

# MARRIED UN-MARRIED.

A Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

MORRIS BARNETT,

AUTHOR OF

"*The Serious Family*," "*The Bold Dragoons*," "*Serve Him Right*"  
"*Power and Principle*," &c., &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

909483

## MARRIED UNMARRIED.

*First performed at the Royal Princess's Theatre,  
on Saturday, March 25, 1854.*

---

### Characters.

COLONEL DE MALFI .....	MR. RYDER.
JUAN DE VILMAIN .....	MR. J. F. CATHCART.
COLIN GOGUENARD .....	MR. W. LACY.
SERGEANT OF GENS-D'ARMES .....	MR. COLLETT.
ADELE .....	MISS HEATH.
TOINETTE .....	MISS MURRAY.

*Servants, Gens-d'armes, &c., &c.*

---

SCENE—*At Vendôme.* PERIOD—1808, during the Empire.

---

### Costumes.

COLONEL DE MALFI.—Green military coat faced with white, buff waistcoat, white pantaloons, top boots—Act 2nd, cocked hat and cloak.

JUAN.—Brown jacket, grey trousers, black belt, fleshings, and wooden shoes.

COLIN GOGUENARD.—Blue blouse, trousers, ankle shoes, red wig, beard, moustache, red and black cap.

SERGEANT OF GENS-D'ARMES.—Costume of the period, 1808.

SERVANTS.—Blue liveries.

ADELE.—White skirt, black body, scarf and hat, short-waisted.

TOINETTE.—Striped petticoat, body, cap, &c. and apron.

---

*Time in representation, 1 hour and 5 minutes.*

X635 6469

# MARRIED UN-MARRIED.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Apartment in the Chateau de Vendôme. Doors at the back, and side doors; a table R., rather towards front; on L. table, and chairs at back.*

COLONEL DE MALFI *discovered walking.*

MALFI. Dexterity, boldness, no flinching, and one may get through anything. Here am I, after so long an exile from my native Piedmont, wandering over the world in poverty—here am I residing in France on my own estate, made a Colonel by Napoleon, married by him to a charming wife, and, what's better, to her charming fortune; her fortune is settled on herself to be sure, but what does that signify? I enjoy the income, and I spend it too; nothing but an hurricane from Piedmont can move me: there's nothing to fear, Turin's far enough off, as far as my conscience.

*Enter COLIN, half opens door at back.*

COLIN. May I come in, Colonel?

MALFI. Ah, Colin, my friend!

COLIN. That's a fact, you're the friend of the masons and deserve to be grand master of all the lodges in the world. A fine time for the trowel since your honour came among us!

MALFI. Yes, but you don't get on! You've been two months now about that pavilion in the garden.

COLIN. We have no materials to go on with!

MALFI. But there's the chimney in my dressing room, you've got materials for that!

COLIN. (L.) Well, that's a fact, I can't deny it; every day I make up my mind to get to work on that beast of a chimney, yet you see, I don't know how it is, but I've no more life in me than a hod of mortar; I'm in love like an ass, as I am; so instead of you being angry with me for not finishing the pavilion, you ought to pity me; it isn't natural that I should be building when I'm a perfect ruin myself: your honour might, if he would, new lath and plaster me!

MALFI. How so?

COLIN. By giving me darling Toinette—only get me Toinette,

and I'll work for you, fight for you, do anything for you; and then let any of them dare to abuse or run you down—let them attempt it that's all!

MALFI. How abuse me? (*stops, r.*)

COLIN. Of course, everybody's abused that's well to do in the world; they never abuse me, I wish they did!

MALFI. What do they say of me?

COLIN. Say of you! Why, they say you've no more bowels than an alligator, and that your heart's as hard as compo! Well, but says I, "what can you expect, isn't the Colonel a soldier, an officer?" says I; "didn't he fight with the Emperor, where they thought nothing of killing fifteen men in a day, and eating them afterwards! Bah!" says I, "you don't expect him to have any feelings do you?" That's the way, Colonel, I talk to them.

MALFI. And what do they say to that?

COLIN. Why, they say you're as jealous as a Turk, and that although Madame Adele's as virtuous as an angel, she leads the life of a toad under a harrow. "To be sure," says I, "and she may think herself well off too; isn't the Colonel an Italian? why in his country," says I, "a man thinks no more of killing his wife, than we do of killing an earwig; it's the custom of the country," says I, "that's the way they live there;" and that's the way I makes it plain to them.

MALFI. Much obliged to you. You may leave me. (*crosses, l.*)

COLIN. I'll go to my work now—(*going and returning*)—if your honour could just advance me a trifle of my wages, or so.

MALFI. What for?

COLIN. I've got to settle for that load of bricks.

MALFI. You can have it when you want it! (*crosses—sits at table, r.*)

COLIN. (*going, but returning*) And if your honour wouldn't mind putting on an extra hand or so, the work would go on twice as quick. I could do as much again if I had somebody to help me! (*door opens, l.*) Here comes madame! Well, I'm off—you won't forget about Toinette. Ah, if her heart wasn't real granite, she wouldn't refuse me!

*Exit COLIN at back.*

*Enter ADELE from l.*

ADELE. (*starts on seeing him*) I beg—beg—your pardon, sir! I thought you were out with the dogs!

MALFI. I changed my mind—I shall not go! What difference can it make to you, whether I go or not?

ADELE. Oh, none—none! Only—only—I thought of taking the opportunity of walking a short distance.

MALFI. Ah! I understand—to make confidantes—to tell your griefs and excite the compassion of gossiping women by complaining of your husband. I know your sex—it's the common trick!

ADELE. I was not going to visit any one.

MALFI. Hum! Father Lara your confessor, I suppose!

ADELE. I was going there.

MALFI. And what the devil have *you* to confess? You're such a virtuous lady—so mighty correct—you must invent sins (*rises*) for the pleasure of confessing them. Why I—and I fancy I've a larger stock on hand than you have—why I couldn't find matter for confession at this rate! I should run myself out in a month, and then have nothing left to tell.

ADELE. (*takes off her bonnet and shawl*) I will not go, sir! (*advances*)

MALFI. And pray why not?

AEELE. Because you do not like it, and because my chief duty is to obey you!

MALFI. I suppose I'm a tyrant—a cruel monster—eh?

ADELE. I have not said so!

MALFI. But you think so! (*going, r.*)

ADELE. May it please heaven to amend your temper!

MALFI. Upon my honour you're very obliging, but while you're about it, I wish you'd ask for something that would be more agreeable to me.

ADELE. What would be more agreeable to you?

MALFI. That you would disperse your vapours, and blow to the devil your sentimentalities; you're a walking elegy—a personification of sorrow and fine feelings, and I get the credit for it all, they say it's I make you unhappy!

ADELE. You hear neither reproaches nor complaints from me.

MALFI. No, I wish I did. (*goes up and down during speech*) I'd a thousand times rather have a wife that would answer me, and give me word for word, one might battle it out then—I attack, you defend; it would be like meeting the enemy.

ADELE. Then marriage according to your notions should be a state of continual warfare—the type of a battle.

MALFI. To be sure. War's my vocation—I like it; but what's one to do with an enemy that won't fight, who always surrenders, yet is never satisfied.

ADELE. You think because you're a good soldier, you're a good husband. We love courage, but it should be tempered by kindness, by gentleness, by respect; you pass your days in the chase, your nights in revels with your old comrades.

MALFI. And why don't you join us?

ADELE. I, sir; you would not wish me to do so!

MALFI. If you choose to shut yourself up in your apartment, and pass you days in telling your beads, I can't help it, it's not my fault. Didn't you worry me night and day till you got me here? I didn't want to leave Paris; didn't I give up the Palais Royale, the opera, the theatres, the Tuilleries, and every thing else to please you, when you would insist on coming here? If you want to return, say so, I shall be too happy for my part.

ADELE. Oh no! I do not wish to return.

MALFI. You must shortly make up your mind to do so, whether you wish it or not. There's a rumour of a move in the army—I expect to be made a general, but I must show myself to the Emperor; out of sight out of mind, is an old proverb.

ADELE. I hope, sir, you will allow me to remain here.

MALFI. Why, madame?

ADELE. For reasons unnecessary to mention.

MALFI. But which, I shall insist upon knowing; do you hear, madame? if you don't tell me this instant why you wish to stay here I'll set out to-morrow, and take you with me!

ADELE. (*aside*) Then, oh heavens, must I tell him?

MALFI. Well!

ADELE. In Paris I was followed everywhere, in my walks, in society, by a gentleman whom I had met in earlier days.

MALFI. And did he never speak to you?

ADELE. Sir!

MALFI. He did speak to you?

ADELE. Yes, one night when we were at the Tuilleries, and you were in waiting upon the Emperor.

MALFI. And what did he say to you?

ADELE. He reminded me that when I was returning from Madrid with my father, we fell into the hands of the insurgents whom he commanded, that he had protected us, saved our lives, and conducted us in safety to the frontiers.

MALFI. And is that true?

ADELE. It was on this account I declined going into society, which so much displeased you.

MALFI. And did you not see him again?

ADELE. But once: it was at the Spanish Ambassador's. If you remember, you forced me to go; you played at cards all the evening, and—

MALFI. Well?

ADELE. And he talked to me—

MALFI. Indeed! And why was I not made acquainted with all this before?—his name?

ADELE. The necessity for disclosing it no longer exists.

MALFI. His name, I say? Disclose it, or I shall believe you guilty!

ADELE. On one condition—Swear that you will seek no revenge!

MALFI. I swear it!

ADELE. On your honour?

MALFI. On my honour!

ADELE. As a soldier?

MALFI. As a soldier! (*contemptuously*) Anything else?

ADELE. He's a Spaniard.

MALFI. And his name?

ADELE. Juan.

MALFI. His rank—his titles?

ADELE. I know no more myself.

MALFI. Woman, you make a merit of confessing the names of those you care not for, the better to conceal the real passion that you feel!

ADELE. (*indignantly*) I am well served—my weak and foolish confidence deserves this! Be assured I err so no more. Ask me no more questions, for you shall learn no more from me!

MALFI. And I, madame, recall my oath.

*Enter TOINETTE from door in flat.*

—Silence! Here's Toinette. (*to TOINETTE, who advances cautiously*) Come in! What do you want?

TOINETTE. (l.) I—I—I—had only a word to say to madame, but another time will do! (*going*)

MALFI. What, you have secrets too! Something I am not to know, I suppose!

ADELE. (*coldly*) Stay, Toinette, and let the Colonel hear what you have to say.

TOINETTE. But, madame, I—

ADELE. (c.) Tell him I desire what has brought you here.

TOINETTE. But it happens to be something the Colonel ought not to know!

MALFI. (r.) You hear, madame?

ADELE. (c.) Speak, Toinette, I command you!

TOINETTE. If you insist, why then I've flown to you because I am very unhappy.

MALFI. What has happened?

TOINETTE. That odious Colin swears I shall be his wife. I shouldn't care for what he says, but he tells me the Colonel is his friend, and has promised to speak to my father!

MALFI. Quite true! I mean to do so.

TOINETTE. Then it's all over with me! for father's more afraid of the Colonel than—

MALFI. Than what?

TOINETTE. Why, than he is of the old gentleman. Well, it's your own fault—you insisted upon knowing the truth, and now you have it.

MALFI. The burden of the ballad is, I suppose, that you don't like Colin.

TOINETTE. I like him well enough for the matter of that, and I think he is really in love with me; but I'm afraid he's jealous, tyrannical,—a regular brute for anything I know! There are such, you know, madame—not but one loves them all the same, of course. One's obliged, nevertheless, if one happens to see one more agreeable—mild, gentle, kind, I can't see why we shouldn't give him the preference!

MALFI. What is it you're driving at? (*crosses, c. ADELE sits at r. table*)

TOINETTE. Why, you see that's exactly my case. I have seen another—

MALFI. That you love?

TOINETTE. With my whole heart!

MALFI. Who is this favoured swain? Is he of this neighbourhood?

TOINETTE. No—he's a stranger—a poor prisoner of war, like many others here—a Spaniard who works on the roads. Poor fellow! he looks so sad and so sorrowful, with his beautiful black eyes.

MALFI. How long have you known him?

TOINETTE. Only about a fortnight. He arrived with the last batch of prisoners, and I was seized all at once, the moment I saw him; he's

so unlike the rude villagers, whom there's no keeping at a distance. He's so modest, dear fellow, he never asked me for anything; oh yes, one thing he did to be sure, and made me give it him.

MALFI. And what was that?

TOINETTE. A little cross I had round my neck; I told him I could not give him that, as it was a present from my kind mistress, but he was only the more determined to have it.

MALFI. I can easily imagine Colin is not quite so sentimental, and I am anxious to see this hero of romance; bring him here, Toinette. (*crosses, L.*)

TOINETTE. Nothing so easy; he begged me to present him to madame, that he might ask her to favour his suit; he's waiting at the door.

MALFI. Introduce him, Toinette. (*crosses c.*)

TOINETTE. With all my heart. (*goes to door, c.*) Come in, Monsieur Luis.

*Enter JUAN, dressed as a labourer.*

ADELE. (*starting*) Gracious powers!

TOINETTE. (R.) Isn't he charming?

ADELE. (R. C., confused—assents)

MALFI. (C.) A prisoner of war?

JUAN. Yes, Colonel.

MALFI. Where were you taken?

JUAN. At Salamanca.

MALFI. And you work on the roads?

JUAN. Yes, Colonel?

MALFI. It is heavy labour.

JUAN. Yet there are moments which repay me. (*looking at ADELE*)

MALFI. (*looking at TOINETTE*) When you see the object of your love?

JUAN. True, Colonel.

MALFI. Do you think you could put your hand to the trowel, and help the masons who are at work here?

JUAN. Certainly.

MALFI. I dare say you've not heard a very favourable account of me, (*looking at TOINETTE*) but you know the devil's not so black as he is painted; and as for our enemies, when we have beaten them, (*JUAN makes a movement*) when we've thoroughly beaten them I say, we should show ourselves magnanimous! Besides, I want workmen.

TOINETTE. Ah! that's the truth.

MALFI. I'll ask the Commandant to take you off the public works, and employ you myself.

JUAN. A thousand thanks!

TOINETTE. Oh, how nice!

ADELE. (*rising*) But, sir, allow me to say—

TOINETTE. Say what? Ah, dear madame, I'm sure you wouldn't object, he'll be so much better off here than on those horrid public works.

MALFI. To be sure he will: he'll be better fed and better paid.

TOINETTE. He'll have a thousand comforts here—he couldn't have there.

MALFI. Besides, I may take his case into consideration, Toinette. You'd rather have him, eh?—than Colin? Well, I'll write to the Commandant directly. (*crosses, R.*)

ADELE. I will accompany you, sir.

MALFI. What for? Stay where you are—can't I write my letter without you?

*Exit MALFI, R. D.*

TOINETTE. And I'll carry the letter, and be back with the answer directly. Oh! I'm so happy! (*aside to ADELE*) Speak to him, madame, you can't think how agreeable he can be. (*to JUAN*) Wait here, Monsieur Luis, I shall soon return.

*Exit TOINETTE, R. D.—(ADELE crosses to L., as if going)*

JUAN. Nay, madame—Oh, Adele! have pity on me! rob me not of the poor comfort I have risked my life to gain!

ADELE. What has brought you here?

JUAN. You!—whom I will follow through the world!—You!—without whom I cannot live!

ADELE. What have I done, sir, that you should thus compromise my peace and honour?

JUAN. I would die a thousand deaths rather than compromise either!—to avoid doing so, I have taken the billet of one of my wretched fellow-countrymen, and am come here to work as a slave:—but what are the long hours under the burning sun by day, or the close, unwholesome gaol by night, the black bread, the impure water, the shame, the humiliation—what are these, if I can sometimes see you pass me?—I did see you, Adele!

ADELE. By what right do you expose yourself to such dangers for me? Have I authorized your rashness?

JUAN. By what right can you repress it?—Have you given yourself a claim to my obedience?—From the first hour we met to this have you ever breathed a word of consolation or of pity? I owe you no gratitude, no obedience—my life is my own to keep or to lose. Had it been dear to you, then, indeed, you might have commanded me to spare it!

ADELE. I must not even listen to you—(*going L. turns*) I pity your hopeless infatuation—you little know your danger—you know not of what my husband is capable—

JUAN. Your husband! your tyrant! your gaoler! a wretch who makes the misery of your life.

ADELE. (*proudly*) My husband has a right to my respect, my obedience, and were it otherwise, his errors would not justify mine, nor could any wrongs he could inflict, induce me to forget what I owe him and myself.

JUAN. Be it as you will, I remain here.

ADELE. Then, sir, I must be equally decided. Pause and reflect to what you are urging me: if you will not be persuaded, I must make known the truth to my husband.

JUAN. He can but take my life. I am at his mercy. Let him kill me.

**ADELE.** Sir, for your own sake—for my sake—be advised.

**MALFI.** (*without*) Very well, that will do.

**ADELE.** Oh, heavens! he is here. (*crosses, and sits at r. table, JUAN goes up to L.*)

*Enter MALFI.*

**MALFI.** He's a capital fellow the Commandant, and my friend, therefore, I have no fear about the result; so, my noble Castilian, you need not return to the town but may take up your quarters here at once.

**JUAN.** (L.) Thank you, Colonel.

**MALFI.** (C.) And at daybreak to-morrow, you'll to work with the masons.

**JUAN.** Rely on my diligence.

**MALFI.** (*observing ADELE, who exhibits emotion*) What's the matter now, madame, you seem annoyed?

**ADELE.** Something has vexed me. You made a proposal to me to-day, that we should return immediately to Paris—

**MALFI.** Yes, which you declined.

**ADELE.** I now accept your proposal.

**JUAN.** (*aside*) Gracious heavens!

**MALFI.** What the devil new fancy is this? And pray what has become of the rigid virtue that made you so anxious to stay here?

**ADELE.** Know then, sir, that he of whom I spoke—he who uncountenanced by me, persisted in forcing on me his attentions and assiduities, that he—that he—

**JUAN.** (*aside*) Will she dare—

**MALFI.** That he what?

**ADELE.** That he is no longer in Paris, that he is here—here at Vendôme!

**MALFI.** How know you this?

**ADELE.** That man is acquainted with him, he has seen him only this morning.

**MALFI.** Ah! you know him! is he really here?

**JUAN.** He is.

**MALFI.** Faith! I'm glad of it; where's he to be found?

*Enter TOINETTE hastily, door r.*

**TOINETTE.** Oh, sir! sir!

**MALFI.** (*crosses r. c.—ADELE goes up a little*) Well, what has happened to you? Must you go to Paris too?

**TOINETTE.** (R.) Oh, sir! there's a man on horseback at the gate—that is, he was at the gate; and oh, my goodness, he looked so fierce! I saw him, and his horse was covered with foam.

**MALFI.** Well, what of him?

**TOINETTE.** He threw down a letter, and cried “for Colonel Malfi,” then galloped off, as if the Cossacks were behind him.

**MALFI.** Nothing else?

**TOINETTE.** Nothing but this letter—look what a large green seal. (*gives letter, and goes up r.*)

**MALFI.** I know this hand. (*opens the letter in great agitation*)

ADELE. What has happened?

MALFI. (*aside*) What shall I say? (*to ADELE*) It is a letter from a friend, a very old friend, that I hoped—I mean, that I thought was dead. (*reads*) What's to be done? Toinette!

TOINETTE. (*down R.*) Sir!

MALFI. Tell Baptiste to fetch post horses directly. (*TOINETTE goes up R.*)

ADELE. Thank heaven, we're to go!

MALFI. Or rather—no, stay. (*aside*) It is not far to Blois, I'll set out directly.

ADELE. Sir!

MALFI. You remain here.

JUAN. (*aside*) What happiness!

ADELE. (*in a low tone to MALFI*) After what I have just told you, you will not leave me here alone and unprotected.

MALFI. Can't you take care of yourself?

ADELE. I, sir!

MALFI. Yes, you. Is this fellow so dangerous, or your principles so frail, that you cannot protect yourself for a single day without my staying to look after you; besides, I tell you the Emperor's orders must be obeyed.

ADELE. The Emperor! you said but just now 'twas from a friend.

MALFI. (*impatiently*) Well, the Emperor—a friend—what signifies what it is, 'tis enough for you that I must set out directly on business of importance. (*ADELE goes up and sits at table*) And this Spaniard—this Juan, I must see him when I return; you know him, you say?

JUAN. Yes, sir, he is an officer of equal rank with yourself.

MALFI. So much the better; when I return, you must bring us together.

JUAN. When you please.

MALFI. Come with me, and I'll give you a message for him.

(*crosses, and exit at door, R., followed by JUAN*)

ADELE. This is inconceivable! What business can he have that should prompt him to leave me at such a moment.

TOINETTE. (*L.*) I watched him while he read the letter, it can have been no trifle that agitated him in that manner. 'Tis something diabolical, I'll lay my life.

ADELE. Would I could penetrate the mystery.

TOINETTE. Leave that to me, madame, I'll keep my eyes and ears open, nobody will suspect me; besides, I'm not like you, I'm not afraid of him, what can he do to me?

ADELE. He might kill you, Toinette, if he thought you watched him.

TOINETTE. Not he—the imperial guard don't kill women. (*bell rings, R.*) 'Tis the Colonel's bell; well, I must go and tell father to saddle the horse, perhaps I may find out something. (*going up, c.*) By the bye, madame, you haven't told me how you like Mousieur Luis: Isn't he handsome, did you speak kindly to him?

ADELE. Yes, yes. (*embarrassed*)

TOINETTE. He'll be so grateful poor fellow, and he'll love you as I

do; I'm sure he will, for even before he knew you, he said he loved you from report even then. (*bell again*) Well, I'm coming! (*crosses to R. door*) One has never time to speak a word. Oh, I declare, I forgot all about the horse! I must see to that first.

*Exit, behind table, off c. doors.*

ADELE. (*rising*) What can I do? Have I not said all I dare? Must I deliver him to certain death, or place him where he must either fall himself or become the murderer of my husband? Merciful heavens! What is to become of me? They left the room together—Can Juan control himself? I fear not.

JUAN appears at door, R.

Ah, thank heaven! I breathe again.

JUAN. You tremble, madame! Are those fears for me? May I hope it—may I believe it?

ADELE. What has happened?

JUAN. I have a challenge for Juan.

ADELE. And my husband?

JUAN. Sets forth immediately.

ADELE. (*apprehensively*) And you, sir?

JUAN. Remain here.

ADELE. In opposition to my desire that you should leave me, oh, you will not!

JUAN. Surely you would not banish me now; bear with me a few hours; let me breathe the air around you, it is all I ask; and the prayers of the dying are sacred!

ADELE. What is it you mean?

JUAN. That to-morrow I shall release you for ever from my unhappy passion!

ADELE. (*after a pause*) I see, sir, that the dread of my anger cannot prevail with you. If my peace is dear to you—if every spark of honor be not extinct in your bosom, you will stifle every unworthy emotion—you will not compromise my clear name—you will not place my duty as a wife in peril of self-reproach, or of the world's slander? (*JUAN about to speak*) No word, I will not listen; hesitate to follow my counsel, and the friendship and esteem which I now feel, will become contempt. (*walks L. C. up and down*)

JUAN. I will obey you, Adele. I go! I will quit the Chateau instantly! (*going but returns*) How long is my exile to continue?

ADELE. For ever.

JUAN. You cannot mean it—you cannot mean that we are to meet no more?

ADELE. (*crosses and throws herself in chair, off R. table*) Never! never, Juan!

JUAN. The die is cast, we meet no more; but lest my resolution fail, death shall prove my faith. Farewell, Adele, for ever!

*Exit JUAN, c.*

ADELE. My heart will burst! (*throws herself in despair on chair R. of table*)

*Enter TOINETTE, on tip-toe c.*

TOINETTE. (*in a whisper*) Madame! madame!

ADELE. (*starting*) Who's that?

TOINETTE. He's gone, madame—the Colonel's gone: he galloped away as if old nick was behind him, and now if you desire to learn the cause of his sudden journey—

ADELE. Have you discovered it?

TOINETTE. I have—I know all. I almost fear I've gone too far, but the mischief's done if mischief it be!

ADELE. Keep me not in suspense, I beseech you!

TOINETTE. I went into the room to tell him his horse was ready—he was standing before the glass tying a handkerchief round his neck, and desired me to lock the portmanteau—I saw the letter—I knew it by the great green seal, but I didn't dare to touch it, for though his back was to me, I knew he would see me in the glass. All at once he missed his watch, and swearing one of his dreadful oaths, he went for an instant into his dressing room to fetch it, without knowing what I did—I seized the letter, and hid it in my bosom at the same moment. Father brought his cloak—the Colonel mounted his horse and galloped away; and here is the letter. (*gives it*)

ADELE. Have you read it?

TOINETTE. I have, perhaps I was wrong, but I couldn't help it; you read it, madame, for you little imagine its contents.

ADELE. (*having read the letter she utters a cry of horror*) Merciful providence! I, who have endured so much!—I, who have lived the victim of his tyranny!—who have sacrificed myself to my duty—myself—more than myself—I have sacrificed him! Oh! heavens! may there be yet a time to save him! (*goes to table, r., and writes*) Toinette, you must run for your life! Take this note—give it to—

TOINETTE. To whom?

ADELE. The Spaniard!

TOINETTE. To my lover, Monsieur Luis?

ADELE. Fly, and return with all speed, and tell me if you have found him!

TOINETTE. Bless me—is there any danger?

ADELE. Fly! Toinette, fly! or all is lost!

TOINETTE. Oh! heavens! I'm gone!

*She rushes out.—(ADELE sinks on a chair)*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

**SCENE I.—Adele's Chamber.** A large window, l. u. e.; at r. u. e. door of entrance; on the same side adjoining, the door of the Colonel's room, r. 2 e.; l. 2 e., a door; at the back, c., door of Toinette's room; in the flat, l., door of clothes press, extremely narrow; tables, chairs, &c.

*Enter JUAN by the window: he advances cautiously.*

**JUAN.** This is her chamber, I have obeyed her instructions, and I hope unperceived. (*reads a note*) "I shall expect you soon; enter my room by the window as secretly as possible." (*looks around*) 'Twas fortunate I found a ladder in the garden. (*shuts window*) Is it a dream, or am I really here in her chamber and summoned by herself? (*goes to press and opens it; listens at door of Toinette's room*) That is the door of poor little Toinette's chamber: it was a shame to have deceived her, but it was my only chance of seeing Adele. (*goes to door r. 2 e., looks in*) The Colonel's apartment; there are the bricks and cement. Adele will not surely be long. If she knew my anxiety— (*listens*) I hear a footstep and the light of a dress. 'Tis she!

*Enter ADELE, d. c.*

**ADELE.** Hush! Toinette may hear us. (*brings chair*) Be seated! (*she seats herself and directs him to sit beside her*)

**JUAN.** (r. c.) You tremble, madame!

**ADELE.** (l. c.) I am overcome by the strangeness of my situation and the boldness of my proceeding. No matter—Juan, listen and answer me truly. You say you love me—will you obey me implicitly, to the very renunciation of self?

**JUAN.** Command me, Adele,—life, fortune, and all are yours!

**ADELE.** Listen. Before the death of my dear father, who owed every thing to Napoleon, I was married to Colonel de Malfi. I was young, very young, almost a child, and was scarcely consulted. It was the Emperor's will, which none thought of disputing. I entered on my new condition determined to do my duty in it, and with every wish to love my husband. Heaven is my witness, that much as I have endured since the wretched day that made me a wife, I have uttered neither reproach nor murmur. You know yourself that no word nor look ever encouraged your pursuit, or gave you the slightest reason to hope—and I would have suffered still in patience and in resignation, and only looked to death for the termination of my misery, but for the extraordinary discovery I have made this day.

**JUAN.** How shall I interpret your words?

**ADELE.** (*gives him letter*) Read—it is a letter to Colonel de Malfi, my husband!

**JUAN.** From Turin?

ADELE. From Turin, his native place. Twice every year he journeyed there, under pretence of visiting his relatives.

JUAN. It is signed Bianca Malfi. (*rising*)

ADELE. Read it.

JUAN. "Six months of vain expectations, and you neither come nor write. Am I to believe the reports that have reached me? Am I to believe, Malfi, that since your marriage with me"—His marriage with her!

ADELE. (*rising*) Read on!

JUAN. "You have formed another union in France, that you have dared to avow it—and that because I am no longer the rich heiress you believed, you have cast me off and abandoned me to the contempt of the world. If this be true, Malfi, tremble! I set out instantly with my brother to lay my case before the Emperor. Prepare to receive me as your wife, or look to the consequences." Can it be possible—can it be true?

ADELE. His agitation on the receipt of the letter—his sudden departure! Words dropped at various times unheeded then, but now understood. All confirm it.

JUAN. Then you are no longer his wife, dearest Adele, and your first step is to demand a divorce, to which this letter will entitle you.

ADELE. Yet as I have every thing to fear from De Malfi's violence, I must take measures for my security. To-night I leave this house for ever! In two hours a carriage will await me at the park gate.

JUAN. Without a protector? Nay, I will never quit you but with life!

ADELE. No, Juan, I go alone;—but De Malfi is no longer my husband—I am free in the sight of heaven! Once in Paris I may require your aid, and will claim it.

JUAN. A life devoted to your happiness shall attest my gratitude.

ADELE. (*alarmed*) Juan, hush! What is that?

JUAN. What alarms you?

ADELE. It is the tramp of a horse, it enters the court yard. Oh, heavens! (*runs to window*) It is Malfi! what are we to do?

JUAN. Am I not here to protect you.

ADELE. Fly, he will kill us both!

JUAN. That I should be unarmed! shall I retreat this way? (*goes to door of Toinette's room*)

ADELE. No, no, Toinette is there. (*JUAN runs to window*)

JUAN. The servants are all in the court, they will see me. (*goes to door r. u. e.*) Here!

ADELE. (*stops him—meeting him*) No, no, he'll meet you, I hear his foot on the stairs!

JUAN. (*goes to press*) Then this is my only refuge.

ADELE. (*holding him*) Oh, heavens! there is no outlet from thence.

JUAN. Your safety demands it. (*enters and shuts the door, ADELE locks it and takes out the key, then sinks into a seat r. of table*)

*Enter TOINETTE from her room, half dressed, with a light.*

TOINETTE. Madame! madame!

ADELE. (*with difficulty*) What's the matter?

TOINETTE. The Colonel has just alighted in the court, I saw him from my window. (*goes to meet him with light*) Here he is.

*Enter MALFI at door R. U. E., and throws his cloak on the chair, L. C.*

MALFI. I suppose I might have broken my head against the wall, while you're getting a light.

TOINETTE. (*aside, L.*) I wish you had I'm sure! La, sir, nobody expected you at this time of night, you said that—

MALFI. I said—what signifies what I said; are you to neglect your duty? (*gives her his hat, looks fixedly at ADELE*) Some people prefer sighing, and moping, and pretending to be wretched, to looking after their servants.

ADELE. (*trembling—rising*) It is my fault, I did not expect you, I thought that as you were absent Toinette, might go to bed.

TOINETTE. I'm sure I didn't take time to put on my things.

MALFI. There, I don't wish to hear any more on the subject.

TOINETTE. (*aside*) He's more amiable than usual. Oh, if I had you, I'd show you the difference!

MALFI. What's that you're saying?

TOINETTE. I only asked if you wanted anything.

MALFI. Supper; I'll ring when I'm ready. (*throws himself into a chair R. of table*)

ADELE. Surely you're not going to remain here, sir.

MALFI. Do I incommod you?

ADELE. Oh no, but I am not very well.

MALFI. (*looking at her*) You do look pale, your countenance is quite altered; what's the meaning of this? what's the matter?

TOINETTE. (*aside*) Um! she mustn't be ill now, what next, I wonder!

ADELE. (*recovering herself*) Over-fatigue, I believe; it's nothing, but I feel a languor.

MALFI. The more necessary that I should be near you. It's the part of a good husband to attend his wife in sickness; I shall pass the remainder of the night here.

ADELE. (*aside*) Oh, heavens!

TOINETTE. Oh, lord! if he's going to be affectionate there'll be no bearing it.

MALFI. Desire the cloth to be laid here, I shall sup with your mistress.

ADELE. If you prefer supping upstairs, couldn't you take it in your dressing room?

MALFI. Impossible! that fool Colin has crammed it full of bricks and cement.

TOINETTE. Yes, he's been working there all day, he thought to finish it by your return.

ADELE. Which we did not expect so soon.

MALFI. (*ironically*) Your hope deceived you, you see.

ADELE. (*rising*) I must entreat you to sup elsewhere; you have every other room in the chateau at your command, surely I may claim the privilege of my own apartment at such an hour! I was

on the point of retiring for the night, when your return prevented me.

MALFI. (*pointing to the work*) No such thing, you were going to work; you may as well talk, the one will do no more harm than the other.

ADELE. Well, sir, be it so; I must submit of course.

TOINETTE. (*aside, preparing table*) If she were not an angel he wouldn't dare to treat her in this manner.

MALFI. Toinette, to-morrow at break of day you will be ready to start to Paris with your mistress.

*Exit TOINETTE, R. U. E.*

ADELE. I, sir!

MALFI. I, sir! yes, you; it was the request you made this morning, was it not?

ADELE. But you refused.

MALFI. It was wrong, I see my error, and hasten to repair it.

ADELE. But such a sudden change!

MALFI. It is exactly what I wished; you were all anxiety a short time since to escape the assiduities of your mysterious admirer, but, perhaps, since then they are less distasteful.

ADELE. No, sir, but—

MALFI. I should be sorry to disarrange your plans, but my orders are given.

*Enter TOINETTE.*

You will set out with Toinette to-morrow morning.

ADELE. And you accompany us, sir?

MALFI. I shall follow in a few days.

ADELE. But, sir, I would rather—

MALFI. It is unnecessary to mention what you would rather—It is my pleasure that you go. (*aside*) Bianca and her brother will be here to-morrow, there's no time to lose.

TOINETTE. (*aside to ADELE*) He wants to get us out of the way for some wicked purpose or other.

MALFI. (*turns and sees TOINETTE*) What are you doing there?

TOINETTE. Clearing the table. (*taking the books, &c. off table R. and placing them on table L.*)

MALFI. And my supper?

ADELE. Oh! heavens! are there no means of getting him away?

TOINETTE. (*as she is going out sees COLIN*) What do you want, Mr. Impudence?

*Enter COLIN, door R. U. E.*

COLIN. I want to see the Colonel.

TOINETTE. Well, there he is.

*Exit TOINETTE, R. U. E.*

COLIN. I beg your pardon, Colonel. (*ADELE seated at table R.*)

MALFI. (*seated*) Well, what do you want?

COLIN. (L.) If it's inconvenient, another time will do.

MALFI. No, speak, what is it?

**COLIN.** It's only that—I heard your honour had returned. You see it's just nothing at all.

**MALFI.** What the devil do you mean?—can't you explain yourself?

**COLIN.** To be sure—to be sure, Colonel; it's just about that little business that I mentioned to you.

**MALFI.** What, about Toinette?

**COLIN.** Bless you, no, Colonel!—the bricks. You see I shall be called upon to pay for them to-morrow morning, and I haven't a sou!

**MALFI.** Oh! the money! and why couldn't you say so at once? Where's your bill?

**COLIN.** I must just put a receipt to it. I can say, "Received on account."

**MALFI.** I shall expect you'll get on faster than you have done. You have no excuse now that I have hired an assistant. (*rising*)

**COLIN.** For the matter of that, I believe we have more assistants than one.

**MALFI.** (*turning*) How?

**COLIN.** Oh! only the ladder; I put it in the coach-house when I left work this evening, and just now I found it under the window!

**ADELE.** The ladder! Oh, heavens!

**MALFI.** (*running to window*) Against this window! (*looking at ADELE*) Indeed!—hum! Some officious person seems disposed to assist us.

**COLIN.** So much the better. Here's the bill, Colonel! Shall I put my name to it?

**MALFI.** (*not attending to him—he looks at ADELE with an air of indifference*) This is singular!

**COLIN.** (*aside*) What the deuce has got hold of them now? The bill, Colonel, here it is!

**MALFI.** Go into my dressing-room and wait for me.

**COLIN.** In your honour's dressing-room?

**ADELE.** (*aside*) We're undone!

**COLIN.** (*aside*) He's mad, as sure as bricks!

*Exit COLIN, door R. 1 E.*

**MALFI.** (*aside*) A ladder, and beneath this window! I must know the meaning of all this.

*Enter TOINETTE—removes lamp.* **MALFI** seats himself opposite **ADELE** and perceives his cloak.

—Toinette?

**TOINETTE.** Sir.

**MALFI.** Why, you have left my cloak here! Hang it up there, in the press.

**ADELE.** In the press? (*TOINETTE goes towards press, L.—ADELE looks significantly*) Sir, this is past endurance. You take possession of my apartment, although I have told you I am ill, converting my chamber into your supper room and hall of audience. I cannot suffer this!

MALFI. Nonsense ! My cloak hanging in the press will not disturb you. (*to TOINETTE*) Do as I desire—hang up the cloak.

ADELE. (*rising*) You will do as I desire, Toinette, and I forbid you. (*TOINETTE throws cloak down and crosses her arms*)

MALFI. (*starts up*) This is new, madame ! What am I to understand ?

ADELE. That I insist on keeping my apartment to myself ; besides you know, Toinette, that the press is already filled with my dresses !

TOINETTE. To be sure it is—chock full of dresses and band-boxes, and heaps of all sorts of things !

MALFI. We'll see that—(*goes to press*)

TOINETTE. My mistress looks dreadful pale.

MALFI. There's no key !

TOINETTE. My mind misgives me.

MALFI. Has she dared to?—Pshaw ! impossible.

TOINETTE. Is there—is there—

MALFI. (*comes between them*) Your mistress is quite right, Toinette, I see it now. Carry my cloak into the hall ! (*she lingers*) Do you hear me ? Go !

TOINETTE. Well, this is extraordinary !

*Exit, door R. U. E.*

MALFI. (*after a pause, leads ADELE forward and says coldly*) There is some person in that press !

ADELE. Sir !

MALFI. Madame, there is some one in that press—your confusion and your agitation convince me. (*with surprised rage*) The key of that door !

ADELE. You are mistaken, sir !

MALFI. The key I say ! You refuse ? I'm not surprised, for you can expect no pity.

ADELE. I expect no pity as I have found no love !

MALFI. Do not hope, madame, that by such reproaches you can screen yourself or turn me from my purpose. Whoever the accomplice of your guilt may be, he shall die before your eyes.

ADELE. (*aside*) Great heavens have pity on me !

MALFI. Once more I demand the key !

ADELE. I have it not : (*affecting firmness*) and if I had, your conduct would justify me in withholding it.

MALFI. No matter, there are other means. The tools in the adjoining chamber will serve the purpose. (*crosses R., goes as if to fetch them*)

ADELE. Stay, you have the power and I cannot prevent its exercise, but I have a right to demand witnesses of the outrage ; let the servants be summoned—let them be the umpires between us : if guilty kill me, but, if innocent, remember that this public affront and brutal insult is the signal for a separation ; no earthly power shall induce me to live another day with a man who is capable of degrading me by such an exposure.

MALFI. You are right, the exposure would degrade us both.

*Enter TOINETTE, with glasses, decanters, which she places on the table.*

TOINETTE. Supper's ready, sir !

MALFI. (*crossing l.*) Very well, but as it's late send the servants to bed; you can wait on us. (*pauses*) Call Colin here ! Where is he ?

TOINETTE. He's in the dressing room fast asleep. (*calling*) Colin ! Colin !

COLIN. (*from dressing room*) Hallo ! Who calls ?

TOINETTE. The Colonel wants you !

*Enter COLIN, yawning and rubbing his eyes.*

COLIN. What's the matter ?

MALFI. Come here !

COLIN. Oh, pardon, Colonel, I believe I was asleep. Here it is, (*takes out bill*) 146 francs 5 centimes, that's it exactly.

MALFI. Another time. Have you your tools with you ?

COLIN. My tools ? yes, Colonel.

MALFI. And mortar ? no—cement—cement rather, something that hardens instantly.

COLIN. To be sure—the new cement we used for the chimney. (*MALFI beckons him to approach and whispers ; COLIN surprised*) What ! (*MALFI whispers again ; COLIN looking at the press*) What for ?

MALFI. No words, but to work at once.

COLIN. Well, it's the strangest idea ! Oh ! very well, it makes no difference to me, it won't take many minutes.

*Exit COLIN, door r. 1 E.*

(TOINETTE during the above has been preparing supper)

MALFI. Come, madame, supper waits. (*he leads her to table, and seats himself with his back to the press ; ADELE is seated on the other side ; TOINETTE waits*)

*Enter COLIN with tools, &c. ; prepares to work.*

TOINETTE. In the name of goodness what are you going to do in my mistress' room ? and at supper too !

COLIN. What's that to you, it's the Colonel's orders. (*begins work*)

ADELE. What is the meaning of this, sir ? What is this person doing ?

MALFI. Stopping up that door with cement. (*in a low tone*) 'Tis better to efface all memory of a dispute so unpleasant, an error so painful. (*carelessly*) He won't be five minutes.

TOINETTE. (*aside*) He's certainly gone mad.

(ADELE rises involuntarily and moves towards COLIN ; MALFI rises at the same time, and arrests her by a look, and by a sign insists on her remaining where she is ; she sinks into a chair. MALFI resumes his seat)

MALFI. Toinette, some wine. (TOINETTE is watching ADELE and does not attend) Some wine, I say ! (*she gives the wine*) Madame, you do not eat.

TOINETTE. Who could eat, I should like to know, in all this noise and dust. Well, I'm sure !

COLIN. Why, there's no more dust than there is in my eye.

MALFI. Silence!

COLIN. Oh, these women ! these women ! they'll say anything to vex a poor devil ! (*sings*) Fal, lal, lal.

TOINETTE. Hold your tongue, can't you.

COLIN. No, I can't. (*to MALFI*) Pardon, Colonel, I never can work without singing, especially when I'm in a cranky humour, as I am now. (*looking at TOINETTE*)

MALFI. Sing away, you do not incommod me.

COLIN. Thank'ye, Colonel. (*looks at TOINETTE and sings*)

A village coquette is the plague of one's life,

She brings nothing but trouble and sorrow ;

I'm sure I would rather have such a wife

Hang myself in my garters to-morrow.

ADELE. (*aside*) I shall go mad !

COLIN. Madame needn't be afraid of the damp ; this chalk cement dries as fast as it's put on. It will be as hard as iron in five minutes.

ADELE. (*aside to TOINETTE*) Stop him, or I shall die ! (*TOINETTE gives bread*)

MALFI. Toinette, some wine.—What are you doing there ?

TOINETTE. Giving my mistress a biscuit. (*gives wine looking at COLIN*) Hem ! Hem ! (*beckons COLIN—the COLONEL sees her, rises, leads her down c. : she pretends to be coughing*)

MALFI. Toinette, you will please to attend to me, you can find some other time for flirting. (*points to her to remain by ADELE, R.*)

COLIN. Oh ! she was winking at me as sure as bricks ! Ah ! ah ! I shall beat the Spaniard now ! (*works with greater vigour*)

TOINETTE. (*aside*) The donkey ! there's no making him understand anything ! (*offers salad to COLONEL*)

COLIN. Colonel, I wish she'd speak her mind at once.

MALFI. She might change it to-morrow ! Woman's vows are not worth much. (*looks at ADELE*)

COLIN. (*observing TOINETTE making signs*) Well, if she isn't ogling me ! I shall be the man after all !

(*TOINETTE and ADELE speak a moment, TOINETTE grasps her arm, goes up to table*)

MALFI. Toinette ! (*turning to COLIN*) Come, come, never mind the girl now, but finish your job and finish your song.

COLIN. I'll sing the other verse, Colonel.

But a poaty young wife is the comfort of life,

One forgets all one's troubles and sorrows,

So in spite of all coquetry, squabbles, and strife,

I'd marry sweet Toinette to-morrow.

Not a bad idea, is it, Colonel ? There, Colonel, I've finished the job : neat, isn't it ? It's drying fast.

ADELE. Oh ! merciful heaven ! send us help !

TOINETTE. Dear madame, what is it ?

MALFI. (*rises, goes up to and looking at the press*) Capitally done !

Collect your tools and follow me. (*examines work; COLIN puts his things together*)

**ADELE.** (*aside to TOINETTE*) Let him not go, Toinette! I must speak to him! (*COLIN drops trowel*)

**TOINETTE.** (*crosses c., aside, pretending to keep him*) Colin, don't go away; climb up to my room—the window's open.

**COLIN.** What! to your room?

**MALFI.** (*going to door, r. 2 E.*) Come, Colin!

**COLIN.** (*bows to ADELE and makes a signal of assent to TOINETTE*) Good night, madame! Good night, ma'am'selle Toinette! If I can do anything else to serve you—

**MALFI.** Come, sir!

**COLIN.** Ah, ah! the Spaniard's dished. I'm the man after all!

*Exit, following MALFI, r. 2 E.*

**TOINETTE.** (*pushes door gently after him*) Tell me, dear madame, is there really some one—

**ADELE.** Yes—yes, Toinette!

**TOINETTE.** Ah!

**ADELE.** A moment's delay may cost his life. What can be done? Call the servants. (*goes up to press—TOINETTE crosses, l.*)

**TOINETTE.** No, no! But Colin, when he leaves the Colonel, what shall I tell him?

**ADELE.** (*comes down*) To come instantly and release him. But, oh! it will be too late. (*rushes and tears madly at the press*) If I could save him with my life! Is there no hope? Even now, perhaps, he's now expiring. Do you hear us? Speak—answer! Speak but one word!

*Enter MALFI, watching them.*

**MALFI.** I was right—I knew it! (*ADELE screams on perceiving him—he flings TOINETTE into her chamber and turns the key of the door—approaches ADELE, brings her down, and after a pause, with affected coldness points to press*) There is some one in the press!

**ADELE.** (*l.*) To deny it were useless—there is!

**MALFI.** There is!

**ADELE.** I seek not to disarm your fury. Let your vengeance fall on me! Kill me, but deliver him from this fearful death.

**MALFI.** Ha, ha! And you really hope I can relent?

**ADELE.** Kill me—in mercy kill me? (*kneeling*)

**MALFI.** Your sufferings would be too brief. (*taking her arm*) You shall pass the night here—here! You'll be near him.

**ADELE.** (*rising*) My bonds are severed! I am free, and since the cruelty, the barbarity, the malignity of your character are unveiled, I brave you;—and I declare before you, and may he hear it in his last moments, (*she goes to press*) that I love him with my whole soul, and will only live till I can avenge his death. (*altering her tone, advances*) Colonel de Malfi, I know you! Let the name of Bianca Malfi upon my lips wither you into dust!

**MALFI.** Destruction! (*trumpet heard, listening with alarm*) At this hour! What can it be? (*noise without increases, and knocking*)

ADELE. (*rushes to window*) Help ! help ! Heaven sends me aid.  
(*screams*)

MALFI. (*dragging her from the window*) Silence, woman ! What do I see ? Bianca ! Gendarmes too ! She has then appealed to the Emperor and I am lost.

*Rushing out, R. U. E.*

ADELE. (*seizes him*) Help !

MALFI. Away ! (*throws her off*)

ADELE. You stir not hence—you shall see Bianca Malfi, before me !

MALFI. (*throwing her off with fury*) Away ! There, there ! (*points to press*) Stay with him ! (*rushing off*)

*The door R. U. E. is thrown open by SERVANTS ; SERGEANT and GENDARMES enter.*

SERGEANT. You are our prisoner—Madame de Malfi is at the door of the Chateau—the Emperor has pronounced your sentence.

MALFI. (*crossing to ADELE*) I go, but you—you will remain here with him—with him ! (*going*)

ADELE. Stay, stay ! I charge that man with murder—of deliberate cold-blooded murder ! In that press he has immured alive Juan di Vilman ; De Malfi is an assassin.

TOINETTE. (*without c.*) Let me out ! let me out ! (*SERVANTS open c. doors.*)

TOINETTE. Oh, madame, he is safe ! he is safe !

ADELE. Ah ! (*cry of joy*)

*Enter COLIN, covered with dust and mortar.*

COLIN. Hurrah ! here he is, as safe as bricks. A neat job enough, wall him up one side, and let him out on the other—not so bad that !

*Enter JUAN, they rush into each other's arms.*

(*DE MALFI on seeing JUAN, draws his sword, and is rushing to stab him, when the SERGEANT arrests his arm on R., two of the GENDARMES at the same time advance centre, and present their carbines at DE MALFI, the other two R.*)

*Tableau.*

SERVANTS.

COLIN.

TOINETTE.

GENDARMES.

GENDARMES.

JUAN.

MALFI.  
SERGEANT.

ADELE in chair.

*Curtain.*