

THE
ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT.

A Legend of Terror,
IN THREE ACTS.

From the French of
MESSIEURS
T. BARRIERE AND E. PLOUVIER,
ADAPTED BY
W. E. SUTER AND T. H. LACY.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,) No. 100

LONDON.

9/3718

*First performed at the Theatre de l'Ambigu-Comique, Paris, March 5, 1861; at the Grecian Theatre,
 (as The Angel of Death), on Whit-Monday, May 20, 1861; at the Standard Theatre (as The
 Midnight Angel, or Twelve o'Clock and the Spirit of Death), on Saturday, June 1, 1861. The*

ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT.

	Grecian.	Standard.
COUNT DE STROMBERG	Mr. R. H. LINGHAM.	Mr. T. NEVILLE.
KARL (<i>his Son</i>)	Mr. JAMES.	Mr. O'SULLIVAN.
BARON DE LAMBECH (<i>Captain Satan</i>)	Mr. ALFRED RAYNER.	Mr. F. VILLIERS.
DOCTOR PAUL BERNARD	Mr. T. MEAD.	Mr. H. SINCLAIR.
DOCTOR ROUSPACH (<i>a Charlatan</i>)	Mr. JACKSON.	Mr. NORMAN.
HERR PECKMANN (<i>a wealthy Citizen</i>)	Mr. T. GRANT.	Mr. T. MORDAUNT.
FRITZ (<i>a man of expectations</i>)	Mr. GILLETT.	Mr. POWELL.
GORDEN	Mr. SMITHSON.	Mr. COLWELL.
SHEBEL	{ Mr. HOLLAND.	Mr. W. LACEY.
RANDAL	{ Mr. HAINES.	
MARGUERITE DE STROMBERG (<i>Daughter to the Count</i>)	Miss JANE COVENY.	Miss MANDELBERT.
CATHERINE BERNARD (<i>Mother of Paul</i>)	Miss ELLEN HALL.	Miss RAWLINGS.
AGRAFF (<i>Servant at the Black Bull</i>)	Miss LUCREZA HILL.	Mrs. ENNIS.
THE ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT	{ Mrs. C. DILLON.	Miss MARRIOTT.
LOVE		
A WOODCUTTER		
DEATH		

Masqueraders, Students, Servants, &c., &c.

SCENE.—MUTTONICHE. TIME.—1750.

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ACT I.—THE PHYSICIAN OF THE POOR.

SCENE I.—**HOME OF DOCTOR BERNARR.**—Struggle of Honest Pride with Poverty—The Temptation—“Increase your offers till they have reached millions, and with all your wealth, gentlemen, you will find that you are still too poor to purchase the conscience of an honest man.”

SCENE II.—**THE TAVERN ON THE ISLAND.**—The River Iser, with distant view of Munich—The Happy Revellers—The Hour of Twelve—Mysterious approach of the Black Barque on the silent waters—Awful Revelation and Terrific Appearance of the Angel of Midnight—*Unholy Compact of Death and the Physician.*

ACT II.—WAITING FOR DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

SCENE I.—**ANTI-CHAMBER IN THE COUNT'S MANSION.**—The sinking Noble and his Daughter—A Reign of Fear—Captain Satan and the Tale of Blood—The Rich Man's resolution to disinherit the poor Doctor to-morrow—The Angel of Terror—The sick spared and the strong stricken—*The Death-touch.*

SCENE II.—**A STREET IN MUNICH.**—The Student's preparation for the Masquerade—Change of Fortune for the poor Doctor—Apollo and his Lyre—The Baron and his Victim.

SCENE III.—**GRAND BALL AND MASQUERADE AT THE HOTEL STROMBERG.**—*Ballet Fantastique* by the Maskers—Resolution of the Count to sacrifice his wealth to save his Daughter from a union with the Baron—Appearance of Captain Satan—Story of a crime and its consequence—Entrance of Love; the mask removed and Love is Death—The Quarrel—The Blow—Frightful rage of the Baron—The Fatal Challenge.

ACT III.—THE SWORD AND THE SICKLE.

SCENE I.—**GLADE IN THE FOREST.**—The Duel in the snow—The Stroke of Midnight—The Angel revealed, and the touch of Death—An end to a life of wickedness—Alone! alone! dying in a *Shroud of Snow.*

SCENE II.—**A STREET IN MUNICH.**—Preparations for the Nuptials of Paul Bernarr and Marguerite.

SCENE III.—**HALL OF THE CHATEAU AND PORTAL OF THE CHAPEL.**—The Midnight Wedding—Last appearance of the Spirit of Terror—A life claimed as a sacrifice: “One must perish—your mother or your bride!”—The decision—All lost, but trust in Heaven—The prayer heard—The finger of Death averted.

GRAND ASCENT OF THE ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT, surrounded by luminous rays of effulgent brightness.

Costumes—German.

PERIOD, 1760.

PAUL.—Plain black cloth full-skirted coat, long waistcoat, and breeches, black stockings and shoes, cravat, ruffles, hair tied in a club behind. *Second dress:* black velvet coat, trimmed with gold lace, and a three cornered hat.

COUNT.—Embroidered coat, vest, and breeches, and powder. *Second dress:* morning gown and cap. *Third dress:* same as first, and a three-cornered hat.

KARL.—Grey cloth coat, black satin vest and breeches, hair tied behind, three-cornered hat. *Second dress:* light blue or white full-skirted coat.

BARON.—Red coat, slightly trimmed with gold lace, cravat, white satin vest, and breeches, red stockings, powder, and gold laced hat. *Second dress:* Mephistopheles' dress (as in Faust and Marguerite)

ROUSPACH.—Black suit, powder, and gold-headed cane. *Second dress:* Apollo dress, satin shirt, fleshings, sandals, &c. *Third dress:* light blue suit and silver laced hat.

FRITZ.—Green cloth suit, lightly trimmed with silver, three-cornered hat, cravat, shoes, &c.

PECKMANN.—Maroon suit, white stockings, cane, &c.

RANDALL, GORDEN, & SHEBEL.—Dark coats, white vests, black breeches, white stockings, shoes, and buckles, hair tied behind, three-cornered hats. *In the first Scene,* academical gowns; afterwards, masquerade character dresses, then wedding suits.

MARGUERITE.—Blue silk gown, white satin petticoat, long hair.

CATHERINE.—Grey open double dress, coif cap, grey hair.

ANGEL.—Stone coloured calico, very ample, (no under garments, besides fleshings) arms and face, (death's-head mask, which is placed on only when she strikes Peckmann and the Baron). *Second dress:* dress of Cupid. *Third dress:* black hood and black wide drapery. *Fourth dress:* same as first.

[Mr. Lacy's List.]

THE ANGEL OF MIDNIGHT.



Act I.—THE PHYSICIAN OF THE POOR.

SCENE FIRST.—*Antique Apartment of plain oak, (2nd grooves)—door, l. 2 E., opening on to a street—on the side of door, l. C., a small latticed window—table, large arm chair, &c.*

CATHERINE *discovered, seated, r.*—Enter KARL, l.

KARL. Good morning, dear Madame Bernarr! Is my friend, the doctor, already out?

CATH. Yes, before daybreak, to visit some poor patient—some one attacked, perhaps, with the last epidemic, which has not yet entirely left us! and you will see that in continually restoring health and strength to others, my poor Paul will at last lose his own.

KARL. Oh, no—have you not observed that the most contagious maladies respect the physicians who combat them?

CATH. But I now remember that my son had also to receive some money this morning—and heaven knows we need it—so you must stay, Monsieur Karl, and breakfast with us. Excuse me a few moments, and pray do not leave, for I am certain that Paul will soon return.

Exit, r.

KARL. Ah! how happy are the sons who have such mothers! (*sighing*)—and who do not lose them. (*looking off*) Ah, here is Paul!

Enter PAUL BERNARR, *door l. 2 e.—his air troubled and melancholy.*

PAUL. Karl! Good day, good day!

KARL. Why, how sadly you look and speak, my friend; but luckily, I, unskilled as I am, have a remedy for that. Myself and my fellow students have resolved on a little holiday for this evening, and you shall accompany us.

PAUL. (l.) I?

KARL. Yes, you! we have chosen for our gala the Black Bull Tavern, upon the Iser. There we will eat, drink and smoke, with other diversions to be hereafter thought upon. Between our two repasts, we will have a pull upon the water—and over our wine we will save Germany. What say you to all that?

PAUL. Still, as ever, devoted to your pleasures.

KARL. Yes—though often I find them rather fatiguing; but what would you that I should do? It is true that I am of a great and noble family. The Counts of Stromberg have ever held in Bavaria, a most exalted rank. Heaven having taken from me my mother, I could have wished to dwell always with my father and my sister, I loved them so entirely; but I could not endure my father's despotism.

PAUL. Yes, I know—and it is he, perhaps, who, by too vigorously insisting on your prudence and wisdom, has driven you into folly.

KARL. (*sighing*) Oh! there was a matter still more grave, which affected my sister Marguerite, and which, by-and-bye, perhaps, I may relate to you—in a word, I would have none of his assistance; became a student, but shall never be a physician—I lack the talent. But, opportunities for pleasure, they do not fail me, and I profit by them—something one must do, you know.

PAUL. Study, then. When the science which I follow shall have given to you a few of the secrets which it reserves for the industrious, then will you wish to learn them all, and they are many.

KARL. I would gladly know—yes, and we will talk the subject over again—yes, to-morrow—for this evening you must be one of us.

PAUL. No, Karl.

KARL. And why not?

PAUL. Because, as you must know, Karl, I am poor—the poorest of the very poor. I thought that, this morning, I should have received some money, a mere trifle, and I return home without a coin. My mother, she—she is far from strong—needs nourishing food and wine—and—Oh! Karl—would you that I should leave her here, supperless, while I go forth to revel with you in your mad joys?

KARL. Let her go with us, and we will make of her the queen of our fête!

PAUL. You are mad. No; go and divert yourself, good Karl, and leave me in the old house bequeathed to me by my father; it is neither rich nor smiling, but it is a shelter, dear to the mother and her son, and, 'midst all their poverty, still sweet are the hours which they together pass within it.

KARL. Ah! Paul, how good you are, and how well you merit to be loved! (*gaily*) and if you are not adored by all the world, it shall not be my fault. Long since, I have procured for you some devoted friends; to commence with, the Count de Stromberg and his daughter. Oh! so much have I spoken of you to my sister, that, on my word, I am afraid she will, at last, grow weary of hearing your name.

PAUL. (*smiling*) Indeed!

KARL. At present, however, she certainly shows no symptoms of the kind, for it is she who now speaks to me of Paul Bernarr, the excellent, the great physician!

PAUL. (*smiling*) What a boy you are!

KARL. Hark! surely there is some one at the door.

PAUL. I will see. (*goes to, and opens L. door—a bill is seen, fixed on the outside of the door*) Oh, this is the last blow!

KARL. What is it? (*goes up and looks at the bill*) A bill, announcing the sale of this house!

PAUL. Yes; because its owner, too poor to purchase bread, is also too poor to pay the taxes.

KARL. Ah, my poor friend!

PAUL. Yes, pity me, since I am powerless to preserve to my mother this asylum for her old age.

KARL. And you have so laboured—are so learned, so skilful!

PAUL. Why, then, am I not wealthy, to prove what you assert? Ah! why? (*excited*) I will tell you: thus, for example, there is in Munich a physician, named Rouspach; whilst I have laboured night and day, what has he done?—published cures which he never performed—wherever I sow, that man reaps the harvest—the rewards which I, for the last five years in Munich, have earned, that man has received, a hundred-fold. The city was terrified by an epidemic, I was called to the hospital, to be driven thence by Doctor Rouspach, that he might receive thanks, honours and rewards for the lives I had preserved; so that, while this quack is celebrated, I am unknown to the city which gave me birth; while he hurries in his carriage to slay millionaires, whose heirs most gladly and liberally reward him, I trudge on foot to snatch from death poor wretches, who can recompense me only with their blessings; and now, at this moment, this Doctor Rouspach is building for himself a palace; while I, in my poverty, must see pass from me, this, my father's house, my mother's only refuge. (*crosses, L.*)

KARL. (R.) Between this and to-morrow those arrears of taxes must be paid. I have no money at present, but have a rich idea, which shall bring me some. (*opening door*) For this—Madam Bernarr must not see it—so, thus I—(*tears down the bill and tramples it beneath his feet*)

PAUL. No, no, Karl; it is for me to act, and I will leave no effort unattempted.

Enter CATHERINE, R.

CATH. How, you are going out?

PAUL. (*running to her, and embracing her*) Mother, my good, my adored mother, do not scold; wait patiently, and cherish only good thoughts during our absence.

KARL. We shall not be long, dear Madame Bernarr!

Exeunt PAUL and KARL, L. door.

CATH. Whither go they so hurriedly! He seemed agitated, too! I will recall—or, follow him!

Going, is met by PECKMANN, who enters, L. door.

(retreating amazed) You, Herr Peckmann!

PECK. (L., quietly) Call me your uncle—for am I not aware that you have ever ceased to be my niece.

CATH. Away! What do you here? You, who by your wicked contrivances, and for your own aggrandizement, caused our only remaining relatives to disinherit my poor son.

PECK. (as before) Nobody is perfect—I no more than all the rest. (*pointing with his stick towards door*) But, the notice—has it not yet been posted?

CATH. Notice!

PECK. Yes, certainly—your son not having paid his taxes, this house will be sold to-morrow.

CATH. (*sinking into chair*) Oh, heaven!

PECK. I am surprised, for I expected to see—Ah! (*going up*) Exactly, it has been torn down. Pick it up, will you, Catherine—I have just made so hearty a meal that now I cannot stoop easily.

CATH. (*snatching up paper*) Oh yes, it is, it is! (PECKMANN sits in arm chair) And you knew of this—you who could so easily—

PECK. Your son owes for taxes a hundred florins; I bring him that amount.

CATH. (*bitterly*) Oh, generous man!

PECK. You are right—he who brings money to one who has none, is certainly a generous man.

CATH. Say as you will—all that you look upon as your own, is rightfully the property of my son.

PECK. You are quite right, Catherine, since your son is my sole heir—but I have no wish to force my money upon you, if you have a mind this house should be sold—(*going*) why—

CATH. (*crushing the bill in her hand*) Oh, heaven, no—stay! My son is at present absent, but—

PECK. (*sharply*) Find him, then—find him quickly!

CATH. Yes, sir, I—

PECK. (*imperatively*) Say, your uncle—your affectionate uncle!

Enter BARON DE LAMBECH, L. door.

BARON. Have the goodness to inform Doctor Bernarr that the Baron de Lambech would speak to him.

Enter DOCTOR ROUSPACH, L. door.

ROUS. The Baron! (*bowing to him—to CATHERINE*) Let your son know that he is stayed for by his most illustrious brother.

BARON. Doctor Rouspach!

ROUS. He would not have needed my name to recognise me.

CATH. I will hasten!

ROUS. If you please—for those have never time to lose who like myself have but one aim in view—to succour suffering humanity.

CATH. (*aside, as she is going*) What can they want with him?

Exit, L. door.

BARON. (C.) Ah, the good Herr Peckmann!

PECK. (R.) Delighted, Baron, to encounter you.

ROUS. (L.) Good day, my dear patient!

BARON. A singular meeting, gentlemen—three such men as we are—noble, (*indicating himself*) rich, (*pointing to PECKMANN*) and—(*looking at ROUSPACH*)

ROUS. (*simply*) Celebrated.

BARON. Celebrated, if you like—in the house of a poor devil, whom ordinarily we salute not in passing.

ROUS. Oh, excuse me—he's a brother physician.

PECK. My relative.

BARON. A relative who interests you, Peckmann, but very little, for he is not rich—a brother whom you should detest, learned Rouspach, for it is said, and I believe it, that he has great talent.

ROUS. Those men who nobly have devoted themselves to the relief of suffering humanity, turn deaf ears to sneers and satire.

BARON. Pardon me, but, we are pressed for time—we will not then talk of your ears—too long a subject.

ROUS. Eh—what's that?

PECK. And how is your noble patient, doctor—the Count de Stromberg?

ROUS. Very well; however, you must not be astonished to hear, to-morrow, that he is seriously ill. (*with a doctor's manner*) The peculiar organization of the human frame causes the principal and most vital functions to engage in an incessant

struggle with the morbid and contradictory influences which principally and essentially, and sometimes fatally, yield before the powerful enemy—and that is why the Count is always in danger.

BARON. The Count in danger—always?

ROUS. Alas! yes.

BARON. You must cure him, then.

ROUS. But how?

BARON. Cease to attend him.

(ROUSPACH *about to reply, alters his mind and turns his back on the BARON*)

PECK. Ah!—really!—indeed!

ROUS. (*to PECKMANN*) You are interested, then, in the Count's health?

PECK. Well, yes, a little.

BARON. Say, a great deal, Herr Peckmann—and I will tell you, doctor, why he is so; and increase your importance by showing you what great interests you hold in your hands. I had a father, doctor, who died—although never a patient of yours. He lived joyously; and his most emulative companions were the Count de Stromberg and Herr Peckmann—for this sombre Count was formerly very gay, and this good Peckmann here, once handsome—can you imagine it? Ah—how we alter! Well, doctor, those three—

PECK. (R.) But, Baron, really there is no occasion to—

BARON. (C.) Pardon me—great occasion, if it will amuse me. Well then, doctor, these three imagined and executed a contract, by which the first who died left to be divided between the two others a very considerable sum—but, by the terms of said contract, he of the two others who next should die was bound to leave his share to the survivor. What happens now? Why, that Herr Peckmann would rather *he* should be the survivor, and not the Count de Stromberg? Is not such a desire on the part of a friend almost incredible?

PECK. Would you think it natural that I should myself wish to go the first?

BARON. Certainly not! and, therefore, to my thinking, you should be delighted that the Count's physician is the celebrated Doctor Rouspach.

ROUS. (L., vexed) Really, my dear patient, any one to hear your continual epigrams—

BARON. Would accuse me of ingratitude?

ROUS. Would believe that I had saved your life.

BARON. Well, take comfort, for that is a thing which no one will ever believe. But, luckily for you—and for me—it is not a question of saving my life!—the question is to know why we, all three of us, are here?

PECK. Ah!

ROUS. Umph!

BARON. At any rate, one thing is clear—we are not here for any good.

PECK. (*as if shocked*) Oh, Baron!

BARON. Virtuous man! you look as if you could not agree with me. For myself, I confess, I am come to purchase the Doctor Bernarr; and it is to put him into evil service since I wish to take him into mine.

ROUS. My dear Baron, I really do not understand you—it pleases you to say that you are wicked, and—

BARON. Do not you say that I am good! Do not seek to make me pass for an idiot; I have called myself wicked because I am so—and wish that all should know it.

PECK. (*aside, greatly astonished*) He wishes that all should know it!

BARON. Because, my good fellows, I have discovered one truth! In our world—and doubtless also in others—it is evil which triumphs; if you doubt it, look around you—look at yourselves. I placed myself on the side of evil, feeling certain that with the arms it furnishes I should always conquer: I have always conquered, no one yet has ever stricken me.

PECK. (*aside*) What a braggadocio!

BARON. Once, yielding to a puerile temptation, I passed over to the side of good—ah! what a school! I failed in everything—was despised, plundered, pursued, tracked, crushed: then, with what delight I returned once more to evil!

PECK. But is it not very fatiguing?

BARON. In what? I make myself feared, and we are strong when we are dreaded—that for the power of evil. Men say: if he is wicked, it is that he has need of no one; if he has need of no one, he must be rich; and fortune comes quickly to the man thought wealthy—that is the *advantage* in being evil.

ROUS. You astonish me!

BARON. Oh! no, I do not—women say, “What a wicked man—he frightens me:” but, with the natural and inevitable anxiety of the sex, to do what they should not, curiosity attracts them to me as the moth flutters around the candle!—and that is the *pleasure* of being evil!

Enter PAUL, L. door.

PAUL. (*aside*) Nothing—not even a last hope!—misery!
(looks surprised on seeing BARON, c.)

ROUS. (c.) Doctor, I have not perhaps the honour to be personally known to you.

PAUL. (L.) Oh yes, sir,—I saw you one evening at a ball,

in a house which I entered to attend a servant. I heard your name announced—oh! I know you well—know also Herr Peckmann. (*crosses to c.*)

PECK. (R.) Your great uncle!

PAUL. (R. C., *pointedly*) Herr Peckmann,—(*turning towards BARON*)—there is only this gentleman that I do not know.

BARON. (L. C., *bowing slightly*) Baron Everard de Lambech. (PAUL starts and attentively observes the BARON) You, at least, know my name—I see you do, and I am charmed. It happens, sir, that we have, each of us, a request to make, or a bargain to propose to you—I scarcely know which to call it; neither do I know who will be the first spokesman.

ROUS. (L.) You, Baron: to every rank—every honour.

BARON. Yes, just what I was thinking—as what I have to say is very simple, I shall be very brief. To commence then, I am rich, sir; amongst other rights which that virtue gives me, I use and I abuse the following:—I am irritable, violent, and quarrelsome; and, to conceal nothing from you, it is my passion to destroy. From all this results: that within I beat my people pleasantly and frequently—occasionally breaking an arm, a leg, or a back; without, I have quarrels and duels—the horse which bears me, or the carriage in which I recline, overthrow and crush not a few pedestrians, and my sword and pistol compromise a tolerable number of existences. (*pausing*) Eh, you spoke?

PAUL. (R. C.) No, sir, no!

BARON. For my own part, I scarcely believe in medical science, or rather I have no need of it; it suffices that I know myself very cool, stern, and implacable, to be certain that I shall live to a ripe old age;—but all men have not my advantages—I wish then to attach a physician to my house—(*forcibly*)—at my pleasure. (PAUL starts) Eh, you say?

PAUL. (*checking himself*) Nothing, sir—oh, I have not one word to say!

BARON. (*resuming*) That you should charge yourself, at my will and pleasure, with—how shall I express it?—with the reparation of the people whom, within or without, I shall have drilled, broken, or splintered. If you accept, I shall, in the first instance, do myself the pleasure to pay your debts,—(*pointing to bill*)—beginning with the taxes that you owe; then I will give you three thousand florins a year—an honourable offer, is it not?

(PAUL essays to speak, but is overpowered by his emotions—turns away, and sits at corner of the table—turns his back to the Audience, and places his handkerchief to his eyes, during which ROUSPACH says to the BARON)

ROUS. How, Baron! you change your physician—you abandon me!

BARON. Can you complain—you who have abandoned so many! (*to PAUL*) Well, you do not answer?

ROUS. Let him not reply till he has heard me—are you listening, young man? (*crosses to R. C.*)

PAUL. (*who has recovered his composure, turning towards them*) Oh! yes; I am listening—pray proceed.

ROUS. (c.) At this moment, sir, I am establishing a Gigantic Emporium of Medicine, of colossal magnitude. (*swelling*) I shall place about a hundred thousand florins in the affair.

PAUL. Pardon me, sir,—but what have I to do with—

ROUS. I am about to tell you. As it would be quite impossible that I should myself attend to so gigantic a concern, I wish to place at its head a man at once learned and laborious—and I have thought—

PAUL. You have thought?

ROUS. Yes, faith! I have thought of you.

PAUL. (*after having repressed a movement*) Ah! thank you—thank you, Herr Rouspach.

ROUS. (c., *to the BARON*) He does not take the thing badly!

BARON. (L., *pointing to PECKMANN, who is asleep*, R.) The sleep of innocence!

ROUS. For a digestive purpose. (*to PAUL*) In return, I will guarantee a comfortable living for yourself and for your mother—especially if she will attend to the shop. I have observed your mother, and she would do capitally behind a counter. Of course it is understood—(*pointing to bill*)—that I pay those taxes. Yes, in my service you shall be boarded, lodged—

PAUL. And washed!

ROUS. Well, yes—we will wash you; and, by the end of the year, you will be able to lay aside something—and that, my lad, will suit you much better than constantly running after a patient—and a florin! The patient, I believe, you sometimes get, but you never catch the florin—ah, apropos of patients! I had almost forgotten—

PAUL. What, sir?

ROUS. An essential point, my lad—an absolute condition: it is that you shall never discuss with me the composition of the prescriptions that I shall order you to prepare; and, above all, that you shall formally engage never more to practise on your own account. Never! those are my only conditions.

BARON. (*crosses, c., to PAUL*) Now, what do you say?

PAUL. (R. C., *laughing*) Say—ha! ha! ha! that my whole life will not suffice me to acquit myself towards you; but,

Herr Peckmann—(*pointedly*)—*my uncle!* he has not yet spoken. What has *my uncle*, in his goodness, to propose to me?

PECK. (R., *who has just awakened*) I am growing old, boy, and that annoys me. Doctor Rouspach is my physician, but he knows not how to save me from a single fit of indigestion, and that makes me melancholy. I wish, then, that you should live with me, to watch tenderly over me, day and night, conscientiously, devotedly. You shall be also my secretary. If, on the days that I am in tolerable health, I should wish for a few verses to accompany a bouquet to some charming creature, you must compose them; but, the great business of your life must be my health, my appetite, and my longevity. You must live by your uncle, and only for your uncle. He, he!

PAUL. (C., *with restrained irony*) And, pardon me, uncle, my mother. Good Monsieur Rouspach, he has thought of her.

PECK. (R.) Your mother! your mother!

PAUL. She, too, is growing old—she, too, needs my care.

PECK. That does not concern me! Your mother! You will leave this house to your mother! I shall take care, for that purpose, to prevent its being sold; but, the care you would bestow upon *your mother* would be stolen from me, and I could not allow myself to be neglected for a single moment. Now, listen: it will be your greatest interest to take good care of me, and to make me live a long time—a very long time—for, the older I die, the more money I will leave you—do you understand? Either you are skilful, or you are not. If you are, you could make me live till I am a hundred years old. I would second your efforts, and if you succeeded, would leave you everything—you understand? everything! (PAUL has taken Peckmann's cane, and while listening, has mechanically turned it about—he now grasps it with both hands, and suddenly breaks it) Eh, what does that mean?

PAUL. Nothing! (*hurries to door, L., and throws it open*) Go—all of you!

BARON. Observe, sir, you have not replied to us.

PAUL. I answer you now: begone—all of you!

ROUS. But, young man—

PAUL. (L., *tearing bill in pieces as he speaks*) I am in my own house, gentlemen, and would not abuse the rights it gives me; besides, I—I am calm, but, I—I have work to do, and beg that you will leave me. Go, then, go! (*crosses, R.*)

BARON. (L. C.) You are very hard on these gentlemen. (*turning towards the others*) And I believe, besides, that we have not offered enough. After all, he is a man of talent; and as we, each of us, desire to ruin him, let us try which can bid the highest—the bidding has commenced. (*aloud—crosses, C.*)

To what I have already proposed, I add a sum of three thousand florins.

ROUS. (L. C.) I, five thousand!

PECK. (L.) I, ten thousand!

BARON. And I, twenty thousand!

PAUL. (R. C.) (*breaking out*) Enough, gentlemen, enough! (*with concentrated passion, rising as he proceeds*) If you had wished to purchase only my aims, my time, my obscure talent, I would have closed with you at your first offers. I know what all these are worth, but you would purchase also my conscience; that, gentlemen, you shall not have. Bid one against the other, higher and higher, increase your offers till they have reached millions, and, with all your wealth, gentlemen, you will find that you are still too poor to purchase the conscience of an honest man. Go, I say, go!

BARON. Young man, look at me well; I am of those that never pardon. Good day! *Exit, L. door.*

ROUS. Doctor Bernarr, you will die in a ditch!

Exit, L. door.

PECK. Paul, you are a bad son, and a good-for-nothing nephew! *Exit, L. door.*

PAUL. A bad son! It may be that I am! I have, perhaps, sacrificed my mother to my pride.

Enter CATHERINE, L. door.

PAUL. Ah! she is here! (*running to and embracing her*) Mother, listen to my confession—I am, perhaps, a bad son.

CATH. (L. C.) Ah, I understand! Those men have proposed something shameful to you, and you have refused—'twas well done. Let me kiss you, my son—I am proud of you.

PAUL. (R. C.) Oh, mother! (*a short pause*) But, this sudden dizziness, this dazzling of the eyes—what means it?

CATH. (*uneasily*) Paul!

PAUL. (*aside*) Ah! I understand it.

CATH. Dear boy, it is for want of food—

PAUL. (*quickly*) No, mother—I assure you, no!

CATH. And I assure you, yes—the day is far on, and you have forgotten to breakfast; so give me but one florin, that will suffice for to-day, and—

PAUL. (*aside*) What torture! How confess to her?

CATH. (*looking athin*) Oh! heaven—Paul! you have no money.

PAUL. (*with an effort*) No, mother—this time I have utterly failed—we have no longer a single resource—all is ended! (*sinks into a chair, covering his face with his hands, R. C.*)

CATH. (*overpowered*) My poor boy! My poor boy!

PAUL. (*taking her into his arms*) Do not weep, mother—do not weep!

Enter KARL, hastily, l. door, with a basket full of provisions.

KARL. (l.) Victory—Christmas-fare—jubilate—hurrah!

PAUL. } Karl!

CATH. } Karl!

KARL. (crosses, c.) Yes, Karl, frantic with joy—in rapturous delirium! You will have some trouble to get through this stock of provisions, I can tell you—such delicate dainties. Oh! and here, learned and venerable Doctor, is a paper for you (*giving it*)—the receipt for the taxes. You are again the proprietor of your own house, its lawful proprietor. (*touching his pocket*) And we have still ten florins left.

PAUL. (R. C.) Karl! Karl!

CATH. (L. C.) Dear boy!

KARL. (c., wiping his eyes) Yes; but what are you both crying at? What an extraordinary family!

PAUL. You have been to your father's?

KARL. Yes; but he was not at home, nor my sister either; so then I paid a visit to a few of my acquaintance, and he—but you shall know all about it another time—so come, first for our grand banquet, and then for the Black Bull. You cannot refuse now, Paul; you, Madame Bernarr, will not object. Of course we shall come home early.

CATH. Yes, yes; go, my son—go; you need diversion.

PAUL. (aside) I may find there, perhaps, an hour of forgetfulness.

Exit, R.

KARL. (giving CATHERINE his arm) Come, I say, to the feast that Lucullus has provided—come to a banquet the gods might envy.

Exeunt, R.—KARL carrying the basket

SCENE SECOND.—*The Black Bull Tavern upon a small Island on the Iser, L., (3rd and 4th entrances). The tavern consisting of one story only, and covered with creeping plants; open wood-work balcony, practicable; suspended by an iron triangle above the door, a signboard, written on it, "The Black Bull"—arbour almost hidden by flowers, bushes, &c., R.—at back, the river; beyond it, houses on the outskirts of Munich; beyond those again, the open country with hills, &c.—steps leading to landing-place where boats, &c., are moored, R. C.—near the table and benches, L. The sun is setting slowly behind tavern, the hills.*

Enter AGRAFF, from house, followed by PECKMANN.

AGRAFF. There, sir, you will be beautiful here, and everything you order will seem to you delicious—(*coquettishly*) for I shall serve you myself.

PECK. (crosses, c.—roughly) If everything is good, every-

thing will seem so, not otherwise. Mind that the pike I have just ordered is scrupulously attended to.

AGRAFF. (L.) Oh! the pike is ready now, and waiting for you.

PECK. What! how many days has it been waiting for me?

AGRAFF. Not half an hour caught. And with it?

PECK. Wild pigeon—roasted.

AGRAFF. And after—

PECK. Oh, then—I shall see.

AGRAFF. And what wine will have the honour of being swallowed by you?

PECK. I shall drink Rousillon and—Constantia.

AGRAFF. You choose those wines—then I am certain you must think me very pretty.

PECK. Why so?

AGRAFF. (as she goes off, laughing) Because you have excellent taste.

PECK. (calling after her) I think you are very forward. Ah! now I shall have a dainty little repast. What a lovely evening!—and that insolent Paul Bernarr—(sighing) and I have such great need of somebody to look after my precious health.

Re-enter AGRAFF, placing small tray with pike, &c., on table.

AGRAFF. Now, sir! and if you will allow me—

PECK. Hold your tongue.

AGRAFF. No—if I stay I must talk; so I had better go away.

Exit, to house.

PECK. (seating himself L. of table with great gusto, and putting napkin under his chin) Ah! I like to enjoy myself alone—quite alone! (prepares to eat)

Enter FRITZ, R.

FRITZ. Hoa, there! Agraff, Agraff!

PECK. (aside) Disturbed already—how annoying!

AGRAFF. Who calls? (re-entering) Oh! this is our good customer, Herr Fritz! If I had known—

FRITZ. (R. C.) Good day, adorable beauty! (endeavouring to embrace her) I have the appetite of a wolf!

AGRAFF. (C., getting away) But I am not a lamb to be devoured.

FRITZ. Let me have something—and quickly.

AGRAFF. Cannot, sir; your credit died yesterday, and was buried this morning.

FRITZ. Nonsense! I have not yet had my bill.

AGRAFF. (C.) I was ordered to give it to you, sir; here it is.

FRITZ. (R. C., running his eyes over it) What's this? Forty-

eight florins only! and such a trifle as that, has killed my credit? it must then have been in a consumption!

AGRAFF. Can't say, sir; all I know is that master thinks you already owe him—

FRITZ. (*impatiently*) Enough!

AGRAFF. (*going towards house*) Yes, quite enough; in fact, rather too much.

FRITZ. My compliments to your master, and he is an old scoundrel! (*approaching PECKMANN*) To refuse me unlimited credit—did you ever know such impertinence—to me, a cousin,—only about a hundred times removed,—of the Count de Stromberg?

PECK. (*aside*) The worthless scamp of whom I have so often heard the Count speak! I shall go and sup elsewhere. (*about to rise, FRITZ stops him*)

FRITZ. What is the matter, sir—do I drive you away?

PECK. (*confused*) Excuse me, sir—a sudden indisposition!

FRITZ. And yet you look remarkably well! (*putting him back into his seat*) However, if you are really ill, of course you are not able to eat your supper—(*taking Peckmann's plate, &c., and sitting R. of table*) and as it is a dish which I am devoted to, I shall not suffer it to be wasted. (*eats*)

PECK. (*to AGRAFF*) He is eating my supper!

AGRAFF. (*L., laughing*) It doesn't matter to me who is eating it, you must pay! *Exit, to house.*

FRITZ. That you should have chosen pike—you knew how fond I was of it, eh, and expected me?

PECK. (*seated L. of table*) Expected you! If I had—

FRITZ. You would have added something to the supper. Thank you. It is not too late now, you know. (*drinks*) Good health, sir!

PECK. (*aside*) Impudent fellow!

FRITZ. (*eating*) By-the-bye, are you married?

PECK. Married! No, no, sir.

FRITZ. Then more shame for you—you ought to be. At your time of life it is not prudent to live alone. Sorry you are poorly and can't eat. (*eating*)

PECK. Eh? (*struck*) Certainly, I—

FRITZ. Of course you will—and I know a woman that will suit you admirably—a pleasant creature, but very plain—but what do you care about beauty at your time of life.

PECK. (*aside*) Yes, as this fellow says, I do need a wife to comfort me and tuck me up, and that I may disinherit my nephew—that would be glorious! An excellent idea, and worth the pike that it has cost me.

FRITZ. (*having cleared the dish and emptied the bottles, rises*) I have had a delicious supper, sir, and will return your invite

when I am in possession of my inheritance—and that will be soon, for, as I understand, the Count is declining very fast. I must go and see him. You must know, sir, we are not on visiting terms—incompatibility of temper, that's all. And he will not cherish rancour against me for a few peccadilloes, for he committed a few mad tricks himself formerly, and amongst others—ah! I can never forgive him that, since it robs his heirs of five and twenty thousand florins.

PECK. Eh?

FRITZ. Ah! I only wish I knew the man for whose profit he signed that ridiculous promise! His name, I believe, is Peckmann, and if I meet him, I'll murder him. Your good health, sir.

PECK. Thank you, thank you. (*aside*) Oh, but, it—it grows late, and I must return home.

FRITZ. (R. C.) Very good—and I'll go with you.

PECK. (L. C.) Thank you, sir, but I—

FRITZ. Oh! don't apologize. I shall feel delighted, I assure you; particularly as I don't happen to have any money with which to pay the boatman, for—

PECK. (*aside*) Devil take the fellow! If by chance now any one should happen to pronounce my name—(*looking off, R.*) Ah! and yonder comes a boat with the Count, and—and—oh! (*aloud, hastily*) Come then, Master Fritz, (*pointing up, L.*) we will go that way, 'tis the shortest.

FRITZ. Would you then leave without settling the reckoning? I am ashamed of you!

PECK. Nonsense; I will pay in the house.

FRITZ. Well then, you may as well pay my bill at the same time. (*thrusting bill into PECKMANN'S hand*)

PECK. But—

FRITZ. (*sentimentally*) Ah! I see—you are delighted at this proof of my friendship, and so you ought to be; it isn't everybody I would so favor.

PECK. (*aside*) Curse the fellow! But, come—let us go.

FRITZ. (*staggering a little*) Quite ready, my dear friend. (*as they go up*) Of course I can sleep at your house to-night? But to be sure, you have not yet told me, my dear friend, what is your name, eh?

Exeunt behind house, L.

Enter, in boat, from R., COUNT DE STROMBERG, BARON DE LAMBECH, ROUSPACH, a large book under his arm, MARGUERITE, and BOATMAN—they land and descend.

BARON. (*remaining on steps, offering money to BOATMAN*) Here, my good man, take this and pray for me.

BOATMAN. (*refusing*) No, sir; I am not a beggar.

BARON. Is it, then, only beggars who pray? (*returning money to his pocket*) That man has no religion!

(BOATMAN goes off with boat, R.—BARON remains awhile on steps, and then comes forward)

COUNT. (L. C., aside, to MARGUERITE) Still these prejudices against the Baron—and you know how they afflict me.

MARG. (L., in a low tone) Forgive me, dear father; but never can I love him—he terrifies me.

COUNT. (troubled) Marguerite, I—I have told you often my honour is engaged to him. I have promised you shall be his wife.

MARG. (timidly) But—why, father—why have you promised—

COUNT. Ah, Marguerite!

MARG. (tenderly) Well, well, I will be silent, for your heart, dear father, will, I know, speak for me. (*retires*)

COUNT. (aside) Oh, how she tortures me! (*seats himself, L., and becomes lost in thought*)

(BARON approaches ROUSPACH, who, since his entrance, has been absorbed in the book that he is reading, R.)

BARON. (R. C.) Well, Doctor, have you found in that book any remedy for your complaint?

ROUS. (R.) (petulantly) Once more, Baron, I tell you there is nothing the matter with me.

BARON. Are you quite sure? for, as a physician, you often make very terrible mistakes.

ROUS. Baron!

BARON. Are you not very imprudent to trust your health to your own care? Be advised by me, and consult a skilful physician—for instance, Doctor Bernarr.

ROUS. Once more, I tell you I am in perfect health. (*aside*) That man must have the devil in his stomach! (*turns away, and reads book*)

BARON. (*tapping book*) Put that book away, you will not understand it—it is a medical work.

ROUS. (angrily) Baron!

BARON. It is of no use—I must be revenged on somebody, for the coldness and even disdain of the beautiful Marguerite. Tell me, does it appear to you that my affianced bride is greatly in love with me?

ROUS. (doubtfully) Well, since I must speak the truth—

BARON. One moment! It is not at all necessary you should speak the truth, unless that is likely to prove agreeable to me.

ROUS. (aside) Ah, at last then I have found a weak point in

his cuirass—and I will give him such a dig. (*aloud*) Well, my dear Baron, be advised by me, and do not marry Mademoiselle Marguerite. Take heed, my dear Baron, for, between ourselves—

BARON. (*quietly*) Between ourselves, my dear Rouspach, if you say a word more I shall pass my sword through your delicate body.

ROUS. (*frightened*) What?

BARON. Upon principle—for the affianced bride of Baron de Lambech must be beyond even suspicion!

ROUS. Oh, after all, Baron, whether you marry or not, what matters it to me?

BARON. Exactly; and if you should be your own physician and die, what matters it to me?

ROUS. (*passionately*) Do you know, Baron, that you are a great bore!

BARON. (*laughing*) Frankly, now, you should have applied that observation to yourself. (*seriously*) Do you know, my dear Rouspach, that you are a great ass?

ROUS. You are always ready with great words.

BARON. And you never with great remedies.

ROUS. (*aside, turning his back to the BARON*) That man is insupportable!

MARG. (*who has been at back, looking off, R., advancing L. C.*) Father, I have just seen Karl yonder—and coming this way!

COUNT. (*L. C.*) Enter then the house—I will presently rejoin you. (*crosses to c.*) Gentlemen, will you excuse me for a few moments. (*goes up*)

BARON. Mademoiselle Marguerite, will you deign to grant your arm to one who has been unable to obtain from you a smile?

MARG. (*L. after a moment's hesitation, and without answering, she takes the BARON's arm*) Do not be long, father, and endeavour not to return to us alone.

BARON. (*L. C.*) Well, doctor, are you coming?

Exit with MARGUERITE, to house.

ROUS. (*closing his book*) Yes, yes! (*aside*) 'Tis very strange—I don't know what is the matter with me—but I don't feel at all well—it's that infernal Baron—I wish he needed my services for a serious operation. *Follows into the tavern.*

COUNT. (*coming forward*) How my heart throbs at the idea that I am about once more to behold my son!

Enter KARL, R. U. E.

KARL. Now to order liberally; (*seeing COUNT*) My father!

COUNT. (*L. C.*) Yes, Karl, your father, who knowing you were here, has come purposely to meet you.

KARL. (R. C. *embracing him*) My good and noble father! What joy you bring me!

COUNT. (C.) I am here to confess, Karl, that I have been, perhaps, too severe with you, and to ask you to return to your home, promising that henceforth I will not attempt to abridge your liberty—return then, to protect your sister, to solace the declining years of your aged father.

KARL. (*softened*) You do but ask of me that which my heart desires—but, pardon me, dear father, the Baron de Lambech—

COUNT. Is this a condition you are about to propose?

KARL. Oh, no, no—an entreaty—a prayer! Promise me that the Baron de Lambech shall never be the husband of my sister Marguerite.

COUNT. (*greatly dejected*) I cannot promise that.

KARL. Oh, I implore you, reflect, promise!

COUNT. (*as before*) Karl, I—I cannot!

KARL. (*sadly*) Then cannot I return to behold the immolation of my sister.

COUNT. Enough—farewell! *Exit into house, greatly agitated.*

Enter PAUL, R. U. E., followed by GORDEN, RANDAL, and SHEBEL.

PAUL. Nay, let me drink, let me drink! After having compelled me to begin, you would not now surely suffer me to die of thirst? (*seeing KARL*) Ah! what were you doing here alone? How dull you look! What is the matter with you?

KARL. (*at door of tavern, L.*) The matter? (*shaking away his thoughts*) I am thirsty!

Enter AGRAFF, with bottles and glasses, from tavern.

PAUL. (R. of table) Good!—come on then! (*pouring out and drinking*)

GORD. (R. C. *laughing*) In good truth, I no longer recognise you!

PAUL. Nor do I recognise myself, and I am very glad of it!

SHEBEL. (R. *laughing*) What a swallow you have, Paul!

PAUL. (C.) Yes, thank you, I have—and I have an idea that I shall not be the first under the table (*laughing*) And, by Jove, I hope some of you will retain a grain of reason to tell me what I am like when mine is gone. What are you fellows like when you have drunk all your senses away?

SHEBEL. At those times, Gorder is quarrelsome, Karl is mad, Mat a philosopher, Randal a brute, and I—

PAUL. You, I will wager, are all these at one and the same time.

KARL. (*L. of table, to PAUL, who is drinking*) Paul, Paul! dear friend, pray drink no more.

PAUL. And wherefore? If it be true that every joy is found within the glass, why should you not suffer me to drink? Hope is born of intoxication; let me then drink, for I have no longer a hope! Ah! I am not yet drunk—for then we forget, and I still but too well remember! I remember that not far from me now there is a poor old woman who soon will be without a shelter—who to-day has dined, but who perhaps to-morrow—(*with grief*)—Oh! mother—my poor mother! (*sinks into chair, R. of table*)

KARL. My friend!

PAUL. (*raising his head, and seeking to recover his gaiety*) But we come here to be merry! (*taking up his glass*) Tell me, confound it, how many glasses of wine does it need for one burst of laughter? Come, I have sworn that this evening I would be drunk—and so I will. Help me, you fellows, to drink faster—come, while I am emptying one glass, fill ready for me another; and I shall get on faster.

GORD. (*laughing*) And what then, when you have arrived at complete intoxication?

PAUL. (*drinking*) Why then, I shall have forgotten earth, and shall be in the seventh heaven, idiot!

GORD. (*R. C., angrily*) Possibly—but do not call me idiot! Since I have renounced the study of medicine, I carry a sword by my side, and—

KARL. (*L.*) Though you carried a powder magazine by your side, I would not suffer you to speak thus to Paul Bernarr.

OMNES. (*R.*) Karl is right!

PAUL. (*C.*) No, gentlemen, it is Gorden who is right. Yes, Gorden; well said, my son—the sword in your hand, and not the pen. Sword in hand, and we win an epaulette, or perish gloriously! A conqueror with the sword gives laws to all the world! But what gain we by the pen?—our best years wasted in laborious study, and in waiting for the triumph that never comes—grey hairs, while yet a youth, your only reward—an early and obscure grave your only recompense. Yes, yes, Gorden; you are right—the weapon that slays ranks higher than the science which saves—and so to-morrow, Gorden, I am with you—to-morrow, sword in hand, we will together shout through all the streets of Munich—“ Holloa, there, all of you who would that I should cure you, come that I may kill you—ha! ha! ha! kill you—kill you!

OMNES. Bravo! bravo!

PAUL. (*laughing boisterously*) Ha! ha! ha! At last, then, I am drunk—quite drunk—for I no longer think—no longer

think. (sinks into chair, spreads his arms upon the table, and lays his head upon them)

RAND. (R.) Poor fellow! and this is the enjoyment we anticipated for him!

SHEB. (R.) A short nap, and he will recover. Meanwhile, we will have a turn upon the water.

THE OTHERS. (R.) Aye, come along!

KARL. (L.) I shall remain with Paul.

GORD. (R. C.) He does not want you to help him sleep; for see, he is sound already—he will awake in time to sup jollily with us; so, come!

THE OTHERS. Aye, come along, come along!

(KARL, rather reluctantly, is led off by GORDEN and the others,
R. U. E.)

Enter MARGUERITE, cautiously, from the house.

MARG. If I could speak to Karl—*(looking around, then coming forward, R.)* Not here—all gone! Yet, no; who is this? Perhaps Karl. Ah! I am not mistaken—it is his friend, Paul Bernarr. *(stooping over him)* How pale he is. Oh, how greatly he must have suffered!

PAUL. *(R. of table—suddenly awaking, and starting up)* What is that? *(MARGUERITE retreats a step or two, her handkerchief falling from her hand)* A woman! Oh, how beautiful you are!

MARG. *(agitated)* In mercy, leave me, leave me!

PAUL. Oh, heaven; How beautiful! *(advancing towards her—MARGUERITE darts into arbour, R., pursued by PAUL—MARGUERITE re-appears instantly from behind arbour)* Ah! my handkerchief! *(snatches it up, and hurries into house)*

Re-enter PAUL, from arbour.

PAUL. Am I then mad? And yet—surely, and but now, I beheld here—*(it has grown gradually dark through scene, and is now moonlight—PAUL has gone towards back, and suddenly stops—fixed)* Oh! I am dreaming, and the visions of my sleep are still before me. What is it that I now behold advancing towards me from the horizon? At first, a white spot, like a lost sail upon the ocean; now a statue—she approaches—still approaches—in a boat, with neither sail nor boatman. The figure of a statue is standing at the bow, with head erect, eyes fixed, and with her closed arms retaining on her shoulders a long white mantle. Oh, how funereal! And never before have I experienced what now I feel in presence of that sombre bark—and that pale woman who advances—still advances. Ah! I shiver!—the boat stays here—the statue becomes animated—

she comes—she comes towards me! Oh! the very roots of my hair creep with terror!

Music agitato, very piano, through the above speech)

VOICE. (*without*) Paul Bernarr! (*heavy clock strikes twelve*)

PAUL. I am here—(*conquering his terror*)—who calls me—who art thou?

(boat appears from R.—*the STATUE is clothed with a long white linen robe, like to that of Dante in Delacroix's picture—the coif is of the same piece as the robe, serving to conceal the neck and hair, and as a frame for the face—as soon as the STATUE leaves the boat, the latter sinks and disappears beneath the waters*)

PAUL. (*continuing, more calmly*) Speak! Who are you? I know you not.

STATUE. (*on summit of steps*) We have often met, Paul Bernarr; but this is the first time it has been given to you to behold me.

PAUL. I understand you not—and, once more, who are you?

STATUE. I am the Angel of Death! (*slowly descends steps and advances*)

PAUL. Ha! ha! ha! (*laughing*) You would say the Angel of Life, for you are a woman! Tell me, then— (*takes her hand—about to raise it to his lips—lets it fall, terrified*) Colder than marble!

STATUE. (*C., well up stage*) I have told you truly. I am the Angel of Death!

PAUL. (*down, L., trying to smile*) Then, if I were to believe you, my hour would be come?

STATUE. No: I regret it, perhaps, but I have no more the right to destroy an existence than I have the right not to destroy it. (*raising her eyes towards heaven*) I obey!

PAUL. What, then, would you with me?

STATUE. Paul Bernarr—I know well that those whom you save you cannot make immortal, and that, finally, they all belong to me; but—your science damages the order indicated—when on my arrival I encounter you, I am compelled to return later; and, when one has renewed so many generations, one grows fatigued—you understand?

PAUL. Yes, yes; I— (*endeavouring to shake off the charm in which he has been held*) But, once more, is this a dream, or madness, which has possessed my brain? (*as if yielding to invisible power*) No, no—a power unknown—supreme—is revealed in your voice, your look. You attract, you fascinate me. (*shuddering*) Ah! even now I feel as though your wing were fanning my cheek! I no longer doubt—I no longer doubt. But then, wherefore are you here? My skill, you

say, deranges the order indicated. (*the STATUE bows her head—during the whole of this scene, the moonlight is full upon her face, and only on her face*) Come you, then, to make some monstrous compact with my skill? Would you propose to me that those whom I may have the power to save I should abandon? (*the STATUE assents*) Ah! I have, then, rightly understood you. Go, go—I will not consent!

STATUE. (*mildly*) Wherefore?

PAUL. Because I am the Apostle of Life—for there is nothing so grand and noble as life—and you, you are Death, and I detest, abhor you!

STATUE. Abhor! Look at me—I am not so frightful as I am depicted, and assuredly, I am not evil; it is only cowards who believe that I am bad; those who are great and good, they never fear me. That you well know, Paul, for you beheld your father die.

PAUL. (*astonished*) Yes, but I was alone with him when he died!

STATUE. You saw me not—he died; in his sufferings he called me, and I came; soon he smiled upon me in his last sleep.

PAUL. Yes, yes.

STATUE. If I am misunderstood on this side of the grave, on the other I am blessed. Ah! you are courageous, to refuse that which I ask of you—I, who, in exchange, could give you all that you desire—and first, glory.

PAUL. I will not.

STATUE. Glory and fortune.

PAUL. I will not, I say—I will not.

STATUE. Fortune and love.

PAUL. (*starting*) Love!

STATUE. Yes; for that young girl whom you beheld in the delirium of your fever, exists, if you were rich and powerful might yet be yours, for she would love you—loves you even now.

PAUL. (*with passion*) Loved by her—I! (*forcibly*) I refuse. I will not.

STATUE. You have still your mother. (*PAUL starts*) She is very old—her age terrifies you. To-morrow, perhaps, to support her life, she may be compelled to extend towards passers-by her trembling hands.

PAUL. (*with grief*) My mother!

STATUE. To-morrow, perhaps, she may be compelled to bow humiliated before a stern refusal—and then, in her turn, she will invoke me, and I shall come. And that time, I shall call myself Hunger.

PAUL. (*with a cry of agony*) Oh, silence, silence—I accept! Speak, speak quickly!

STATUE. (*returning to her calm and grave tone*) When a

patient should yield, my presence will warn you of it. If then my arm weighs upon him, my finger touches him, or my kiss freezes him, leave him then to me.

PAUL. (*partly mad*) Yes, yes, I swear it—I will obey—I will abandon him! (*with effort*) Hunger, she—my mother!

STATUE. Your mother will be my hostage!

PAUL. (*shuddering*) Ah!

STATUE. It must be so. I leave you now. Paul Bernarr, remember our compact! (*backs up steps slowly*)

PAUL. (*following tremblingly*) No, no, it is an infamous compact!—return—listen to me!

(PAUL, *with a loud cry*, falls to the ground senseless—the STATUE sinks and disappears in the water)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Act II.—WAITING FOR DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

SCENE FIRST.—*Handsome Apartments in the Count's Mansion—door, l.—door, r.—table and chairs, l.—couch, r.*

Enter MARGUERITE, r. door.

MARG. My brother comes not. Our father ill, it may be dying, and Karl returns not to his home. Oh, heaven! should my father die, and not embrace his son—

Enter KARL, l. door.

KARL. He shall not die, dear sister!

MARG. (*embracing him*) Karl, my brother! Oh! what happiness!

KARL. Ah, if I had before known—but, fortunately, it is yet time to save him!

MARG. How mean you?

KARL. Marguerite, it is, I am certain, to that quack doctor, Rouspach, we owe that our father's malady has now grown serious; but, as it happens that my dearest friend is the most skilful physician in Munich—

MARG. Paul Benarr? Oh, yes, it needs but to behold him—

KARL. Marguerite, are you certain you do not love Paul Benarr?

MARG. Karl!

KARL. But we will talk of that another time—for I must now hasten in search of Paul. I shall not have much difficulty to find him I believe—and so courage, dear sister.

Exit hastily, l. door.

MARG. (*looking after KARL*) Oh, Karl, hasten, for now our father's life depends on heaven, and Paul Bernarr.

BARON appears in doorway, L.

(*shrinking*) Ah, the Baron!

BARON. (*aside*) Good! I have produced my accustomed effect!

MARG. (*aside*) I will speak to him. That which the Count dare not do, I will perform. (*aloud, at first hesitatingly*) Baron, a union with me would add nothing to the brilliancy of your position—and—you have the right to be ambitious.

BARON. And the right not to be so.

MARG. Oh, I entreat you—renounce this marriage—let us be friends, fast friends. See, I have confidence in you—there is my hand!

BARON. That is all I ask.

MARG. (*concealing her impatience*) Accept it as the hand of a sister—for ever devoted to you!

BARON. (*aside*) It is a charming little hand!

MARG. Ah, I see you will grant my request—and, already at the thought, my eyes fill with tears of gratitude!

BARON. (*aside*) She is perfectly adorable when she weeps—I must remember that.

MARG. (*anxiously*) Well?

BARON. (*with passion*) Well, dear Marguerite, the sacrifice you ask of me is now more than ever beyond my strength to grant.

MARG. Ha! (*he approaches her*) Leave me!

BARON. (*endeavouring to place his arm around her waist*) Oh, how beautiful you are!

MARG. (*shrinking*) Away, you terrify me!

Enter the COUNT, r. door, very pale, and scarcely able to support himself—MARGUERITE hastens to him.

COUNT. The Baron!

BARON. Count, it is my wish you should declare to the notary, who will presently be here, that whatever may occur—(*pointedly*)—whatever may occur, your daughter shall be the wife of Baron de Lambech. (COUNT starts)

MARG. (*aside*) Oh, heaven! (*goes up, and sinks into chair, covering her face with her hands*).

COUNT. (*aside to BARON*) Say rather, that you dread lest ere to-morrow death should render useless the promise you have forced from me!

BARON. (*smiling*) Extraordinary! There is no concealing aught from you.

MARG. (*aside*) What are they saying?

COUNT. Oh, you are the evil genius of our house—a wretch!

BARON. (*coolly*) Ah, if you commence thus, where will you finish?

COUNT. Pursue your atrocious work—embitter my last moments—dishonour my agony—but, I—I will not—I will not—(*his voice fails him—he sinks exhausted into chair, R. C.*)

MARG. (R. C., *darting to the COUNT*) Father! Oh, heaven!—it is you, Baron—your presence is killing him!

BARON. (L. C.) Can you believe it? I, the son of the Count's most intimate friend—(*with meaning*)—for you were the Count's friend—were you not, Count? Nay, you were inseparable! (*with a biting and threatening manner*) You were even with him on the evening of that terrible catastrophe, which rendered me an orphan. (*the COUNT here starts to his feet, and convulsively clutches the BARON's arm*) Ah, I see the momentary weakness has passed away—and you are ready, by a new tie, more firmly to cement the friendship which already unites us.

COUNT. (c. *aside to him*) Never! I will not doom my child to misery and death.

BARON. You are not very flattering to your future son-in-law. (*aloud to MARGUERITE*) To return to that history—it was at a masked fête that my father fell dead at the Count's feet, as though lightning had struck him. You remember that fête, Count? You created somewhat of a sensation that evening in a rather eccentric and infernal costume—and you called yourself Captain Satan—and, it is said, that you sustained the character admirably well. Ah, the events of that evening were very remarkable—but, (*deliberately, and his eyes fixed on the COUNT*) Still more strange was it that, soon afterwards, chance should give into my hands a certain letter, which threw great light upon those episodes of the masked ball—and, by the way, mademoiselle, that letter I happen now to have about me, and I will read it to you.

(*draws a letter from his pocket, and commences to unfold it—the COUNT, who throughout has displayed great agony, clinging to the arm of his chair to save himself from falling, now bending hastily forward, whispers in the BARON's ear*)

COUNT. (with great effort) Silence—silence!

BARON. (to MARGUERITE, *putting away letter*) On some future occasion.

COUNT. (*aside*) Oh! I have not courage to blush before her.

MARG. (*aside*) Oh, heaven! What is this? what can it mean?

BARON. (*bowing*) Agreeably to your desire, Count, I now go to hasten the arrival of your notary.

COUNT. (in a broken voice) Yes; go, go! (*sinks overwhelmed into chair*)

MARG. (*aside*) All hope is then lost to me!

BARON. (*to MARGUERITE*) Mademoiselle, I pray you to forgive me my happiness. (*to COUNT*) Adieu, Captain Satan.

Exit, L. door.

COUNT. (*aside*) Oh, Marguerite! My poor Marguerite!

MARG. (*hurrying to him*) You suffer, dear father?

COUNT. Yes, I do indeed suffer.

MARG. (*giving him her arm*) Father! Oh! come, Paul—come quickly!

COUNT. (*aside*) I should have died yesterday!

Exeunt, R. door.

Enter FRITZ, L.

FRITZ. My cousin, the dear Count, ill, dying, and I not informed of it. I, his cousin—only a hundred times removed. And if I do not take care he will be surrounded with a greedy set of distant relations, who will defraud me of my just inheritance.

Enter BARON and PECKMANN, L. door.

BARON. (c.) You surprise me—really about to marry? (*aside, seeing FRITZ*) Ha, ha! a shark following the sinking vessel!

FRITZ. (R., *aside, looking at PECKMANN*) Eh! I should know that man.

BARON. You really marry—yourself?

PECK. (L.) No, no—not marry myself; but I have discovered a charming young girl, without a friend or shelter—she has not a single resource, and—

BARON. (*interrupting him*) That is understood, since she marries you.

PECK. What's that?

BARON. And you come, you say, to announce this great news to the Count. You have chosen your time badly, my friend; for it is not here a question of a contract, but of a will.

PECK. Ah! the Count?—

BARON. You will this evening perhaps gain two hundred and twenty-five thousand florins, good Herr Peckmann.

FRITZ. (*jumping*) Eh, what! That is Peckmann!

PECK. (*perceiving FRITZ*) Oh! my Black-Bull friend!

FRITZ. (*crossing to PECKMANN, shaking his fist*) You are the two hundred and twenty-five thousand florins man, are you? and you would dare to rob me of my lawful share, and—but we shall see, there is justice in Munich!

BARON. Perhaps—there is certainly much law.

FRITZ. Yes, and we will go to law—and we will prove that when my cousin signed that ridiculous contract, he was not in his right mind—that he was a perfect madman!

BARON. You may perhaps succeed in sending him to an asylum.

FRITZ. You are right, Baron, we may—at all events we will try—it is a duty we owe to all expectant heirs, and as a warning for all who have money to leave.

BARON. Come, come, you and Herr Peckmann are equally rogues—both waiting for the dead man's shoes. Why not understand each other?

FRITZ. (*with dignity*) Baron, you insult me!

BARON. (*very calmly*) Well—and what of that?

FRITZ. Oh! nothing—never mind. (*walks away*)

Enter MARGUERITE, R. door.

MARG. (*aside*) Karl returns not—oh, heavens!

FRITZ. (*going to her and bowing*) Cousin, I salute you. How is my cousin?

MARG. (R.) Ill—very ill.

FRITZ. (R. C., *wiping his eyes*) If you only knew the state of my feelings!

BARON. (C., *aside, laughing*) He is perfectly delicious—the greedy rascal!

MARG. It is like a fatality. We expected another physician—

FRITZ. (*sharply*) Eh?

MARG. Who might perhaps have saved my father, but he comes not.

FRITZ. Another physician?

MARG. Yes; Monsieur Paul Bernarr.

(FRITZ and PECKMANN start at the name)

FRITZ. Mind what you do, cousin. By calling in a physician not chosen by your father, you incur a great responsibility.

PECK. Decidedly!

FRITZ. Very imprudent, cousin!

PECK. Decidedly!

FRITZ. Take my advice, and trust your father entirely to Doctor Rouspach.

PECK. Decidedly! (BARON laughs aside)

MARG. (*who has paid no attention to FRITZ, but has been listening for sounds from without—with a cry of joy*) They come! (*hurrying over to L. door*) Yes, yes—it is Karl and Herr Paul Bernarr.

FRITZ. (R., *aside*) Devil take Paul Bernarr!

PECK. (R. C., *aside*) What business has he here?

BARON. (*who has observed them, now makes a sign, and passes over between them—in a low tone*) Do not despair—I believe he comes too late.

FRITZ. Good! (PECKMANN rubs his hands)

BARON. (*laughing*) How?

FRITZ. No, no—I mean dreadful !

PECK. Awful !

(BARON *laughs and goes off, R. door—the others put their handkerchiefs to their eyes and retire*)

Enter KARL, L. door, with PAUL.

KARL. Marguerite—at last, behold our friend !

MARG. (L. C., crossing to PAUL) Oh, Doctor! save our father!

PAUL. (L., aside, greatly struck) The young girl of the tavern!

KARL. Paul, I go to inform the Count that you are here.

Exit, R. door.

PAUL. (aside, in a kind of ecstasy) Yes, it is indeed she ! Those are indeed the features which, only in a dream, I thought I had beheld, and which vainly I have striven to forget. It was not then a vision. I was not mad. But then— Ah! the other—the other ! Neither, then, was *she* an apparition of my delirious brain. That marble Statue did, then, really speak to me. I did, indeed, touch that frozen hand, and make that impious compact. Oh, heaven ! I (*with terror*) remember—I remember ! “ When you shall see me near you, your patient must die.” (*looking at MARGUERITE*) And he whom now I have to save is her father. (*looking towards R. door, and shuddering*) If I should find her there.

Re-enter KARL, R.

KARL. Paul, our father expects you—come !

PAUL. (L. C., shuddering) No, no !

KARL. (C., astonished) How ?

PAUL. I dare not—I dare not !

KARL. (to MARGUERITE) Oh, I understand ! He doubts his skill ; but I do not doubt it—come.

PAUL. No, no—I dare not—I dare not !

KARL. (*forcing him over to C.*) You are mad !

MARG. (R. C., imploringly) You hesitate—and my father is near to death !

PAUL. (C., shuddering—aside) Death ! Yes, yes—if she is there— Oh, this is horrible !

MARG. (*weeping*) Oh, sir—will you not—

PAUL. Hush—hush ! (*summoning resolution, he darts into room, R.*)

KARL. What can this mean ?

MARG. He terrifies me !

Re-enter PAUL.

PAUL. He will live ! I will save him ! Go—go ! (KARL and MARGUERITE *exit, R. door—aside*) Yes, yes—I will save him—for she—she is not there !

Exit, R. door.

FRITZ. (*advancing with PECKMANN*) Will he cure him? I am in awful alarm!

PECK. So am I—Paul is so dreadfully skilful!

FRITZ. (*listening at door*) I hear nothing. I wonder whether he has signed his will—and thought of me, his dear cousin, only a hundred times removed.

Re-enter KARL, r. door, followed by PAUL and BARON.

KARL. (L. C.) What means the wild state into which you have thrown my father—what have you done to him?

PAUL. (C.) That, Karl, is my secret—you have confidence in me.

BARON. (R. C.—*a paper in his hand*—to PAUL, *in a low tone*) Doctor, will you now permit me to introduce the notary?

PAUL. Not yet, sir. (BARON *retires*) Karl, the trance I have provoked will presently subside, and your father will be saved.

KARL. Saved!

Enter the ANGEL OF DEATH—as STATUE—at back, L.

PAUL. (*aside*) Heavens! It is she!

Enter COUNT, wildly, r. door, followed by MARGUERITE—(BARON down, r.—COUNT, c.—MARGUERITE, R.C.—PAUL, L. of COUNT—KARL, L. of PAUL—FRITZ, L.—PECKMANN, L.)—the ANGEL OF DEATH comes forward towards COUNT.

COUNT. (*deliriously*) Where is the Baron? My children—where are they? Let me embrace them, for the last time!

MARG. Father!

PAUL (*his eyes fixed on the STATUE*) What is she about to do?

COUNT. (*darting over to BARON—aside, to him*) I no longer fear you—shall not long blush before my children, and will now tell them all. (*wildly*) Approach! (*to KARL, &c.*) Listen—listen—I—I— Oh! (*with a stifled cry, falls suddenly into chair*)

MARG. (*with a cry*) Ah! he dies—

(*the ANGEL has indicated to PAUL that she gives the COUNT to him, and retires*)

PAUL. (*with a burst of joy*) No, he is saved!

KARL. } (*kneeling beside the COUNT*) Ah!

MARG. } (*kneeling beside the COUNT*) Ah!

THE OTHERS. (*with a different tone*) Saved!

PECK. (*aside*) Then nothing is to be depended on.

FRITZ. (*aside*) What abominable treatment!

(*FRITZ and PECKMANN each drop into a chair, L.*)

BARON. (R., *aside*) Be it so. (*coolly tearing paper in his hand*) He will sign the contract. (*goes up and drops down, L. C.*)

COUNT. (*who has gradually recovered*) Dear children! Heaven, then, permits that I should still live for you!

MARG. Dear father! (*looking at PAUL*) Oh, how happy I am!
 BARON. (*aside*) What a look she gave him. Ah! I see—a rival! (*heavy clock commences striking twelve—ANGEL OF DEATH slowly advances*)

PAUL. (*aside*) Oh, heaven! (*instinctively spreading his arms before the COUNT and his CHILDREN*)

PECK. (*crosses, c.*) Count, I am delighted to—— (*aside*) Two thousand five hundred florins—— (*aloud*) Especially as it is my dear nephew that—— (*aside*) Devil take him! (*aloud*) That has saved you. (*aside*) But I shall be revenged, for I am about to marry on purpose to disinherit him.

(*the ANGEL, who has approached, and is standing within reach of PECKMANN, now without turning towards him, and as the clock strikes the last stroke of twelve, touches him on the shoulder with her finger—PECKMANN falls suddenly and heavily to the ground—all utter a cry of terror—BARON stoops to PECKMANN*)

BARON. (*coolly*) He is dead.

OMNES. Dead!

ANGEL. (*to PAUL*) You see that sometimes I call myself Providence.

(*PAUL shudders—FRITZ is bending over PECKMANN, L.—BARON, L. C., has his eyes fixed on MARGUERITE, who is standing R. of the COUNT, who has sunk into chair, R. C.—ANGEL OF DEATH, with her hands raised towards heaven, is standing a little up, c.—PAUL shuddering and shrinking before her*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Apartment, (1st grooves).*

Enter GORDEN, SHEBEL, and RANDAL, L.

RAND. A fête this evening at the Count de Stromberg's mansion?

SHEB. Yes, a masked fête, at Karl's desire, that all the Count's friends may testify their joy at his unlooked-for recovery.

GORD. And rare news for you both—we, at our friend Karl's request, are all invited by the Count.

SHEB. This fête falls aptly in Carnival time. Know you what character our friend Karl will assume?

GORD. He has not said.

SHEB. Nor Paul Bernarr?

RAND. Paul—formerly so melancholy, and who now should be so happy, since, by his uncle Peckmann's death, he becomes at once rich, glorious and envied.

SHEB. (*looking off, L.*) But—mercy on us—what grotesque figure is this now approaching?

RAND. (*looking off*) Some one already dressed for the fête.

GORD. A friend, doubtless, who wishes our company thither.

RAND. (*laughing*) By Jupiter—it is the illustrious Doctor Rouspach!

ROUSPACH. (*hopping on, L., dressed as Apollo, and carrying a lyre*) No, gentlemen, it is glorious Apollo! (*hopping and dancing about—the others laugh*)

GORD. It is really Rouspach!

ROUS. (*throwing himself into attitude*) Yes, gentlemen, I am the God of Music, Medicine, Poetry, and—

GORD. And pills. (*all laugh*)

RAND. Is it true, Doctor, you are about to retire from your profession?

ROUS. Yes, I need repose—besides, lately I have felt very dull—fact is, I have been afflicted with the Baron de Lambech. (*they laugh*) But I ought to thank him, for he, without knowing it, has helped me to a great discovery in science.

GORD. Indeed, Doctor!

ROUS. Yes; he has shewn me that a derangement of the moral sensations may, in a very short time, occasion very great disorder in the physical organization.

RAND. Really!

ROUS. Yes, the mechanical and wonderful action of the liver disturbs the diaphragm—then follows a complete prostration of the pericardium—and then, and then—

RAND. No more for heaven's sake!

SHEB. What a pity that, possessing such genius, you should cease to practice.

ROUS. It is, you are right, and I regret it for the sake of suffering humanity—but (*to SHEBEL*) Pardon me, I do not think that I before have had the honour to make your acquaintance?

SHEB. No, doctor, I believe we never met before, but many people have spoken to me about you.

ROUS. (*flattered*) Ah, indeed!

SHEB. (*gravely*) Yes, people in mourning. (*the others laugh*)

ROUS. (*indignant*) What! (*aside*) Has this fellow taken a leaf out of the Baron's book?

Enter FRITZ, L.

FRITZ. Doctor Rouspach! They told me he was here!

ROUS. I, sir, till this morning, was Doctor Rouspach—now the glorious Apollo! (*singing and dancing round FRITZ*)

FRITZ. You are an impostor! You told me the Count could not live.

ROUS. I did—and he has disgraced me—disgraced me in my

profession—and unless he dies speedily, I shall never forgive him.

RAND. Go you to the fête, Herr Fritz?

FRITZ. Yes, invited by the Count. I go, because it is my duty—and because I hope to persuade him to advance me a portion of the inheritance, of which he has just defrauded me.

SHEB. Well, you must not reproach Doctor Rouspach, he would have killed him if he could!

ROUS. My study is the relief of suffering humanity. But come, gentlemen, it is time for the fête—and it is necessary I should continue in motion, for these habiliments are rather cool!

RAND. Strike the lyre then, glorious Apollo.

ROUSPACH *sings and dances—all laugh—Exeunt, l.*

SCENE THIRD.—*A splendidly decorated Saloon, brilliantly lighted with chandeliers, &c.—large folding doors, opening on to a gallery, c.—window, l.—fireplace, and clock, r.*

Music without—LADIES and GENTLEMEN, in character dresses, are seen passing and repassing in gallery—COUNT in ball costume—KARL in handsome chevalier dress—and MARGUERITE as a Bohemian, come forward as scene opens.

MARG. (R.) You will not forget, dear father, the promise you have made me?

COUNT. (C.) No, for I have reason to thank and bless Doctor Bernarr, who has for a brief while longer preserved me to my children, and I will, as I have said, make with the Baron de Lambech a supreme effort to regain my given word.

KARL. (L.) And you believe—

COUNT. I believe I shall prevail with him.

MARG. What happiness!

KARL. But how?

COUNT. The Baron, I have been well informed, has lost immense sums at play—perhaps his entire fortune.

KARL. I think I understand you.

MARG. And I, also.

COUNT. Hope, Marguerite, for I would pause at no sacrifice to assure your happiness, as to-morrow I shall prove to you.

MARG. Will not then the Baron be present at this fête?

COUNT. I believe not, and that is why, my child, that you behold me now far happier than I have been for very many days.

Enter SERVANT, L. U. E.

SERVANT. (*announcing*) Captain Satan! (COUNT starts)

Enter BARON, c. from l., and advances, l., in costume similar to that of Mephistopheles in "Faust," a sword by his side.

MARG. (*aside*) He!

COUNT. (*staggering as he observes the BARON'S costume*) Oh!

BARON. (L.) Count, I salute you! How strangely you look upon me! (MARGUERITE goes round to KARL) Yes, yes, you are not mistaken—it is indeed the costume which you wore on the occasion of a similar fête. The idea this evening to appear in it came to me—I know not exactly how—unless, however, it might be (*in a peculiar tone*) to give more weight to that which presently I must say to you. (*goes up*)

COUNT. (C., aside) I understand—unfortunate at play. The Baron has now need of my daughter's wedding portion. (*resolutely*) Well, he shall have it! *Goes up and off, c.*

BARON. (L. bowing to MARGUERITE) Mademoiselle—(*about to raise her hand to his lips, she retreats from R. C. to R. frightened—he smiles*) what is the matter, charming Bohemian—you are not pleased with the character I have assumed?

KARL. (R. C., rather spitefully) And yet you are an excellent representative of Captain Satan.

BARON. (L. C.) Am I not?

Enter ROUSPACH, dancing, c. from L.

ROUS. You are quite infernal, Baron.

BARON. (C.) Ah—behold Apollo!

ROUS. (L., dancing) Yes, here I am, glorious Apollo! You recognised the character, then?

BARON. Oh, yes!

ROUS. (*flattered*) Ah!

BARON. I was told you would assume it. The lyre, too—it will have a sinecure with you.

ROUS. (*cleverly*) Oh, no—I will sing your praises.

BARON. Bravo, doctor! you had better go now.

ROUS. Eh—why so?

BARON. Because you are not likely, this evening, again to say so smart a thing.

ROUS. (*piqued*) We shall see. (*dances up*)

BARON. Yes—that I am right.

Enter FRITZ, in sombre dress, c. from L.

How, Master Fritz, you here?

FRITZ. (L.) Certainly; have I not right—a cousin of the Count—only a hundred times removed?

BARON. (C.) You have returned once more then, prodigal cousin, with your usual prodigious appetite for the Count's fatted calf.

FRITZ. (*indignantly*) Baron, such an observation—

BARON. (*quietly*) Well?

FRITZ. Is, of course, perfectly allowable at a masked ball.

BARON. (*laughing*) But *you* are not disguised—you still appear the worthless rascal we all know you for.

FRITZ. Baron! your remarks are offensive, and I—I—
 (BARON looks at him) I don't wish to hear any more of them
 (walks away)

BARON. (c., looking around) But I do not see our illustrious
 doctor, Paul Bernarr.

KARL. (r. c., dryly) My friend, Paul Bernarr, is at this
 moment, Baron, beside a sick man's couch.

BARON. Ah! let him then despatch his patient quickly, and
 return to us. (to ROUSPACH) You would have finished his
 business long before this, eh?

ROUS. (l.) Baron!

BARON. Ay—now come—behold the opportunity for the
 something good you promised us. (ROUSPACH tries to think of
 something to say but cannot) I told you so!

(ROUSPACH turns away, then, breaking out, sings and dances
 up stage)

*Enter GORDEN, SHEBEL, RANDALL, &c., in various costumes,
 dominoes, &c.—observing ROUSPACH they laugh quietly.*

BARON. (l. c., fixing his eyes on MARGUERITE who is r.)
 And in what character will Herr Bernarr appear? Aladdin,
 perhaps—that obscure son of a poor widow who suddenly
 becomes richer than the Indies, and more powerful than a
 sovereign, by the aid of a marvellous lamp! (aside, observing
 that MARGUERITE starts) Decidedly, he is a rival!

KARL. (r. c., sharply) Because my friend Paul had also his
 talisman. His wonderful lamp was Science.

BARON. (not answering KARL, and turning to ROUSPACH, who
 has again dropped down, l.) A talisman that you have never
 discovered—eh, Rouspach?

ROUS. (aside) The wretch! He has invented a new torture
 for me!

BARON. Come, Apollo, can you say nothing? Well, then,
 sing something—anything, whether in praise of vice or virtue,
 hatred or—

SERVANT. (c. from l., announcing) Love!

BARON. Love—ah! that is better.

(ANGEL OF DEATH appears, c., dressed as the God of Love,
 short tunic, &c.—bow and arrows at her back—in her left
 hand she carries her mask, in her right, an arrow—the
 point of gold, the other end studded with diamonds—all
 gaze on her delightedly—clock strikes twelve)

ANGEL. (c.) Though not invited, yet do I venture to appear;
 for I go everywhere, and am never driven away. (saying these
 last words, her eyes, by chance, are fixed on ROUSPACH)

ROUS. (l. c., gallantly) Assuredly, madam, it is not I who
 could be capable of—

ANGEL. I am perfectly aware of that, Doctor; I know you well.
ROUS. Delighted!—but where may I have had the pleasure to meet you?

ANGEL. At the houses of almost all your patients, Doctor; we always entered them together.

ROUS. (*puzzled*) Indeed! (*she laughs in his face, and turns her back upon him*)

ANGEL. (C.—to SHEBEL, who offers her a seat) Thanks—but I—I never rest.

SHEB. (R. C., *laughing*) That is true, you are Love!—but, pardon me, madam, I am certain that I never before have had the joy to meet you.

RANDAL. (L.) }
GORDEN. (L.) } Nor I—nor I—nor I!
BARON. (R.) }

ANGEL. (*smiling*) Exactly, young gentlemen; hitherto you have encountered only my brothers, Pleasure and Caprice.

(SHEBEL goes round to L.)

MARG. (R. C.—having approached the ANGEL, and now extending her hand towards the golden-tipped arrow) What a charming weapon!

ANGEL. (*withdrawing the arrow from Marguerite's reach, and smiling*) Beware of Love's dart—beware!

KARL. (R.) Pardon, madam; but, since you are neither Pleasure nor Caprice, what Love are you then?

ANGEL. (*playing with her arrow*) That which many women have known, and which no man will ever know. I am—the Love which kills!

MARG. (*with a cry*) Ah!

BARON. (R. corner) That is a conquest I shall never wish to make. (Music without)

ANGEL. Hark!—the waltz invites you—let me be no bar to your pleasures—go!

SHEB. (L.) But we shall see you again?

ANGEL. Oh, yes!—once again. (*coldly*) It is so written!

ROUS. (L., aside) Charming creature!—she has an eye on me—I can see that. (*he dances off, c.—all gradually disappear except ANGEL and KARL*)

KARL. (R. C., approaching her) Delicious Love!—you have not yet, I think, addressed a word to me.

ANGEL. (C., *smiling*) Well, if you wish it, we will together turn over the leaves of the book of life.

KARL. You would find that book very wearisome, I fear.

ANGEL. Oh, no; besides, when it fatigues me I can close it.

KARL. We will turn to that page of its history which you represent—charming Love! Yours is a beauty which fascinates and renders dizzy, like to the depth we gaze into when standing

on the summit of a beetling precipice. Adorable Love—touch me with your golden dart! (*she turns aside her arrow*) Open to me your arms! (*she draws back*) Grant me one kiss! (*she flies*) Ah! I displease you, then?

ANGEL. You do not yet please me.

KARL. And shall I never?

ANGEL. Yes—some day.

KARL. Soon?

ANGEL. I know not that myself.

KARL. You must love me—for how shall I live without you?

ANGEL. (*smiling*) Far better than in beholding me. (*going to c. door*) Follow me not. Exit, C. to R.

KARL. I must—I will—I tell you, adorable Love! I cannot live without you! (*follows her*)

Enter PAUL, L. U. E.

PAUL. (*in a kind of ecstacy*) No, no—she was not there—was not beside the patient I have left, and he will live—heaven pardons—she is gone from me—for ever! Our terrible compact is broken now. (*ANGEL appears, c.—aside, with a stifled cry*) Ah! it is she—it is she! For whom, then, comes she here?

Enter KARL, hurriedly, and approaches the ANGEL.

Karl—is it for him she comes?

KARL. (*L., seeing PAUL, and advancing to him*) Ah! my dear Paul—(*taking his hand*)—arrived at last!

MARGUERITE appears, C.

PAUL. (*L. C.*) Or for her?

MARG. (*down, R.*) Herr Bernarr!

ANGEL. (*at back, C.*) Salutation to the celebrated Doctor Bernarr!

KARL. (*gaily*) The queen of the ball, Bernarr—if I could but tell you how she charms me!

PAUL. (*C., terrified*) Karl!

KARL. (*laughing*) Are you jealous? (*touching his sword*) Would you dare contend for my Dulcinea?

ANGEL. (*to MARGUERITE*) You do not dance, dear girl, (*advancing towards her*)

MARG. No, madame.

(PAUL hurries over and throws himself between them—ANGEL shrugs her shoulders and smiles)

PAUL. (*R. C., aside to ANGEL*) What come you here to do?

ANGEL. (*C.*) You are very curious. (*goes to back—Music without*)

KARL. (*L. C.*) Ah—the waltz! (*to ANGEL*) You shall be my

partner. (*ANGEL disappears*) You must, for you belong to me ; and I am yours—only yours. (*hurries off after ANGEL*)

PAUL. (*in terror, calling after him*) Karl, remain with us—Karl ! (*aside*) Again, and always she—at every moment, then, I am doomed to tremble lest I behold that phantom rise before me—and to an existence so accursed shall I unite the angelic life of—no, no ; I will fly far from her ! Oh ! my reason wanders—I am growing mad !

MARG. Paul, you are sad !

PAUL. Yes, Marguerite, my heart is crushed with grief ; for I must go—must fly far, far from you, Marguerite !

MARG. (R., *happily*) No, Paul, you must not leave me, for I love you—have, to my father, confessed that love !

PAUL. (L.) To your father ?

MARG. Yes, and he bade me hope ; and so, to you do I say now—hope !

PAUL. Oh, can it be ! (*aside*) But, yes, yes, it is heaven which now enlightens me ! My love will protect Marguerite ; death would not dare to snatch her from my arms. (*aloud*) Yes, yes, I will hope. Oh, Marguerite, you know not yet how much I love you !—(*falling on his knee before her*) know not with what happiness, what joy, you now have filled my soul !

To walk out

Enter COUNT, C. from L.

MARG. (*seeing and hurrying to meet him*) Oh, father !—that which I have now said to Monsieur Bernarr, you will repeat, will you not ? (*observing that the COUNT is greatly agitated*) This agitation—oh, heaven ! the hope that you possessed—

COUNT. (C.) It has forsaken me. I offered to the Baron my entire fortune if he would give me back my word—he refuses to accept my fortune, retains the promise I have given him, and, (*overwhelmed*) my poor child, there is no help for you—you must become the wife of Baron de Lambech !

KARL appears at back.

MARG. (R. C., *resolutely but respectfully*) Count—ere knowing Paul, I was ready to obey you ; and then I should have died without asking of you even the reason why I was thus doomed to death !—still am I ready to obey your will—but now that I am affianced to Paul Bernarr, if it be still necessary I should die—ah, father ! surely I have the right to ask you—wherefore ?

PAUL. (L., *bowing*) Pardon, Count, but have not I now also the right to ask you—wherefore ?

KARL. (*advancing, r. c.*) Father, I love and I revere you ; but you are about to peril the life of my sister—wherefore ?

COUNT. (C.) I would have carried with me my secret to the tomb ; but I have deserved the punishment, and will reveal it to you.

MARG. (*going to him*) What say you, father ?

COUNT. Leave me, Marguerite ; it is enough that I should blush before these !

MARG. (*embracing him*) Oh, father !

(KARL conducts her to R.—she goes off—PAUL goes up, closes and turns the key in c. doors)

COUNT. (C., aside) Yes, I must—I must ! (PAUL and KARL approach him—*after a struggle*) The most intimate associates of my youthful and reckless days were Peckmann and the present Baron de Lambech. One fatal evening, at a masked ball given by Peckmann, was a man who styled himself Captain Satan—(PAUL and KARL start) towards early morning that man was seated at a table with only the Baron de Lambech—both—both were—

PAUL. (L.) Courage, Count.

COUNT. (C., proceeding with difficulty) Both were madly intoxicated—a quarrel arose between them over their cards ; they struggled and fought like savages ; and suddenly the Baron fell to the ground crushed—annihilated—bereft of all power—even consciousness ! But nothing could appease the rage of Captain Satan, and in a paroxysm of drunken fury—his enemy unarmed and helpless at his feet—with one blow of his sword, he—he basely slew him !

KARL. (R., shuddering) And that man—that Satan—was ?

COUNT. (*sinking to his knee*) Oh, mercy !—was your father !

KARL. (*recoiling*) Horror !

PAUL. (*as if collecting his thoughts*) Ah ! yes—I remember !

KARL. Rise, father !

PAUL. Yes ; and listen to me : (COUNT rises) you are very culpable, but your conscience is spared the reproach of having killed that man !

KARL. (*with hope*) Can it be possible ?

COUNT. What is't I hear ?

PAUL. The wound you gave would not have proved mortal, and besides, in your intoxicated fury, you did but strike—a corse !

COUNT. That is impossible !

PAUL. It is the truth ! which you, having fled precipitately, could not learn. The Baron de Lambech's body having been transported to his house, his son summoned a physician to prove the cause of death. That physician was Doctor Magnus Bernarr, my father. Ascertaining that the sword thrust had been insufficient to kill, he extended his examination, and discovered a disease of the heart, which had arrived at its

maturity; and he marvelled that it had not long before proved fatal.

KARL. It was then proved that the death, which was inevitable for the Baron, had preceded the sword thrust?

PAUL. Yes.

COUNT. Yet am I, for that, less guilty?

KARL. (*quickly*) And that son, he who is now the Baron de Lambech, knew that 'twas so?

PAUL. He was the first to know it.

COUNT. (*drawing himself up*) And for twenty years he has caused me to live with that terrible thought ever haunting me—I am a murderer! Ah! you know not yet all that passed on that fatal night! I was at my home, my confession signed, the weapon by my side—resolute to die! Suddenly the son of the Baron de Lambech appeared before me; I cast myself at his feet; gave into his hands the letter in which I accused myself of the murder, and implored his pardon; entreated him to slay me, and avenge his father! He seemed to pity my despair! “By such repentance,” he exclaimed, “I am sufficiently avenged. There was no witness to the unhappy act, and the world shall believe the Baron was a victim to some malady. For myself, I pardon you.”

PAUL. It was with the intent to pardon, that he sought you.

COUNT. Long after, like the spectre of my past life, one day appeared before me this son, who had so nobly pardoned me—this now Baron de Lambech—and he dared to ask of me my daughter's hand—and I—I yielded to his threats—to the dreadful terror inspired by that letter!

PAUL. But, henceforth, you may brave—defy him; and should he dare accuse you, I will repeat that which my father told me.

KARL. And could you hope to be believed against that letter, signed by the Count himself? The Baron would say you had invented that story because you love my sister—would be credited, and infamy would overwhelm us all.

PAUL. (*with rage*) Oh!

COUNT. (*mournfully*) Yes, he is inflexible—when, but now, believing he was ruined, I offered him my whole fortune—he demanded I should fulfil my promise, and give him Marguerite for wife—and then, to terrify me, waved before my eyes that fatal letter.

PAUL. (*aside, in a significant manner*) Ah! he has it now about him!

COUNT. He granted me one hour—and would then, he said, come here to know what day I had fixed on for the marriage.

KARL. (*aside, significantly*) He is coming here!

PAUL. (*calmly*) Well then, to each of us his share in this calamity ! (*going up*) I shall know how to take mine.

KARL. (*going to him*) Whither go you ?

PAUL. To say to your sister that I resign all hope—

KARL. (*aside to him*) That is not the truth, Paul !

PAUL. (*ditto*) Well—no !

KARL. (*ditto, and pressing his hand*) Remain then, he will presently be here. (*aloud, down R.*) Count, your task is finished —ours now commences. You must leave this matter now to us.

COUNT. (c.) Karl, would you fight with the Baron ?

KARL. Well ! would you rather give my sister to life-long misery ?

COUNT. (*to PAUL*) You hear him—he is about to risk his life.

PAUL. (*opening centre doors*) Leave us, Count—fear not, and confide your honour to our hands.

COUNT. May heaven be with you both ! Oh, punishment now indeed has reached me !

(*centre doors continue open*)

PAUL. It is I who will encounter the Baron. You, Karl, are necessary to two existences.

KARL. It is you, Paul, who are most needed for the happiness of my sister.

PAUL. Well, let the Baron de Lambech choose between us.

KARL. Hush ! he is here ! (*they go to fireplace, R., and stand with their backs towards it*)

Enter the BARON, c. door, looks around him, and exhibits some surprise, then goes towards fireplace to look at the clock, finding it concealed from his view by PAUL and KARL.

BARON. Your pardon, gentlemen !

PAUL. For what, sir ?

BARON. Ah, true ! I have not to ask your pardon for anything. I wish only to see the hour.

KARL. What hour, sir ?

BARON. That at which your father is to fix the day for my marriage with your sister.

KARL. Useless then to look, sir ; it is not yet that hour—

PAUL. It will never sound !

BARON. For you, Doctor ! (*going down, c.*) But, gentlemen, allow me—what is the point at which you would arrive ?

PAUL. (R.) With which of us would you prefer to fight ?

KARL. (L.) First ?

BARON. (C., *laughing*) With neither one nor the other of you, I thank you, gentlemen,

KARL. (*controlling himself*) And why not with me, Baron, if I am positively determined that it shall be so ?

BARON. Because I have positively determined to wed your sister, and must not combat, therefore, with --my brother.

KARL. I, your brother—you insult me!

PAUL. But with me, sir, you have not the same reasons.

BARON No, but I have others. In the first place, all my time is occupied—next, you are called Bernarr, and I am named Baron de Lambech—next, and besides, why should I fight with you? Because you love my wife? Well, I also love her, though doubtless, with a passion less ethereal than your own.

PAUL. Baron!

BARON. And you believe that to-day her heart is yours. Well, it will be mine to-morrow. Do you imagine that only doctors can be loved?

KARL. (*warming*) Enough of this, Baron, I am eager to behold you sword in hand.

BARON. Would it be indiscreet to ask you why?

KARL. Because I have to avenge my family, desolated, outraged, and oppressed by you.

BARON. (*still quite coolly*) Ah, good! I understand—the Count has made his confession to you!

PAUL. (*passionately*) Baron, if you are deaf to the voice of your conscience——

BARON. It does not shout so loudly as you do, my friends, or I could not help but hear it.

KARL. Baron de Lambech, you are nothing better than a wretched boaster!

BARON. (*laughing quietly*) Ha, ha! the old lion has no longer strength himself to tear me, and so——

PAUL. Baron de Lambech, you are a false knave!

BARON. He sends his young cubs to worry me!

KARL. (*getting nearer to the BARON*) A miserable wretch! A base liar!

BARON. (*turning to each of them*) Pray, gentlemen, trouble your dictionary no farther, I have said I shall not fight.

PAUL. (*with rising passion, getting nearer to BARON*) Because, sir, you are a coward! (*BARON laughs quietly*) Yes, the Count has confessed to us! But I, sir, have absolved him—I, the son of Doctor Magnus Bernarr—and when you term the Count a murderer—you lie!

BARON. Quite possible—if you tell me so quietly; but if you shout it forth to all the world, I shall then say it is you who lie.

KARL. (*no longer containing himself, quickly*) Say, toe, that the son of him whom you have slandered, struck you—thus! (*with his open hand strikes the BARON on his cheek*)

BARON. Ah! (*for a moment paralyzed with rage, then recovering his voice, rushes up, c., shouting*) A sword, a sword! My face contaminated by a blow!

KARL. At last he's roused!

Enter the COUNT and all the GUESTS hurriedly, c. door—the music which has been heard piano during the two or three last preceding speeches abruptly ceases.

BARON. A sword, a sword ! (suddenly remembering he has a sword at his side, and laughing wildly) Ha, ha ! yes, yes ! I have a sword—now—

Enter MARGUERITE, who hurries to the COUNT, R.

MARG. (R.) Dear father, what is this ?

KARL. (R. C., to the BARON) Let us go, sir !

BARON. No ! (darts up to c. door, and locks it, withdrawing key before any have time to oppose him) I will have my vengeance here—and now ! (drawing his sword)

PAUL. (L.) No, you shall not do that !

BARON. I will, I say, I will ! Ah, struck ! Ah, only his blood can wash away the pollution of that blow !

SEVERAL VOICES. Not here, not here !

KARL. (R. C., impatiently) Let us go, sir !

BARON. (L. C.) No ! to your guard ! I will kill you before all, at the feet of your father, before the eyes of your sister—no one can leave, I have the keys—and who will take them from me ? To your guard, Karl, and death to the first who shall dare to set a foot between us !

OMNES. Forbear, forbear ! (BARON stands alone, L.)

KARL. (R.) Here or elsewhere. (drawing his sword) Let us make an end !

BARON. (frantic with joy) Ha, ha, ha ! Count, confess that I know how to avenge myself ! Karl, if you can now snatch your life from out my hands—I defy you ! Come on, come on ! (they cross their swords)

PAUL. (rushing down, c.) Down with your weapons—this shall not be made a slaughter house !

(grasping each of their swords near the hilt, he at once with a violent wrench forces them from their hands—RANDAL, &c., have borne their whole weight against the folds of c. door—it now flies open with a crash, and the ANGEL OF DEATH is discovered, again clothed as Statue—BARON rushes up furiously, and stands beckoning KARL to follow—KARL is L.—GUESTS endeavour to restrain him—MARGUERITE clings to the COUNT, R.—PAUL, the sword still in his hand, is down, c., transfixed at beholding the Statue—the women looking at the BARON are shrinking with terror, &c., &c.)

Act III.—THE SWORD AND THE SICKLE.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Forest in the environs of Munich—daybreak—leafless trees, bushes, &c.—the whole scene covered thickly with snow—at back, L. C., surrounded by the snow, a BLACK FIGURE is crouching on the ground.*

Enter BARON DE LAMBECH, DOCTOR ROUSPACH and FRITZ, L. U. E., still in their ball costumes—DOCTOR ROUSPACH has put on a cloak, which is too short and too scanty properly to cover his dress and legs.

BARON. (c., looking about him) So we are first upon the ground. (ROUSPACH is shivering) Why, Doctor, one would almost fancy that you are cold!

ROUS. (r.) Ugh, ugh—I am perished—a walking icicle!

BARON. Glorious Apollo—the warmth of your imagination should suffice to keep your body in a glow.

ROUS. How can you jest at such a time and in such weather? Ugh, ugh—I shall shake every tooth out of my head presently!

BARON. My dear Doctor, the original Apollo never roved the woods and groves when snow was falling.

ROUS. What a cruel observation! You know you would not allow me time to return to my proper habiliments.

BARON. (regretfully) If you had but brought your lyre, we might have kindled a fire with it. However, laugh, Apollo, and that will warm you.

ROUS. Ask a man to laugh when he is frozen to death—ugh—ugh!

FRITZ. (coming down, L.) Baron, are you sure it is quite correct that I should be your second in this duel with Karl de Stromberg—I, who am the Count's cousin, only a hundred times removed!

BARON. Have you, then, never, through all your life, done aught that was not quite correct? (turns from him—goes up and sees crouching figure) What is this?

FRITZ. One of the wood-cutters!

ROUS. Doubled up with the cold, poor woman—I can sympathize with her—ugh, ugh!

FRITZ. What are you doing there, old woman?—are you petrified?

ROUS. Why, of course she is, poor creature—ugh, ugh!

(the figure rises and goes over to R.)

BARON. (R. C., laughing) By Jove!—it is one of the three Fates—the ugliest—only she has changed her shears for a sickle! (calling to her) Stay, old woman, do not go—I have employment for you. (to the others, who are both L.) We cannot have a better spot than this. (to WOMAN) See, yonder lies a branch—sweep

some of this snow away with it—prepare the bed for him who will sleep here. (*noise of carriage heard*) Quick, good hostess, your guest is approaching.

(*the old Wood-cutter, stooping, clears away snow with branch, leaving a dark circle, C.—her capuchin falls back, leaving revealed the face of the ANGEL OF DEATH—BARON, &c. go over to R.—ANGEL has quickly finished her task, and crouches beneath a tree at back, R., sickle in hand*)

Enter PAUL, KARL and COUNT, L. U. E.—FRITZ meets PAUL, and they go up together—BARON is humming an air, while quietly walking about.

COUNT. (L., aside—observing BARON) How cool, how calm he is! Oh! if he should kill my son!

(shuddering—KARL appears, L. C., endeavouring to console his father—PAUL and FRITZ advance, C.—PAUL gives sword to KARL—FRITZ, to BARON—after having taken their swords from their scabbards and measured them, the COMBATANTS then advance and place themselves on the spot that has been cleared of the snow—BARON still humming a tune)

PAUL. (L. C., aside, near KARL) Oh, what agony! Is this the hour of my chastisement? (*the duel commences*)

BARON. (R. C., as he parries and thrusts—looking at the seconds one after the other) Umph!—one—two—three doctors! Like vultures they have sniffed their prey! Decidedly, this will be mortal!

PAUL. (aside—as the duel proceeds) And this chastisement—is it through Karl I shall be stricken? Death!—she was in the ball-room; was it Karl she menaced? (*he sees the ANGEL, who advances, crouching, towards the COMBATANTS*) Ah! (uttering a partly suppressed cry and staggering—KARL, at the same moment, quickly carries his left hand to his right wrist)

COUNT. (almost overpowered) My son!

PAUL. (L. C., hurrying to KARL) Karl, you are wounded!

KARL. (C.) It is nothing! (with pain) Oh! I can no longer hold my sword. (*it falls to the ground—BARON has walked towards R.—again humming an air*)

PAUL. (C., snatching up sword—having passed KARL over to the COUNT, L.) It is now my turn.

BARON. (R., with great joy) At last! (*before crossing swords*) One day I told you I was of those who never pardon; and since you have become the successful lover of Marguerite—Ah! why have you but one life wherewith to appease my hatred? (*they cross their swords—ANGEL is on her knee, crouching behind the BARON, her sickle glittering in her hand—PAUL and BARON fight furiously—after a desperate thrust at*

BARON. PAUL has left himself unguarded—before BARON'S sword can reach PAUL, the ANGEL, with her sickle, touches the former on the heel, and PAUL's sword is plunged through BARON's body—he draws himself up to his full height, and then falls heavily to the ground)

BARON. Ah, I am slain!

KARL. (L.) Now—that letter.

BARON. (C., drawing paper from his breast, and holding it towards FRITZ, who is R.) You shall not have it—you shall not. Ah! (falling back, as PAUL snatches the paper from his hand and gives it to KARL)

KARL. (L. C., handing letter to the COUNT) See, father, see!

ROUS. (R. C., aside, bending over BARON) 'Tis all over with him! (rises and goes to R.)

COUNT. (L.) Karl—your wound is bleeding—you are faint—let us leave this spot—come. (KARL leans on the COUNT, and they go off, L. U. E.)

BARON. (who has partially risen—laughing convulsively) Ha, ha, ha, ha! (stopping suddenly) But, I—I no longer see clearly. I— (again sinks back)

PAUL. (C.) (to FRITZ) Have you a carriage?

FRITZ. (looking at BARON) Yes—his—I will go for it.

Exit, L. U. E.

PAUL. (C., kneeling beside BARON—aside) He is beyond all help in this world!

ANGEL. (R. C., in a low tone, near PAUL) I also call myself "Justice." (retires and disappears amongst the trees, R. C.)

PAUL shudders, and looking at BARON, goes off, L. U. E.

ROUS. (R.) What is the use of leaving me alone with the Baron—what can I do? I am half dead myself. Ugh, ugh! (shivering)

Re-enter FRITZ, L. U. E.

FRITZ. Doctor, I cannot find the Baron's carriage anywhere.

ROUS. Confound it! (shivering) He must not, however, be left here any longer—you search that way—I will go this. (they run off—FRITZ, L. U. E., ROUSPACH, R. U. E.—the snow commences, and continues to fall heavily)

BARON. (partly rising) Well—where am I then? (shivering) Am I about to die thus? (sinks down, remaining motionless) Already I have lost all power to stir my limbs. (snow falls still more heavily, great flakes falling on and about him) No, no—I cannot move. (with terror) Already, the snow is covering me—thicker and thicker! Ah! a dreary death to die—a wretched death!—my life, then, has been an error. Oh! if it were to begin anew!—if it were—pah! I believe that I should act no otherwise. (ANGEL OF DEATH re-appears at back,

advances, and bends over BARON, lower and lower as his last moment approaches) What weather—what a miserable day!—how fortunate, that I shall not see the end of it!—for all that, 'tis very hideous to die thus—alone—like a dog!

(*he expires—the ANGEL bending over, almost touches him, her arms spread out, and forming with her tattered cloak two large black wings, which encompass him—the distant rumbling of a carriage is heard—snow falls thicker and faster—a faint white light is thrown on the tableau*)

SCENE SECOND.—A Street.—broad day.

Enter GORDEN, SHEBEL and RANDAL, R.

GORD. (L.) And it is really true!

SHEB. (C.) Perfectly true.

RAND. (R.) That the marriage of our friend Paul Bernarr with the lovely Marguerite de Stromberg will take place this very evening.

SHEB. Precisely.

GORD. In the cathedral of Munich?

SHEB. No—in the chapel of the Count's Chateau—and at midnight.

RAND. What an extraordinary hour for a wedding!

SHEB. The hour and the place were chosen by Marguerite herself, and insisted on by Paul's mother; and nothing remained but to obey their wishes.

GORD. At last, then, happiness has arrived to Paul.

SHEB. And how must he welcome it—he who has travelled through so many years of his life without it?

RAND. And how rejoice to bid farewell to the sorrow which, until now, has been his too constant companion!

GORD. And then, his poor old mother—

SHEB. Ah! my friends—should a cloud now darken his horizon, it would come from that quarter.

GORD. How so?

SHEB. Because she has for some time past been very weak and ill; but would not for her sake suffer her son to postpone the day when he will no longer have a wish to form! besides, just now her health is much improved—she is so well cared for.

ROUS. By Doctor Bernarr himself?

SHEB. By Karl de Stromberg, become exceedingly skilful; Catherine Bernarr is now an inhabitant of the Count's mansion; and Karl watches over her as though she were his own mother.

Enter FRITZ, L.

FRITZ. Ah! you, I suppose, are on your way to the Count's—well, I have astounding news for you.

SHEB. The ceremony is postponed?

FRITZ. (*crosses*, L. C.) No—something far more strange—I am not invited! (*the others laugh*) You do well to laugh together, for, of course I cannot kill you all. Not invited at such an epoch in the family history—I—a cousin—only a hundred times removed!

GORD. (L.) I presume there are reasons?

FRITZ. (C.) No; nothing save ridiculous prejudices—one, that I was the Baron's second—so that he is responsible for—and only that he is dead I would kill him!

SHEB. (R. C., *laughing*) Well for you he is not alive to hear you say so!

FRITZ. Never was man so injured—that the Count should slight me thus, after having already so cruelly deceived me!

ROUS. (R.) Deceived you?

FRITZ. Yes, certainly; did he not heartlessly recover and live after having given every assurance that he was about at last to satisfy the just expectations of his expectant heirs?

SHEB. (*laughing*) I know you, Master Fritz—you are not so bad as you would appear, and speak thus only because your purse is empty.

FRITZ. Then do your duty as a man and a brother and replenish it.

SHEB. The Count will do that.

FRITZ. He!

SHEB. Yes; he has, I know, resolved to make you an allowance, so long as you by your behaviour shall not disgrace the family.

FRITZ. I will be a very pattern of virtue—will give to the poor regularly all my spare cash.

SHEB. There will not, I fear, be much rejoicing over your bounty.

GORD. Fritz with cash to spare! (*all laugh*)

Enter ROUSPACH, R., in private dress, very smart.

ROUS. Heyday! a joke—what is it?

SHEB. Ah! Doctor, the patient you have just left, dead, then, like all the rest?

ROUS. (*crossing to SHEBEL, innocently*) Yes, yes—(*recollecting*) but what a fool I am—I have had no patient lately—have left off practising—no longer attend to the relief of suffering humanity.

SHEB. And humanity should be very much obliged to you. (*the others laugh*)

ROUS. The Baron then, as a legacy, has left his sarcastic observations to you—faith, it was the only legacy he had to leave!

SHEB. (*crosses, L.*) Come, friends, it is time we were on our way to the Count's mansion.

GORD. (*crosses, L.*) Precisely. Come, Doctor.

RAN. (*crosses, L.*) Adieu, Herr Fritz.

Exeunt SHEBEL, RANDAL, and GORDEN, L.

FRITZ. (L. C.) And you too are invited to the wedding—abominable!

ROUS. (R. C.) I understand you are not invited. Ah! I rather fancy it is my own fault that I am not the bridegroom on the present occasion.

FRITZ. You?

ROUS. Yes, I—I know I had only to propose, for the lovely Marguerite used to look at me—

FRITZ. Of course she did—stare at you, with eyes wide open—

ROUS. (*conceitedly*) Ah!

FRITZ. As she would have looked at any other unnatural monstrosity!

ROUS. You are spiteful—but I know my own merits.

FRITZ. And miser-like have always hidden them—for no one else has ever known that you possessed such articles.

ROUS. Why is it that when I appear every man thinks it his duty to say something cutting?

FRITZ. Because there is no other way to punish you for the victims you have sacrificed!

ROUS. (*crosses, L.*) I am off to the wedding—

FRITZ. And I am off to obtain a supper on credit, on the strength of the Count's promised allowance. *Exit, R.*

ROUS. It is my duty to be present at this marriage, for I have always been ready to aid in the relief of suffering humanity. *Exit, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Hall of the Chateau—entrance to the chapel, and flight of steps, L. 3 E.—doors R. U. E. and L. 1 E.—an immense window, c., through which is seen the park of the chateau, with an ascending path—chandelier and large hanging lamps lighted, R. and L. but not in C.—couch, R.*

PAUL discovered looking off, R. U. E.—MARGUERITE, simply dressed in white, with coronet of white roses, enters, R. U. E., followed by BRIDESMAIDS, dressed also in white, without coronet.

PAUL. Dear Marguerite—oh, how beautiful you are!

Enter KARL, L. 1 E. door, with CATHERINE on his left arm, his right arm in a sling.

KARL. (L.) Room—room for another pair of youthful lovers!

CATH. (L. C., smilingly) Karl—my dear Karl! you will compromise my reputation in the end.

MARG. (l. c.) Ah, another marriage in perspective!

PAUL. (c.) Yes; some day we will speak of it.

CATH. (r. c., whom KARL conducts to a seat, r. couch) Some day!—that is the language of youth. I, dear Paul, am already very old, and the day is not very distant when it will be necessary to say "farewell" on earth! But, dear son, I shall have lived to behold your happiness assured, and so shall die content. Marguerite, you will love him for us both?

MARG. (crosses to c.) Oh, my mother! banish those gloomy thoughts; you will yet, I trust, live many years to witness, and rejoice at, the felicity of your children.

KARL. (r.) Silence! or you will drive me into a fury. (to CATHERINE) What is the meaning of all this, you disobedient patient?

MARG. (going to him) Paul!—

PAUL. (l.) Oh, Marguerite! so great is my happiness, it almost terrifies me— (the organ is heard)

COUNT appears on steps at entrance of chapel, R.—SHEBEL, RANDEL, GORDEN, and GUESTS enter, R. U. E.

COUNT. Come, my children, the priest awaits you.

(MARGUERITE holding the hand of PAUL, comes forward with him, and they both kneel to CATHERINE)

MARG. (c.) Your blessing, dear mother!

(CATHERINE raises her hands above their heads, looking towards heaven—the COUNT has descended, and now gives his arm to MARGUERITE—PAUL takes his mother's arm—all move towards the chapel—as MARGUERITE places her foot on the first step she starts, utters a faint cry, and sinks back into the COUNT's arms—general consternation)

COUNT. My child!

PAUL.

CATH. } Marguerite!

KARL.

(PAUL hastens and aids the COUNT to support her—they bring her forward—all crowd around her)

COUNT. (l. c.) Paul, what does this mean?

PAUL. (c., examining MARGUERITE) Marguerite! Marguerite!

MARG. (between PAUL and COUNT in a weak voice) It is nothing—nothing. I do not suffer now.

ROUS. (towards back, c., to GUESTS) Nobody need feel alarmed, for I answer for her.

MARG. Already, in my infancy, I have experienced something similar—too great emotion, joy! it is so now—let us to the chapel—I am well again!

COUNT. Come then. (again approach steps—same order as before)

MARG. Ah! (*falls back and is caught by PAUL*)

PAUL. (c.) All powerful heaven! (*places her on couch, R.*)
Leave me with her alone—oh, I will save her!

COUNT. (l. c.) But, Paul——

PAUL. (*impatiently*) Go—go, I say. (*all exeunt—CATHERINE, door, L. 1 E.—the rest, R. U. E.*) Marguerite—oh, I will save her! (*ANGEL OF DEATH, as Statue, appears at entrance of chapel*) Yes; though in the effort I should exhaust my own life, I will save her! (*MARGUERITE's head is lying towards L.—PAUL, who has been bending over her, now looks up and sees ANGEL, who has descended to the lowest of the flight of steps—he staggers back, uttering a cry of horror*) Ah! at last, I see my chastisement—it is, indeed, terrible!

MARG. Paul—Paul! if I were about to die?—but no, no, not now—I must not die now, when life has become so beautiful! (*PAUL is standing as if paralysed, his eyes fixed on the Statue—clock strikes Twelve, heavily and slowly*)

MARG. You hear?—it is midnight! the hour of our marriage (*smiling*) Oh! Paul—how much I love you!

PAUL. (*awakening from his stupor*) Marguerite!

MARG. (*slightly delirious*) Paul, you are there, near me; but, are we alone? Yet no—for, there— Ah! Paul—am I deceived—or, do I behold—Death?

PAUL. (*beside couch, R. C.*) You—you also see her! Oh! no, no! (*aside*) For she is visible to none but me. (*shuddering*) To me, and those who are in danger—who may die. (*aloud*) Marguerite, my love, my wife! Oh, heaven!—it is with difficulty she breathes—her pulse is low and agitated, and I stand here motionless—powerless! Can I then do nothing—nothing? And her hands grow colder!—a film is o'er her eyes. (*furiously*) My wife is perishing here in agony—I am a great physician, and I know not how to save her. Ah! skill—science. (*calling*) Marguerite! Oh! my brain is on fire!

MARG. Speak to me, Paul; I suffer less when I hear your voice—and I do suffer—an agony sufficient to kill—you will console my father; but, ah! dear Paul, who will console thee?

PAUL. But you shall not die—no, no, you shall not! (*to STATUE—always impassible*) Can you believe that I will suffer you to take her from me? No, no—I will not—I will save—I will snatch her from you!

(*the ANGEL nods assent—then, with solemn step, goes towards the door of Catherine's apartment, L. 1 E.*)

PAUL. (*amazed*) Whither go you?

(*ANGEL stops, looks at PAUL, then resumes her walk towards L. door*)

PAUL. (*comprehending*) Ah!—the compact—her hostage—it is my mother! (*hurrying, and placing himself before L. door*)

My mother! No, no—stay. Oh, spare my mother! (ANGEL remains motionless)

Enter CATHERINE, L. door, and hastens to MARGUERITE.*

PAUL. (trembling) Mother, how pale you are!

CATH. (before couch, R. C.) It is nothing—think only of her—it is on her now that depends your happiness.

(ANGEL is now at back of couch)

MARG. (very faintly) Paul, for your mother's sake you will live. I—I too dearly loved you. Paul, farewell, I—

PAUL. (despairingly) Ah! (ANGEL is bending over MARGUERITE—he utters a cry) No! (points towards his mother—ANGEL turns) No, no, no! Suffer them both to live, that they, together, may cherish my memory—together weep—take me!

CATH. (terrified, gazing around) Paul! Oh, heaven, your reason wanders!

PAUL. (to ANGEL, not heeding his mother) Take me! (ANGEL turns aside her head—PAUL is mad with grief) Choose! I must choose? Oh, unheard-of torture! Oh, madness! Well, my mother gave me life, and now to her I render more than life!—yes, let my mother live—and (falling on his knees to MARGUERITE) take her! (ANGEL bends over MARGUERITE as she lies extended on couch about to give her the mortal touch—PAUL starts wildly to his feet, and covers MARGUERITE's face with his two hands) No, no! I cannot! Pity, mercy, mercy! (ANGEL is still impassible) Marguerite! my wife! Ah, despair! she no longer hears me!

*Re-enter COUNT and GUESTS, very quietly, R. U. E.—COUNT, having gazed with great agony on MARGUERITE, sinks on his knees, L. of her,

PAUL. (C.) Count, what is't you do?

COUNT. (L.) That of which you have no thought to do—I pray!

KARL. (R. kneeling) Paul, there is a power more potent than our science!

(all kneel except PAUL and ANGEL—CATHERINE in front of couch)

CATH. I am very old, but the strength to pray is left us to the last.

PAUL. (gazing on the ANGEL, still impassible) They still hope—but, I—I look on her, and (gazing around) They—they pray—all of them—the young and the old! I have no words—can find no tears—but, it is my soul which weeps—it is my

* Door.

Large window.

Chapel.

CATH. MARG.
on couch.

ANGEL.

Door.

R.

R. C. G.

PAUL.

L.

L. C.

heart that prays ! Oh, heaven, leave to me Marguerite—she is my wife, and I adore her—if she dies, I die ! Yes, her latest breath will be my last sigh, and who then would care for the sick and helpless poor ? Oh, heaven, spare her, my mother, too, yet a little while—soon and she will invoke you—spare them both to me—I am humble—I supplicate—on such a day to snatch from me my mother—or in her bridal robe to take from me my wife. O, Death, you will not—no, no, you will not ! Ah ! at last I weep ! My voice fails me—but, oh heaven, you hear my heart now groaning, as it is rent asunder with this great agony ! (*falls on his knees*)

(*at first the ANGEL has looked at PAUL, and listened to him, then she turns her eyes towards the chapel, and her attitude and gesture seem to ask of heaven "Am I to strike, or leave them?"—as PAUL utters his last words, she appears to receive a Divine command, before which she bows, then walks slowly back, c.)*

ANGEL. (to PAUL) Your science has often had the glory to conquer death. Heaven now has yielded to your faith—your love—and gives to you your mother and your bride.

(*she is carried up to a level with the great open window—*

MARGUERITE *sits up, breathes freely, and looks around her*)

MARG. (calling) Paul !

(*she rises from the couch, her face radiant with life and love, giving one hand to PAUL, who is still kneeling, R., the other to CATHERINE ; PAUL's eyes wander from ANGEL to MARGUERITE and back supplicatingly to ANGEL*)

ANGEL. Our compact is broken. (with her face towards PAUL, &c., she is slowly carried up to the extreme back)

MARG. (leaving couch) It is life ! It is life !

(*all rise from their knees*)

COUNT. (by steps of chapel) Come, my children.

A PRIEST appears at chapel door, attended by CHILDREN, with censors—the organ swells out joyously—the ANGEL is seen at back, at a great height—PAUL is holding MARGUERITE'S hand, his eyes raised towards heaven—all turning towards the chapel—Tableau.

Curtain.