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ALPH. Can this be all true? or has he invented it on purpose to annoy me. I don't care, I'll pay no attention to his warnings, and think of nothing but the happiness that awaits me. If she really does wish for all these things, she ought to have them, and she shall. If people in love were always to listen to what other people call reason, I should like to know how many marriages there would be. (*going to the door of Pauline's room.*) Pauline, Pauline!

PAUL. (*running in.*) Who calls? (*seeing ALPHONSE she checks herself, and turns from him.*) Oh, it's you, is it?

ALPH. Yes, Pauline; but how cold you are.

PAUL. You are quite mistaken—I'm as hot as fire.

ALPH. And so am I. I burn with impatience till you are completely freed from the trammels of this Monsieur Sangfroid.

PAUL. And so does he—I'm convinced he does; he's in love with some other woman. I'm certain of it.

ALPH. And if he is, what can it signify to us?

PAUL. Everything, it's an insult. And what woman puts up with an insult? Nay, sir, allow me to ask you another question. What man who pretends to care about her, permits her to put up with it?

ALPH. Be reasonable, Pauline. Can I call him out for doing the very thing I wish—for resigning you to me?

PAUL. He has no right to resign me on account of another woman.

ALPH. Forget the past, and think only of the future. Nothing shall be wanting to your happiness. Your most extravagant wishes shall be gratified.

PAUL. What do you mean? I have no extravagant wishes.

ALPH. Dresses—shawls—hats—lace—jewels—servants—carriages—horses—

PAUL. What on earth are you talking about?

ALPH. Breakfasts—pic-nics—promenades—dinners—concerts—balls—theatres—operas and masquerades.

PAUL. This is moderation. Have you nothing else to offer me?

ALPH. Yes. Tea from Canton—needles from Sheffield—sable from Siberia—bear's grease from the North Pole.

PAUL. Have you lost your senses? are you a lunatic? Good gracious! I remember now, you told me you had been confined in a mad-house, and the moon is just now at the full.

ALPH. The moon? that shan't stop me. I'm ready to go there if you require it, and fetch you a pound of green cheese.

PAUL. (*aside.*) He's raving mad. (*aloud.*) Alphonse, you frighten me.

ALPH. I have no wish to frighten you. I only said it to prove my readiness to do anything you wish.

PAUL. (*aside.*) I'll try him. (*aloud.*) Where is the citizen Sangfroid?

ALPH. He has this moment left me.

PAUL. Follow him, find him. Discover for me instantly who this woman is that he is in love with.

ALPH. This is a strange errand to send me on.

PAUL. No matter; bring me proof of his falsehood, and I am yours; fail, and I renounce you for ever.

ALPH. But, consider.

PAUL. I have.

ALPH. Listen.

PAUL. I won't.

ALPH. One moment.

PAUL. (*vehemently.*) Fly—and obey me.

ALPH. (*aside.*) The citizen was right, she *will* be obeyed. [*Exit C.D.*]

PAUL. There is no bearing this. If they procure twenty divorces I never will move from here until I have discovered who this woman is, (*goes to the glass*) A pretty

figure I cut, owing to this excitement, with my cheeks on fire, and my eyes half out of my head. (SANGFROID *appears at the door, C.*) There is some expression in my face now, I rather think; and I only wish Monsieur Sangfroid were here to see it.

SANG. (*advancing, L.H.*) Monsieur Sangfroid is much flattered by that wish. What say you ?

PAUL. Nothing. I was only thinking.

SANG. Of what ?

PAUL. Did you meet Alphonse ?

SANG. No, I saw him. But, to tell you the truth, I got out of his way.

PAUL. I sent him to see you. I fear he is going out of his senses.

SANG. With joy, no doubt; but why ?

PAUL. He has been promising me all manner of extravagant things, which I don't want, and ended by offering to go to the moon to fetch me green cheese.

SANG. (*aside.*) Ha—ha! the bait has taken. (*aloud.*) Don't alarm yourself, he's not a madman. He'll make a capital husband. He's a fool! (*he marks the effect of this on her, and seems pleased.*) But what were you thinking of when I came in ?

PAUL. Of the haste, I may say the indecent haste with which you are labouring to get rid of me.

SANG. I seek your happiness in all I do.

PAUL. Say rather your own, selfish man. Had you sought mine alone, "you might have succeeded in improving what was noble and good in me—in eradicating what was silly and weak—you might have elevated my tastes—enlarged my ideas—and fitted me to become a sharer with you in those great labours for the public good, of which you would have represented the strength, I, the grace and ornament."

SANG. (*aside.*) She remembers my very words !

PAUL. And let me tell you that, had you done so your generosity, like other virtues, might have proved its own reward, for in seeking my happiness you might have secured your own.











