gateway, R., followed by MRS. HAWKSWORTH, who turns and pauses, looking off, R.

JOE. This way, Mrs. Hawksworth.

TATT. Mrs. Hawksworth!

HOOK. Herself—and I'm in this pickle, when I wished so to speak to her, about the old times. Something has engaged her—if she'll stop but a minute, I'll make myself tidy.

(he enters the office, L.; she turns and advances; TATTERS puts the jugs behind him and bows)

TATT. Mrs. Hawksworth, I believe; fancy we had the pleasure of meeting in Wales—great pleasure, I'm sure, to meet you again—quite unable to say how much I carry away with me.

He goes off at back, L., bowing, and keeping the jugs behind him.

JOE. Now, just through this door, ma'am, and straight up the stairs.

MRS. H. Thank you, Joseph, thank you; if you'll go in I'll follow you.

JOE. Certainly, ma'am, certainly. (aside) And as we ought to do something for the good of the house, I'll have a half-pint of ale.

He goes into the inn; she stands a moment, then returns to the back and looks off, R.

MRS. H. He's gone—yes, yes—he's lost new in the crowd—but 'twas he, and how strange he should pass as I alighted, and he knew me—for our eyes met—he knew me, and yet passed on. (she advances) No greeting—no enquiry—no delay even for a word—he did not turn even to assure me, that though renounced I was not forgotten—it is then as I feared—I have died out of his thoughts, or live there but as a shadow from which he turns with pain and loathing. Well, then—freedom—ease—do you indeed return to re- quite me; do you not rather come to deepen the fate you should relieve—to make me more conscious that I am poor—that I am alone.

She pauses struggling with her feelings; MRS. SPICER comes from the gate, R.

MRS. S. Mrs. Hawksworth!

MRS. H. My—my friend—oh! I remember Susan—of course—I'll go to her.

She turns and enters the inn slowly; HOOKHAM comes from the office in another coat, &c.

HOOK. Mrs. Spicer, I think; I hope you're quite well, ma'am?

MRS. S. Quite well, I thank you, sir; I hope you're the same.

HOOK. Yes, ma'am, I am; and pray, how's your good husband?

MRS. S. My husband—my punishment. Don't speak of the wretch, sir.

HOOK. Well, I beg pardon.

MRS. S. It's enough for me to say, sir, that you see me alive.

HOOK. Very sorry, I'm sure.

MRS. S. Mrs. Hawksworth will tell you what I endured from that man. What I bore—what I pardoned—if I hadn't been an angel—I—ahem.

HOOK. And, may I ask—what's become of him?

MRS. S. Become of him, sir,—why, he's tramping about the country, with a parcel of horse-riders.

HOOK. Horse-riders!

MRS. S. Yes, sir, says it's the life of a gentleman, though at the same time, he's starving. I believe at this moment he's begging a meal.

HOOK. You don't mean to say that, ma'am?

MRS. S. Yes, sir, I do—that he's begging a meal.

SPICER is heard inside of the waggon.

SPICER. Waiter.

MRS. S. Who's that?

SPICER. Waiter—breakfast ready?

HOOK. It's that man in the waggon.

SPICER. Coffee, remember, and ham not overdone.

HOOK. Coffee and ham—the poor devil must be dreaming.

(he lifts up the tilt, and looks in; JOE comes from the inn, and goes off at back, R.)

Yes, fast asleep, enjoying in memory, a substantial breakfast.

SPICER. Grill me a chicken.

MRS. S. (aside) Why, I could swear, that that voice—

SPICER. And waiter, do you hear, sar, a box of cigars?

MRS. S. (aside) I could swear that was Montague!

JOE returns, and looks in at back.

JOE. Oh, I say, here's an accident—a gentleman run over.

HOOK. Run over!

JOE. Yes, knocked down in crossing by a new safety cab.

HOOK. But of course he's picked up.

JOE. Yes, he is now, but there's a nice lot about him; his money I fancy, will go after his senses.

HOOKHAM goes to the back, and looks off.

HOOK. A nice lot, indeed—and—eh—why, no—yes—I can't be deceived—it's surely Mr. Wyndham.

JOE. Mr. who?

HOOK. Mr. Wyndham—I'm certain it is; and see, he can't stand—he'll be down in a minute. Here! hello!

They go off through the gate,

MRS. S. And, then, see my dream; two nights in succession I dreamt about rats—and what could that mean, but that he was coming back?

SPICER. (from wagon) Waiter! do you hear, sar? Do you call

this the Clarendon ?—this the proper way of conducting a coffee room ! Why, where is that rascal who plagues me in this way ? Where is my plague, I say ?

(he lifts the tilt and puts his head out, the straw sticking about it)

MRS. S. Where, sir ?

SPICER. My wife ! (he drops the tilt and disappears)

MRS. S. I knew it, I knew it—my rat—and as lean as ever.

MRS. HAWKSWORTH returns from the inn ; JACOB appears at the back, L., with a broom.

MRS. H. Mrs. Spicer, I'm happy to find Susan's much better—may be removed by to-morrow. So I have but one more thing to think of—my errand to the city—and here I see the means, my good friend.

JACOB advances.

I have a hamper here, amongst other things, which came from Brighton to-day, and which is to go to Cheapside ; can you take it directly ?

JACOB. No, ma'am, I can't—I must stop in the yard.

MRS. H. Well, then, could you find some one ?

JACOB. Well, I'm afraid not to-day, ma'am—our cart has gone out.

MRS. H. What, no one who would be willing to earn a few shillings ?

JACOB. Well, really, I—eh, there's that chap in the wagon.

MRS. S. In the wagon ?

JACOB. He's likely.

MRS. S. No, no, don't ask him.

JACOB. Why not, ma'am ? he's poor enough ; if you'll wait, I'll just see. (He goes off, L. 3 E.)

MRS. S. (aside) Montague ! good gracious ! she'll never permit that ; she'll know him, of course, and—

JACOB looks in at L.

JACOB. All right, ma'am, he'll do it. (he disappears)

MRS. H. Well, I'm glad of her recovery. This, at least, is some offset to the pain of to-day, which—

SPICER comes from L. 3 E., in a worn-out fashionable suit of the day, buttoned up to his throat, one hand in his breast, his hat drawn over his eyes ; pausing opposite to MRS. HAWKSWORTH, he bows with dignity.

What a sad looking object !

MRS. S. (aside) And he isn't discovered—come, that's some comfort.

MRS. H. (to him) You have heard what I require ; will you oblige me so much ?

SPICER. A gentleman, madam, must always oblige a lady.

MRS. H. And can you take the box at once ?

SPICER. And can pause at no obstacles.

MRS. H. Then, if you would consider five shillings a sufficient repayment—

SPICER. Not, madam, a repayment ; I take it as a remembrance.

MRS. H. Then, there is the address, and you will not forget to convey it as speedily as possible.

(she gives him the card and money, he bows again with dignity)

MRS. S. (aside) And still she doesn't know him ; she thinks him a vagrant ; then, of course, my mind's easy, and—

JOE runs in at the back, R.

JOE. Oh, Mrs. Hawksworth, here's such a sad business—a gentleman run over, and carried into a shop, and Mr. Hookham wants to know, if I may run for a doctor.

MRS. H. Of course, how could you think you required my consent.

JOE. Well, so I said, ma'am—only he wished me to come—it's a Mr. Wyndham, he says, and—

MRS. H. Wyndham ?

JOE. Yes, ma'am—some one you know, I think.

MRS. H. And injured—in danger—where, where—let me see him. Oh, Edward—Edward, is it in misery only, we part—and we meet.

(she goes off at the back, R., followed by JOE and MRS. SPICER ; JACOB advances to SPICER with the broom)

JACOB. And she's given you five shillings—well, that's not so bad—so I suppose you won't mind helping me in return ; this yard's in a precious mess, just sweep it up a bit.

SPICER. Sweep it up !

JACOB. Yes, whilst I get your hamper.

(he puts the broom into his hand, and goes off, R. ; SPICER falls on its handle, in a reflective attitude)

SPICER. And it has come then to this— ! Sawdust wasn't low enough—horseriding, wasn't the worst circle a gentleman could move in ! there was a yard—a common yard—where he was to be handed a broom—and when the broom was laid by—where he was to take up a hamper. And yet, we're to be told that the world is all right—the world, which can crush with such infamous burthens—I say, it's a great tyrant, and I am its victim. Talk of its love of gentlemen—how does it use one—why, as it does his best coat—very well, whilst he's new—admires him—then, praises him—copies him—but let him get worn a little—get spotted and rubbed—why, then it calls names, says he's only a rag—pulls at him—treads on him, and when he's once down—does it pity him—no, it says—sweep him out. (he sweeps vehemently, then pauses)

JACOB returns, L., dragging the hamper.

JACOB. Now, old chap, here's your load—but, I say, you ain't done ?

SPICER. Leave me, sir, leave me.

JACOB. Leave you—to what ?

SPICER. Leave me, to my reflections—don't you see, I'm engaged.

JACOB. Yes, for a job.

SPICER. Well, and I shall do it, sar,—when I'm at leisure.

JACOB. Leisure, indeed ! the Brighton coach will be up soon, and drive into the yard—now, how will you have it ?

SPICER. How, like a gentleman.

JACOB. Well, as I never saw a gentleman carry a hamper.

SPICER. Well then, sar, any way.

(SPICER throws away the broom, and prepares, JACOB lifts the hamper on his shoulders; he pauses a moment, poising it with dignity)

JOE comes from the gateway.

JOE. Well, I say—where's this hamper, is it going to day—

JACOB. All right, lad—all right.

JOE. All right, you're precious slow with it; come, I say, you sir, stir your stumps, will you.

SPICER. (pausing) "You, sar," sar! "you, sar."

JOE. Hollo! why, it never —

SPICER. Miserable menial, who do you presume to "you, sar?"

JOE. It never can be.

SPICER. It can't be—it can be. Look on me, sar—look on me, and know me.

JOE. Mr. Spicer.

SPICER. Your master.

(he throws down the hamper, and folds his arms)

JOE. My goodness—why, here's a come down.

He runs off through the gate.

JACOB. Why, plague take this fellow, he'll be here all day. Here!—haye!—I say, Jim, will you take this hamper?

He goes off, L. U. E.

SPICER sinks on the hamper in abstraction; TATTERS comes from the gateway.

TATT. Mr. Wyndham knocked down? I must learn the particulars, or the blow will be double; Madame R. will be upset—Eh! why, no—yes—is it possible? Chevalier!

SPICER. Captain, old friend, how are you, how are you? (he rises and shakes hands with him)

TATT. Delighted to see you in town again. Eh—well—and what are doing?

SPICER. Conceive, but don't ask. (he sinks back on the hamper, folding his arms)

TATT. Badly off still?

SPICER. Degraded, sir—crushed! you don't see my misery; no, I conceal it. (he closes his legs over the hamper)

TATT. Well, we've both of us been victims; a pair of geese on a common; turned out to starve, or taken in to be plucked.

SPICER. Or two birds in a trap; put up to be shot at.

TATT. A couple of overalls; always out in bad weather.

SPICER. And which the world chuck aside—as soon as it has muddled them.

TATT. And yet some, you know, are lucky: see the advertisements—"If Brown will apply to Solomons he'll hear of something to his advantage."

SPICER. That's a swindle—I've tried it: I once went to Solomons, and what was my advantage?—I was served with a writ. Tatters, I'll be frank with you, I'm revolutionary; is there any insurrection that's going on anywhere!

TATT. Why, there's one in the Netherlands, that's going on always. (*he rubs his stomach*)

SPICER. Tatters, all's wrong, sir, and all must be altered; all must come down, sir, and all must go up. Tatters, I'm a worm—I'm a worm the world's trod on till it rises against it.

TATT. Why, you're grown quite a misanthrope.

SPICER. I am, sir, I am; and shall I give you the reason? shall I say why I've no longer any faith in my species? It's a painful confession—but listen, sir, listen. I once had a child—not my own, 'twas my landlord's—a young tender being of not more than seven years; she always shared my breakfast, sometimes shared my walks; I loved this infant creature that seemed to twine round my heart—I pitied her ignorance, I taught her to write—when what was her gratitude? What was the first use that she made of this faculty?—she made out my bill.

TATT. The cockatrice! the cockatrice!

SPICER. After that do you wonder if I'd done with humanity?

TATT. A hard trial, certainly. However, as you must live 'till you find something better, what if you join my panorama?—I'm in want of a gentleman to invite the world in, and if you'd like to do it, I'll give you a share, and if we get on, I'll improve your position; you shall explain the painting—a great mental exercise.

SPICER. I agree! I'm your man!

TATT. Well, then, come along, for we're going to begin. Stop, though, you ought to do something to your toilette; a uniform wouldn't be bad for you!

SPICER. A uniform?

TATT. Yes, that would be an advertisement; or, at least, a clean shirt.

SPICER. That would be a disguise.

TATT. But, I say, what's this box?

SPICER. The proof of my degradation;—I'm to carry that to Cheapside.

TATT. You?—not at all; any one can do that.

A Boy goes by whistling at back.

Here! hollo, boy! do you want a job?

Boy. (*advancing*) A job? Yes, if you please, sir.

SPICER. Well, then, take up that hamper and follow me, sir.

TATT. But you'll first come to our door, and see where we live—so courage, Chevalier; be a philosopher.

SPICER. Well, Captain—I ought since a philosopher's a gentleman who has nothing to lose. Follow me, boy.

He tilts his hat, and taking TATTER's arm, lounges out with him through the gate, Boy following with hamper.

SCENE II.—*A Street in the Borough.—An open door of a house, R., and over it "Gallery of Art."*

MRS. SPICER enters hastily, R. 1 E., and pausing, looks back.

MRS. S. Goodness me, what a fright—I can scarcely breathe yet—scarcely know whether I've run here or somebody carried me. I can't see him now, he's certainly not following—but 'twas him!

it was him ! I'm quite sure of that—though he was so much altered, so furrowed and worn—it was still the same face, the same stern chilling look—and—and yet living ! when we were all of us so sure of his death—living—after the proofs Mrs. Hawksworth has had—

HOOKHAM. (heard calling, R.) Mrs. Spicer ! Mrs. Spicer !

Mrs. S. Oh, Mr. Hookham.

HOOKHAM runs in, R. 1 E.

HOOK. I'm so glad I've overtook you—you're to buy the things for Susan, and then go home by coach. Mrs. Hawksworth has used the carriage—and what do you think for? to carry home Mr. Wyndham.

Mrs. S. Mr. Wyndham ?

HOOK. Himself, restored to her, ma'am—to more than his senses, restored even to her. His arm was not broke as we all thought at first, it only got bruised—and that will soon heal now his heart is all right.

Mrs. S. Good gracious ! but yet, sir—

HOOK. And 'twas just as I said, they only wanted to meet—a few words, a gush of tears, and they were as happy as ever.

Mrs. S. As happy, impossible !

HOOK. Impossible, ma'am !

Mrs. S. Oh, Mr. Hookham, who do you think I've just seen. As sure as I'm living, I've met Mr. Hawksworth.

HOOK. Mr. Hawksworth ?

Mrs. S. Himself, sir, as I turned down this street.

HOOK. Why, my good friend, you're raving ?

Mrs. S. Indeed, it's the truth.

HOOK. He was drowned in a storm off the coast of America.

MRS. S. So we were told.

HOOK. And hadn't you proofs of it?

MRS. S. Why, yes, we had letters.

HOOK. But even if you hadn't, he couldn't be here. Don't you know that Mr. Hawksworth committed a forgery—and if he returned here 'twould cost him his life.

Mrs. S. Bless my soul !

HOOK. It's the fact—and as that is the case—

Mrs. S. I must have been deceived.

HOOK. Why, of course, ma'am, you must—that's plain enough, so you may make your mind easy you'll never see him again ; but I must be off, I've to go to her doctor's and ask him to run down to Richmond this evening. I don't think he's wanted, he'll be in the way—but as she is so anxious I must jump on a bus—on it do I say—I feel as if I wanted the whole roof to myself.

He runs off, L.

Mrs. S. And so 'twas but fancy, it was not him I saw. Sure as I felt—it was all a delusion, and my mistress—my poor mistress will be happy at last—will marry Mr. Wyndham her first and only love—and be rewarded for all she has lost and endured.

HAWKSWORTH totters in miserably clad, R., and pauses, holding by the house.

HAWKS. It is—

MRS. S. (*turning and recoiling*) Ah, goodness!

HAWKS. You know me then?

MRS. S. Sir.

HAWKS. You know and yet avoid me.

MRS. S. A—avoid you, sir?

HAWKS. Yes, you feared I should beg from you—and I do—but not much—a word—a word only—my wife—where she lives?

MRS. S. What, sir?

HAWKS. You know and will tell me.

MRS. S. (*aside*) And so bring back her sufferings.

HAWKS. You hesitate?

MRS. S. Why, yes, sir—when I think how you left her, and when too, I remember—

HAWKS. That she hates me—no matter!

MRS. S. And yet you seek her?

HAWKS. I do.

MRS. S. Though you know too—if discovered.

HAWKS. The cost; I know it all.

MRS. S. Gracious powers!

HAWKS. That she is the destiny that drags me back to my doom—what but this purpose has beaten off death already—given me power to baffle shipwreck—bear famine—cross deserts—to live on, during the months that I've searched for her in London—crouching in it wolf-like—stealing forth but with night—to watch its thousand faces—and see if hers—hers might pass.

MRS. S. And now?

HAWKS. When hope had perished—all revives—I see you!

MRS. S. But who cannot assist you.

HAWKS. Cannot!

MRS. S. I must not—much as I pity you, I owe a duty to her, sir, which is above all compassion.

HAWKS. Ah! beware—beware, withered, weak, as I am, you may find life can rally, and that its last strength is terrible.

MRS. S. I cannot, sir.

HAWKS. Tell me—or I'll tear the truth from you.

MRS. S. Would you harm me? help!—help!

HAWK. And you would escape me—fool, fool, you shall find I have still power. (*he crosses feebly and falls against the house, L.*) Power—power, did I say.

TATTERS and SPICER enter arm-in-arm, R., followed by the Boy with the hamper.

TATT. Well, here we are—good position you see—close to the bridges.

SPICER. (*aside*) And not far from the Bench.

TATT. And a world at the back of us, rich and intelligent.

SPICER. But, I say, how very odd that you should be going to marry my old attraction, Madame Ruspini.

TATT. Well, you know, I always pined for her—pined for a wife and domestic felicity—a quiet worthy woman, with something solid about her.

SPICER. But a woman, I thought, that was always in search of a victim.

TATT. But who'll now have a husband.

SPICER. And therefore a legal one. Well, that's all right. Boy, you can wait.

They go into the house; Boy puts down the hamper, L., and looks in at door; HAWKSWORTH rises from the wall.

HAWKS. 'Tis in vain—life is ebbing—sinks fast—and yet, that door—I might beg there—some assistance—if only a cup of water—let me see if I can reach it—yes, yes—no, I fail. (*tottering a few steps, he sinks on the hamper*)

BOY. (*turning*) Hallo, mister, you mustn't sit there, you must move, sir—well, if you won't I'll tell 'em in doors.

He enters the house.

HAWKS. I die then—I die—when all I ask is but a word—is but one trace of where she lives—small would be the bounty—yet even that to be denied. (*his head sinking on the hamper, he pauses gazing at its direction*) What's here? my brain's feeble—long suffering has weakened it, plays with it—makes me think that I now gaze on my own name.

TATTERS comes from the house.

TATT. A starving man at the door! why, they'll think he belongs to us.

HAWKS. Yet—no, no—I see it—I'll swear 'tis no delusion.

TATT. Mr. Hawksworth!

HAWKS. Ah! this name, then—speak, sir—speak!

TATT. Your wife's, of course.

HAWKS. My wife's! I live again—I live! (*he falls on the hamper*)

TATT. But he mustn't live here; people will think something's happened—an execution inside—Seringapatam has been taken, not by the British, but bailiffs.

HAWKS. (*reviving*) And, yet, what avails it—have I power to reach her door?

TATT. Power!—of course, sir; there are coaches to Richmond—one passes the corner; you mustn't stay here, sir—I really can't suffer it; humanity forbids you should stay here an instant.

HAWKS. But I am penniless.

TATT. You are?—then allow me, I beg, to lend you your fare—two shillings, (*aside*) which, luckily, I borrowed from Spicer.

HAWKS. Oh, thanks, thanks! I can go, then.

TATT. Yes, you can, sir; you can go and— Eh—isn't that the coach passing now?—Here! hollo! stop! room for one—eh?

He runs off, R.

HAWKS. I strengthen—I re-animate—again, again, hope kindles—says I shall yet see her—I shall yet—yet reach her side.

He totters off, R.

SPICER comes from the house, in a clean shirt with a big frill, bills on his breast—followed by the BOY.

SPICER. Boy, you may carry that hamper in doors; when the performance is over, it shall proceed to Cheapside.

(*Boy drags the hamper into the house*)

And, so, now then, to begin. I'm afraid, though, the neighbour-

hood is rather low about here—can't find the aristocracy are connected with it much—no Earl of Bermondsey, or Lord Rotherhithe; well, then, the more need of some style in the visitors. The first thing's a proper diffusion of programmes. There's a very great art in the diffusion of programmes—and I undertake it, to shew what can be done by a dignified bearing, and a superior delivery.

A GROUP OF PEOPLE pass from L., SPICER stops them, bows with dignity to each, and then presents bills.

I beg your pardon—one moment—will you allow me to have the honor, in the great cause of art—

1ST MAN. Is that all?

2ND MAN. Confound you—when I'm late for the coach. *They tear up the bills and go off, R.*

SPICER. Vulgar people—vulgar people—just as I said—a decidedly low neighbourhood—eh, here's a lady coming—ought to tell there—so I'll arrange myself, and—

(turning away to R., to pull out his frill)

Mrs. SPICER enters, L., looking round.

Mrs. S. No, no—he's not here—he's certainly gone—so as I've got everything for Susan—why—

SPICER. *(turning)* I beg pardon, madam—but will you allow me one moment in the great cause of art?

(bowing, he recognises her, and, turning to run, she seizes him)

Mrs. S. Why, I can't believe my eyes.

SPICER. Well, then, can you believe your hands—for you pull hard enough?

Mrs. S. You, sir—you—you—

SPICER. Yes—I—I—I, madam—though I hate so much egotism.

Mrs. S. And, the hamper—the hamper! what have you done with that?

SPICER. And is it possible, madam, you dare allude to that infamy?

Mrs. S. Allude to it—and why not?

SPICER. Why not, madam—a wife sworn to honor her husband—who could consent to his becoming a mere beast of burthen?

Mrs. S. Well you've made me bear enough—then you've lost it, I suppose.

SPICER. No, madam, I've deferred it—till our performance is over—the public must be attended to before individuals.

Mrs. S. Why, what are you at now then—do you belong to a show?

SPICER. A bombardment, Mrs. Spicer—and as you're a good hand at it, would you like to join?

Mrs. S. And so do all I can, then—you will stay in the streets.

SPICER. Decidedly, till the evening—when I shall go to a cafe!

Mrs. S. And you to come to this—who've been a respectable tradesman—you, who had once a good house over your head.

SPICER. Over my head—I deny it—it was always about my ears.

CHEEKS enters slowly, L. 1 E.

Mrs. S. Oh, very well, sir—very well—pray do as you like—

since you're so fond of the streets—pray stay here, and starve—
stay here, I say, and starve, Mr. Spicer.

CHEEKS. (coming between them) Mr. who, ma'am? Sir? Mrs. S. Mr. Spicer.

CHEEKS. What, ma'am, Mr. Spicer, that once lived in Holborn?

Mrs. S. Yes, sir, in Holborn—its principal tradesman, and look
at him now, sir—just look at him, now.

CHEEKS. Well, I've been wanting, ma'am, to look at him,
wanting this four year—the very thing I was wishing. How do
you do, Mr. Spicer.

SPICER. Will you allow me then the honor, in the great cause of
art. (bowing and presenting a bill)

CHEEKS. Oh, werry good, and as I likes to follow suit—will you
allow me to give you a little bill in return. I've an account agin
you, for twenty-three, two, and twopence. (he taps him)

SPICER. Arrested!

CHEEKS. At last, sir,—and I think it was time.

SPICER. Woman—you have betrayed me.

Mrs. S. Oh—no, no—you don't mean to say that.

SPICER. Betrayed me—you basilisk.

Mrs. S. And you'll take him to jail?

CHEEKS. Yes, ma'am, direct—unless you likes to pay for him.

Mrs. S. Oh—no, no—you can't be so cruel.

CHEEKS. Well, I know it's werry hard, ma'am—but what can I
do, 'twould ruin a public man to have any feelings.

Mrs. S. But you can't, sir—you can't—a wife can't be witness
against her own husband.

CHEEKS. Well, now that's not a bad notion—raaly not a bad
notion—why, you'd do werry well, ma'am, in our profession.

SPICER. (pausing) I see it all—it's this shirt—it's this shirt's
been my ruin; I was not content with safety—with freedom—with
ease—no, ambitious fool—I must put on a clean shirt.

Mrs. S. Oh, my poor Montague.

SPICER. Viper, begone.

Mrs. S. You know, I didn't mean to do it.

SPICER. Begone, I say, crocodile—gaze on your victim—but dare
not approach him—I'm prepared, sir—lead on

(CHEEKS goes off, r.; SPICER marches after him; Mrs. SPICER
follows, with a howl)

SCENE III.—*Gardens of a Villa near Richmond.* The house stands
L., a verandah projecting over the door and drawing-room windows,
which is filled with plants and flower stands; a wall stands opposite,
curving off L. U. E., trees bending over it, a seat placed against it;
the gardens extend at the back, and the country is seen beyond
them; garden chairs, &c. are about the ground—the moon is risen.

JOE comes from the house, and looks off, R.

JOE. Yes, there they turn—that's the tenth time, at least, they've
been down that long walk. Talk of love having wings, I'm sure
it has very good legs. And so now Mrs. Hawksworth will be

married, of course, and then, I suppose, go abroad, and have a regular courier?—think of that, she'd have me if I only knew French. Well, and why can't I learn it? I know a man that teaches it for sixpence a lesson; a sort of Swiss, Spanish, Dutch, Polish, Jew gentleman, and he says if I'd go to him, he'd teach me to speak it like nobody else. (*a gate bell rings loudly, L. U. E.*) Eh! there's a visitor; but I don't think he's wanted, so I shall just go and say that she isn't at home.

He enters the house.

WYNDHAM and MRS. HAWKSWORTH come from the garden, R. U. E.

MRS. H. And so silent.

WYND. Should I not be? Are there not times when words reproach us? When they deny what they should evidence? When their very sound seems an ingratitude?

MRS. H. It's true.

WYND. Times when, in the soul's fulness, we scarce enjoy—we can but doubt? Think Caroline, think; ten years without one happiness—ten years in which my heart forbad to thrill—could but endure—a life crushed to a torpor, or provoked into a storm; a mere tumult of the senses, in which exhaustion was repose.

MRS. H. And yet—

WYND. 'Tis on their flight we count our treasures. I knew not mine till you were lost; I knew not how entirely that loss would leave me prostrate. I awoke as men in deserts, or the poor exile in his snow, whose doom is lasting winter. Is it so strange, then, that I tremble at the return of life and freedom? that I ask if it be possible I hold you once more to my heart, and view the past but as the interval of some wild and feverish dream?

MRS. H. A dream from which we wake but to a truer sense of morning—wake to feel that the light's delay was but a pledge of its endurance. Edward, you have forgiven me, for love can never punish; if suffering must allay it, it gladly wreaks it on itself. You forgive me, because you feel too that your suffering has been shared—that, at least, I was true in this; if bitter was the cup I filled you, I drained it with you to the dregs.

WYND. I grant it.

MRS. H. And yet, was there no purpose, no reward in all its grief? Yes, yes, be assured the destiny that rules us gives no ill that it can spare, loves not suffering for its own sake—but for the good that suffering yields. Think not the past then was all evil, think not its years were wholly lost—they will yet live in our future to make its richest hours more blest—to make our evening sky grow brighter against the shadows of our morn. (*she throws herself on his bosom*)

JOE comes from the house.

JOE. If you please, ma'am, Dr. Musgrave.

MRS. H. Ah! he is arrived, you will see him then at once.

WYND. And yet, is there occasion?

MRS. H. Nay, nay, you will for my sake—you will to still my fears.

WYND. For your sake then? for yours—though it is hard to

end this happiness—my first since the hour I lost you, is it not too sacred to suspend ?

He enters the house followed by JOE, she sinks into a seat, L.

MRS. H. And yet, I share his feeling—I also pause and ask is this no phantasm? no dream? 'tis hard for a heart to realize—so long crushed—and so benumbed. I needs must wonder—needs must doubt if all this sunshine is no treachery—which only tempts hope into life—to give it up to a deeper blackness—to a colder sudden gloom.

HAWKSWORTH is now seen mounting the wall, R., by means of the tree bending over it, and resting on it, looks round.

But no, I'll not believe it; I will have faith in a kinder fate. I will trust in that vision that rose starlike on my soul—was dimmed—but re-emerges, and again makes bright my heavens.

(HAWKSWORTH during this descends the wall beyond the tree by means of the back and arm of the garden seat, and advances to her chair unperceived—Mrs. HAWKSWORTH, absorbed in her reverie, at length turns her head to him, and falls back in the chair, L., stifling)

No, no—

HAWKS. Himself.

MRS. H. Living—

HAWKS. And beside you—traitress—I have heard all.

MRS. H. Mercy, mercy!

HAWKS. I came to beg it. But an hour since, would have crawled to you for pity; now I ask none, I crave nothing—I stand here to command—

MRS. H. And what—say what at once, if you would leave me power to answer.

HAWKS. Food and shelter. Not in your own house—your people know me, and I'll not trust them. Bring me money to the inn that's at the turning of this lane—and bring it within an hour, that I may return to town to-night.

MRS. S. I will.

HAWKS. That I may plan how I may conceal myself, yet reach you when I wish. I risk much, yet I fear nothing, for I have a guardian within reach—a last friend and a true one—that bids me meet risk with a smile. (*he draws a pistol from his bosom*)

MRS. H. Great heavens!

HAWKS. You'll not fail me?

MRS. H. Do not fear.

HAWKS. Nor betray me?

MRS. H. I am your wife.

WYND. (inside) Good evening then, good evening!

HAWKS. Ah! he returns, your loved one—I leave you to him but to-morrow—to-morrow you shall hear all.

(*he retires up the garden and pauses at the corner of the wall, R., behind a tree*)

WYNDHAM comes from the house.

WYND. Now, dearest, now, I've seen him as you wished—and—(*she rises and waives him from her deliriously*).

MRS. H. Away, away!—fate laughs at us—its gulf yearns wide as ever—a step nearer, and we are lost! (*losing her strength, and tottering—he catches her in his arms*)

WYND. Speak, dearest, speak. What is this new terror—this new torture you inflict on me?

HOOKHAM. (*heard outside*) "Surround the walls!—he's there; and do you enter the house."

HAWKS. (*at back*) Pursued!

He disappears, R.

JOE comes from the house.

JOE. Oh, Mr. Wyndham, here are police at the door, they've come with Mr. Hookham in search of some culprit he has met, and they say he is in our garden.

HAWKSWORTH is heard outside, R.

HAWKS. Give way there, or I fire!

JOE runs to the back, and looks off, R.

JOE. They've seized him, sir!—they struggle—and now—

(*A pistol shot is heard.*)

—He has destroyed himself.

WYND. And who—who—is this unhappy being?

HAWKSWORTH staggers back from R., and grasping the wall, supports himself.

HAWKS. Behold him!

WYND. Hawksworth?

HAWKS. Even he.

WYND. Living?

HAWKS. But an instant—an instant only—life rallies only long enough to offer this atonement—Wyndham, you are revenged—revenged; and by my own hand—and now be merciful—forgive!—(*he totters forward—and falls*)

WYND. Forgive!

HAWKS. You should do so, much as you have been wronged—the fiercest fires should die out in the grave; and you, Caroline—you, whose wrongs are even deeper—you, from whom I tore, youth, hope, enjoyment, all that makes life—life itself—ah, be piteous also, if I parted, I re-unite you—and in that joy—be generous—be merciful—forgive! (*he falls back*)

Enter HOOKHAM, at the back, L., followed by OFFICERS.

(*WYNDHAM turns and waves him back—MRS. HAWKSWORTH kneels and hides her face—WYNDHAM regards the dying man with a pitying expression—the moon shines brightly on the tableau*)

Curtain.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R.C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.