

THE SEA OF ICE;

OR, THE

PRAYER OF THE WRECKED,

AND THE

GOLD-SEEKER OF MEXICO.

A Romantic Drama,

IN

FIVE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MM. D'ENNERY AND DUGUÉ.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

First performed at the Ambigu-Comique, Paris, on Oct. 20, 1853; at the Adelphi, as "The Thirst of Gold, or the Lost Ship and the Wild Flower of Mexico," on Dec. 4, 1853; at the City Theatre, as "The Struggle for Gold," on Monday, Jan. 23, 1854; at the Marybone Theatre, as "The Struggle for Gold and the Orphan of the Frozen Sea, on Feb. 20, 1854."

CHARACTERS.

ACTS I. AND II.—PERIOD 1705.

Original Cast.

Adelphi.

CAPTAIN DE LASCOURS (Com-mander of the <i>Urania</i>)	M. DELAFOSE.	MR. C. SELBY.	MR. R. YOUNG.	MR. E. F. EDGAR.	MR. J. W. WALLACK.	MR. F. CHARLES.
CARLOS—the Adventurer—(<i>a Passenger</i>)	M. CHILLY.	MR. B. WEBSTER.	MR. V. SEARLE.	MR. J. W. WALLACK.	MR. C. SENNETT.	MR. W. SHALDERS.
JEAN MEDOC (<i>the Carpenter</i>)	M. MACHONETTE.	MR. P. BEDFORD.	MR. H. LINGHAM.	MR. W. WALLACE.	MR. W. ROBERTSON.	MISS W. ROBERTSON.
P'ERRE PACOME (<i>the Armourer</i>)	M. RICHER.	MR. R. ROMER.	MR. BLOWBOTHAM.	MR. G. TANNER.	MISS EMILY HORTON.	MISS J. W. WALLACK.
FIRST SAILOR	M. LAVERGNE.	MR. C. J. SMITH.	MR. STEVENS.	MR. MARCHANT.	MR. MATTHEWS.	MISS D. L. HAZELWOOD.
SECOND SAILOR	M. SANDERS.	MR. BRAITHWAITE.	MR. COURAN.	MR. SMITH.	MR. LAPORTE.	MISS J. DAWSON.
THIRD SAILOR	M. SANDERS.	MR. BRAITHWAITE.	MR. KEELEY.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MISS J. W. WALLACK.
FOURTH SAILOR	M. SANDERS.	MR. COURAN.	MR. HAZLEWOOD.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MISS J. W. WALLACK.
BARABAS	M. LAURENT.	MR. KEELEY.	MR. HAZLEWOOD.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MISS J. W. WALLACK.
LOUISE DE LASCOURS (<i>Wife of the Captain</i>)	MARIE LAURENT.	MADAME CELESTE.	MISS J. DAWSON.	MRS. J. W. WALLACK.	MR. C. SENNETT.	MR. F. CHARLES.
MARIE (<i>their Child</i>)	MARIE DE BREUIL.	MISS STOKER.	MISS SANGER.	MISS ROBERTSON.	MISS ROBERTSON.	MISS J. DAWSON.
A Period of 15 Years is supposed to elapse between the Second and Third Acts.						
ACTS III., IV., AND V.—PERIOD 1720.						
MARQUIS DEL MONTE (<i>a Mexican Nobleman</i>)	M. CHILLY.	MR. B. WEBSTER.	MR. W. SEARLE.	MR. J. W. WALLACK.	MR. F. CHARLES.	MR. W. SHALDERS.
HORACE DE BRIONNE (<i>a Gentleman</i>)	M. C. LEMAITRE.	MR. GARDEN.	MR. W. TRAVERS.	MR. C. SENNETT.	MR. W. ROBERTSON.	MISS W. ROBERTSON.
GEORGES DE LAVAL (<i>a Naval Com-mander</i>)	M. MAURICE COSTE.	MR. PARSELL.	MR. WORRELL.	MR. H. VANDENHOFF.	MISS J. DAWSON.	MISS J. DAWSON.
SECRETARY TO THE SPANISH EMBASSY	M. DEPRESLE.	MR. HASTINGS.	MR. LACY.	MR. F. CHARLES.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MISS J. DAWSON.
BARABAS	M. LAURENT.	MR. KEELEY.	MR. HAZLEWOOD.	MR. F. CHARLES.	MR. W. SHALDERS.	MISS J. DAWSON.
THE COUNTESS DE THERINGE	MME. MESANGES.	MRS. L. MURRAY.	MRS. H. CAMPBELL.	MRS. H. CAMPBELL.	MRS. W. ROBERTSON.	MISS W. ROBERTSON.
MDLLE. DIANE DE LASCOURS	MME. SANDRE.	MISS F. MASKELL.	MISS ROBERTSON.	MISS ROBERTSON.	MISS J. DAWSON.	MISS J. DAWSON.
OGARITA (<i>the Wild Flower of Mexico</i>)	MARIE LAURENT.	MADAME CELESTE.	MADAME CELESTE.	MADAME CELESTE.	MADAME CELESTE.	MADAME CELESTE.

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Programme of Scenery, Incidents, &c.

ACT I.

MAIN DECK OF THE URANIA.

THE MUTINY.

ACT II.

THE SEA OF ICE.

Occupying the entire Stage, and terminating with mechanical effects upon a scale never before attempted in this Theatre.

ACT III.

THE COAST OF MEXICO AND DISTANT PRAIRIE.

ACT IV.

PARISIAN SALOON.

ACT V.

HOTEL DEL MONTE. THE DAY OF RETRIBUTION.

Costumes.—Period 1705-20.

LASCOURS. Broad-brimmed black hat, ringlet wig, white cravat, square-cut full-skirted blue coat of the period, trimmed with gold lace, long red waistcoat, trunk breeches, buff boots, belt and hanger. *2nd dress*—same suit, much worn and tattered, hair dishevelled, chin unshaven.

BARABAS. Blue frock, red loose woollen shirt, full breeches, shoes, stockings, belt and hanger, long hair, red cap. *2nd dress*—the same, but dilapidated. *3rd dress*—full skirted coat, and plain suit. *4th*—handsome plain suit. *5th*—same as first.

CARLOS. Neat plain suit of the time, dagger, cravat, black straight hair tied in club behind, tawny complexion. *2nd*—superb crimson silk velvet Spanish jacket, waistcoat, and breeches embroidered with gold lace, yellow morocco gaiters, sword, scarf, black sombrero. *3rd*—green cut velvet suit, ribbon aiguilette. *4th*—yellow satin suit, showered and embroidered with spangles, paste buttons.

SAILORS. Blue frocks and coats, Guernsey shirts, full breeches or petticoat trowsers, shoes and stockings, red woollen or hair caps, belts and hangers.

LOUISE. Dark blue double dress trimmed with point lace, short sleeves with lace. *2nd*—the same, lace torn off and dress discoloured.

MARIE. White frock, red sash.

GEORGES. Blue frock, gold lace waistcoat, trunk breeches, boots, cross belt and sword, cravat, hair in club, three-cornered hat. *2nd*—green suit of the time, white silk stockings, shoes, ribbon aiguilette on right shoulder.

HORACE. Puce suit, belt and sword, three-cornered hat, feather trimming. *2nd*—black velvet suit trimmed with gold, white silk stockings, shoes, sword, ribbon aiguilette.

SECRETARY. Black cloth suit, black silk stockings and shoes, sword.

SOLDIERS. Dark blue frocks and trowsers, the latter wide and short in the legs, shoes and buckles, red sashes round waist, broad brimmed hats, hair in clubs.

COUNTESS. Dark silk open dress, white petticoat, white lace lappets, black lace mantilla. *2nd*—satin open dress, stomacher, jewels, head dress of time.

DIANA. Light silk open dress, white petticoat, white mantilla. *2nd*—open dress of satin.

OGARITA. Light petticoat with red feather trimming, gold bracelets and anklets with feathers, moccasins, head dress of beads and feathers, beads and gold ornaments round neck, long gold earrings. *2nd*—white muslin. *3rd*—embroidered satin dress of the time, necklace, earrings, bracelets, and tiara of diamonds, feathers.

THE SEA OF ICE;

OR,

THE PRAYER OF THE WRECKED.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*Main Deck of the Urania. Quarter Deck, R., with ladder, masts with yards and shrouds, R. C. and L. C.: MAN at Wheel, FIRST MATE and SAILORS discovered.*

Enter CAPTAIN de LASCOURS from cabin, R.

CAPTAIN. (R.) The wind has not changed then during the night?

MATE. (L.) No, captain.

CAPTAIN. A fine breeze and fair; clap on more sail.

MATE. All hands ahoy! (whistle, enter CREW who make sail, &c.)

CAPTAIN. With this wind, by the end of the week we shall see the coast of Mexico; so courage, my hearts!

Enter LOUISE from cabin, R.

Louise, have you slept well?

LOUISE. (R.) No, I have passed a fearful night!

CAPTAIN. (L.) You look pale!

LOUISE. Look at me, Raoul! have you not bad news to tell me.

CAPTAIN. No, good news; we shall soon be at the end of our voyage.

LOUISE. Really! (earnestly)

CAPTAIN. I assure you!

LOUISE. Thank heaven! I feared we never should see the end of this voyage.

CAPTAIN. In a few days you will embrace your mother—your child.

LOUISE. Ah, I left my child—confided her to the care of others—and for three years—I was wrong, Raoul—and I fear that heaven will punish me as a bad mother.

CAPTAIN. You, a bad mother!

LOUISE. We should not have left Diana in Mexico.

CAPTAIN. Louise, be reasonable.

LOUISE. I repeat, I am afraid! Oh! if I had near me, on this terrible ocean, all whom I love, I should fear neither tempest or

shipwreck, not even death—for we should die together; but if we should find a grave here, we leave upon the earth, helpless, desolate—an orphan daughter, who will not even remember us; 'tis this thought distracts me.

CAPTAIN. Louise!

LOUISE. Our children! they should be with us, always and for ever. A lifetime is not enough to love them—to admire them—to listen to their laugh, and to enjoy their sweet caresses; even sleep seems a theft from the parents' joy; we should watch the long night through to see them sleeping—our dear children.

CAPTAIN. Weep on, Louise, a mother's tears are pure and holy!

LOUISE. Raoul, do not you reproach yourself for having left Diana?

CAPTAIN. How could I do otherwise? reflect—could we have exposed so young a child, feeble and suffering as she was, to the fatigues of a long voyage? 'twas much better she remained with Madame de Théringle, your excellent mother.

LOUISE. We should not have separated our children.

CAPTAIN. Remember, that the future hopes of our children depended on this voyage. Since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes compelled our family to emigrate to Mexico, we have known want, almost privation; we have borne it bravely, but our daughters must be spared the wretched struggle; 'tis our duty to see that they are spared it; and we returned to France, to gather together the wreck of our family estate, which, by means of powerful interest, we have done. We are not rich, but thanks to this voyage, we shall not leave Marie or Diana to misery and want.

LOUISE. Pardon, dear husband, you have acted like an honest man and a good father; when I look on your calm fearless face, hear your persuasive voice, my foolish fears vanish; and when your hand presses mine, I believe in future days of happiness.

CAPTAIN. This morning, Louise, when you repeated to Marie that touching prayer your mother taught you, and you have taught your children, I thought, as I am sure you thought—

LOUISE. What?

CAPTAIN. That at the same moment, kneeling by thy mother, Diana addressed to heaven the same prayer.

LOUISE. Yes, Raoul, heaven watches over us, and the time of trial is past; let us look together on the glories of the heavens and the ocean; there seems to me a kiss in the ripple of each wave—a divine smile in every bright ray of the sun; Oh! blessings on the breeze that bears us to our daughter—to Diana!

CAPTAIN. But where is Marie?

LOUISE. I know not. (*she goes up towards CREW, L., and returns immediately frightened*)

CAPTAIN. Oh, doubtless with Barabas.

LOUISE. (*in a whisper*) Raoul, can you rely on the fidelity of your crew?

CAPTAIN. Why do you ask?

LOUISE. Because I fancy that at times there is something sinister in their looks.

CAPTAIN. In their looks ! this is childish !

LOUISE. No ! I am not deceived. They hate me ; yesterday the carpenter passed me without saluting me, the helmsman when I spoke to him pretended not to hear me, and when I insisted on an answer, many near me sneered and made mocking gestures.

CAPTAIN. You are dreaming, Louise.

BARABAS and MARIE run in from L.

Here's Barabas ! Are you afraid of him now ?

BARABAS. Servant, Captain ; servant, Madame.

CAPTAIN. (c.) Do you tremble at him ?

LOUISE. (L. C., smiling) What—at Barabas !

BARABAS. (laughing) Ha, ha, ha, ha !

CAPTAIN. What are you laughing at ?

BARABAS. I don't know, Captain—but you look so happy, and Madame Captain looks so happy, and Mademoiselle the little Captain, who is always pinching the calf of my leg, looks so happy, that I feel happy and I can't help—ha, ha, ha, ha !

CAPTAIN. Brave lad ! always playing with Marie : he is quite her pet dog.

MARIE. (R. C.) Bark, Barabas, bark !

BARABAS. (R) Bow ! wow ! wow !

MARIE. You don't bark well.

CAPTAIN. Come here, Barabas.

BARABAS. I can't, Captain. The little captain's got hold of me by the nose—hold fast little captain—it won't come off.

LOUISE. Leave him alone, child.

BARABAS. Don't scold her, madame. (coming R. C.) Ay, ay, sir !

CAPTAIN. I think you love Marie, Barabas.

BARABAS. Love her ! I should think I do ! Don't she pull my nose and my ears, and pinch the calves of my legs ?—Love her ! I should think so !

CAPTAIN. And why do you love her ?

BARABAS. Because she pinches the—

LOUISE. And if she were in danger, you would defend her, would you not ?

BARABAS. Well, I don't know about that.

LOUISE. How ?

BARABAS. You see I'm such a frightened little chap.

CAPTAIN. You ?

BARABAS. Yes, I'm such a coward.

CAPTAIN. Why come to sea, then ? Why not stop on land ?

BARABAS. I was afraid of the coaches running over me.

CAPTAIN. Did not those who knew you to be a coward counsel you to adopt some other mode of life than a sailor's ?

BARABAS. Oh, yes ; there was my uncle Boitineau, farmer of Nanterre, where I come from, Captain, he wanted to keep me ashore, *nolus volus* ; so on the day I set out for Dunkirk he got together a lot of his neighbours and eight farming men, who stopped me on the road. They'd all cudgels in their hands. Directly I saw them I felt so frightened that I began to fight directly.

Somehow or other, when I'm frightened I behave just like a tiger. So I went up to 'em, knocked two down, put out one man's eye, knocked three of my uncle's teeth out, and made all the others run away, and then I walked on quietly to Dunkirk. I don't remember ever being more frightened than I was that day. (*bell sounds*)

Enter SAILORS, L.

CAPTAIN. The crew are going to breakfast.

MARIE. I'll stay with Barabas.

LOUISE. Take care of her.

BARABAS. Ay, ay, sir! Take hold of my nose, dear; you won't hurt me.

CAPTAIN. (*to a SAILOR*) Yes, in eight hours we shall enter the harbour of Acapulco.

MEDOC. (*aside*) Will you?

CAPTAIN. And so serve out double rations.

THREE OR FOUR SAILORS. Long live the Captain!

LOUISE. There were but few who shouted.

CAPTAIN. Come, Louise.

LOUISE and CAPTAIN go into cabin; the SAILORS produce biscuit.

1ST SAILOR. (L.) This isn't biscuit—it's flint.

2ND SAILOR. Rats wouldn't eat it—it's time we should reach port.

MEDOC. Double rations—What a kind Captain—double rations of — (*biting*)

BARABAS. (R.C.) Ah! you're so delicate: if a man's hungry he can eat anything. When I'm regularly peckish I could eat a bushel of oyster-shells. You grumbling, Mr. Dainty—here! Bring a couple of roast fowls, with some strawberry sauce, and a bottle of champagne for Monsieur Pacome. (*SAILORS murmur*)

1ST SAILOR. I won't eat such d—d stuff.

2ND SAILOR. Nor I. (*they throw down biscuits; many SAILORS do the same*)

MEDOC. (*to them*) Patience, messmates; a little longer and our master will do all he promised.

3RD SAILOR. But will the Captain agree?

MEDOC. (C.) What matters?

1ST SAILOR. But when? We're all ready—

MEDOC. That'll do, lads, that'll do. (*aside*) It's all right. (*making signs*)

Exit, L.—the SAILORS talk in groups.

BARABAS. What's up? Nobody eats—everybody's sulky—and they're all whispering in corners. It's that Medoc who has taken away all your appetite and your fun with his long stories. I wish he'd never entered the ship: he's a sort of evil genius. Well, I shall sing the Whistles to my little captain.

ALL. Ay—sing!

BARABAS. Of course—I knew they'd all want the Whistles—it's a charming little song, only six hundred and ninety-three verses—Here goes for the first. Sing out, my hearties!

Duet and Chorus.

BARABAS.

As we spank
 'Fore the wind,
 If our eye
 We don't mind,
 I am sure
 The Captain will all
 Lubbers call !
 Yes, d——d lubbers all !
 Haul !

When ashore let us sing, and smoke for fun ;
 When abroad let us work till duty is done.

(Whistle) Ti, li, ti, ti,
 Ti, la, ri, ti.
 Yeo !
 Yo ! ho !
 Yo ! ho !
 A-yei-ho !
 Then sing we,
 Then sing we,
 Yeo ! ho ! ho !
 Yeo ! Yeo ! Yeo !

BARABAS. Now for the second verse—then there'll only be six hundred and ninety-one more.

Enter MEDOC, L.

MEDOC. Stop a bit, lads—hear me pipe !

To one port
 We're bound, messmates bold,
 'Tis the port
 Where there's gold !
 With the chink
 Fill the ship's deep hold,
 Pockets, chests,
 Fill all full of gold ;
 Gold !

Then hey, fun and frolic, the next time ashore !
 With lots of girls, wine, and of shiners galore !

(Whistle) Ti, li, ti, ti,
 Ti, la, ri, ti,
 Yeo !
 Yo ! ho !
 Yo ! ho !
 A-yei-ho !
 Then sing we,
 Then sing we,
 Yeo ! ho ! ho !
 Yeo ! yeo ! yeo !

BARABAS. Ah! the beast—he's spoilt my song!

3RD SAILOR. I don't believe this story about the gold, but it's a good yarn for all that—makes my ears tingle.

MEDOC. (c.) Look here, messmate. Look over there. Do you see land?

3RD SAILOR (L.) No!

MEDOC. Suppose you did see it?

3RD SAILOR. Well!

MEDOC. Suppose that on that land there were mountains of gold?

3RD SAILOR. Well!

MEDOC. What would you do?

3RD SAILOR. Go ashore, and fill my pockets.

MEDOC. But suppose M. de Lascours said you shouldn't; suppose the Captain ordered up the hands—said 'bout ship, and steered smack away from that coast for ever! What would you do then?

3RD SAILOR. Why—

BARABAS. Why obey, like a good seaman and a true Frenchman, and not be a deserter or a traitor!

FIVE SAILORS. Hear, hear! Barabas is right! bravo!

MEDOC. (*aside*) Six on their side, twenty-four on ours! (SAILORS and MEDOC exchange signals)

BARABAS. I say, Medoc, I don't understand all these signals; but I shall inform the Captain.

MEDOC. If you dare!

BARABAS. Ah! if I dare! that's just it. But if I wasn't such a coward. I, Barabas of the province of Nanterre, and sailor aboard the Urania, should tell you that ever since we sailed you've been trying to seduce the crew to the side of the devil, by telling 'em lies and fairy tales. If I wasn't a coward, I should tell you that you were a humbug—a blackguard—and a d—d rascal! only I'm so afraid I daren't tell it you to your face. Come along, little captain.

Exit with MARIE to cabin, singing chorus; SAILORS go off, L.

Enter CARLOS, from cabin.

CARLOS. (R.) Medoc, what is the matter?

MEDOC. (L.) Nothing, your honour!

CARLOS. I heard quarrelling.

MEDOC. Only with that whelp Barabas.

CARLOS. Barabas! Is he one of us?

MEDOC. Lord bless you. No, your honour!

CARLOS. How many are against us?

MEDOC. Only six, your honour!

CARLOS. Not more?

MEDOC. No, your honour.

CARLOS. Name them.

MEDOC. First there's the mate, he says nothing; then there's Camuset, Boursicot, Tronche, and Délicat, and that whelp Barabas; in all six!

CARLOS. You are wrong.

MEDOC. How, sir?

CARLOS. I reckon eight.

MEDOC. Eight, your honour?

CARLOS. You have forgotten Captain de Lascours.

MEDOC. I didn't count him for one.

CARLOS. I count him for two!

MEDOC. Well, then, they are eight!

CARLOS. And we?

MEDOC. Twenty-four, and the best plucked 'uns!

CARLOS. 'Tis enough.

MEDOC. I hope your honour is pleased with me, for I've worked very hard; when we sailed out of Dunkirk we had but ten on our side; off Cape Horn, I'd made that ten sixteen; and now we're twenty-eight. It's been a vast of trouble, for these sailors have such thick heads and tender hearts.

CARLOS. Rest assured you shall be rewarded as you merit.

MEDOC. But when is it to be, your honour? If you take my advice, let it be soon. We're getting near to port—the crew are impatient—the match is burning, and will soon explode if—

CARLOS. Go and ask Captain de Lascours to favour his passenger Carlos with an interview.

MEDOC. Then I'll soon wring the neck of that dunghill cock!

CARLOS. Who do you mean?

MEDOC. Barabas—him there, playing with the captain's child.

Enter MARIE and BARABAS, l.

CARLOS. She is very pretty! (*MARIE runs towards him and then retires frightened to BARABAS*) Are you afraid of me, my little pet?

BARABAS. (r. c.) Yes, sir, she is; and of that other little pet behind you. (*aside*) What the devil are they two always together for?

Exeunt with MARIE up ladder to quarter-deck.

CARLOS. *A propos*, Medoc. When you return, do not lose sight of that child.

MEDOC. Very good, your honour. (*aside*) What a man it is! He thinks of everything.

Exit into cabin, r.

CARLOS. What a lovely picture! The sea calm, the wind caressing the sails, the sun gilding the rigging, and that lovely child at play. How soothing! how harmonious! how picturesque! For myself, I have on my new coat, and have made my toilette as if for a holiday. Who could suppose to look at me, and to look around me, that all here is on the eve of a terrible event—a fearful peril? How strange are the contrasts of human existence! How the events of one have give the lie to the last, and to the next! One streak of lightning, and the waves are red. A word and life-blood flows! Be thou my model—oh! perfidious ocean! that now conceals so well, beneath a smiling surface, thy monsters and thy depths! 'Tis very odd—I hardly know this Monsieur de Lascours, and yet it rests with him whether I am an honest man or a criminal of the first water. Let him decide—I am prepared for either!

MEDOC. (*re-entering*) Your honour !

CARLOS. Well !

MEDOC. As his wife is reading, and he don't wish to disturb her, the Captain will come to you here.

CARLOS. Good, be within call.

MEDOC. Ay, ay, sir !

MEDOC makes signs and exit, L.

Enter the CAPTAIN from cabin—they salute.

CAPTAIN. You wish to speak with me, sir ?

CARLOS. Yes, sir.

CAPTAIN. I trust you have not to complain of any one ?

CARLOS. Your vessel is so well commanded, complaint is impossible ; 'tis not of that, 'tis of myself I wish to speak.

CAPTAIN. Of yourself ! (*they sit on two small casks*)

CARLOS. (c.) Since we left France, I hope you have not found me a troublesome passenger, or an intrusive one, but it is now time to let you know how singular a person you have on board your ship.

CAPTAIN. Monsieur !

CARLOS. I was born in Mexico, of humble parents—poor people who believed seriously in the devil, and passed a wretched life of prayer and privation, in the firm conviction that misery was the straight road to heaven. This existence, so monotonous, servile, and degraded, inspired me with disgust ; I neither examined one side of the question of morality or the other, but I marched straight on, indifferent whether the breeze that blew me forward was a breath from heaven, or a blast from—elsewhere. Confess, Monsieur de Lascours, that you did not think there was such a determined fatalist aboard your ship.

CAPTAIN. What is he driving at ?

CARLOS. When quite a youth, I felt ambitious—an appetite for luxury—for power—for pleasure. Later in life, what had been an instinct, became a calculation, and then the man sat down deliberately to give a palpable form to the fugitive chimeras of the boy. I sold my little patrimony and embarked for France ; there I thought—I reflected—I studied—I concentrated my heart, my thoughts, my mind, my soul, my intelligence, my education, and my energies, proposing to myself but one purpose—but one end in life—gold ! to have gold ! as having that was to have all !

CAPTAIN. What means this audacious avowal ? I will try and hear further.

CARLOS. I interest you spite of yourself, Monsieur de Lascours, you, a loyal officer, a good husband and father, a man of duty, of honour, and routine, are surprised that such thoughts should cross the brain of an audacious adventurer, who is doubtless a bastard of Cortez or Pizarro !

CAPTAIN. I do not accuse you, sir, I pity you !

CARLOS. You are too good ! but to continue—you are a sailor, sir, and you are aware, that one of the constant and most favourite ideas of Peter the Great was to reach America by the sea of Kamschatka ; after many fruitless voyages and insignificant discoveries, a Russian captain at last landed on the northern shore

of California, and there disembarked six men. What became of them?

CAPTAIN. They were never heard of. Short of fresh water, the scurvy decimated the crew, and the vessel was compelled to sail leaving them behind.

CARLOS. What became of them?

CAPTAIN. No one knows.

CARLOS. Yes, I do!

CAPTAIN. You!

CARLOS. Listen: inspired by curiosity they penetrated into the interior of the country, there they discovered mines—shoals—rivers of gold, but had no means of bearing thence their incalculable riches. Oh! I can comprehend their torture. Five of the six died; one man, as if by miracle, reached France. Would you believe it? when this man repeated what he had seen, shewed the maps, the charts, the plans that he had drawn—the poor laughed at him with incredulity—the rich treated him as a fool and a visionary; in all that crowd of men he gained but one belief—mine. One morning the poor devil was found dead in an unfrequented street.

CAPTAIN. Dead?

CARLOS. Yes.

CAPTAIN. In what manner?

CARLOS. 'Twas never known.

CAPTAIN. Assassinated perhaps?

CARLOS. 'Twas said so. *I* inherited these precious charts.

CAPTAIN. You!

CARLOS. Yes! to-day I have had in my hands undoubted proofs of the existence of these glorious treasures. Ay, look at me, sir—I am not insane! I repeat I have proofs, and that I could go blindfold towards these piles of gold.

CAPTAIN. Enough, enough!

CARLOS. I met some vagabonds in Paris whom I converted to my belief; but I had no money to enrol these Argonauts; 'twas then chance threw in my way Captain de Lascours, and the good ship *Urania*.

CAPTAIN. What do you mean?

CARLOS. Captain, you are exiled from France, and you owe no duty to your ungrateful country; your hair is turning grey; and twenty years of hardship in your profession has hardly given you competence; accept my offer, and I will make you a millionaire!

CAPTAIN. You propose then—

CARLOS. To borrow this vessel from the owners at Dunkirk, and together seek the promised land!

CAPTAIN. This is too much!

CARLOS. Reflect! when you have gold, you have all! Gold! 'tis the celestial fire Prometheus stole from heaven! 'tis more creative than the sun; more powerful than genius. Before it manhood bows—obstacles melt—conscience is annihilated; then what pride! what triumph! having left a country poor and despised, to return rich enough to dazzle the insolents who dare to question, and to cover and silence them with gol'

CAPTAIN. Retire, miserable man, and live to merit the mercy I accord you.

CARLOS. You refuse my offer then?

CAPTAIN. Retire to your cabin, sir!

CARLOS. Another word—

CAPTAIN. Retire, sir!

CARLOS. But one—

CAPTAIN. No.

CARLOS. Then I remain.

CAPTAIN. Have a care, sir! I can have you thrown into the hold, and placed in irons.

CARLOS. Indeed! By whom?

CAPTAIN. By my ship's company.

CARLOS. Your ship's company!—Before you sailed from Dunkirk, a man came to you, and as you were somewhat short of hands to work your ship, you engaged him. A fellow with broad shoulders, dark skin, and black hair falling over a low forehead, and who called himself, I think, Pierre Pacome. (calling) Pierre Pacome!

Enter PIERRE PACOME, L.

CAPTAIN. How dare you come aft without my orders? Retire!

CARLOS. Remain!

CAPTAIN. (aside) Louise was right then.

CARLOS. The next day walking on the quay, you met two more wolves of the ocean—you engaged them. Their names were Castille and Bufflard. (calling) Castille and Bufflard!

Enter two SAILORS, L.

CAPTAIN. (r.) Retire, I command you!

CARLOS. (c.) Remain! After that, you enlisted four, six, ten others: whom you now think are yours, but I count on as mine; for invisible and unknown, I planned all, knew all, and aboard this ship, there is now no other master but me!

CAPTAIN. Great heaven!

CARLOS. Yield to our wishes—join us or you are lost!

CAPTAIN. Never! Such infamy is impossible! All hands, ahoy! (the SHIP'S CREW enter) All here I am sure, are not brigands and mutineers. On this side the deck, every true Frenchman who loves honour and respects the flag of France!

CARLOS. On this side all who love gold! (six SAILORS pass over to the CAPTAIN; the rest round CARLOS) Contrast the number, M. de Lascours.

CAPTAIN. What matter the number? Upon them! (CARLOS draws a poniard—general combat—the MUTINEERS triumph) The assassins' steel against the gentleman's sword! You die.

CARLOS. (overthrown r. c.) Help, here! (the CREW run to his assistance)

CAPTAIN. (places his sword upon his throat) Another step and he dies.

CARLOS. Medoc, the child!

MEDOC. Here (seizing MARIE and holding her over the bulwarks L.)

CAPTAIN. (c.) Ah!

CARLOS. (r. c.) Now kill us both, Captain—we perish together!

Enter Louise, from cabin, R.

LOUISE. Great heaven ! This noise, Raoul ? Ah, Marie !

MARIE. Mother ! Mother !

LOUISE. (L. C.) Give me my child !

MEDOC. No !

LOUISE. What would you do with her ?

MEDOC. Toss her overboard, unless your husband releases our chief.

LOUISE. You hear, Raoul, release him !

CAPTAIN. Impossible ! He would rob me of my ship—my honour !

LOUISE. But they will kill our child !

CARLOS. M. de Lascours—though mine is not an agreeable position to hold a parley in—release me, and I promise you all three your lives.

LOUISE. You hear, Raoul, our lives ! For heaven's sake—our child—(*she takes the sword from him*)

CARLOS. (rising) At last !

LOUISE. (*taking Child from MEDOC*) My child ! I have my child !

CAPTAIN. Louise, we are lost ! Our deaths are now necessary to efface all proof of their crime.

CARLOS. Not so, sir, I have given you my word, and between gentlemen there is no occasion for stamps or notary. Put the Captain's yawl to sea !

CAPTAIN. What do you mean to do ?

CARLOS. I promised you life, and I will keep my word ; but we can no longer sail together in this ship. The yawl is seaworthy, and provisioned for a month : I have even been thoughtful enough to put your gun in it, that you may amuse yourself by shooting at whatever aquatic birds pass you on your voyage ; you must excuse the want of a compass, so, bon voyage : and as kings say to each other, heaven preserve you in its holy keeping !

CAPTAIN. And I did not kill him ! Louise, Louise, we shall be abandoned on the ocean. Thee, Marie, it is not death alone, but it's prolonged and terrible agony.

LOUISE. I know nothing ! I will know nothing ! I have my child.

CARLOS. To the boat !

CAPTAIN. Villains ! Take my life, but spare my wife and child.

CREW. To the boat ! Put off ! (*they surround them*)

CAPTAIN. Touch me not ! If they are to die, I do not fear to share their fate ; but mutiny and murder will not pass unpunished—No ! I leave revenge to heaven !

CARLOS. Medoc ! See to their embarkation. (*they go over the bulwarks, surrounded by SAILORS*) Now, lads, we may cry, victory !

CREW. Hurra !

MEDOC. Do you think they will escape ?

CARLOS. No. Look at the water and the sky. A breeze is coming up from the south-east, they'll soon be among the breakers. If the yawl escapes a thousand dangers, she will be thrown into the 53rd degree of latitude, and lost among the icebergs. Aha ! We have not now an enemy left amongst us.

BARABAS. (on the quarter deck, R.) Are you sure of that? If I wasn't such a coward, I should shoot you, only I'm afraid—(fires at CARLOS, who is wounded)

MEDOC. Fire on him! (they fire at BARABAS, who leaps into the sea)

CARLOS. (recovering with an effort) 'Tis nothing, comrades, nothing! Now crowd all sail for the land of gold!

CREW. For the land of gold! Huzza!

The CREW proceed to their stations—tableau of animation.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Plain of Ice; heavy lurid horizon, a few stars seen. Snow hut, L.; icebergs, R.L. and at back; cloth down; wings to descend.**

CAPTAIN discovered.

CAPTAIN. Nothing! Nothing! to-day as yesterday—the silence of the abyss—the university of space—no hope of succour! nought to look on but that lurid sky—this sepulchre of ice—and winding-sheet of snow. I am a man, a husband, and a father, yet can I do nothing to save those I love—nothing to diminish their sufferings—no sacrifice by which I can preserve them. I cannot even die for them. It is ordained we shall all three die here, the only grace I ask is, that I may die the last.

Enter BARABAS shivering, L.

BARABAS. (R.) Oh dear me! O-o-h! This place isn't a bit like Nanterre—my native village!

CAPTAIN. Sailor! my friend!

BARABAS. Captain!

CAPTAIN. You have been absent an hour, have you discovered anything?

BARABAS. Not a stick of wood—not a blade of grass—not even a quarten loaf, so I've given it up, o-h!

CAPTAIN. Come! you must not lose your courage!

BARABAS. No fear of that, Captain, 'cos I never had any to lose. I wish you hadn't picked me up in the yawl, when I jumped overboard, after peppering that rascal!

CAPTAIN. Was I then to let you drown?

BARABAS. I had drunk so much water that you ought to have let me drink a little more, and then I should never have died of hunger: you see, Captain, there are enough mouths to eat up the stores without such a glutton as I am.

* The dialogue of the early part of this scene is spoken by the CAPTAIN, BARABAS, and especially LOUISE, in a depressed tone of serious earnestness; at the breaking up of the ice, hurry and vehement despair are as strongly pictured,

CAPTAIN. Poor fellow, you fare worse than we do.

BARABAS. Not so, Captain ; I am such a devil of a glutton.

CAPTAIN. You do not eat your share—you pretend to do so, but, in secret, you give it to my child—to Marie.

BARABAS. No, I don't, Captain !

CAPTAIN. You do !

BARABAS, I'm sure I don't !

CAPTAIN. I have seen you !

BARABAS. Ah ! then I suppose I did. But—lord, I'm fit for nothing !

CAPTAIN. There you are wrong. But for your presence here I should not dare to leave my wife and child a moment, to explore this icy desert—but for you, Marie would have perished, for play to a child is life, and she must have died had you not been near to amuse her with your frank and open gaiety.

BARABAS. Do you think so, Captain ? and I've been coward enough to go about moaning and groaning for the last hour. It's all over, Captain ! Give your orders—I'm ready !

CAPTAIN. Despite our present dangers, a sweet vision will sometimes steal over me in my slumbers. I dream we are in Mexico, beneath the verandah of my villa—the sky is blue—the breeze is fresh—the birds sing—the bees hum—you are playing with my children at my feet, and my wife, Louise, her head reclining on my breast, is watching you with smiles of joy and gratitude. Ah ! should my dream be realized—should heaven preserve our lives, you will have two children who will love you instead of one.

BARABAS. Ah ! I have an ear for each, so they can both hang on—but about the nose I don't know, I haven't got two noses—and, sometimes I can't feel as if I'd got one ; however, we can arrange that when we get there.

CAPTAIN. You see I smile, for the first time since those wretches abandoned us—'tis a good omen.

BARABAS. Give your orders, Captain, give your orders ! I'm ready ! if there's any danger so much the better ! I'm so happy—I'm even ready to have courage !

CAPTAIN. 'Tis chiefly from cold the child suffers : now could we procure some wood—the driftings of a wreck—

BARABAS. I see : I'm off to find some.

CAPTAIN. Here, take my gun.

BARABAS. What for ?

CAPTAIN. You may meet some game.

BARABAS. If I do I shall miss 'em—I am such a coward : however, when I shut my eyes and fire without taking aim I'm generally successful. All right, Captain !

Exit, R. U. E.

CAPTAIN. My poor wife, my dear child : when I am with you, I cannot help, but hope—away from you, I feel the utter despair of our situation—on a vast sea, unknown—above our heads avalanches ready to fall and crush us—beneath our feet an abyss, fathomless and awful. As the season advances the sea will burst its trammels of ice and engulf us all. There is no hope—around us—above us—beneath us—death !

Enter LOUISE from hut, L., pale and attenuated.

LOUISE. (L.) Raoul!

CAPTAIN. (R.) Louise! our dear child?

LOUISE. She sleeps—at least I think so; but when I see her poor little limbs, blue with cold, I ask myself if this be not death.

CAPTAIN. Death!

LOUISE. But when she groans with pain, or a tear trickles down her cheek I am happy, for I know she still lives; yes! the tears of anguish, the groans of agony of my child are now the mother's happiness! I joy to see my child is suffering—for while she is in pain I know she lives! and I thank heaven when I feel sure she suffers!

CAPTAIN. Nay, dearest, you exaggerate our peril.

LOUISE. Ah! you think I do not know its extent! you are mistaken, Raoul, as you were when in the boat you heard me sing and laugh to my child, as every billow threatened to engulf us, and you thought me mad! But no, I thought if heaven willed that we should perish she would die upon her mother's breast, and her soul quit this earth amid the smiles and the caresses of her mother!

CAPTAIN. (*embracing her*) Ah, Louise! a mother's heart alone is capable of this sublime courage!

LOUISE. If you think so, speak to me sincerely. We were embarked with only twenty days' provision, and fifteen have already passed—

CAPTAIN. True, but with the aid of Barabas, we may kill some sea-fowl.

LOUISE. Thank heaven! but, Raoul, think, when the storm threw us here among the icebergs seven days ago, one by one the blocks of ice contracted and shut us in here, as in a dungeon. Oh! I know this is not the main land—not an island; 'tis but a floating plain of ice; '*tis on the waves we stand*'. Will there not come a day when the ice will melt, and this, our footing, will be water?

CAPTAIN. We have our boat.

LOUISE. A fragile barque without sail or compass.

CAPTAIN. It has served us in good stead; besides, I know that Danish vessels frequent these waters, and we may meet with one; so you see hope is still left us, and you yet possess your strength, your vitality.

LOUISE. Mine—'*tis in my child*. While she lives, I shall live; but in this poor hut that you have built, there is no fire—no fuel.

CAPTAIN. Barabas has gone to seek some drift wood; so you see, Louise, '*tis not permitted us to despair*.

Louis. I see your courage would wish to strengthen mine. Take the hand of your wife, embrace the mother of your children; in the last moment of our lives it may be, we may not be allowed a last embrace. I tell you, Raoul, you have been the most tender husband, the best of fathers, and the most generous friend—there is not a blot upon your life—and common failings have never sullied your pure and noble nature; I have striven to become worthy of you, but if I have failed, pardon me, and let your loving look rest on me as a blessing.

CAPTAIN. Wife ! (*embracing her*)

LOUISE. Husband ! we have loved each other purely, and I feel that we shall meet in another world, where our children shall be angels.

MARIE. (*in the hut*) Mother ! mother !

LOUISE. 'Tis Marie ! I come, darling, I come !

Exit LOUISE, L.

CAPTAIN. She knows all ! she comprehends all !

Enter BARABAS, R.

Well !

BARABAS. (R.) I've met nothing, Captain.

CAPTAIN. (L.) Nothing !

BARABAS. Why when I say nothing, I don't mean nothing. I went nor'ard to see if I could find anything that would serve for food : well, all of a sudden I saw something move behind a block of ice : it moved so, and so, fore and aft. I went up to it to see if it was something good to eat, when, before I got to it, it climbed up the block of snow and sat so. It was a bear—a big white bear—and he looked at me to see if I was good to eat, and I think he thought I was, for he came up to me with a g-r-r-owl—oh law ! You know what a coward I am, Captain——

CAPTAIN. And you fled.

BARABAS. Oh no ! I was too much afraid to run ; I thought to myself if I run, he'll run after me, and he can run the quicker of the two ! that thought made me tremble the more, so I walked smack up to him, and just as I was going to fire—I saw two more bears, and a little further on—ten more, and beyond them—a hundred more ! a regular wasps' nest of bears ; then I trembled more and more. I thought to myself, if I fire the noise will bring down the whole body of 'em : well, my friend kept getting nearer to me, I was half dead with fright, so I dropped my gun, and I drew my cutlass : we were nose to nose—my friend gave a growl—he opened his jaws for me, and instead—he swallowed my cutlass ; so we both fell together, and when I looked up I found I'd killed the little thing.

CAPTAIN. Killed !

BARABAS. Yes. I was so frightened : but I was sorry the others were there, or I'd have brought his skin here to wrap our little Marie in. I was vexed to leave it, because I know I am a useless sort of chap, but I am so fond of little Marie—I feel towards her just as if I were her mother.

Enter LOUISE from hut.

LOUISE. Help ! help ! Marie is dying, if we have not fire to warm her with—she will die !

CAPTAIN. Great heaven !

BARABAS. Here's my jacket—it is better than nothing.

He crosses and goes into the hut, L.

LOUISE. Quick, Raoul ! has he found any wood ?

CAPTAIN. No !

LOUISE. No ! we must have some ! Do you hear, Raoul ? She

has not an hour—not a quarter of an hour to live—her limbs are freezing—her eyes are closing.

CAPTAIN. I cannot save her.

LOUISE. Oh! say not so! 'tis of our child I speak—our child whom my kisses and caresses no longer can keep warm—my bosom and my hands are like her's—frozen—I can do no more—oh, Raoul, save her!

CAPTAIN. How? By what means?

LOUISE. I know not—but save her—for one hour—for a day—in one hour we may be released from this frozen prison!

CAPTAIN. Louise, you drive me mad!

LOUISE. No—no! think! invent! search! but tell me she shall not die!

CAPTAIN. No! 'tis impossible!

LOUISE. Must she die?

CAPTAIN. No! For one hour say you—let her live an hour?

LOUISE. Yes, and leave the rest to heaven!

CAPTAIN. Wait here.

He takes up hatchet and hurries out, L. 1 E.

LOUISE. She shall not die—*(she goes towards hut)* I can't enter.
(noise of hatchet cutting wood outside) Quick, husband, quick!

Re-enter BARABAS from hut without his jacket.

Our child, Raoul, our child!

Re-enter CAPTAIN with wood, R.

CAPTAIN. See, Louise, for a fire!

LOUISE. Ah! thank heaven, my brave husband!

They go into the hut, L.

BARABAS. Wood! Where the devil did the Captain find that wood? I looked this morning, and all I found was bears' g-r-r-owl! As if it wasn't bad enough that one had nothing to eat—but one must be eaten one-self. Oh! Why did I turn sailor? Why didn't I stick to Nanterre? Oh! Nanterre! *(a low murmuring noise heard)*

CAPTAIN. *(entering agitated)* Barabas!

BARABAS. *(R.)* Captain!

CAPTAIN. Do you not hear?

BARABAS. What?

CAPTAIN. A low hoarse roar!

BARABAS. Yes, under our feet.

CAPTAIN. Do you not feel the ice tremble beneath you?

BARABAS. Yes, as if it were rising.

CAPTAIN. 'Tis the sea that swells beneath these blocks of ice—the ocean that soon will burst its shackles.

BARABAS. The ice is breaking up. *(increased noise)*

LOUISE. *(entering with MARIE in her arms)* What is this terrible noise? *(the icebergs begin to fall and the water to appear)*

MARIE. Mother! mother! *(the ice wings descend)*

BARABAS. *(R.)* Captain, give your orders!

LOUISE. *(L.)* The boat! the boat!

CAPTAIN. (c.) We have no boat—you said, let Marie live one hour.

LOUISE. What—then that wood!

CAPTAIN. 'Twas the boat! the hour is past—Marie lives—'tis heaven must save her now, I can no more! (*the ice breaks up. BARABAS glides off on a block of ice, R. U. E.*)

CAPTAIN. Ah!

LOUISE. Kneel, my child, repeat—Oh! Thou, who hast all the strength of a father and the tenderness of a mother, (*MARIE repeating the prayer after LOUISE, a slight pause, that their voices may be distinctly heard*) save us from the abyss that threatens, and the wicked who kill. (*she repeats*)

CAPTAIN. Louise! my child!

(*he sinks, R. C. LOUISE and MARIE continue to pray surrounded by water; LOUISE sinks; the stage is now occupied by shaking waters, a white light is thrown upon the block of ice, violently tossed by the waves, upon which MARIE is seen in attitude of prayer, and which rises higher until the drop descends.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The Coast of Mexico; a Bay, in the distance is seen a vessel at anchor. Wild landscape; high rock, R., with rude steps. GEORGE and SAILORS to whom he is giving orders discovered, c. HORACE seated pensively, R. The MARQUIS DEL MONTE, richly dressed, asleep on bank, L. 2 E.*

GEORGE. Well, as they have been quiet during the whole night, it is to be hoped these infernal Indians will trouble us no more. Are you asleep, Horace?

HORACE. No.

GEORGE. Of what are you thinking so deeply?

HORACE. Many things.

GEORGE. Pleasant?

HORACE. And unpleasant.

GEORGE. Ah! you are jealous.

HORACE. Of whom?

GEORGE. The Marquis del Monte, his attentions to the fair Diana displease you.

GEORGE. I am not jealous of M. del Monte; I regard Diana as a sister, and if M. Del Monte persists in his persecutions, I—

GEORGE. Hush, speak lower.

HORACE. Why?

GEORGE. Do you not see? (*pointing to DEL MONTE*)

HORACE. Oh yes! he is there. Look on him, he has the air of a bandit, not of a gentleman; his hand is like the claw of a vulture—his eyes a serpent's—his smile a wolf's!

DEL MONTE. (*dreaming*) Double ! treble ! a million ! a province ! a kingdom ! (*awakes*) Diavolo ! why did I awake ? I dreamt I was at the Court of France, throwing dice with the Regent, and I awake to find myself couched on a block of stone, and surrounded by savages. Have those demons retired yet, M. de Laval ?

GEORGE. (c.) I think they have.

DEL MONTE. (l.) 'Tis well. Ah ! M. Horace de Brionne, bonjour ! I was wrong to exclaim against waking, I can now pay my respects to the charming Diana.

HORACE. (r.) Don't trouble yourself, sir !

DEL MONTE. Why not ?

HORACE. 'Tis too early.

DEL MONTE. That is for Mdlle. Diana to decide.

HORACE. I take upon myself to prohibit you, sir !

DEL MONTE. Prohibit, you are not polite.

HORACE. I do not wish to be.

DEL MONTE. Ah ! you are young.

HORACE. Where are you going ?

DEL MONTE. I though I told you—to Mdlle. Diana.

HORACE. You shall not pass.

DEL MONTE. I am not accustomed to give way.

HORACE. Nor I.

DEL MONTE. Bah !

GEORGE. Gentlemen !

HORACE. If you are my friend, leave us together.

DEL MONTE. Go, Captain, go !

Exit GEORGE, r., up rock.

You were saying, sir——

HORACE. That you should not pass !

DEL MONTE. You seek a quarrel with me ?

HORACE. I do !

DEL MONTE. A quarrel, on a lovely day—between a dream of the Coast of France, and a visit to a charming girl ; decidedly you don't know me !

HORACE. I guess you.

DEL MONTE. Ah ! then you don't like me ?

HORACE. The very first time I saw you, I hated you.

DEL MONTE. Ah ! we do take these sudden antipathies sometimes. You would have great pleasure in killing me ?

HORACE. Great pleasure !

DEL MONTE. A thousand thanks ; you see I speak to you calmly because I have attained an age when one ceases to be passionate, and I have seen, in my time, too many fearful perils to be moved by your silly provocation. I have fought with wild beasts—against men even more dangerous ; you can understand then that I am not frightened by a threat from a young man who would prevent the Marquis del Monte from paying his respects to a charming girl. There, don't keep playing with the hilt of your sword, I only wear mine for ornament, as I do my hat or gloves. (*guns and noise of attack outside, r.*) Ah ! (*he runs up rock, r., and looks out*) Attacked again ! and furiously. There, young man, make a better

use of your courage than in turning your sword on me, and [fly to the rescue of your friend, who is surrounded by the Indians!

HORACE. George! we shall meet again, sir.

DEL MONTE. Ay, and if you are reasonable, pass six or seven pleasant months together aboard my ship there (*pointing; HORACE hurries off up rock, r.*) Ha! he guesses what I am—guesses me; as if there were on earth one who knew the past, and could discover in the Marquis Del Monte one feature of the adventurer, Carlos. Those who knew me fifteen years ago have disappeared; the ocean engulfed the family of the Lascours; and flames destroyed the ship, "Urania" upon a desert shore; as for my accomplices, I have rid myself of them one by one, and the poisoned dart of the Indians has quieted those whom famine and sickness failed to kill. I have succeeded! I, who have neither family or friends—who have had neither assistance or affection—I, who am alone—alone—whom no one knows—whom no one loves; I who am egotism set in gold, I go to Paris—to the modern Babylon, to buy all I see! room then for the man who bears a million in each hand! room for the Marquis del Monte! room for the man of gold—the monarch of the world! (*guns, &c., outside*)

Enter DIANA and MARIE DE THERINGE, l.

DIANA. (c.) Again attacked! and Horace—where is Horace?

MADAME. (r. c.) In the fight, no doubt!

DIANA. Oh! they will kill him!

DEL MONTE. (l.) Fear nothing, ladies; our outposts are most vigilant; the fight is in the ravine, and we can talk here as safely and as unconcernedly as if we were in a drawing room.

Enter OFFICER, on the rock, r.

Well sir!

OFFICER. The Indians are completely routed.

DIANA. And Monsieur de Brionne?

OFFICER. Has saved the Captain's life; he fought like a lion!

DIANA. Is he wounded?

OFFICER. No, madame, but many of us are, and I am now seeking assistance.

Descends and goes off, l. u. e.

DIANA. } We will be the first to bear it them.

MADAME. }

Exit up rock, r.

DEL MONTE. A charming girl—charming, and yet I am not in love with her. Strange! one passion—that for gold, reigns here; now that passion is sated, I can satisfy my every wish; I can look on the noblest, the loveliest, and most virtuous, and say—she is mine if I choose! But 'tis not the heart that's satisfied; the heart! Am I destined never to love?

HORACE and GEORGE appear on the rock, looking behind them.

HORACE. Do you see her now?

GEORGE. No, she has disappeared among the rocks.

HORACE. Perhaps she has taken flight?

DEL MONTE. She! Who?

GEORGE. This girl, Marquis.

DEL MONTE. What girl?

GEORGE. Ogarita.

DEL MONTE. Ogarita!

GEORGE. An Indian girl belonging to the tribe that assailed us, and very pretty.

DEL MONTE. Umph!

GEORGE. A most singular adventure. We were in pursuit of the Indians, when a young girl, instead of flying with the rest of the tribe, ran towards us in spite of the bullets that whizzed past her; she surveyed us with great curiosity, looked eagerly at our dress and our arms, then put her hands to her head as if trying to remember. Monsieur Horace spoke to her; she seemed to understand certain words: I gave the order to retreat, she remained transfixed a moment, and then followed us. She will be here shortly.

DEL MONTE. Very odd,—but how know you her name is Ogarita?

GEORGE. The Indians called to her to follow them, and I supposed it was her name.

DEL MONTE. Ogarita means, in the Indian tongue, "wheat blossom, or wild flower," and if there is half as much poetry in the girl, as in her name—

GEORGE. You understand their tongue, monsieur?

DEL MONTE. Yes.

GEORGE. Then you can interrogate her.

HORACE. She is here!

OGARITA appears on the rock. *She examines GEORGE with curiosity; then sees HORACE, runs to him, smiles on him, takes his hand, and speaks.*

OGARITA. (l. c.) Tayo! Eva!

DEL MONTE. (r.) She calls you friend, brother!

HORACE. (l.) She is very lovely!

DEL MONTE. Let me see! (*he turns her towards him and starts—aside*) those features! am I mad? this girl cannot be twenty, and Madame de Lascours would have been fifty.

GEORGE. What think you, sir?

DEL MONTE. Yes—she is pretty. This resemblance is strange, the sight of her seems to make me feel remorse, and my heart beats as if it said, behold the woman you shall love! (*aside*) There, send her away.

HORACE. For what?

GEORGE. Will you not question her?

DEL MONTE. With what purpose?

GEORGE. Oh, say but a few words to her.

DEL MONTE. Well— (*he goes towards OGARITA, she shrinks from him to l.*) you see, she shrinks from me; 'tis for you, Monsieur Horace, she reserves her smiles.

HORACE. Is it not strange, sir, that instinct should make her shudder at your approach?

DEL MONTE. At mine?

HORACE. I will ask her a question.

DEL MONTE. In Indian?

HORACE. No—but she will understand me, for my heart and eyes will say more than my lips.

DEL MONTE. And on what subject shall you question her?

HORACE. (c.) About you!

DEL MONTE. (r. c.) About me!

HORACE. Why not?

DEL MONTE. (*shrugging*) As you please.

HORACE. (*using pantomime as he speaks*) Ogarita—this man, do you know him? Have you ever seen him before? (*she goes further from DEL MONTE*) Are you afraid to approach him? (*he conducts her to DEL MONTE*)

OGARITA. Oh! (*she shudders and runs into l. corner*)

DEL MONTE. (*aside*) And I thought I felt as if I loved her. (*aloud*) Now that Monsieur de Brionne is satisfied, send her away!

GEORGE. After all 'tis perhaps curiosity that has brought her here, and we have given to her gestures a meaning which was not intended by her, or they were the result of accident.

DEL MONTE. Of course!

HORACE. But look, my friend, that noble face—those suppliant eyes—those lips that wish to speak; no, here there is some extraordinary mystery.

DEL MONTE. Captain, who commands here? I or M. Horace?

GEORGE. Come, poor girl, you must go, with our best wishes; return to your mountains, to your husband, or your mother.

OGARITA. (*instantly*) Mother!

HORACE. That word.

GEORGE. Did you hear, Marquis?

DEL MONTE. Yes—does it astonish you?

HORACE. It does; the accent—the expression.

DEL MONTE. She has doubtless heard the word from some prisoner when her tribe was conducting him to the stake; if anything surprises me, it is the interest you take in a she-devil whose companions would scalp us if they could.

HORACE. I will take her to France with me?

DEL MONTE. In what ship?

HORACE. That which George commands.

DEL MONTE. That ship is my property, and it would be at least polite to ask my permission.

HORACE. I do ask it then, Marquis.

DEL MONTE. And I refuse it. Send her away, I command!

HORACE. Adieu then—I command you to the care of heaven!

OGARITA. Heaven! (*she looks at DEL MONTE and points to heaven*)

DEL MONTE. If my fears speak rightly, oh mayst thou disappear for ever; the ocean rejected thee—the desert brings thee back.

OGARITA *shakes hands with GEORGE, appears reluctant to quit*

HORACE, whose hand she kisses, then slowly departing when she is met by DIANA and MARIE DE THERINGE, who descend the rock, R.—they start on seeing OGARITA, C.

DIANA. (C.) Ah!

MADAME. (C.) Great heavens! those eyes—that face—it is—

DIANA. It is my mother's!

HORACE. (R.) Diana!

DEL MONTE. (L.) What says she? (aside)

(OGARITA, L. C., looks at them, then indicates she does not know them)

MADAME. Oh heaven! who art thou—speak!

HORACE. Alas, madame, she is a poor Indian girl, who cannot understand you.

MADAME. It is—it must be! Diana, is it not the image of your poor mother?

DIANA. It is—as I see her brilliant and lovely in my dreams.

DEL MONTE. Ah! these orphans discover that everybody is like their mothers. (aloud) So you think, mademoiselle, that Ogarita is like your mother, Marie de Theringe?

MADAME. My daughter was not called Marie de Theringe, she bore her husband's name.

DIANA. Yes, Louise de Lascours!

DEL MONTE. (aside) Louise de Lascours!

DIANA. But she who recalls to us everything dear and sacred—she must not leave us, mother?

MADAME. No, my child!

HORACE. I would carry her to France with us, but the Marquis Del Monte will not give his permission.

DIANA. Monsieur, 'tis impossible!

DEL MONTE. 'Tis true, madame.

DIANA. Oh! if my heart deceive me not, thou who—how shall I speak to thee to recall thy recollection.

HORACE. Her name is Ogarita!

DIANA. Ogarita! That is not her Christian name, the name thy mother called thee! Think—thy mother—the ocean—a ship—sailors like these men here.

MADAME. A shipwreck!

DIANA. Cries for help—the despairing kisses of thy mother—

OGARITA. Mother!

DIANA. You remember, do you not? (OGARITA indicates she cannot) Nothing?

MADAME. Nothing!

DEL MONTE. I presume now, no one will dispute my orders. Captain de Laval! Send this girl away!

MADAME. In the name of heaven—

DIANA. Marquis—

HORACE. George! What will you do?

GEORGE. I cannot consult my wishes—I must do my duty.

DEL MONTE. Away with her, sir, I command you!

HORACE. One moment! (crosses to DEL MONTE) For the last time, I ask you to retract that order.

DEL MONTE. (R.) I refuse!

HORACE. (l. c.) Captain de Laval, I am about to make you sole master of that vessel. Draw, sir! (*they cross swords—DIANA throws herself on her knees between them, the men retreat a little*)

DIANA. (c., *praying*) Oh, Thou! Protector of the feeble and of orphans!

O GARITA. (c., *the chord of memory struck, kneeling by her side*) "Oh thou pro-tec-tor—of the feeble and orphans."

MADAME. Listen—go on.

DIANA. Ah! Save us—

O GARITA. "Save us from the abyss that threa—tens—and the wicked who kill!"

MADAME. The prayer that I taught my daughter—that she taught to her child.

DIANA. Sister! Sister! (*embracing*) You see, sir, she is my sister!

MADAME. (l. c.) Can you refuse us now, sir?

DEL MONTE. No, madame, the Marquis del Monte is not quite so black as that young gentleman would paint him. Let us prepare for our departure, and thanks to the presence of two angels whose prayers will go direct to heaven, our voyage will doubtless be a prosperous one.

MADAME. } Thanks—thanks!

DIANA. }

DIANA. My sister! My dear sister! Do you understand? Are you happy? Let us go.

DEL MONTE. (*apart*) How strange! I am happy that I shall not be separated from her. (*distant Indian chorus heard without, accompanied by Indian drum and cymbal*)

MADAME. What is that?

HORACE. The song of her tribe. (*O GARITA looks off, and indicates an adieu, and that she is sad, that the singers are endeared to her, that she cannot leave them—she goes to the rock, R.*)

DIANA. Do you regret leaving this country? To go with us? To go to France, the country of your mother?

O GARITA. Mother—ah, mother!

O GARITA hurriedly descends the rock, and embraces DIANA and MADAME; HORACE and GEORGE, R.; DEL MONTE, extreme L.; the song heard as the curtain falls. Tableau.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Paris. Magnificent Saloon; large doors c., doors R. and L.; enclosed scene; mirror, R 1 E.; tables, chairs, sofa; window, R. U. E., overlooking Paris. GEORGE discovered seated pensively R.; knocking at outer door, which GEORGE does not notice; the c. doors open and DEL MONTE enters splendidly dressed.*

DEL MONTE. M. de Laval, I salute you! I denied you yesterday

to meet me here, but I did not desire you to keep me knocking at the door.

GEORGE. (*rising*) Pardon me, marquis, I did not hear.

DEL MONTE. Possibly ! I never wait, so I burst the lock——

GEORGE. (*R.*) I repeat, monsieur, I did not hear you.

DEL MONTE. (*C.*) Enough ! We must take care of you, my dear M. de Laval : you are in ill health.

GEORGE. Sir !

DEL MONTE. You are suffering from pains, there—(*pointing to his heart*) scruples of conscience !

GEORGE. Could it be otherwise ? I am no longer a free agent ; I submit to the will of an inflexible master ; Oh, sir, give me back my liberty !

DEL MONTE. Your liberty, ungrateful ! Have I not placed you in the confidence of the Regent ? Are you not continually near his royal person ?

GEORGE. Yes, as your spy !

DEL MONTE. Ah ! you forget that one day, in order to raise money to support the extravagancies of a woman with whom you were in love, you accidentally signed a parchment with a name not your own.

GEORGE. For mercy's sake, sir——

DEL MONTE. I purchased this precious parchment, and——

GEORGE. For heaven's love, silence, sir !

DEL MONTE. 'Tis not only *your* ruin, but the dishonour of your name—your family——

GEORGE. My father ! Mercy, sir ! I am your slave.

DEL MONTE. Good ! Madame de Theringe believes still that this hotel belongs to you.

GEORGE. She does ?

DEL MONTE. She does not suspect the hand that circles her—the eye that looks on every act—the ear that catches every word !

GEORGE. No, though sometimes she thinks 'tis strange——

DEL MONTE. And you have quieted her suspicions ?

GEORGE. Yes.

DEL MONTE. Where is Horace ?

GEORGE. At the Palais Royal ; he is soliciting an appointment as a lieutenant.

DEL MONTE. Madame de Theringe wishes for the union of Horace with Mademoiselle Diana ?

GEORGE. She has written to the Regent for his consent.

DEL MONTE. I fear Horace does not love Diana ; find out for me, you are his friend.

GEORGE. Would you have me abuse his confidence to that extent ? Rob him of his secrets in the sacred name of friendship ?

DEL MONTE. Of course, or where the use of your being his friend ?

GEORGE. I am his friend no longer, sir ! He is an honest man. His friendship I have fled from, for fear you would ask me to betray him. Since the day on which you crossed swords with him, I have shunned his confidence. With his noble heart and high honour I have now no sympathies. Seek your spies on him elsewhere.

DEL MONTE. No more useless words, my dear M. de Laval, announce my visit to Madame de Theringe, and then go wait upon his highness.

GEORGE. I will protect Horace (*aside*) though to resist this man is to combat with a demon !

DEL MONTE. So I am in love—I—Carlos, the indomitable adventurer—the man of sinister intrigues and desperate crimes—who has passed twelve years in a desert in the pursuit of gold. Yes, 'tis so—I have a heart, a heart that desires and suffers. My crimes, my ambition, my egotism, the pride of success and power, all are vanquished by love, and for a girl who bears the name of Lascours; No matter! I have tried to quell this passion, but since I cannot, I will gratify it. Ogarita! thou shall be mine, spite of thy hate, spite of the fearful past, in spite of all! Why does she hate me? why always shudder if I approach her? can she recollect me? recognise me? no, I am certain she does not! During the voyage, and since our arrival, I have looked with a delighted painful charm on the dawning of her intellect; and, as we watch the budding of a flower, have seen, step by step, her mind free itself from the darkness that enthralled it.

Enter MADAME DE THERINGE, C.

MADAME. (c.) Marquis, I was seeking you!

DEL MONTE. (r.) Madame, you honour me. (*bowing*)

MADAME. I came to say, that at my age one believes no longer in fairy tales.

DEL MONTE. I do not understand you.

MADAME. Since our arrival here, if I give an order it is obeyed immediately—if I have a wish it is instantly gratified as if by enchantment; the servants seem to be changed into familiar spirits, they wear my livery; yesterday, as I was going out, I found a carriage with my arms upon its panels; last evening, my children spoke of our forthcoming presentation at the Court; two hours after they found in their chamber the rarest silks, the most costly jewels; and something tells me, Marquis, you know our invisible benefactor.

DEL MONTE. I do!

MADAME. And his name?

DEL MONTE. Philippe d'Orleans!

MADAME. The Regent! can his Highness—

DEL MONTE. His Highness having restored you to France from a long exile, wishes you to appear at his Court with the dignity worthy of your rank.

MADAME. And who has his Highness selected as the medium of his bounty?

DEL MONTE. (*bowing*) The most devoted of your servants.

MADAME. You!

Enter DIANA and OGARITA, C.

DIANA. Come, Ogarita, Horace is here.

OGARITA. Horace! (*she runs towards DEL MONTE*) No! (*she runs from him*)

DEL MONTE. (R.) Mademoiselle is not pleased to see me?

OGARITA. (L. C.) No!

DIANA. (L.) Ogarita!

MADAME. (C.) Excuse her?

DEL MONTE. Oh!

OGARITA. Why excuse me? Ogarita has not done wrong!

MADAME. My love, your rank—your sex—custom—society—
exacts certain forms—to be polite—

OGARITA. To be polite—ah! to disguise one's thoughts. (*going to him, she curseys*) Marquis Del Monte, you are amiable!—you are handsome!—you are good!—Ogarita is glad to see you! There—I have been polite.

DIANA. Sister! (*OGARITA sits on the stage R.C., against sofa cushions*)

OGARITA. I am resting, mother. 'Twas thus Ogarita climbed the summit of a mountain to contemplate the skies—space—heaven!

DEL MONTE. (*at window*) From this balcony one can see a spectacle still grander!

OGARITA. What?

DEL MONTE. Do you not admire these palaces, these monuments, these civilized wonders, that reveal at every step the power of the intellect of man?

OGARITA. And our wild savannahs—are domes of verdure that revealed at every step the power of heaven!

DEL MONTE. Believe me, life is not in the desert—it is here—here! In this human furnace—in this whirl of fetes—this scene of luxury—in the possession of fortune without equal—power without bounds—you do not listen to me—you avert your face. (*lowering his voice*) Oh! if you would but hearken to the profoundest love—

OGARITA. (*bounding from him*) Leave me! There are moments in which the very sound of your voice is hateful to me!

DEL MONTE. (R. C.) But why hate me? I have never done you harm!

OGARITA. (R.) Who knows?

MADAME. Ogarita!

DIANA. Sister!

OGARITA. In our tribe, we believed in an existence before this one—and, if I had not read that sacred book you gave me, sister, I should believe that in some other world I had suffered from that man.

DEL MONTE. What an idea!

OGARITA. Yes—I feel almost convinced that I have before heard that voice—before felt that look upon me—but when—oh! when?

DEL MONTE. (*aside*) Strange! (*crosses to L.*)

MADAME. My child—this is not reason!

OGARITA. Why not? 'Tis not the only thing Ogarita has forgotten. When an infant I received the caresses of a mother—I have forgotten it!

MADAME. Forgotten all?

OGARITA. Yes—all!

DIANA. And the prayer—

MADAME. Yes—begun by Diana—its words, that you remembered?

OGARITA. Doubtless I spoke them when the Indians found me on the shore—I was insensible! I had a wound upon my head—reason was gone! Ogarita pronounced words the Indians could not understand. When I returned to life—a veil covered the past—memory was an abyss of night.

MADAME. Patience, my child—you will remember all in time.

OGARITA. I shall! I wait to do so.

DEL MONTE. (*aside*) She must be mine!

OGARITA. Ogarita often thinks of the poor Indians who preserved her; she had friends among them; she loved them with joy and laughter; but you, 'tis with sweet tears she loves you. There, in the far-off land, she had but companions, here she has a mother—a dear sister—and between them a remembrance, a cherished shadow, whom she feels caresses her, whose voice speaks to her.

DIANA. My mother!

OGARITA. (*placing their hands upon her heart, repeats*) "Mother!"
(and) Oh! I love you! I love you!

HORACE enters, c.

Horace! I love him too! I love you all!

DEL MONTE. (r., *aside*) Perhaps him, more than all!

DIANA. (r. c.) You are late.

HORACE. (c.) I had this morning an audience with the Regent!
(OGARITA, l. c.)

MADAME. (l.) Doubtless he spoke to you of his kindness, his protection of us?

HORACE. No, madame, he did not even know you were in France.

DEL MONTE. (*aside*) Diable!

HORACE. He only knew of your arrival from the letter that I presented to him.

MADAME. Is it possible! Then, monsieur, what you told me—

DEL MONTE. I avow, madame, I deceived you.

MADAME. And this house, sir,—these servants?

DEL MONTE. Belong to me!

MADAME. Then, doubtless, monsieur, you will not refuse an explanation of your conduct to the Countess de Theringe.

DEL MONTE. Certainly not. I love Mdlle. de Lascours.

OGARITA. Me!

HORACE. Then she does not love you!

DEL MONTE. I was not speaking to you, sir!

OGARITA. Horace, your thought is mine.

HORACE. What can you hope now, sir?

DEL MONTE. Everything! I am very tenacious—and, I hope, by attention, to triumph over an aversion that is without cause. I offer to mademoiselle, my hand—the greatest name in Mexico—the

largest fortune in France—and her share of a sovereign power, which has both throne and crown of gold !

HORACE. I tell you again, sir, she does not love you.

DEL MONTE. And I tell you again, sir, that I am not speaking to you. Madame, 'tis you alone I address !

MADAME. You should have addressed yourself to me, sir, before this, and if you think to dazzle us with your splendid offer, you are in error; it is not by a mysterious protection, by gifts almost insulting, a gentleman would seek our alliance. I only consult my daughter's feelings;—speak, Ogarita, will you be the wife of the Marquis del Monte ?

OGARITA. Me !

DEL MONTE. 'Tis not only my love, but riches—power without bounds, I offer you.

OGARITA. I refuse your riches—your power—your love !

MADAME. Now, sir, as we cannot order you to leave a house which is your own, we will be the first to quit it.

DEL MONTE. I retire, madame; and if some day misfortune should fall upon you—and it shall fall (*aside*)—you will always find the hand ready to assist you, that you have repulsed to-day.

Exit, c.

DIANA. His adieu is a menace—Horace, we must see the Regent.

HORACE. But first we must leave this house. I must wait till a servant, whom I have just engaged, arrives; he will be here directly.

MADAME. I have friends at Court, and I will write to them to obtain for me the protection of his Highness.

Exit, l. d.

OGARITA. (c.) Brother—this love ! is it something horrible, that my heart so sickened when that man was speaking of it ?

HORACE. (l.) Love—as he understands the word—is degrading, corrupt, infamous—a few days luxury, a few hours pleasure—then abandonment, infamy, remorse.

DIANA. But there is another sort of love, my sister !

OGARITA. Another !

DIANA. (r.) Pure love, blessed by heaven—a love of sacrifice and devotion.

OGARITA. Speak on—speak on !

DIANA. The love that elevates the mind—that fills the heart with rapture.

OGARITA. Go on—go on !

DIANA. That of the bride, the wife, the mother !

OGARITA. Yes ! that is my love—that is the love I feel !

Enter SERVANT, c.

SERVANT. (*giving letter to HORACE*) From his Highness the Regent.

Exit, c.

HORACE. (*opening it*) My appointment as lieutenant; and, yes, his Highness approves my marriage with Mdlle. Diana de Lascours.

DIANA. Horace!

OGARITA. Marriage!—Diana!—Horace!

DIANA. Yes, I am to be his wife!

OGARITA. Wife!—do you love him then?

DIANA. Yes.

OGARITA. "The love of the bride—the wife—the mother!"
(forcibly) a marriage—to live entirely for one another? you for
him—he for you?

DIANA. Sister, what ails you?

OGARITA. Nothing—nothing.

DIANA. You are ill!

OGARITA. No, Ogarita is well, Ogarita is happy! is not she loved
too? Del Monte has asked her to be his wife!

DIANA. Sister, you are in pain?

OGARITA. Yes, I am in pain.

DIANA. Why?

OGARITA. Because—because I am—I am jealous.

DIANA. Jealous!

OGARITA. You will be so happy, that I shall be a burthen on you;
you will forget me as one dead.

HORACE. Forget you—never!

OGARITA. I spoke to my sister, not you.

DIANA. (aside) How she looks on him.

OGARITA. I will leave you—I will go! what should I do among
you? I—a child of the desert—a savage as you call me. In your
world everything wounds me, irritates me, tortures me.

DIANA. (aside) This horrible thought!

OGARITA. I will go! (going)

HORACE. Ogarita! Remember—you are the joy of this family—
the loved of all—if you leave us you rob us of every happiness
and condemn us to an eternal sorrow.

OGARITA. (hesitating) Horace!

DIANA. (aside) Yes—they love each other!

OGARITA. (looking at DIANA) No—'tis impossible! My liberty!
I will be free!

She is rushing out, c., when she is met by BARABAS.

BARABAS. (l. c., up) Beg pardon, but I came to receive orders of—
(seeing OGARITA's face) Oh! Heaven!

OGARITA. Why do you stop me?

BARABAS. It is—no—yes—alive! living! You, then, like me,
were picked up by a Danish vessel, from icebergs and white bears.

HORACE. Do you know whom you speak to?

BARABAS. Of course I do—to Madame de Lascours.

MADAME DE THERINGE who has entered, l.

MADAME. Did you know her then?

BARABAS. Know her! ha! ha! I should think I did!

OGARITA. } Our mother?

DIANA. }

HORACE. (l.) Where?

BARABAS. Aboard the "Urania," where I was cabin-boy and sailor.

MADAME. (L. C.) My friend, Madame de Lascours is dead!

BARABAS. (*looking at OGARITA*) Why you're younger than when I knew you. She can't have got younger this last fifteen years—ah—I see—yes—you're her daughter!

OGARITA. (C.) I do not know you.

BARABAS. (C.) But I know you, Miss Marie.

OGARITA. Marie? Marie? That name—Marie—'twas my name when I was a child—the name given me by my mother. (*recollecting*)

BARABAS. Yes—yes—when you used to pull my nose and my ears—this one particularly, which is the reason it's so much longer than the other—when you used to say I was your dog—your big Newfoundland dog—and I used to bark—and now you don't know me—don't know your poor—

OGARITA. Stay—stay! Yes—Ba-ra-bas!

BARABAS. (*delighted*) Yes!

OGARITA. Ah! the mist clears away—my childhood comes back to me! Oh, Barabas— (*he barks several times, she joining in the cry, and at last raptuously embraces him*) Speak—speak to me of my mother!

BARABAS. Wait a bit—my scuppers are running over—I'm such a little coward. You remember—O—o—oh!—(*crying*) wow! wow! wow!—excuse me, ladies, but my pumps are—oh!—don't you remember—on the voyage to Mexico I used to sing—Yeo! ho! yeo! (*singing*) nice little song—six hundred and ninety-three verses long—and a d—d rascal raised a mutiny among the crew—and your brave father—oh, oh!—(*crying*) your brave father, my old captain, knocked him over, and was going to cook his goose, when a d—d rascal, number two, caught you up in his arms and was going to pitch you overboard?

OGARITA. Yes, I remember all! a woman appears—pale, breathless, trembling—her arms extended towards me! I think I see her now. (*she is face to face with the mirror, R.*) Ah, my mother! 'Tis she—'tis she! I see her twice. Here—(*in the glass*)—and here! (*pointing to her heart*) I am like her, am I not?

MADAME. } Yes—yes!

DIANA. }

OGARITA. Oh, my mother! I feel again your hot tears when we were abandoned—I feel again the pressure of your hands as when we prayed upon the ice together—I hear again your last prayer when the boiling waves engulfed you. (*she sinks in DIANA'S arms*)

MADAME. And the man who caused the mutiny—

HORACE. The wretch who caused the death of M. de Lascours and his wife.

BARABAS. He was called Carlos.

OGARITA. Carlos!

BARABAS. You remember him, ma'amselle?

OGARITA. Stay!

BARABAS. A dark complexion—black eyes—thin lips—

Enter DEL MONTE, c., advancing, R. C.

OGARITA. (*recognising CARLOS*) Ah!

BARABAS. Oh!

OGARITA. (*to BARABAS*) 'Tis he?

BARABAS. Yes!

OGARITA. Silence! Go in there. (*pointing to door, L.*)

BARABAS. Yes, ma'amselle, I'd rather, for I'm getting frightened, and if one of my fits of cowardice comes on, damn me, if I shan't strangle him.

Exit BARABAS, L.

DEL MONTE. Pardon this intrusion, madame, but I come to tell you that though you may have devoted friends at Court, you have also powerful enemies. I grieve to announce to you that a heavy misfortune is about to fall on you.

OMNES. A misfortune!

HORACE. What is it, sir? For surely if our enemies know, you know.

DEL MONTE. You are mistaken, M. Horace, I know nothing; M. de Laval can inform you.

Enter GEORGE, with SOLDIERS, who guard the door, c.

GEORGE. Madame de Theringe and Mademoiselle Diana de Lascours are to be re-conducted to Mexico in a vessel belonging to Government.

DIANA. Another exile!

MADAME. To me it will be death.

OGARITA. We will go together, mother; we shall be with you to console, to love you, mother.

DEL MONTE. (*who has taken the order from GEORGE*) Alas, mademoiselle, the order decrees that they are to sail without you.

OGARITA. Without me—impossible!

DEL MONTE. It says so here.

OGARITA. And Horace?

GEORGE. (*c., to HORACE*) In the name of the king, your sword!

HORACE. M. de Laval, I pity you. Where am I to be conducted?

DEL MONTE. To the Bastille!

MADAME. } The Bastille!

DIANA. }

DIANA. No, let them kill us rather. Mercy, sir, mercy! (*to DEL MONTE*)

(*DEL MONTE signs to the SOLDIERS; they surround HORACE*)

OGARITA. Horace! Sister! Mother!—They shall not separate us!

OGARITA. (*to her*) Silence! Ask nothing of him.

DIANA. Mother!

MADAME. My child—heaven guard thee!

They embrace OGARITA, who is passive and abstracted, and exeunt, guarded, c.

OGARITA. (*L.*) Alone! Alone amid a world new to me. Alone! no! not alone—my mother's spirit guards me.

DEL MONTE. (R.) You see, mademoiselle, no one can oppose my will.

Ogarita. True.

DEL MONTE. Princes are my allies—my slaves!

Ogarita. True.

DEL MONTE. This omnipotent power I would share with you. (*Ogarita starts*) You should be the companion of my splendour; the wife of one so rich as I am, could crush every obstacle, trample on every foe. Ogarita, I offered you my hand and you rejected it.

Ogarita. (*she holds out her hand, he kisses it, and kneels*) Marquis del Monte, I accept it now.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE.—*A magnificent Gallery, supported by columns and shut in by hangings, looking on steps leading up to a Terrace; Park at back; doors R. and L.; splendid furniture; table R.*

Enter DEL MONTE, INTENDANT, and SERVANTS.

DEL MONTE. (C.) Have you informed the marchioness of our departure?

INTENDANT. (R.) Yes, monsieur the marquis.

DEL MONTE. I have changed my mind. 'Tis not to-night—'tis this instant I quit Paris!

INTENDANT. I am afraid, monsieur, that will be impossible.

DEL MONTE. Never utter that word to me, sir! Pay ten, twenty, an hundred times the cost; but let me be obeyed. I quit Paris in one hour. Go! *They exit, L. D.*

Yes, you must leave Paris, Ogarita. I will tear you from this world that surrounds you with homage and adulation. Isolated alone with me, far from this polished Court, you will not again repulse my love! Repulse me! By what right? Am I not her husband—her lord—her master! Master! Poor fool! Despite my pride she has sole dominion over me—a word from her demolishes my projects—overturns all my resolutions—and my most determined will melts before a smile from her. But why did she consent to this marriage, if we are for ever to remain strangers to each other? Oh, this love renders me imbecile—cowardly—Oh, woman! How I shall hate thee when my reason shall return to me!

SERVANT. (*announcing*) M. Georges de Laval—Monsieur the Secretary of the Spanish Ambassador.

Enter GEORGE and SECRETARY, L. D.

SECRETARY. We came to make our adieus, monsieur; we grieve for the departure of your Excellency, but we comprehend that sated

with splendours and pleasures, you seek for retirement, to be alone with your happiness.

DEL MONTE. My happiness ! Yes.

SECRETARY. The world boasts no lady so lovely, so accomplished as the Marchioness ; her love is worthy of a crown.

DEL MONTE. Her love ! Yes. But pardon, M. de Laval, have you anything to say to me ?

GEORGE. I wait your orders.

DEL MONTE. My orders !

GEORGE. Monsieur, is it necessary to your plans, that Madame de Theringe should die in Mexico far from her child ?

DEL MONTE. It is.

GEORGE. Will you not release Horace from the Bastille ?

DEL MONTE. No ! (*aside*) Horace, Madame de Theringe, Diana, these are my weapons against thee, Ogarita ! (*aloud*) When does their vessel sail for Mexico ?

GEORGE. In eight days.

DEL MONTE. Good !

GEORGE. But are not your wishes accomplished ? Is not Ogarita your wife ? Are you not satisfied ? Happy !—can you not afford to indulge in generosity ?

DEL MONTE. Silence, sir ! I want no moralizing, and I expect my servants to obey me without comment.

GEORGE. I am not your servant !

DEL MONTE. True ! my servants can leave me when they please. It is only my slaves I hold rivetted to their chain !

GEORGE. Could I but break mine—

DEL MONTE. What pleasure you would have in being avenged on me ! I understand ; but you cannot break it, and you never shall. Messieurs, adieu ! 'tis time that we depart.

Enter OGARITA, r. d., splendidly dressed.

OGARITA. Adieu ! depart, no !

DEL MONTE. How !

OGARITA. Ogarita salutes you ! (*all bow*) you will be welcome at the fete we give to-night.

DEL MONTE. A fete ?

OGARITA. Yes.

DEL MONTE. Do you know that I have given orders for our departure ?

OGARITA. Yes.

DEL MONTE. And you have given orders for a fete ?

OGARITA. Yes.

DEL MONTE. And do you not fear my anger ?

OGARITA. No.

DEL MONTE. Have a care !

OGARITA. Del Monte threatens Ogarita ! when he looks on her, he will regret it and submit.

DEL MONTE. Submit—I—

OGARITA. (*dropping her fan; all the gentlemen run to pick it up*)

Stay ! Ogarita has but one servant—come, monsieur, give it me—on your knees, my lord and master. (DEL MONTE *kneels for fan with his eyes fixed on her; he is about to seize her hand, she withdraws it quickly*) You may rise, sir, Ogarita requires nothing more.

DEL MONTE. This is too much !

OGARITA. What ?

DEL MONTE. I would speak with you, alone.

OGARITA. Go, countermand our departure. I will dismiss our friends here till the fete this evening.

DEL MONTE. A fete ! did I not say that I would not—

OGARITA. What matter ! did I not say that I would ?

DEL MONTE. Madame !

OGARITA. Have we not one will—one soul, go !

DEL MONTE. Messieurs. (*he bows*)

Exit, l. d.

OGARITA. Ah ! I breathe again ! I have again conquered myself.

SECRETARY. This evening then, madame—

GUESTS *bow and retire, l. d., the curtains at the back are closed by SERVANTS.*

OGARITA. (*to SECRETARY*) One moment, I pray. (*aside to him*) Monsieur the Secretary to the Ambassador of Spain, I ask a favour of you, and perhaps I may be of service to you ; yesterday you lost a large sum at play, which you cannot immediately pay.

SECRETARY. It is true : I was cheated, and I wish to pay that money that I may punish those who duped me.

OGARITA. Can any of your friends lend you this sum ?

SECRETARY. None.

OGARITA. (*strikes gong on table*)

Enter BARABAS, R. D.

Monsieur wants money.

BARABAS. (*crossing to SEC.*) How much ?

SECRETARY. You to—

BARABAS. I'm the banker to M. la Marquis. How much ?

SECRETARY. I know not whether I ought—

BARABAS. How should you know till you've tried. How much ?

OGARITA. (R. C.) The sum, sir ?

SECRETARY. (L.) Ten thousand crowns.

BARABAS. A trifle. (*takes rouleaux and notes from his pocket*) There—count—if that isn't enough, speak—(*opens his pocket*) The bank is open !

SECRETARY. Madame, as I am certain I shall soon be able to return it, I accept.

BARABAS. Good—Bank's closed. (*buttons pocket*) The establishment shuts up for the evening.

SECRETARY. (L. C.) You said I could render you a service ?

OGARITA. (C.) Did you send to Spain for the information I required ?

SECRETARY. Respecting the archives of the Del Monte family—I did—they are now at the Embassy.

OGARITA. I must have them to-day—in an hour—'tis a surprise
I wish to give my husband.

SECRETARY. In one hour I will bring them to you.

He bows and exit, L. D.

OGARITA. George. (*he advances*) My mother and sister, will
they soon sail?

GEORGE. In eight days.

BARABAS. That's a short time.

OGARITA. Will Horace remain in the Bastille?

GEORGE. For ever!

BARABAS. That's much longer!

GEORGE. Heaven is my witness, I would give my life to save
them.

OGARITA. I know it. Barabas!

BARABAS. Ay—ay—my little captain! Must I open the Bank
again?

OGARITA. No—that paper—

BARABAS. Here. (*gives it and retires*)

OGARITA. George, you have committed a crime, but you have
cruelly expiated it. (*aside to him, and giving him the paper*)

GEORGE. What—the forged document—you give me back my
life and liberty, for you restore to me my honour!

BARABAS. All done up in that little bit of paper?

GEORGE. Oh, madame, 'tis five years since I dare look upon my
father's face—I am now free!—freed by you—I am yours to the
death! Command me! Speak!

OGARITA. Think then of those who suffer!

GEORGE. I understand, and I hasten to throw myself at the feet
of the Regent,

OGARITA. That way. Del Monte!

Exit GEORGE, c.

BARABAS. Del Monte! I'm getting frightened—let me go. I'm
so afraid—the d——d rascal!

Exit, R. D.

Enter DEL MONTE, L. D.

DEL MONTE. Alone!

OGARITA. Did you not tell me to send away our guests?

DEL MONTE. Our guests! who felicitate me in my happiness—
I cannot bear so cruel a derision, and I will put an end to it.

OGARITA. Are you not happy?

DEL MONTE. (R.) Can you ask that? you know the love that
consumes me! love—passionate, raging, and you repulse me with
disdain. Why accept me as your husband if my love was hateful
to you?

OGARITA. (L.) It is not hateful! I glory in it! 'tis my chief
wish, my most ardent prayer, to be loved by you; and I swear to
you, you can never love me so much as I would have you.

DEL MONTE. Is it so? I will open my whole soul to you. Laugh
at my weakness if you will, but I tell you, Ogarita, you are my

only thought—the object of all my hopes—the subject of all my dreams; your words vibrate to my heart—your smiles intoxicate me—my power, my gold, I give up to you—all—all to you! and the most horrible thought that crosses me is the fear of dying without your having been mine.

OGARITA. (*with joy*) Speak on—speak on—I am happy!

DEL MONTE. Can it be? you swear it!

OGARITA. I swear it.

DEL MONTE. (*embracing her*) Ogarita!

OGARITA. I swear it by the memory of my mother!

DEL MONTE. (*recoiling*) Of your mother! (*aside*) at such a time.

OGARITA. You think me charming—but I, myself, feel strangely awkward in this rich attire; a poor savage with no one to instruct her how to bear her rank and riches. Where is my mother—and my sister?

DEL MONTE. You would wish to see them?

OGARITA. Yes, and they tell me, a letter from you to the Regent would bring them to me. Is that true?

DEL MONTE. Perhaps.

OGARITA. Write then, write, marquis, or I shall think you are deceiving me—that you do not think me charming—that you have never loved me.

DEL MONTE. (*with rapture*) Yes, I will write, I will do all you wish; I will be your humble submissive slave, do but smile on me, speak to me with one word of love. Are you not my wife—my treasure—my life—my all? (*about to embrace her*)

OGARITA. Leave me.

DEL MONTE. No, you are mine—mine! you shall not escape me longer.

OGARITA. Look on me—look in my face, and say you love me.

DEL MONTE. Pshaw!

OGARITA. *I—in your arms!*

DEL MONTE. Am I not your husband?

OGARITA. You are, and 'tis right that you should know what is passing in my heart. Marquis del Monte—my family were murdered! you knew that I believe?

DEL MONTE. *I—knew—it?*

OGARITA. Yes, I told you, did I not? I have told you of it often; but I did not tell you of the implacable—the savage—the unutterable hatred I bear towards their murderer; I did not tell you how I have waited for revenge, with heated breath and fixed eyes, as the warriors of my tribe dog an enemy through thicket and through forest. (*looking upon him with the expression she describes*)

DEL MONTE. That look—

OGARITA. You were rich, and I accepted your gold to purchase vengeance with; you were powerful, I accepted your power that I might crush my foe. You love me! I could love the man who brought to me, bound hand and foot, the assassin of my family, and dragged him to the scaffold. Marquis del Monte will you be that man?

DEL MONTE. (*shrinking*) Ogarita!

OGARITA. Call me Marie de Lascours!

DEL MONTE. Marie de Lascours! (*with effrontery*)

Ogarita. Yes, saved by heaven "from the abyss that threatened, and the wicked who kill."—Now tell me that you love me!

DEL MONTE. Well, Marie de Lascours, I have read your soul.

Ogarita. I am glad of it, for the constraint killed me.

DEL MONTE. I understand you, and I tell you I am still your master.

Ogarita. You—my master!

DEL MONTE. You call up the dead, remember the living!—you forget my power. The ship in which your mother and sister sail is mine. Heaven help them!

Ogarita. Coward!

DEL MONTE. And poor Horace too, the doors of his dungeon can be closed on him for ever.

Ogarita. Coward and murderer!

DEL MONTE. Aha, Marie de Lascours! You betrayed yourself too soon!

Enter SERVANT, l. d.

SERVANT. (*announcing*) Madame la Countesse de Theringe and Mademoiselle Diana de Lascours!

Enter MADAME and DIANA, l. d.

DEL MONTE. How!

SERVANT. Monsieur Horace de Brionne!

Enter HORACE, l. d.

DEL MONTE. (R.) He too!

Ogarita. (C.) I betrayed myself too soon.

DEL MONTE. They here! It is some dream! (*sinks into chair*)

Ogarita. Mother! (*MADAME repulses her*) You repulse me!

MADAME. (L.) I should never have seen you, Madame, but for the orders of the Regent!

DEL MONTE. The Regent!

Ogarita. And Horace!

HORACE. (L. C.) I did not wish to reproach you by my presence, Madame! but the doors of the Bastille opened to me, and I was brought here by order of the Regent.

DEL MONTE. The Regent! Did he sign that order?

Ogarita. (*aside*) How pale he is! How he has suffered?

HORACE. 'Tis this hateful marriage that has broken my heart! That man imprisoned your mother—your sister—and him, you have chosen to call husband!

Ogarita. Tis true!

HORACE. And as the dungeon doors closed on us, the bells rang for your marriage!

Ogarita. In mercy—

HORACE. I have done, Marie; they gave me liberty, now valueless; but if they deny me a dungeon, I can at least find a grave.

Ogarita. And Diana—

DIANA. Sister, I pity and forgive you, and despite myself I love you, and shall love you always.

OGARITA. Oh, thanks ! (*embracing her*) You believe that I married this man because he was rich. I am even more infamous, for I am wife to the murderer of my mother !

OMNES. How ?

DEL MONTE. (R.) You lie !

HORACE. Say on.

DEL MONTE. (*threatening*) Silence, or I swear——

HORACE. (*drawing and crossing, R. C., to DEL MONTE, his sword at his throat*) Say on, Marie, say on !

DEL MONTE. (*with rage*) No arms—no help !

OGARITA. I linked my destiny to yours, Marquis del Monte, that I might trace the crimes of your past life. I have lavished in the discovery of those crimes, ten times the gold you have expended to hide them. You offered me your hand—I took it, that I might lead you to the brink of the abyss of retribution—of destruction.

MADAME. My child ! }
DIANA. Sister ! } (*embracing her*)

DEL MONTE. Malediction on him who betrayed me to the Regent !

Enter GEORGE, from behind hangings.

GEORGE. 'Twas I betrayed you !

DEL MONTE. You !

OGARITA. Do not menace him, for I have restored to him the parchment which chained him to your service.

DEL MONTE. Well, what are your accusations—where your proofs ?

GEORGE draws the curtains and discovers the SECRETARY, a LIEUTENANT OF POLICE, and SOLDIERS on the steps.

OGARITA. Gentlemen, I promised to deliver into your hands the assassin of the family of the Lascours ! Fifteen years ago, he called himself Carlos ! Now he is called the Marquis del Monte.

OMNES. Del Monte !

SECRETARY. (*with papers*) I have here the proofs that the last of that family died twenty years ago.

DEL MONTE. If my name is not Del Monte, how can it be proved I ever was called Carlos ? Who can say I was ever aboard ship with Captain de Lascours, when of the whole crew and passengers of the "Urania" not one survived ?

Enter BARABAS, R. D., in costume of Act I.

BARABAS. Not one ! Who then am I ?

DEL MONTE. You, fellow ! I know you not !

BARABAS. Perhaps not, but I know you, Monsieur Carlos ! I am Barabas, sailor aboard the "Urania"; don't you recollect when you ordered the crew to fire a dozen shots at me ? I only returned one—a little one—but it took effect there—(*he seizes him tears open*)

his cravat and shows the scar) there's the mark of the bullet! You remember me now, don't you?

DEL MONTE. Barabas!

SECRETARY. His fate is certain: the Regent is convinced of his atrocious crimes, his wealth is confiscated to the family of his victims, and he himself doomed to degradation and the scaffold.

DEL MONTE. Death! What me! With riches without limit!—with power without bounds! Death!—to me, who can pay armies and purchase kingdoms!—'tis impossible—impossible!

OGARITA. It is true, murderer!—and by the daughter's hand the parents are avenged. Go, assassin, and die with the "horrible thought," that Ogarita never has been thine.

BARABAS. What a blessing it is, that I didn't kill you with that shot, else you would never have lived to be hanged.

DEL MONTE. You triumph!—but at least, I can die without fear. Do your duty, Messieurs.—(going up c., turns) Oh, that I could spit poison upon you! My curses, my dying malediction upon you!—upon you all! (he goes up the steps; the SOLDIERS surround him; the CHARACTERS in front, group; DIANA indicates that she gives up HORACE to OGARITA—Tableau)

Curtain.