

CHRISTMAS EVE  
OR THE  
DUEL IN THE SNOW

An original Domestic Drama

IN  
THREE ACTS

BY  
EDWARD FITZBALL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

*Lurline—Jonathan Bradford—Alice May—Esmeralda—  
Carmithan—Azael the Prodigal,  
&c. &c. &c.*



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T H O M A S   H A I L E S   L A C Y ,  
89, STRAND,  
(*Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.*)  
LONDON.

# CHRISTMAS EVE, OR THE DUEL IN THE SNOW.

*First produced at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane,  
March 12th, 1860.*

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## CHARACTERS.

SIR CHARLES ANDRY	....	Mr. EMERY
CAPTAIN DARTFORD	. . . . .	Mr. C. VERNER.
THOMAS TITMOUSE	. . . . .	Mr. R. ROXBY.
MONCTON, friend to Andry	. . . . .	Mr. DOUGLAS.
EUSTACHE, friend to Dartford	. . . . .	Mr. WARREN.
VALET to Dartford	....	Mr. PARKER.
MASQUERADERS, LADIES, GENTLEMEN, SERVANTS, GENS'DARMES, &c.		
LADY ANDRY	.....	Mrs. DOWTON.
EMILY LONSDALE	....	Miss PAGE.
GIMP	.....	Miss E. HOWARD.

ACT I.—ENGLAND. ACT II.—SWITZERLAND. ACT III.—PARIS.

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TIME IN REPRESENTATION—1 hour, 25 minutes.

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## COSTUMES.

SIR CHARLES.—Evening dress. *2nd dress*.—Shooting dress and leathern gaiters, moustache. *3rd dress*.—Walking dress. *4th dress*.—Pierrot's dress.

DARTFORD.—Evening dress, moustache. *2nd dress*.—Travelling dress. *3rd dress*.—Full American Indian's dress.

TITMOUSE.—Black coat and trousers, white cravat, waistcoat and stockings, shoes. *2nd dress*.—Undress livery *3rd dress*.—Wolf's head, and gloves like paws, long brown cloak.

MONCTON.—Crispin's dress. (See the frontispice of Love and Fortune.)

EUSTACHE.—Arlequin's dress.

LADY A.—Fashionable evening costume.

EMILY.—Boating or travelling dress. *2nd dress*.—Fashionable afternoon dress.

GIMP.—Dress of a smart lady's maid.

CHRISTMAS EVE,  
OR  
THE DUEL IN THE SNOW.



ACT FIRST.

SCENE.—*An Elegant Apartment in the House of Sir Charles Andry. Folding doors—doors, R. and L. 2 E.—tables, R. and L.—sofas, chairs—sideboards, R. and L. with decanters of wine—glass, &c. on L.*

*Music*—THOMAS TITMOUSE and GIMP discovered, at R. table, telling fortunes by the cards..

GIMP. As truly as this is Christmas Eve, I tell you Mr. Thomas, these are the wedding cards; you'll speedily be most advantageously married!

TIT. Is it to a lady of fortune and quality I am to be united, like what master, Sir Charles, is?

GIMP. The nine of spades interdicts that at once, Mr. Thomas ; an immense legacy—a *thumping* legacy, will fall to you  after marriage, by the hand of your wife.

TIT. My wife! will she be uncommon handsome ?—What colour will her eyes be ?

GIMP. Exactly *like mine*, Mr. Thomas.

TIT. Um! them's no great shakes! Grey!—that's none so handsome. And her hair?

GIMP. Just an escape from auburn, *like mine*, also.

TIT. That's a great escape, indeed ! What some folks rail rod!

GIMP. Vulgar folks! But certainly, no gentleman of taste or discernment, like you are, Mr. Thomas.

TIT. (*coming down, R. aside*) How well she knows me. Well, Miss Gimp, I don't think I'm the man to confer my hand, nor my heart neither, on a marchioness, nor a countess, for paltry money.

GIMP. (L.) Money, though very necessary to buy pretty caps and bonnets, does not always purchase happiness, as Madame de *Ginless* says.

TIT. How learned she is! No—as you photographically observe, Miss Gimp, money does not always buy happiness, for instance, Sir Charles Andry! he married missus for money—what's the consequence? He'd like to see her at Novy Scoshy! If I, his confidential walley, dust speak a bit of my mind, only I scorns to blab master's secrets—no, no, honner! honner! that's my motter!

GIMP. A secret, did you say, Mr. Thomas?

TIT. Yes, a secret! If I knowed that my master, Sir Charles Andry, was over head and ears in love, which I does, and with a pretty young woman, not his own wife, would I blab? no! as I said 'afore, Miss Gimp, honner! honner! (*beating his breast*)—here's your reservoir!

GIMP. A pretty woman! not missus?

TIT. Can you wonder at it! He's not more than thirty, and she's between fifty and sixty, if she's a day. If rich, elderly old ladies *will* force us boys to marry 'em, what has they to expect? unconstancy!

GIMP. (*sighing*) Ah, poor, dear, infatuated elderly old lady, as you sensibly observe poor missus is, Mr. T—what could she expect?

TIT. Hot water, and kept biling. (*they laugh*)

GIMP. You are so witty, Mr. Thomas—really it's like looking into a jest book to hear you talk. But you say master's in love with somebody? (*apart*)—if it should be me! Are you impenetrably bent on keeping that a profound secret, Mr. Thomas?

TIT. Yes, here! Locked up here till death do us part, as the valentine book says.

GIMP. (*coaxing*) Even from me, dear Thomas?

TIT. Wheedling minx! I've half a mind—no, I won't—no, not even to you, Miss Gimp, shall that which is a solemn trust be confiscated. (*looking round*)

GIMP. I don't believe it's true, then.

TIT. Not true? Didn't I place the gummy side of the envelope over a tumbler glass of hot water, and read the whole

of master's letter of declaration to the lady over and over again ?

GIMP. So this is your solemn trust, is it, you perfidious spy ? Now if you don't immediately repeat me every word, I'll go instantly and inform my lady. (*going, R.*)

TIT. (*detaining her*) You won't, sure ! My hair's on end.

GIMP. I will—so you'd better begin. What's the lady's name?—How did it happen ?—When did it take place ?

TIT. Don't go on so ! it's like having to answer to six bells bells at once, and cry " Coming, coming," from morning till night.

GIMP. Go on—her name?

TIT. Well, then, her name is Miss— (*bell rings violently at door*)

GIMP. Lord! there's my lady. *Runs out R.*

TIT. Or maybe it's master, returned from the party. (*looks at his watch*) Scarcely twelve by Bennett. Missus hasn't been pleased—I predicts a squall.

*Bell rings more violently—TITMOUSE goes out C. to L.*

*Enter SIR CHARLES ANDRY in ball costume, C. from L. pale and excited, followed by TITMOUSE.*

SIR C. How you creep! were you asleep, sir? Bring me a glass of water—cold—cold as ice. Then remove your ugly face. (*throws down hat, gloves, &c., and sits R. at table*)

TIT. Ugly face! poor master, he's either fuddled or gone mad! *Exit C. to L.*

SIR C. (*seated R.*) Dear Amelia ! how beautiful she looked to-night! that last sigh did it. As I handed her down to supper, her cheeks all rosy blushes—her eyes all radiant fire—her small hand glowing in mine—I could no longer conceal my deep, intense emotion. I told her all my love—all my suffering for her sake. She did not reject my passion—angel as she is—so young, so beautiful, so innocent, so— Oh, misery—despair! and I a married man! It was too much for both our feelings—she was compelled to retire. After her departure, the place became insupportable.

*Re-enter TITMOUSE, C. from L. with tray, jug of water, and tumbler—he fills tumbler, which he places on table, R., then placing the water and tray on sideboard, L.*

TIT. (*at sideboard*) Summat's wrong here! master's in a reverie! (*helps himself to wine, L.*) It's too much for my system. (*drinking—he comes forward with decanter of wine and*

*wineglass, which he places on table, R.*) Shall I bring your slippers, Sir Charles? your worn boots pinch your feet perhaps.

SIR C. Get out, rascal, or by Jove—

TIT. Oh, whenever it comes to Jove, I never think it safe to remain. (*going up*) Directly I get signs of a better place, I give him warning, and no mistake! *Exit C. to L.*

SIR C. How absurd in me to fly into a passion with an ignorant rascal like that, as if he, too, were leagued against my happiness. Happiness! what word is that? alas—alas! my tongue—my heart is on fire! Oh, Emily—Emily! if we had only met ere I became the husband of another! My wife—wife! when I compare her to you, my divine Emily, my very soul sickens. Curse on this gold—this human bait, to the trap of earthly misery and despair. Would I had died ere I resigned my young life's liberty to gold's fascinations. (*bell, R.*)

*Enter TITMOUSE C. from L.*

Who's that?

TIT. It's my lady, Sir Charles! escorted from the party by Captain Dartford. (*goes up*)

SIR C. So soon! not a moment of escape is left me. (*rising*)

*Enter LADY ANDRY and CAPTAIN DARTFORD, C. from L. in grand costume. GIMP enters from R. at the same time.*

LADY A. (*coming down, L.*) Dearest love, why did you quit the supper table so abruptly? Ah, I see your pale look—you are indisposed. Left hurriedly, not to alarm my tenderness, dear Charles!

CAPTAIN. (*laughing—aside, R.*) Oh!  
(*concealing his face in his cap—GIMP comes L. C. and receives Lady Andry's shawl.*)

LADY A. What's the matter, Charles?

SIR C. (C.) A sort of spasm.

CAPTAIN. (*apart, laughing, R.*) A sort of spasm? an affection of the heart—eh, Andry?

LADY A. You will expose yourself to those vile draughts. I noticed that you looked flushed—excited. Then you must go into the hall to assist that flirt, Emily Lonsdale on with her Cashmere. It was very imprudent of you, Charles, and you so warm.

CAPTAIN. Very warm, indeed! naughty boy!

TIT. (*aside, up C.*) It's exact what I said. That sly God, Cubit, is a devil amongst shawls, Cashmeres especially.

(*laughing.*)

SIR C. (*turning*) What are you grinning at, scoundrel ?—quit the room.

TIT. I leaves this day week—no, this day month : I forgot the Christmas-boxes. *Exit C. to L.*

SIR C. (C.) I shall be better on the instant. I grieve that I have destroyed your pleasure. But why quit thus early, so happy a party, on my account.

LADY A. No scene can be happy to me, dear Charles, where you are not!

CAPTAIN. (*aside*) A—hem !

LADY A. (*aside*) Traitor ! (*to SIR CHARLES*) Keep up your spirits. (*crossing*) Captain Dartford, I will but disembarass myself of my diamonds, and return directly.

*Exit R. D. followed by GIMP with Lady Andry's shawl.*

SIR C. (*crossing to R.*) Oh, pray don't hurry yourself, my love. Indeed I am better already. (*despairingly*) I wish I were dead, Dartford ! I'm in love—lost—irretrievably lost—lost in love ! (*drinking some water, and sits R. of table, R.*)

CAPTAIN. (*seating himself L. of R. table*) Ah, my dear fellow, I am irretrievably worse off than that. I am lost in debt.

SIR C. Pshaw !

CAPTAIN. You may pshaw ! as you please; but the ugly paw of a sheriff's officer, armed with a writ, is even worse than that of an elderly wife, armed with her marriage certificate, and her money bags, although one does not care a military button about her.

SIR C. Sir, you doubt—

CAPTAIN. Nothing! Even had you not just confessed ; why, to prove to you that I think being in debt ten thousand times worse than being overhead and ears in love, see, I absolutely, (in a state of almost insanity,) I confess, I purchased this phial of poison ; and determine  reaching home to put a period to my wretched ennui! luckily, I took a bottle of soda water instead. (*shows phial*) And all this distraction for a paltry two hundred pounds! Even now, the thought so excites my desperation that— (*putting phial to his lips*)

SIR C. (*rising, and snatching it from him*) Dartford, hold! are you mad ? I'll give you a cheque—stay, here's a bill of exchange for fifty pounds more than the amount. (*giving one from his pocket book*) You can repay me at your leisure.

CAPTAIN. (*aside*) I never have any leisure ! (*aloud*) My dear Andry I am truly grateful for this act of generosity. I stand reprov'd! you have made me half wild with joy—you are a good fellow, Andry ! But your wife returns—far be it from me to trespass on your domestic happiness. (*looking at his*

*watch*) The tables will be all made up—I'm off to the club !  
adio ! adio ! *Exit C. to L.*

SIR. C. (*sits L. of R. table*) Domestic happiness! domestic curse! " He jests at scars, who never felt a wound." (*looking at phial*) Poison! labelled " poison!" I was a mere boy when she first beheld me—proud, poor, penniless, thrown upon the world's sympathy—sympathy ! the world's sympathy. (*looking at phial*) " Poison!" I was a poet—the world's sympathy gave me fame, but no money; she assisted me, and mistook gratitude for love—everybody saw the great advantage, they said, I had gained—everybody urged me on. If I loved her not, then, I loved no other. I cast myself at the feet of the golden idol, it's weight crushed my heart—we were married—she and I—paired, not matched. I, at once, rich, affluent, envied, miserable! she had interest—the poor poet became a baronet! all this I owe to my wife ! and yet, I cannot love her. Her jealousy, her suspicions, reproaches, fall like drops of poison into my soul—watched—no thought, no action, is my own. A galley slave, chained with a golden chain—esteem becomes apathy, dislike, almost hate. And now I love—love to frenzy another! my brain burns, my mind wanders. (*putting his hand on phial*) Poison ! This comes to me in the very moment of my deep despair! sweet oblivious antidote! Men call thee poison !—Anguish names thee tranquility ! come !

*(pours the poison into the tumbler of water on R. table, and is about to drink—*

*Enter LADY ANDRY from R. D.*

LADY A. (*coming down L., of ANDRY*) Drink no more to-night—it is monstrous ! And now that we are alone together, let us speak! The injured wife—the base, ungrateful, perfidious husband! (*wrathfully*)

SIR C. (*rising*) Perfidious!

LADY A. Ay, perfidious! know you this miniature?

SIR C. Mine!

LADY A. Yes, yours ! A present from the husband of Lady Andry to Miss Lonsdale. One of her satellites purloined it from her, and brought it me—a welcome present, was it not? Am I not an injured wife? Is she not a base

SIR C. No ! Oh, for Heaven's sake, ~~polute~~ not the purity of her name. I alone am culpable—she is blameless—indeed she believes me unmarried!

LADY A. 'Tis false! I went to her house—I explained all—I cast myself at her feet—she mocked me, taunted me with my age. She insolently bade me gaze into her looking glass—the

proud, arrogant!—but her beauty shall fade, as mine has faded ; and her cold, unfeeling heart, know too late, what it is to be betrayed, and spurned, as I am.

SIR C. Oh, for pity's sake !

LADY A. Pity is too holy a feeling to descend on her, who rends in twain the sacred links which Heaven has joined together.

SIR C. Be calm, I entreat! I—

LADY A. Calm ! when I think of her audacity in avowing her love for you, a married man, my husband !

SIR C. (*joyfully*) Did she then confess—

LADY A. Nay, calm your transports—at least, suppress them in *my* presence ! The bird in his golden cage shall not be so easily set free as she imagines.

SIR C. You have, in marrying me, deceived, at least yourself. Take again wealth, rank—all that you have conferred. Give me back *my* poverty, and my liberty! brand me with ingratitude, and banish me for ever from your sight for ever! I cannot love you—then teach me to respect you, by the magnanimity of your conduct, for it is true, I love another!

LADY A. You confess it ?

SIR C. I do!

LADY A. (R. C.) Madman! You know not half my resolution ; the serpent coils not round its prey with more tenacity than I to your destiny. Think you by this open acknowledgment of your guilt, to drive me to desperation ? I am nerved with a woman's strongest weapon—endurance! that shall be my weapon ! no dagger—no poison !

SIR C. (L. *glancing at table*) Poison!

LADY A. I could weep at my own folly, which has brought me to this degradation, but I will not—no, I laugh—laugh, both at her and you ! Think hereafter, as you pass through the gay, gilded scenes of the future, bowed down by years, with your wife on your arm, how the laughing world will sneer at you! shall I not be revenged ? Ha, ha, ha! My tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth! water—water! (SIR CHARLES *advances to the sideboard, L.*) no, not from your hand—it would kill me! (*she sinks on chair L. of R. table, and drinks the poisoned water from the tumbler*)

SIR C. (*up stage, at sideboard, L.—turns suddenly, seeing her drink—rushes forward to C.*) Horror, oh, horror!

LADY A. (*rising, and turning to him*) Why stand you there transfixed—why is your face so deadly pale—what is the meaning of that wild, glassy gaze ?

SIR C. (*half choked, and pointing to table, R.*) Poison!

LADY A. (*snatching up phial*) Poison! Ah, I see! (*calmly*)  
I'm poisoned—poisoned! (*gazing at him*)

SIR C. (*greatly excited*) Oh, not by me! I swear it! not by me! (*calling*) Help! (*Music piano—which continues till end of Act*)

LADY A. Call no assistance! It is in vain—listen to me! Misery and disappointment in you have broken my heart—I fear not death—I will die—it will be a relief.

SIR C. I am innocent!

LADY A. I accuse *you* not—it is of *her* I speak—she will rejoice in my destruction. Let her rejoice—*she* will weep, when *I shall be at peace*. Marry her at your peril! if you do, at the nuptials—at the altar—in the bridal chamber—everywhere—I will be the dark, denouncing shadow between you and happiness! I will be a blight upon her as she has been on me! (*sinks on chair L. of R. table—clock begins to strike twelve*) This is *Christmas Eve*! Listen—the clock strikes twelve! A solemn hour for a dying wife's prediction. If you marry that woman, she shall prove as faithless to you as you have proved to me. She, who has changed your heart, who loves you not, shall prove your scourge—your deadly scourge—your destruction! And on this very night of Christmas eve, the clock striking twelve, as now, your falsehood shall be deeply punished—I avenged! Remember my prediction! I die! (*dies*)

SIR C. (*going to her, and raising her head*) I am innocent! What, gone! Help—help! This horrible phial! what will they not suspect? (*conceals it*) Terrible passion! I am already stricken!

*Enter THOMAS and GIMP, C. from L.—as they approach towards*

LADY ANDRY, *he motions them back, and buries his face in his hands.—Tableau.*

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

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Eight months is supposed to elapse between First and Second Acts.

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## ACT SECOND.

SCENE.—*An Elegant Villa in Switzerland. Large opening, C. looking on a lake, and mountains—doors, R. and L.—carpet down—chairs—tables, R. and L.—writing materials on R. table.*

GIMP, *differently dressed, discovered, arranging some flowers.*

GIMP. Ah, this is something like life! Since master has married Miss Emily Lonsdale, and came here to reside in Switzerland, nothing but gaiety! such balls—such fêtes—such excursions on the lake ! something like, to what it was in old missus's time ! Above all, I do love a moonlight night row on the lake ! It makes one feel all over so romantic and Lalla Rookish! Then Mr. Thomas has become so sentimental ! if he would only pop the question—if he would only take the hint from his master, Sir Charles, and not let the grass grow under his feet, while he's deliberating about getting married. (*piccolo heard, L.*) Oh, there he is—practising his piccolo, to play " The Merry Swiss Boy " on the lake. Charming ! if it were only a *leetle* in time, and not quite so shrill.

*Enter TITMOUSE, playing a piccolo, L. door.*

TIT. (*down, L.*) Commongy vous! That means what o'clock is it ? How do you think I succeed with my piccolo ? Music is the food of love, as Hovid says.

GIMP. (R.) Food! I'm sure, then, it does not apply to you, for you are always hungry, and eat like a buffalo. I wish I could say as much for master, but perhaps it's love—his appetite falls off daily.

TIT. Ah, too much happiness is as bad as too little. Single blessedness is in favour of a good digestion, I think.

GIMP. On my word, sir, you are vastly polite to a lady, ain't you ? Don't all the poets agree that the world's happiness is entirely due to our sex ?

TIT. Well, certainly, I must confess we owes them the sewing on of our shirt buttons.

GIMP. Shirtbuttons! and is that all, sir?

TIT. No—there's the starching of dickies.

GIMP. Dickies, monster ! I hope my lady don't hear you.

TIT. And if she did? what does she understand about collars or dickies, or shirtbuttons ? she's a forgiving lady—a generous

lady! No paying for breakages with her—money's nothing—and good-tempered—not like *some* people.

GIMP. Good tempered! I wish you could see her face in the glass, when her crinoline *will* swag !

TIT. Well, that's enough to provoke an angel! But isn't it a delightful thing to see her and master seated, side by side on the sofa, like a couple of love birds, a billing and cooing, and taking their coffee.

GIMP. I wonder, then, *you* don't take the hint, turn love bird yourself, and begin billing and cooing also ?

TIT. So I will when I've saved money enough to buy a cage to live in.

GIMP. Cage—stuff! As Mrs. Glass says—" Catch your bird first, then talk of cage."

TIT. But, after all, although Sir Charles and my lady *do* look so happy, and so much better suited to each other—and this was a decided *love* match—I suspects, as Doctor Startle'em says, " There's a skeleton behind the door."

GIMP. (*frightened*) A what ? And pray what do you draw that horrible conclusion from ?

TIT. (*whispering*) Master's looks.

GIMP. When?

TIT. When he's shaving.

GIMP. Mercy on us! when he's shaving ?

TIT. Yes—especially when the water's cold, and the razor won't cut.

GIMP. Bah!

TIT. Then he's taken such a mortal dislike to music—can't even bear to hear me run up a hocket on my piccolo. (*plays very shrill*)

GIMP. (*holding her ears*) Oh, for mercy's sake!

TIT. Why, you're going mad, too!—don't like music !

GIMP. Call *that* music ? My teeth are all on edge !

TIT. Her teeth on edge! She'll bite me next. But talking of master—don't be alarmed; and far be it, Gimp, from a trust-worthy servant, like me, to let the cat out of master's bag. (*whispers*) But do you know, I always thought old missus died very suddenly—eh ?

GIMP. (*breathlessly*) Eh?

TIT. Eh?

GIMP. Well!

TIT. Well!

GIMP. Suddenly!

TIT. Suddenly! I said suddenly! there was no coroner's conquest. She was a regular tartar. He was glad enough to get rid of her, no doubt.

GIMP. And get married to somebody else.

TIT. You've hit it.

GIMP. Hit what ? (TITMOUSE *whispers*)

GIMP. (*shrieking*) Fearful! I'll run and communicate your dark suspicions to my lady. (*crossing to R.*)

TIT. (*holding her*) Do you want to see me hanged ? look at this innocent and pitiful face—would you see it grinning through the fatal noose?

GIMP. I would not keep such a dreadful secret for anyone (*pausing*) except my *husband*.

TIT. That noose is better than t'other. Hold your tongue, and I'll marry you next Friday! (*aside*) I've signed my death-warrant, and Friday's a pleasant day to put it in force.

GIMP. At last I've caught him. (*aloud*) Well, since you are so pressing, I accept you—there's my cheek, (*offers her cheek for him to kiss*)

TIT. (*kisses her*) Her cheek is like a ripe peach. When one is married, we can have peaches every day.

*Enter SIR CHARLES ANDRY, L. D. clad in the costume of the country. GIMP runs out, R. 1 E.*

SIR C. Where's Lady Andry ?

TIT. (R.) Her ladyship went out about an hour since, Sir Charles, with Captain Dartford, to take a row on the lake. (*going up and looking off, L.*) There they are now. Oh, no, it's only the black duck.

SIR C. (*crossing to R.*) Blockhead! bring me my gun.

TIT. (L.) I wonder whether he's going to shoot himself, or the duck? His new wife's folly, and extravagance quite upsets him Poor master! well, I suppose, if he does shoot himself, we shall be left the best of mourning. *Exit L. D.*

SIR C. (*moodily*) Ah, mine is indeed a dreary fate. I killed her not—it was destiny. What, then, is this remorse which haunts me ? a shadowy, and denouncing form which floats constantly before me in my loneliest hours ? memory will not forgo it—I am no murderer. If my new wife loves me not, 'tis destiny, not retribution. Yet 'tis plain she loves me not—never loved me—her tenderness was a cheat—her pretended fondness a mockery. She that raised me from obscurity, indigence—she—she that I despised, loved me, and—and I—

*Enter TITMOUSE, L. D., with a gun, intent on its examination—he runs against SIR CHARLES.*

Idiot! (*takes the gun*) here, take this money. (*feeling in his pocket*)

TIT. (L.) He's going to bribe me, and make it up for calling me a hidiot.

SIR C. Here are ten crowns. (*opening a purse*)

TIT. Oh, thank you, Sir Charles—I really feel two large tears gushing down, one on each cheek, as big as marbles. Ten crowns ! (*holding his hand*)

SIR C. Take them to the poor widow who lives in the white cottage yonder. Her child is ill, I hear. Don't say from whom the money comes.

TIT. Oh, depend on it, Sir Charles, she'll never be the wiser for me. (*aside*) I'll give her one crown, and keep nine for myself—Charity begins at home. Poor dear widow, I'll go to her directly, Sir Charles.

SIR C. (*offering, but withdrawing the money—crossing to L.*) On second thoughts, I'll not trouble you, but throw the purse in at the lattice myself as I pass. *Exit L. D.*

TIT. Well I never! throw it in at the window ! what a catch for the whimpering hussey. But I'll be a wasp in her hive. I'll go and demand the purse, and pretend I threw it in, in a fit of delirious tremens.

CAPTAIN DARTFORD. (*without at back, L.*) Hillo, Thomas! come this way rascal!

TIT. (R.) Who's that that knows me ?

CAPTAIN. If you wouldn't have the oar broken on your head, you'll use all despatch to assist your lady ashore.

TIT. 'Tis the captain—confound him for detaining me, when I felt them ten crowns at my finger's ends.

*Boat comes on from L. to C, with DARTFORD and EMILY—drag net hanging over the edge of the boat, and two fishing-rods alongside.*

TIT. (*assisting EMILY awkwardly*) Take care, my lady, you don't make a false step.

CAPTAIN. Fellow! (*strikes him out of the way—TITMOUSE falls backwards into the boat—CAPTAIN leads her forward, R.*) I hope, de—beg pardon—Lady Andry, you've not sprained your ankle, through that blundering blockhead's stupidity.

EMILY. (L.) Oh, no—don't be angry with poor Thomas. He thought to be very polite. (*laughing*) Where's your master, Thomas?

TIT. (R.) Gone to shoot himself, my la— Oh, dear no—gone to shoot by himself, I mean. I'm so excited when I think of them ten crowns, I don't know what I'm talking about.

*Carries out fishing tackle, R., leaving one rod and line near table, R.*

EMILY. Rambling abroad again on his wild excursions—in his strange humours—caring little with whom I associate, and less for my society.

CAPTAIN. (R. C., *tenderly*) Do you complain of that?

EMILY. A neglected wife always complains, under all circumstances: however she amuses herself—how ever she finds the absence of a husband a relief— still it is her prerogative to complain. It serves to fill up *ennui*, and gives her an interest in the eyes of the world.

CAPTAIN. And in the hearts of her adorers. You, beautiful Emily, require no deeper interest than your charming self—why else am I your devoted slave?—why will you still refuse to listen to me? why longer entrust your happiness to a husband who, if ever he did esteem you, does so no longer—who, if the whispers of the world are to be believed, was anything but grateful to his first wife; who can tell—I shudder while I think of it—what the caprice of an instant may effect—a mere suspicion perhaps, might induce him to perpetrate on your adorable self. You understand my feelings—my apprehensions!

EMILY. Alas, yes! I understand but too well. His harsh manner every day becomes insupportable. 'Tis true he refuses me nothing. My diamonds are the most brilliant—my carriage the most elegant, yet still—

CAPTAIN. Without a congeniality of soul, there can be no love—no real felicity. Wealth cannot purchase it. Yes, sweet Emily, there is more joy in adoring eyes than in the glory of a diadem—more music in the melody of fond lips than in the sweetest serenade on yonder lake. All this happiness is yours—why decline it? I offer it at your feet. Will you let me expire, whose only fault, if fault it be,—love, and loving only you.

(*kneeling.*)

EMILY. Rise! if you should be observed, I tremble for your life. My husband is, of late, very suspicious—irritable beyond measure. If he should return with his gun in his hand—rise, for pity sake, dear Harry.

CAPTAIN. (*apart*) Dear Harry! she's mine! Rise, charming Emily! oh, never, till you confirm my happiness, suffer me to hope—if not, let your tyrant kill me. I can expire but too gladly at your feet. You will see him trample on me—I care not—I shall die for *you*.

*Enter GIMP, hastily, R. D.*

GIMP. (*confused*) Oh, I beg pardon—I'm going another way.

CAPTAIN. (*taking up the fishing line, without rising*) Confound this fly! at last I've got it on my hook.

GIMP. Sir Charles, my lady!

EMILY. Where?

GIMP. In the avenue, my lady! I thought, (*suspiciously*)

perhaps, he might prevent the captain trying to get his fly on the hook.

CAPTAIN. Thank you ! (*aside*) It's fast enough now. (*rising*.)

EMILY. To avoid a matrimonial *tête-à-tête*, I will go to my apartment. (CAPTAIN *hands her off*, R.—GIMP *crosses to L.*)

CAPTAIN. (L. C., *flirting with and seizing GIMP'S hand*)  
Charming Gimp !

GIMP. (L.) La, sir!

CAPTAIN. I love you, Gimp.

GIMP. Good gracious!

CAPTAIN. Your hand is velvet—no doubt your lips distil nectar.

GIMP. I'm all confusion.

CAPTAIN. There's a sovereign for you, Gimp.

GIMP. I couldn't think of taking it. (*takes it*)

CAPTAIN. And if that doesn't seal your lips, let this. (*kisses her—aside*) What a deal of time is lost in making love to women. (*he enters the boat at back and rows off L.—GIMP watching him gets to R.*)

GIMP. Well, there is something in them military men after all.

TIT. (*who has entered and concealed himself behind, advancing L.*) Is there ? I seed you—maybe you'd like a hat and feathers, a long pair of gilt spurs. He, he, he! A sword—he, he, he!

GIMP. Sir!

TIT. O, don't sir me, with your large goggle eyes, that way ! I'm only Thomas the footman—I'm no military captain—I ain't got no sovereigns to give you.

GIMP. Sovereigns !

TIT. Yes, sovereigns! I ain't deaf, nor I ain't blind.

GIMP. You're a fool!

TIT. I was—I was a fool, but I ain't so now ! I've done with you—go to your captain, who thinks your hand velvet, and your lips nectar—I calls 'em small beer. I shan't ax for your hand.

GIMP. Take it then without axing, brute!

*Boxes his ears and exit R. D.*

TIT. If she should go in her spite now, and tell master what I said on him behind his back, on my suspicions about old missus! Here, Gimp, my darling! (*approaches door R.*)

*Enter LADY ANDRY, R.*

LADY A. What's the matter ?

TIT. Nothing, my lady! only I—that is, Gimp—small beer.

*Exit L. D.*

LADY A. What ails that fellow ? What ails myself ?—if I

could reflect, I might well ask that question of my heart. Heart! have I a heart? indeed, I scarcely know. (*sits pensively L. of R. table*) I made a grand mistake in marrying Andry. If I had only known Harry Dartford loved me! Why did he want the courage to tell me so, till *after* I had become another's, and that other—(*sighs*) How unlike the husband I anticipated! Instead of the gay, volatile, fashionable, Sir Charles Andry, he sinks into the melancholy, dreary, morose tyrant. Harry Dartford, who adores me, is more gay, more joyous than ever! I am miserable, buried alive in these dreary mountains, lost to the world, lost to myself, lost to Dartford!

SIR CHARLES *enters L. D. a book in his hand—he goes beside her, while she is speaking, without her perceiving him.*

On looking into my heart, I now distinctly perceive, what Harry says *is* true. I never loved Andry, only he was the fashion, and my girlish vanity felt gratified, that when he became a widower, and women of beauty, rank, fortune, aspired to his hand—he was the fashion, the rage—I triumphed over all—their mortification was my glory; I became Lady Andry, yet I loved not the man.

SIR C. (*he lets the book fall in astonishment*) Amazement!

EMILY. You there, Sir Charles? How you frightened me!

SIR C. No doubt, madam! An unwilling listener to your *outward* reflections—an astonished one! And pray, who is this man who gives a wife such excellent counsel? Not your husband's *friend*, Harry Dartford, surely?

EMILY. I shall make no confession, sir, so torture me as you please. What you have meanly stooped to overhear, you know—make the most of it. (*scornfully*)

SIR C. I am your husband, madam—I insist on an immediate explanation.

EMILY. (*rising*) Husband! (*scornfully*) In what sense? A ring and a license, which, when a man does one of our sex the honor to confer upon her, he calls himself her husband. A fine term, truly, to chain you for life to a man, who, from the hour he secures your hand, forgets that you have a heart, and all those treacherous endearments which made you his. Till we were married you could smile, worship, worship *me*—even my defects were beauties.—Once united, how changed the picture! My society lost its charm, my beauty its magic—every instant brought some new neglect—your words became austere—your manner mysterious and terrifying.

SIR C. (L.) But this Harry—who is he?

EMILY. (R.) A *phantom* which haunts me, perhaps as the phantom which haunts *you*.

SIR C. Silence! (*looking about hurriedly*)

EMILY. Do *I* ever demand an explanation of you, or inquire whose image it is rises before you, startles you in your dreams, makes your eyes glare on vacancy, and your lips paler than marble? Amusing to a young wife is it not, alone with you at all hours—at the dead of night, in these dim mountains of Switzerland, far away from her home and her friend.

SIR C. Silence! I insist, I—

EMILY. No, I will not be silent! you have awakened the intensest chord of feeling, let it thrill on. I insist, on immediately returning to England, to my native land. We two are ill suited to each other, let us separate.

SIR C. Separate? no, madam, you shall not escape me, so! (*furiously*) But who is this man? Is it Captain Dartford? tell me! (*grasping her wrist*) I *will* know!—that your homeward course to England, which takes place to-morrow, may be over his corpse. Thomas! (*calling*)

*Enter* THOMAS TITMOUSE, L. D.

TIT. Here, sir!

SIR C. Where are my pistols?

TIT. In the town yonder, Sir Charles, at the gunsmith's!

SIR C. Ah, true, I forgot. I told the man not to give them to any one but myself. (*aside to EMILY*) Dartford dies, ere daybreak.

*Exit* L. D., followed by THOMAS.—*Stage begins to darken.*

EMILY. (*who has sunk into chair R. C.—calling*) Gimp! Gimp!

*Enter* GIMP, R. D.

GIMP. Yes, my lady!

EMILY. I am dreadfully excited!

GIMP. So am I, my lady—I'm all of a shiver. I listened, and heard how master went on—the monster! the men, are all monsters—Thomas is a monster.

EMILY. (*rising, agitated*) How long would it take you, to run to Captain Dartford's, to warn him, that his life is in danger?

GIMP. Ten minutes.

EMILY. Fly then!

GIMP. (*as she goes up C.*) As good luck will have it, here is the captain, my lady.

*The boat appears C. from L., with CAPTAIN DARTFORD—he lands.*

Ah! he's a nice young man if you like.

CAPTAIN. (*coming down, L. C*) Beloved Emily ! whence this agitation ?

EMILY. (R.) All is discovered, Harry—fly or you are lost. My frantic husband is gone for his pistols, to deprive you of your life. (*moon rises.*)

CAPTAIN. He deprives me of life, while he deprives me, of you!

EMILY. Can I not urge you to quit Switzerland ?

CAPTAIN. Yes, if you share my flight—if not, death !

EMILY. (*tenderly taking his hand*) Oh, Harry ! Harry!

GIMP. (L.) Do go, my lady, I'll go with you, and leave both the monsters, Thomas and master, to shoot one another. I'll go and get my bonnet. (*Exit L. D.*)

CAPTAIN. Night advances! I have a boat at hand, we can cross the lake, and be beyond pursuit in half an hour—happy, happy in each other, for ever !

EMILY. Dare I—I (*leans on him*) my heart—

CAPTAIN. Dearest Amelia! Hence! to remain with him, who, quite misunderstands a heart like yours, is fearful.

*GIMP peeps on at door, L.*

GIMP. Good gracious—master's coming ! to shoot everyone of us, no doubt! (*retires*)

EMILY. What can I do ?

CAPTAIN. If you would not see, either Andry, or myself lifeless at your feet, Emily, this is the moment. (*Music—piano*)

EMILY. An instant! (*runs and writes something on R. table*) Now, providence ! any where ! (*giving her hand*)

CAPTAIN. Dear, confiding angel! (*aside*) The game is mine ! (*leads her up to boat, and assists her in, &c.*)

*Enter GIMP, L. D., as the CAPTAIN is about to row off, with her shawl and bonnet.*

GIMP. Oh, run away with me also !

CAPTAIN *assists GIMP into the boat, and they disappear L.*

*Music increases, wind heard, and approach of distant storm—thunder, lightning, &c. —Enter SIR CHARLES, L. D., with a case of pistols—he crosses, and places them on the table, R., opens case, takes out pistols, placing them on table, his eye meets the sheet of paper, written by EMILY.*

SIR C. What's here? her writing! (*reads*) "I cannot love

you—I love another—forget me." (*paper falls from his hand*)  
 The prediction ! ungrateful heart, thy punishment commences !  
 Alone, left, all—all alone—she loves me not. The prediction !  
 the prediction!

(*he sinks L., of R. table—covering his face with his hands.—*  
*Music, forte—storm encreases, loud thunder, lightning, wind,*  
*rain, &c. &c., as the drop descends*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT THIRD.

**SCENE FIRST.**—*Inside of a Handsome House near Paris.*  
*Fire place R., with fire burning, door of entrance, L. 2 E.,*  
*window L., with curtains to draw—sofa near the fire, with table*  
*—a portfolio with writing materials—tables each side of C.,*  
*doors, chairs, &c.—masquerade dresses spread over chairs, and*  
*about the room.*

GIMP *discovered.*

GIMP. (*surveying the dresses*) Christmas comes but once a year, as they say in England—and here is Christmas Eve once again ; how differently they do these things here. In England the men get tipsey, while women beat up plum puddings for to-morrow's indigestion. Here, we are to have a bal masque! My lady, is to go as Venus. The captain, as some wild Indian chief, and I, as little Red Riding Hood—how delightful! I wonder if that wretch, Thomas, ever was at a masquerade ? He's drinking vile beer, no doubt, and smoking filthy pipes of tobacco with his low companions, at home—or maybe, kissing some forward minx under the mistletoe. He hasn't sense, nor gentility enough to go to a bal masque.—He has forgotten me, I dare say.—I have forgotten him, entirely—or, maybe, he's dead of a broken heart, for the loss of me. Poor Thomas!

(*wiping her eyes.*)

SONG.—GIMP. (*introduced*)

*Enter EMILY, R., much changed, and simply attired.*

Oh, my lady, do look at these *sweet* costumes!

EMILY. (*with indifference, and seating herself on sofa near the fire*) They are very handsome. Is coffee ready?

GIMP. Oh, yes, my lady, I'll bring it directly. (*going, L.*)  
She's in a hurry to put on her splendid dress. *Exit, L. D.*

EMILY. (*shivering*) How cold it is to-night ! (*wrapping her shawl round her*) The wind whistles round this house in strange tones—tones that sound like voices—as if the house were haunted. (*starting*) Ugh! who's there ? nothing ! I did not formerly feel thus chilly! (*looking at fire*) There are faces in the fire—there's one staring at me, very like— Is some one coming with the lamp ? I hate being alone in the dark !

*Enter VALET, L. D., with a lamp lighted, which he places on table, R.*

Is Captain Dartford at home?

VALET. Yes, my lady, my master's in his room, dressing for the masquerade. *Exit, L. D.*

EMILY. Masquerade! Life is all a masquerade, I think—an ever changing set of faces ! No tranquility—no sincerity—no *real* love ! I know not how it happens—my spirits become so dull, Harry is buoyant as ever—*his* temper, too, is amiable—mine, I confess, at times, is a little capricious. But then, I've had so much to annoy and vex me—I fret about trifles. If Harry could only leave off his bad habit of gambling! that frightens me, and— There's that face staring at me again! Gimp—Gimp! are you coming ? (*nervously*)

*Enter GIMP, L. D. ushering in VALET, who places coffee on table, R.—draws the curtains of window, L., and exits, L. D.*

GIMP. Did you call, my lady ?

EMILY. Yes—look there! (*pointing*) Did you never see a face resembling that in the fire ?

GIMP. Well, I declare, if it isn't just like Sir Charles. How it stares at you, my lady ! Ha, ha, ha!

EMILY. (*shuddering*) Ugh! (*falls back on sofa*)

GIMP. Oh, my lady, what's the matter ? How pale you turn—shall I—(*going L.*)

EMILY. Remain where you are—the cold makes me shiver.

GIMP. (*aside*) And that face !

EMILY. Let me have the coffee. (*GIMP serves it*) You may now go and prepare for the masquerade, since you have been given a ticket.

GIMP. Thank you, my lady. (*going*) She little thinks the ticket was given me by the captain. (*returning*) Would you like to see my dress, my lady ? Little Red Riding Hood. But

no doubt you are anxious to see the dress of the captain. Oh, it's beautiful.

EMILY. Indeed! is it? you appear to know.

GIMP. Oh yes, I peeped through the keyhole. Yes, he's going as some great Indian chief, with a great war club in his hand. Everybody will be *struck*.

EMILY. (*smiling*) With the *war club*.

GIMP. No, my lady—with master! that, I see, brings the smile back again to your face. How glad I am. Now I'll go dress. Ah, here is the captain. Isn't he magnificent?

*Enter* CAPTAIN DARTFORD, L. D., *in a Indian costume*—

GIMP *gets down*, L., *admiring his dress*.

CAPTAIN. (*spouting and flourishing war club*) Spirits of the past—to the hunting grounds of my fathers, I will have vengeance—I will have—(*seeing GIMP, L.*) A cup of coffee, Gimp.

(*he goes up to table*, R.

GIMP. (*placing the coffee*) Here it is, sir! (*aside*) He's a very demagogue. *Exit R.*

CAPTAIN. (*standing at table*, R., *and stirring his coffee*) How charmingly you look, Emily—the expression of your mouth is sweet as—sugar, dearest!

EMILY. Will you never have a serious moment, Harry ?

CAPTAIN. Ha, ha, ha! serious—I? impossible! but you smile in spite of yourself. You are in better humour again. You look perfectly angelic! Have you any money, Emily, dear?

EMILY. Money, Harry! no, you know I have not. I obtained the last by the sale of my diamonds, forwarded me by my husband. I lent you all yesterday—where is it?

CAPTAIN. Lost, last night, every rap! confound that *rouge-et-noir*! my exchequer completely cleaned out.

EMILY. Five hundred napoleons!

CAPTAIN. Fortune of war—fortune of war!

EMILY. All at a single sitting!

CAPTAIN. But suppose I had won ?

EMILY. (*sighing*) You seldom do.

CAPTAIN. Yes, yes, sometimes.

EMILY. (*alarmed*) You never tell me of your winnings—I only hear of your losses. What is to be done ? to-morrow is Christmas day! The landlord will expect his rent—our furniture may be seized.

CAPTAIN. (*with indifference*) It might—I have a splendid idea ! you shall write to your husband.

EMILY. Write to my husband ? I! for what ?

CAPTAIN. (*calmly*) Money.

EMILY. Am I in my senses? Do I hear aright?

CAPTAIN. Certainly. Get up a fine penitent story —say that I have left you in the deepest distress—Andry is very soft hearted! by the next post he'll remit you a thousand pounds. Write to-night—write now—here are pen and ink.

EMILY. (*rising—scornfully*) Cruel! Never! I would prefer to go out into yonder cold street, and wander barefoot through the deep snow, begging my bread from door to door, than put pen to paper to insult or deceive again the husband, I have so deeply injured. (*coming forward, R.*)

CAPTAIN. (*lighting a cigarette*) Oh, very well—as you please. (*coming down, L.*) On my word, Emily, I think you'll go on the stage yet, and play Juno in a thunder storm.

EMILY. Wretch that I am—I deserve *all* this! (*putting her handkerchief to her eyes*)

CAPTAIN. Before you commence a new scene—hadn't you better change your dress?

EMILY. Change my dress! for what ?

CAPTAIN. The bal masque. (*looking at watch*) Past eleven o'clock, by Jove! my friends will soon be here.

EMILY. I go to *no* masquerade to-night. Christmas eve is too solemn an advent for me.

CAPTAIN. Oh, well, if you are so capricious, I must go by myself. Mademoiselle Entre is to be there, from the ballet of the Grand Opera.

EMILY. Oh, with all my heart. (*bitterly*) A vile creature.

CAPTAIN. Her pas last night immortalised her !

EMILY. Heaven grant me endurance—I can no longer listen.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

CAPTAIN. Tears won't do for me! Ha, ha, ha! I'm not married, thank the gods! I shall make a great hit to-night. (*flourishing his club*).

*Enter VALET, L. door.*

VALET. (*announcing*) Monsieur Eustache, and masqueraders.

CAPTAIN. Show them all up.

*Enter EUSTACHE and FOUR MASQUERADERS L. D.*

EUST. We are come for you, dear fellow. The light of the grand saloon wouldn't burn without your wit to keep it in a blaze!

CAPTAIN. Allons!

EUST. Et madame ?

CAPTAIN. Oh, she's indisposed—her sight's affected, a malady called green eyes. *(ALL laugh)*

EUST. Oh, jealous! Ha, ha, ha ! green eyes! poor lady! Jealous ! Oh! ha, ha, ha ! if she only knew half! Green eyes! Ha, ha, ha! *Exeunt, laughing, L. D.*

EMILY *re-enters, R. 1 E., wiping her eyes.*

EMILY. Gone! This night, then, Christmas Eve, I shall have to my own reflections. Dare I reflect?—write to him? His very pity would sting my heart to death. Death ! and he, for whose sake I madly sacrificed all—honour, fortune—he is gone carousing forth—does not even make a merit of concealing his indifference—threatens to forsake me! perhaps return no more! Alone—desolate, the criminal wife—the forsaken mistress ! What is to be done? What become of me ? My furniture seized—in a foreign land—penniless, friendless, houseless ! infamy—want—perhaps starvation ! *(burying her face in her hands—door bell rings violently—pause)*

*Enter VALET, L. D.*

VALET. A gentleman, who has been assailed by robbers, my lady—the police are bringing him in.

EMILY. And welcome ! Place him in that chair. *(pointing to one, L. C.—she retires to sofa, R.)*

OFFICERS *bring SIR CHARLES in, L. D.—he is much changed—his hair white—they place him in chair, L. C.*

SIR C. *(faintly)* Thanks, friends—I am quite restored—thanks for your interference—there's for your pains. *(gives money)* Leave me ! *Exeunt OFFICERS and VALET, L. D.*

EMILY. *(advancing from R.)* You are not hurt, I hope, sir ?

SIR C. *(rising)* Heavens, that voice ! Emily!

EMILY. My husband ! *(rushing to him)* Charles ! curse me ! *(falls at his feet.)*

SIR C. Oh, Emily—curse you! I—never ! Rise—I—unhappy rencontre—I'll begone.

EMILY. No, no ! Heaven has conducted you hither to pardon a poor contrite wretch ! Leave me not till you have pronounced forgiveness—forgiveness! *(detaining him—kneeling with clasped and upraised hands)*

SIR C. I see that you are changed—much changed! that you have suffered terribly! I—I forgive you ! Farewell!

EMILY. One moment—only one—to speak my gratitude on this injured hand. *(kissing his hand)* Bless you—bless you!

SIR C. Release me! Let me go!

EMILY. Oh, if you knew what I had endured ! What remorse—the atonement of my tears! How I had been beguiled—every word, thought, look of yours, perverted into a crime!

SIR C. A crime!

EMILY. Ay—he made a charge against you, invented, doubtless, by his own false heart, to terrify me into compliance with his infamous designs—and when your brow became cloudy, your eye wild, I dreaded the fate of her, who—

SIR C. (*hoarsely*) Was poisoned!

EMILY. So he said—but falsely.

SIR C. No—truly!

EMILY. Horror!

SIR C. Poisoned, but not by me! No, it was a fatal mistake—she herself did it. I have sometimes thought that a word of mine of mine might have averted her doom, but the bright image of your fatal beauty rose before my bewildered eyes—my heart—my brain—I was torpid! and the fatal deed was accomplished ere I could speak—let him accuse me as he will, I am innocent—save in base ingratitude to one who truly loved me, and raised me from poverty to wealth—I deserve my fate!

EMILY. I am the culprit—and am punished; am steeped in shame, misery, poverty.

SIR C. Poverty!

EMILY. He has lost all; and will leave me desolate—to starve—die! It is for you to exult, and leave me too.

SIR C. Eternal torments seize him !—Where is he?

EMILY. (*holding him*) Do not seek to be revenged—spare me the dreadful conviction that your *blood* also has been shed for me!

SIR C. His life alone can efface this injury. (*going*)

EMILY. Do not attempt to follow him! No, no—you shall not—I—I—strength forsakes me! (*sinks into chair, L.*)

SIR C. Tell me—where is the villain ?

*Enter VALET, L. D.*

VALET. Master sent for his ticket to the Bal Masque, left on the table.

SIR C. (*going to table, R.*) Ah, here 'tis. He's there, is he ? An Indian chief—so! (*Gives ticket to VALET, who goes out, L. D.*) He shall not outlive this night! (*turning*) Still unconscious! She shall not sink in poverty ! So, let her feel my last vengeance ! (*places purse in her hand*) For her, *life*—for him, *death* !  
*Rushes out, L. D.*

EMILY. (*recovering*) Where am I ? a dream ? No—this

Money! (*rising*) Ah! where is he ? which way is he gone ? It may not be too late! If I could only save him—I—atonement! Andry—Andry ! Help—help ! *Music piano—Rushes out, L. D.*

SCENE SECOND.—*The Grand Saloon of the Masquerade—arch and pillars with large curtains to draw. (1st grooves) Music of Gallop—forte as scene opens, but piano during the dialogue.*

*Enter GIMP, L. 1 E. dressed as Little Red Riding Hood.*

GIMP. How delightful! I declare I feel exactly as if I were capering amongst fairies. My feet scarcely touch the ground. I wish I'd come as Cinderella, in glass slippers—they would have rattled so. If that simpleton, Thomas, could have seen me pirouetting with a nobleman—a prince in disguise, as I'm sure my partner was—it would punish him pretty well.

*(curtains are raised and discover the interior of the Grand Opera—the boxes filled and the stage covered with MASQUERADERS.*

*Enter THOMAS, R. 1 E., with wolf's head as a mask, and a large brown cloak.*

TIT. I'm a wolf in sheep's clothing. (*lifts his mask*) If I could only find a pretty little Red Riding Hood, Gimp might go to the----- as soon as she pleased. (*sees GIMP*) Oh, here's one—I must seize upon and begin to *devour* her at once. How d'ye do, miss ? Come to your granny, dear.

GIMP. Oh I shall faint! I'm sure it's a real wolf by its ugly paws ! Help! Oh, I'm sure it's a wolf! (*screams*)

TIT. Don't be frightened! Hold your tongue! (*lifting his mask*) Don't you know me?

GIMP. Thomas!

TIT. Gimp! I must devour you—come into my arms. (*kisses her violently*)

*Enter EUSTACHE and CAPTAIN, from the inner room.*

EUST. (R. C., *laughing*) The wolf is devouring Little Red Riding Hood already.

CAPTAIN. (R., *looking about*) My new divinity is not here.

GIMP. (L. C.) The captain's voice !

TIT. (R.) The villain! I'd just like to throttle him. If I'd a sword, or even a spit, I'd run—

GIMP. You'd better gallop.

*They gallop through archway, and the curtains are closed—  
Music gradually dies away.*

CAPTAIN. What's o'clock!

EUST. Just past eleven.

CAPTAIN. Someone—(*turning, L.*) she, perhaps.

*Enter ANDRY, L. 1 L., in costume of Pierrot, masked, meeting  
CAPTAIN—MONCTON following.*

SIR C. (*hoarsely*) 'Tis he!

MONCTON. Shall I insult him?

SIR C. No, stay! (*to CAPTAIN*) fellow, throw off that mask!

CAPTAIN. Who is has the temerity to address such insolence to me? let him first throw off his own mask.

SIR C. (*L.*) Villain, (*unmasks*) 'tis done!

CAPTAIN. (*R.*) Andry!

SIR C. Changed as I am, you recognise me—you will not fail to understand what I, an injured husband, am here to demand.

CAPTAIN. Satisfaction!

SIR C. Without a moment's delay! follow, a coach is waiting outside.

CAPTAIN. To-night? the snow is falling fast!

SIR C. So much the better! the stain of your infamous blood will the sooner be effaced.

CAPTAIN. No, no; to-morrow—at any hour or place. Besides, I have no sword.

MONCTON. I have swords in the carriage.

CAPTAIN. You rush on your own destruction. My hand is fatal!

SIR C. Your last moments are numbered.

*They hurry out, L. 1 E.*

SCENE LAST.—*A Park in the Snow—cloth down—snow falling.*

SIR CHARLES ANDRY *and* MONCTON, CAPTAIN *and* EUSTACHE *enter, L. U. E.*

CAPTAIN. (*R.*) A word in extenuation!

SIR C. No, not one—give him the choice of swords.

(*MONCTON gives swords, &c.*)

CAPTAIN. I owe you redress. But can I combat with an assassin?

SIR C. I am no assassin! my wife perished by her own hand—you well know it—you, my confidante—my *friend*! How my wife died I have sworn—I swear it again—perhaps in this, my *last* hour. You have made that foul lie subservient

to your villany in the seduction of my second wife. Defend your life!

*They fight—SIR CHARLES in the onset is wounded—at length succeeds in killing CAPTAIN, who falls into EUSTACHE'S arms, and is supported by him up L. C., for tableau.*

CAPTAIN. Punished deservedly!

SIR C. Emily, you are avenged! (*holding up sword*)

*Enter EMILY, wild and hurriedly, L. U. E.—then running to CHARLES.*

EMILY. Dear husband!

SIR C. A burning fever in my throat—a sudden faintness.

*(falls in MONCTON'S arms—Picture—(see plate)—Church clock begins to strike twelve.*

EMILY. Alas! you bleed!

SIR C. Ah ! what night is this?

MONCTON. Christmas Eve!

SIR C. And the hour?

MONCTON. Twelve!

EMILY. Help—oh, help!

SIR C. Cry not for help—'tis vain! Christmas Eve—the hour of twelve ! Wife, you are avenged! the prediction is accomplished! (*Music.—dies—Picture.*)

R.

CURTAIN.

L.

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#### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*; D. F. *Door in the Flat*; or Scene running across the back of the Stage ; C. D. F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; D. R. C. *Right Door in the Flat*; L. C. F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R. D. *Right Door* ; L. D. *Left Door*; 2 E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*.

\* \* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

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