

JEWELLER OF ST. JAMES'S.

A Comedy,

IN THREE ACTS.

Freely adapted from the French, of MM.

H. DE SAINT-GEORGES & A. DE LEUVEN

BY

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The Pirates of the Savannah, Idiot of the Mountain, Syren of Paris,
Angel of Midnight, Old House on the Bridge, Outlaw of the
Adriatic, Sarah's Young Man, A Quiet Family, John
Wopps, Rifle Volunteer, Brother Bill and Me,
&c., &c.



THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

JEWELLER OF ST. JAMES'S.

*First performed at the Opera Comique on the
17th February, 1862.*

Characters.

BERNARD, THE FLORENTINE (*a Jeweller*) ... M. MONTAUBRY.
TOM GOLDING (*his Head Workman*)..... „ SAINTÉ-FOY.
VISCOUNT D'ESBIGNAC (*a Gascon*)..... „ COUDERC.
SAMPSON TUBBS (*a Tavern Keeper*)..... „ LEMAIRE.
PORTLY (*a Steward*)..... „ LEJEUNE.
LADY DEARMONT Madlle. MONROSE.
JENNY (*Tubbs's Niece*) „ TUAL.

Guests, Servants, &c.



Costumes.

BERNARD.—*First dress:* Plain but very neat, square cut grey coat and breeches, black satin waistcoat, black silk stockings, hair tied behind with black ribbon and powdered, three-cornered hat, sword. *Second dress:* Green velvet coat and breeches, yellow satin embroidered waistcoat, yellow silk stockings, ruffles, shoes and buckles, sword, and trimmed hat. *Third dress:* Same as first dress.

TOM.—Puce square-cut coat and breeches, white waistcoat and stockings, long hair tied in a queue, three-cornered hat.

VISCOUNT.—Scarlet embroidered frock, breeches, embroidered silk vest, white silk stockings, gold laced hat, sword, powder. *Second dress:* Handsome embroidered suit. *Third dress:* Same as first.

TUBBS.—Brown suit, grey stockings, brown George wig, three-cornered hat.

PORTLY AND DOMESTICS.—Liveries.

LADY DEARMONT.—*First dress:* Handsome embroidered silk or satin with short sleeves and lace ruffles, long gloves, fan, powder, mantle. *Second dress:* Embroidered satin of the time.

JENNY.—*First dress:* Stay boddice, tuck-up dress, short sleeves, small flat cap. *Second dress:* Wedding dress of the same fashion.

[MR. LACY'S LIST.]

THE
JEWELLER OF ST. JAMES'S.



ACT 1.

SCENE.—*Jeweller's Workshop. Door, R., C., and L.; window, L. U. E. ; an iron safe, fixed, R. 2 E.; table and chairs near window, L. ; table and chairs, R. 2 E.*

Enter TOM GOLDING, door, C., with JENNY on one arm, and SAMPSON TUBBS on the other.

TOM. Yes, yes, I knew you would come—and so was at the door looking out for you. Oh ! Jenny, when I think that to-morrow you will be Mistress Tom Golding! a better name—isn't it—than Tubbs ? And when I reflect that it is to you I shall owe this treasure—to you, highly respectable and extremely corpulent, Tubbs—I always feel a longing to embrace you (*hugging JENNY*) in this sort of way!

TUBBS. (L.) Only you always mistake the party!

TOM. (C.) What does that matter ? 'tis all in the family—and we are to keep our wedding to-morrow, at your tavern, you know—and of course you will furnish forth liberally, uncle-in-law, that is to be ?

TUBBS. Mind you prove a good husband to my niece. She has imbibed nothing but amiability in my tavern, and has been taught the domestic virtues amongst my beer barrels !

TOM. Everything is excellent at your tavern, honoured and obese Tubbs—Jenny is charming, the home-brewed is splendid, and the liquors magnificent. I speak from experience, for I have tried them all!

JENNY. (R.) Mind that to-morrow you make not too free with ale or liquors. I shall ask Master Bernard, the Florentine, to look after you, for I hope to see him at our wedding.

TOM. My young master, my friend, who has taught me nearly all I know, has made of me the clever workman that I now am—ask him, and of course he will come to our wedding!

Two years ago, Daddy Thompson, my *old* master—he's dead now, you know—he was alive then however—he and I, we jobbed away here together at jewellery work—and it wasn't every day that it brought us a dinner, I can tell you—'twas then that I acquired that slim and genteel figure which still distinguishes me.

TUBBS. (*tapping TOM on the stomach*) Yes, you want filling out here.

TOM. But you are filled out enough for both of us—which is my consolation. Well, one day a fine, handsome young man, an Italian, dropped from the clouds into our workshop. He asked Daddy Thompson to take him as an apprentice, and without wages. Daddy Thompson was a benevolent old gentleman, and he said to himself: "We shall be three to starve together—and the more the merrier always"—and so the young Italian became one of us.

TUBBS. That was your master ?

JENNY. Master Bernard ?

TOM. Yes, Jenny, my love! but, only think—instead of my teaching him the business, it was he who taught me—and with copper, for we had neither gold nor silver, he fashioned the most beautiful things in all the world.

TUBBS. Wonderful!

TOM. That got spread abroad—one order brought another—the Court succeeded to the city, and, in short, poor old Daddy Thompson died a year ago as rich as a Jew, leaving to young Bernard his money, his customers, and myself.

TUBBS. And you were the queerest customer of them all.

TOM. Thank you, honoured and protuberant Tubbs.

JENNY. And you were bequeathed to Master Bernard, with the other property ?

TOM. And not the least valuable portion of it—I flatter myself! And isn't Master Bernard a noble master—and so kind and dignified. He has educated me; I am indebted to him for my present gentlemanly bearing; he knew I was a precious diamond, and so he took the trouble to polish me.

JENNY. He must have had a deal of trouble, poor man !

TOM. Well, thank you—that's affectionate!

TUBBS. (*laughing*) And after all, his work is very badly finished!

TOM. Enlightened and rotund uncle-in-law, don't chuckle so, or you'll have a fit of apoplexy!

TUBBS. Now, to business—about your wedding and the settlements ?

TOM. Oh! that's soon settled—I haven't a farthing in the world, and you give the same amount to your niece; but hush, here comes master—do you speak, Jenny, and invite him.

JENNY. Oh, no, I dare not. He is very condescending and polite, but I always fancy I am talking to a great lord.

TUBBS. (*crossing to JENNY*) Nonsense—take my arm, and we will meet him boldly.

Takes JENNY'S arm and leads her up towards L. BERNARD enters, door, L. 2 E. TUBBS and JENNY retreat back to R.

BERNARD sits at table, L., placing on it a jewel casket.

BERN. (*smiling*) What is this? Pray how long have I become so terrifying an object that you should fly at my approach?

TOM. (R. C.) Well, you see, we—we wish to-----

BERN. (*rising*) Hush, Tom—be you the orator, my pretty maiden? (*TUBBS puts JENNY over next to TOM, and he pushes her towards BERNARD*)

JENNY. Indeed, I—I hardly know how to begin, Master Bernard, 'tis a delicate subject, and—

TOM. Speak, Jenny, and I will assist you.

TUBBS. So will I—now for it.

ALL THREE. (*speaking together*) We wish to invite you to our marriage to-morrow, and if you would do us that honour, you would increase our happiness, and-----

BERN. (*laughing*) Stop, stop—one would fancy you were inviting the king!

TOM. (R. C.) And so we are—the King of all Goldsmiths!

BERN. Yes, my friends, I will be present at the wedding, and will dance with the bride. Yes, Tom, I will do that, though you do sometimes quarrel with me.

TUBBS. (R.) With his master? Dreadful! Tom, you will come to be transported!

TOM. (*crosses to BERNARD*) And I am right—when I see you melancholy and unhappy—ever since that day—or rather, that night when-----

BERN. (*quickly*) Silence, Tom, silence!

TOM. And, apropos of that, master, you have passed all last night at work.

BERN. Yes, I was in the vein, and was resolved that the jewels for the Duchess of Somerland, which will this evening be sent for, should be complete. (*goes up to table, L., for casket, returning, C., and opening it*) There—look! what say you to them?

TOM. (L.) Oh! master—wonderful!

TUBBS. (R.) Spl—spl—splendid!

JENNY. (R. C.) They dazzle me!

TOM. You never did anything better!

BERN. (*enthusiastically*) You are right — my masterpiece, beyond a doubt—you understand these things, Tom.

TOM. I should think I do—and what diamonds! I chose them for you, you know, master.

TUBBS. What a powerful load of money they must have cost! (BERNARD retires and replaces casket on table, L.)

TOM. (*aside to TUBBS and JENNY*) All that we could rake together went to purchase those precious stones, my elderly and robust Tubbs! (*noise of carriage heard*)

BERN. Hark! (*goes to window*)

THE THREE OTHERS. What's that?

BERN. A carriage stopping at our door.

TOM. Some rich customers! (*to TUBBS and JENNY*) They never come to us with less than six horses.

JENNY. What, not with four?

TOM. (R. C.—*proudly*) We shouldn't allow them to enter our premises!

TUBBS. Wonderful!

BERN. (*at window—starting*) Ah! heavens! what do I see!

TOM. What's the matter?

BERN. (*agitated*) I am not deceived—it is her carriage—her livery—I recognize her!

TOM. Whatever is the matter, master?

BERN. (*looking still from window*) She is moving away—but I will see her again—I will rejoin her! though I should perish beneath her horses' feet! *Hurries off wildly, door, C.*

TUBBS. (*amazed*) What *does* ail Master Bernard, Tom?

TOM. (*crosses, C.*) Hush! that's a secret!

JENNY. (L. C.) Then of course you will tell it to us, dear Tom?

TOM. (C.) Oh! but, you know—a secret-----

TUBBS. (R. C.) It is your duty to unveil it to the bosom of your family!

JENNY. Make haste! it must be so amusing!

TOM. Amusing, Jenny! it is sinister! and proves that your sex—not yours, Tubbs, but Jenny's—atrocious-----

JENNY. Atrocious?

TOM. But charming, can turn the head of a man of genius—and therefore do I tremble for my own—it frightens me that I love you so much—but luckily, we are about to be married, and marriage will calm me.

TUBBS. Will you tell us the—

TOM. Yes, I will.

TUBBS. You may rely on my discretion!

TOM. If you have as much of that as you have got stomach, I am safe! You must know, then, that three months ago there was a magnificent masquerade at the King's Theatre—the king himself, and all his court were there—and Master Bernard had the droll idea to go, and he went—dressed in a magnificent costume, all covered with diamonds, pearls and rubies!

TUBBS. Spl-spl-splendid! why he must have had his whole stock about him!

JENNY. Oh! how beautiful he must have looked !

TOM. All in a blaze, Jenny ! a star! a prince of the Arabian nights! He was about to dance his third minuet with a beautifully superb lady !—a Venus disguised as Minerva-----

TUBBS. Spl-spl-splendid !

TOM. When a huge salt-water captain rudely thrust himself between Minerva and Master Bernard—pretending that that minuet had been promised to him he wished to take forcible possession of the lovely lady. The Florentine grew angry: first took him aside, and then dragging him into a deserted street, delicately passed his Florence blade through the nautical captain's right arm ; and then returned to the ball time enough to assist to her sumptuous carriage the lovely Minerva, who, as a matter of course, had fainted.

TUBBS. (*bewildered*) Spl-spl-splendid!

JENNY. (*eagerly*) Well?

TOM. (*looking from one to the other*) Well—don't you understand? your strong beer has muddled your brain? Master fell madly in love with the lady; speaks of her all day; dreams of her all night; always at her heels, he follows her everywhere, but without ever daring to show himself to her—never daring to accost her—for she is a great lady, and he-----

JENNY. (*sighing*) Poor young man !

TUBBS. It's all through not falling in love with a woman of his own rank in life—such as a milliner, or a washer-woman, or even a-----

TOM. Esteemed and round-about Tubbs, you don't understand the sensibilities of an artist; brew your beer a little stronger, and put less water in your brandy—but when you presume to-----

TUBBS. Well, well—I shall return this evening; and tomorrow, the grand day, we shall all be intoxicated with delight!

TOM. You, I expect, will be intoxicated with something stronger; but, in the meantime, remember that nothing is yet ready for the wedding; the invitations-----

JENNY. I will attend to them, and they will certainly be accepted!

TOM. Don't be too coquettish, Jenny, or you will disturb the natural serenity of my mind.

TUBBS. (*crossing, and proudly taking JENNY'S arm*) No suppositions respecting my niece's principles!

JENNY. Come, uncle. Good bye, my intended!

TOM. Good bye, Mrs. Tom Golding!

TUBBS. Not yet, not yet! and no more suppositions; recollect, my niece has been brought up in the bosom of her uncle's beer barrels! *Exeunt TUBBS and JENNY, door, C.*

TOM. (*looking after JENNY*) Isn't she pretty ! worth all the great ladies in England. What eyes! what a figure ! and what

a heart! a heart of gold ! just the article for a jeweller. (*seeing the casket on L. table*) Now only look ! master has left this casket here, and open for anybody that might choose to walk away with it; as if these were only so much paste, when they are all real, and worth four thousand guineas. (*rubbing the jewels*) He fancies that diamonds cost nothing: " Run to the lapidary—go, and bring me some pearls, some rubies, and some emeralds ! " and I run ; and the lapidary, who knows us to be honest people, lets us have the jewels on credit; and we shall pay him—goodness knows when ! Faith, though, for these, I have received on advance from the duchess. Master Bernard would be furious if he knew that—he says it is not artist-like ! That is all very well; but when one has such customers to deal with as that Gascon lord, who came to London three months ago—that Viscount d'Estougnac—d'Estinac—who talks of nothing but his castles in *gnac*, and who owes us three hundred guineas for jewels—why—eh—talk of the—here he is !

Enter VISCOUNT D'ESBIGNAC, *door in flat.*

VISC. So, Master Golding, there you are ! always fresh and smiling, like all my vassals on my lordship of Cressensac ! the most beautiful fief in all Gascony.

TOM. (L., *aside*) Ah! that's it—the *gnac* has begun now!

VISC. (R.) And what is your master about, my clever goldsmith? I am very partial to the Florentine ! He has taste and skill; and his jewels have won for me more conquests than there are turrets to my old castle of Talbiac.

TOM. While talking of jewels, most noble Viscount d'Est-brouffac-----

VISC. D'Esbignac, booby !

TOM. D'Estbreak-a-back—very well—but, there is a little account-----

VISC. I am perfectly aware of it—I owe Master Bernard money to show my respect for him. If I did not like him I should withdraw my custom ; but I do like him—and I would rather never pay him, than deprive him of my patronage.

TOM. Well now, how good of you!

VISC. Yes, I am always good, great, and magnificent! 'tis in the blood of my illustrious race. Once upon a time, I saw myself constrained to kill four of my best friends, in order to compel them to take back the money that they had lent me.

TOM. Eh?

VISC. It's as true as I tell it!

TOM. I dare say—but you will have no occasion to kill anybody here on that account; so if you have at present too much money-----

VISC. I have always too much—my wealth is a horrible

trouble to me; and I have so much money on my hands, always, that there is never any left in my pockets.

TOM. But, excuse me-----

VISC. Stop—let me tell you once for all, who I am.

TOM. I know. You-----

VISC. I possess, near Nerac, the estate of Jarnac; the Castle of Bircac, upon the Lake of Florac ! I am Duke of Blagnac, of Froissac! and Marquis of Cognac, near Cursac—and Moissac! I am the Baron de Sanerdac, Viscount d'Esbignac, and I am descended from the noble line of Armanac! It's as true as I tell it. (*proudly*) And now you know perfectly what I am!

TOM. I did before !

Enter BERNARD, C. door, in great agitation.

BERN. Impossible to rejoin her! which way did she turn, that I so suddenly lost sight of her ?

TOM. (*going up to BERNARD*) Master, here is the noble viscount wishes to speak with you.

VISC. Ah! Bernard, my fine fellow, good day!

TOM. (*aside to BERNARD*) He want's more credit—don't let him have it.

BERN. (C.) Very well, very well—leave us.

TOM. Good day, noble Viscount Spinywhack, Duke of Cogniac, and Marquis of Hitacrack ! *Exit, C. door.*

BERN. What is it, viscount, that you desire ?

VISC. (R. C.) A trifling service, my amiable goldsmith; a mere nothing between a gentleman of my description, and a man of yours.

BERN. A service?

VISC. This is the fact! I have promised to embellish with my presence a magnificent ball, which will this evening be given by Lady Dearmont.

BERN. (*quickly*) Lady Dearmont! (*aside, with emotion*) He visits there !

VISC. You know her!

BERN. (*confused*) I have seen her once—three months since—but this service, viscount ?

VISC. Nothing—positively nothing. The goldsmiths of this country are all, to some extent, bankers—a trifling advance of two hundred guineas, which I will repay you from the revenue that I derive from my estate of Esbignac.

BERN. Two hundred guineas—and that sum is indispensable to you ?

VISC. It is a stern necessity !

BERN. (*aside*) That is well! (*aloud*) Well, viscount, you shall have your money.

VISC. (*delighted*) Noble creature!

BERN. On condition-----

VISC. I will subscribe to any, for you are one of my best and dearest friends!

BERN. On condition that you introduce me this evening to Lady Dearmont's ball.

VISC. (*astounded*) What ? Oh ! a delicious idea !

BERN. My most ardent desire is to mingle with the elegant society which this evening will there assemble !

VISC. You, at Lady Dearmont's! a tradesman ! a jeweller !

BERN. No, I am your banker—your friend! but an instant since you told me so.

VISC. But, such a singular caprice!

BERN. (*warmly*) Yes it is, I know, a mad project; but you must consent to it, or-----

VISC. Well, well, I agree—yet reflect, should you be recognized ?

BERN. There is no danger of that—and do not fear that I shall shame you, viscount; I shall be brilliantly attired.

VISC. Yes, I dare say; but (*conceitedly*) how will you acquire the tone and manner of us nobility ?

BERN. I will watch you unceasingly—will do my best to imitate so perfect a model!

VISC. (*flattered—aside*) Well, after all, he is a very sensible young man!

BERN. It is agreed then ?

VISC. Yes—but the money!

BERN. (*bringing notes from a small desk, L., and giving them to VISCOUNT*) There—and remember, service for service !

VISC. This evening at seven, my amiable banker !

TOM. (*running on, C. door*) Master! a lady, who has just arrived in her carriage !

BERN. (*preoccupied and walking about agitatedly*) Receive here, receive her, my good fellow. I can see no one now—say that I am absent. Remember your promise, viscount!

Exit hastily, L. door.

TOM. (*going to C. door*) This way, if you please, my lady-----

VISC. A lady! (*adjusting his frill and cravat*) I must prepare for mischief.

TOM. For some of our adornments of course. I must bring the best we have in stock ! *Exit, R. door.*

VISC. (*looking off at C. door*) What do I behold—'tis the lovely Lady Dearmont! Ah! I hope she will not see the Florentine—that would compromise my projects—and my guineas-----

Enter LADY DEARMONT, C. door.

VIS. (*bowing*) Your ladyship seeks here, no doubt, some

sparkling jewel; but wherefore, your beauty does not need to be so illustrated!

LADY D. Always a flatterer, viscount.

VISC. It is my native air still hanging about me; in my country no man can open his mouth without paying a compliment.

LADY D. (L. C.) Yes, I know that gallantry with you Frenchmen is a habit—second nature, and that our ladies are often caught by it

VISC. (R.) You, lovely lady, cannot be so reproached.

LADY D. Oh, no—I run no risk, for I was rendered so unhappy by Lord Dearmont, during the two years I was his wife, that I hold English husbands in horror; and I have sworn that my second husband shall be a foreigner.

VISC. (*quickly*) A Frenchman only is worthy of that favour!

LADY D. You think so? (*sadly*) Yet, once in my life, I thought I had found him of whom my heart so long had dreamed—and he was not one of your countrymen.

VISC. What do I hear!

LADY D. Oh! do not be frightened—it was nothing but an inexplicable rencontre—a dream, which the awakening has promptly dissipated, for its object did but appear to fly me for ever after.

VISC. Fly you—the ungrateful monster! when for but one of your thoughts I would give the purest of my blood!

LADY D. (*laughing*) Well, viscount, hope! it is said that that is almost happiness; besides, your gallantry is so—so general, that it permits me to suffer your assiduities. You amuse me; you make me laugh—hope!

VISC. (*delighted*) Oh! your lovely ladyship—you open to me the gates of paradise!

Enter TOM GOLDING, door 

TOM. Here, my lady, is all that we have of newest! (*crossing behind, and placing several caskets with jewels, on L. table*)

VISC. (R., to LADY DEARMONT) A purchase?

LADY D. (C.) Yes; I would have a necklace of distinguished taste—something with which to create a sensation this evening, at my ball. (*going up and sitting R. of L. table*) And this place was named to me.

TOM. (L. of table) The first in London, my lady, for choice and elegance. My master is known all over Europe—and the city of London.

LADY D. (*perceiving the casket that BERNARD has left open on the table*) Oh! heaven! what a magnificent suite; I never saw anything more sumptuous.

TOM. (*with pride*) Yes, we flatter ourselves—and see how those stones are mounted: stars, planets, comets!

VISC. (C., *near* LADY DEARMONT) And how charmingly their splendour would unite with your ladyship's brilliant eyes!

LADY D. (*coquettishly*) You really think so, viscount? (*trying on the necklace*) See—placed thus, is that still your opinion?

VISC. I swear by my ancestors, that it is no longer the jewels which dazzle me!

LADY D. (*putting on a bracelet*) And this bracelet? What perfect taste! what grace it gives to the arm!

VISC. To what would not that arm give it?

LADY D. (*rising*) Oh! decidedly, I am mad for that casket! I must have it—I will. (*to TOM*) I purchase it.

TOM. (*quickly*) Extremely sorry, my lady—but it is not for sale!

LADY D. (*annoyed*) What say you?

TOM. It is promised to the Duchess of Somerland—made to her order.

LADY D. (*vexed*) How provoking! (*replacing jewels in casket*) I would have given the world for these jewels. But I am young enough, and pretty enough, to do without them—it is not so with the duchess.

VISC. You do not need to tell me that!

LADY D. (*sighing*) Well, we will think no more about them—come, viscount, give me your arm to my carriage. (*going up*)

VISC. I am your most devoted servant. (*aside to TOM*) Tell your master that I expect him-----

TOM. My master—I think I hear him coming.

VISC. (*aside*) The deuce! I must get her away quickly. Come, my lady, come!

Goes off, C. door, with LADY DEARMONT. At the same moment BERNARD appears, L., and stops in the doorway.

BERN. (*pale and greatly agitated*) She was there! there! near me! and I have listened to her and have not fallen at her feet! (*crosses, R.*)

TOM. (L.) Goodness, master, how pale you are!

BERN. (C.) That woman! she who has just left you.

TOM. A ladyship!

BERN. It is she, my friend—she whom more than my life I love!

TOM. Gracious!

BERN. I was preparing to dress for this evening's ball, at her house—for the viscount will conduct me thither

TOM. Is it possible!

BERN. Was about to enter yonder chamber, when a voice—her voice, that I have never forgotten, struck upon my ear. I have heard all, without daring to appear—combated, tortured by the desire to behold her, and the fear that my revealing myself, I should be overwhelmed with her contempt.

TOM. Her contempt! when she had not eyes enough to

admire that casket—when, at any price, she wished to purchase it!

BERN. And you could refuse it to her—could resist her desires, her prayers ?

TOM. Of course I could ! In the first place, those jewels are already engaged. (*aside*) And, besides that-----

BERN. (*crossing over to L. table, and gazing with rapture on the casket*) And she decked herself with them, did she not? Ah ! how lovely she must have looked ! And you say that she appeared to envy, to regret-----

TOM. (R. C.) She was ready to cry with spite !

BERN. You tell me that! (*aside*) And it depended on me to save her that trouble—that grief. (*aloud*) Go, Tom—go, my friend, leave me.

TOM. I'm off, master ; (*going—returns*) first though, I'll lock this casket in the iron safe—I've got the key.

BERN. (*taking key from TOM'S hand*) No, never mind, leave me—I will attend to that!

TOM. Don't forget, master; for if that slipped out of our hands, we should be ruined—beggared !

BERN. (*impatently*) Will you leave me ?

TOM. (*aside*) Her ladyship will send my master to Bedlam, I am quite sure of that! *Exit, C. door.*

BERN. (*looking at casket*) These, the work of my hands; these precious jewels, on which I have lavished so much of skill, she has desired them—and I, a poor workman, I could gratify one of her wishes. Oh! yes, for these, in all their elegance and beauty, are the production of my toilsome nights! They have decorated her whom I love! henceforth they are priceless—all the treasures of a king should not purchase them from me! no other than she shall ever wear them. I consecrate them to her whom my heart adores. But how can I cause it to reach her? how decide her to accept it? Ah ! the strange—the romantic has always charms for youthful female minds—and she, especially—(*sitting at L. table*) A mysterious note, in that casket—entreating her to wear these jewels for but one hour—one hour only, during this evening's ball. (*writes rapidly*)

JENNY. (*entering, C. door*) Oh ! I am so tired—I am sure we have invited nearly all London—and Uncle Tubbs has stopped at every tavern on our way for refreshment, and he has refreshed himself so frequently, that now he is quite done over!

BERN. Whom can I entrust with this—Tom? No, impossible! he would refuse me. (*seeing JENNY*) Ah ! this young girl—his affianced bride.

JENNY. (R.—*seeing BERNARD—confused*) Oh! I beg pardon I did not know you were here

BERN. My good girl, will you render me a service?

JENNY. (*quickly*) Two, Master Bernard—as many as you like.

BERN. (*closing casket, in which he has placed his letter*) It is to carry this casket to Lady Dearmont's mansion.

JENNY. I know it—'tis close by.

BERN. (*rising*) You will ask to see her. (*advancing and giving casket to JENNY*) And you will give this to no one but herself.

JENNY. I'll run directly, Master Bernard.

BERN. (*detaining her*) A moment — you will answer no question.

JENNY. I understand.

BERN. Now go, good girl, and lose not a minute.

JENNY. Oh! rest easy, sir, I shall not be long gone—my intended husband, and my supper are waiting for me, and must not get cold; my intended husband, I mean, not the supper!

Runs off, R. door.

BERN. (*walking about in agitation*) And yet 'tis a mad project—what can I hope from it? Alas! I know not—when she shall learn—Oh! there is still time! (*clock commences to strike*) Seven o'clock! the viscount is expecting me. I will listen now only to my heart—let me hasten to this ball, for a single moment again to behold her—to hear her voice! I must—I will, though my life should pay for that one instant's happiness!

Hurries off, L. door.

Enter TOM GOLDING and TUBBS, the latter tipsy, C. door.

TUBBS. Make my niece happy; remember, she has been reared in my beer-barrels. To-morrow, if all goes well, I shall be as happy as a king,

TOM. And to-night you are as drunk as a lord!

TUBBS. (L. C.) Do you dare to insult your father-in-law?

TOM. (C.) Uncle-in-law!

TUBBS. (*squaring at TOM*) You shan't have my blessing, and I'll punch your head!

TOM. (*pushing him back*) Pot-valiant and pot-bellied Tubbs, be quiet.

Enter PORTLY, C. door, followed by TWO SERVANTS, in handsome livery.

PORTLY. (R. C.) Where is Master Bernard?

TOM. (C.) He is not in the way at present.

PORT. (*angrily*) Not in the way, not in the way—he ought to be! I come for the casket of jewels for my mistress, the Duchess of Somerland.

TOM. Well, Mr. Steward, you can have them, there is no occasion to talk so loud.

TUBBS. (L.—*very tipsy*) We can't have a noise here, my niece is to be married to-morrow.

PORT. The duchess has instant occasion for those jewels, let me have them.

TOM. I tell you they are finished—thanks to my master having worked all night on them.

TUBBS. I have seen them, they are spl-spl-splendid!

TOM. (*who has gone to the iron safe*) Confound it! the key is not in the lock! Then master has taken it with him.

PORT. That is all a pretence!

TOM. A pretence? what do you mean by that?

TUBBS. (*sparring*) Ah, what do you mean by-----

TOM. (*pushing him back*) Be quiet!

PORT. You have had money in advance; these jewels are half paid for. I tell you again, I must and I will have them directly!

TOM. (*angrily*) Money in advance! Do you think then that we are thieves, Master Steward? (*threateningly*) No more words of that sort, or-----

TUBBS. Nephew! this is the evening before  your wedding, and you must not compromise your physicia  rms; allow me to punch his head.

PORT. I have my orders, am in a hurry, and have no time for talking.

TUBBS. (*squaring*) He calls this talking!

PORT. Force open that safe!

TOM. Yes, I will force the lock! not to please you; but that "money in advance" has galled me, and I wish to be rid of your amiable society—for my fingers keep working in a way that—

TUBBS. (*squaring*) And I am all over in a state of ferment—like a barrel of beer!

(*TOM seizes chisel and hammer, and commences striking at the lock of the safe*)

Enter JENNY, C. door.

JENNY. Why, Tom, whatever are you making such a noise for?

TOM. (*hammering at lock*) Why, that confounded casket. Master Bernard has locked it up in this safe!

JENNY. The casket that he, this morning?—

TOM. Certainly.

JENNY. But it is not there, I have just carried it away for him.

TOM. (*to PORTLY*) There, you hear that!

PORT. (R.) And where did you carry it?

JENNY. (C.) To a great lady—Lady Dearmont.

TOM. (R. C., *stupefied*) Lady Dearmont!

PORT. Horrible! atrocious! those jewels were sold to my mistress, the Duchess of Somerland! This is robbery!

TOM. (*overwhelmed*) Can it be possible! my master! he—what terrible mystery is this? if not an error, it is infamous; our life and honour are in question. My master, a noble and honest Florentine, to be accused of robbery—oh! dreadful!

But I will have those jewels back. (*embracing JENNY*) Good bye, Jenny. I'll have them—I'll have them!

Rushes off, C. door, nearly upsetting the TWO SERVANTS who are in his way.

JENNY. (*crying*) Oh, dear—I shan't be married to-morrow!

TUBBS. (*to PORTLY*) And you shall be buried to-night! (*squares towards PORTLY, JENNY throws her arms round TUBBS, and endeavours to hold him back*) Let me go, Jenny, I can punch his head—spl-spl-splendid!

(*TUBBS breaks from JENNY and attacks PORTLY—after a tussle they both fall, and*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*An elegant Boudoir, C. door in the flat; a large window well in sight, and opening onto a balcony, R. ; doors, R. and L., with silken hangings over them; a toilet table, with lighted lamp, L.; candelabra on stands at back, between the doors; a couch, R.; chairs, &c.*

LADY DEARMONT is discovered seated at toilet table, an open letter in her hand, the casket on table.

LADY D. I am entreated to wear these jewels for one hour—for only one hour. This letter is so pressing, so respectful, and I am so curious to know the end of this adventure! Well then, I will resign myself to be the most elegant in all the ball-room—(*putting on necklace, &c.*) provisionally—and yet, it is not all those people, for whom I care not, that it would be so sweet to me to please.

VISCOUNT. (*speaking as he enters, L. door*) Lights and flowers in all the saloons! The ball at ten o'clock—supper at twelve! (*seeing LADY DEARMONT*) Ah! pardon me, lovely lady; but, since you have done me the honour to appoint me your master of the ceremonies, it is necessary that I should have an eye to everything—everywhere.

LADY D. (*rising*) A thousand thanks, viscount, for all the trouble that you are taking on my behalf.

VISC. Your ladyship's ball will be divine, superb, magnificent! all London will talk of it for ten years to come! (*going up to C. door, and speaking off*) Be sure you do not forget the bouquet that I have ordered for her ladyship!

LADY D. I am delighted, viscount, to catch you for an instant alone, and before the arrival of our company, for we must have a little private conversation together!

VISC. Really? (*aside*) Poor thing!—she *must* declare her passion—stab my vitals!

LADY D. Only imagine, the most incredible event has occurred to me.

VISC. An event! (*proudly*) Is it necessary that I should unsheath my sword?

LADY D. Oh no, sir; it is perfectly pacific—there, read that letter.

VISC. (*reading*) What do I see! that casket—those jewels!

LADY D. (*pointing to necklace, which she is wearing*) Behold them!

VISC. Perfectly stupefying—upon my honour! (*aside*) Can it be that I have a rival? Oh! by the sword of my ancestors!

LADY D. What is the matter with you, viscount?

VISC. A slight emotion-----

LADY D. (*scrutinizing him*) Ah! stay—now I think of it—how was it that it did not before strike me? You alone were witness of my desire to possess those jewels.

VISC. Yes, I alone—and my heart groaned-----

LADY D. Yes, I see now; and in your gallantry you have employed this means to gratify my—madness! and the fear of a refusal, perhaps-----

VISC. That—and another trifling matter—but I protest to you—

LADY D. Enough, viscount, enough! I understand your motive! but that would become an offence; (*about to detach the bracelet*) and I pray you to take back these jewels.

VISC. Oh! do not exile them, beautiful Lady Dearthmont! do not banish them from that paradise, they would now be too unhappy!

LADY D. Well! be it so—I will retain them; but it must be as a purchase—and on the express condition that you receive from me their full value.

VISC. (*quickly*) Who—I—the value! I am a d'Estbignac, and I—I refuse!

LADY D. It must be as I say—or never will I see you more!

VISC. Heavens! the mere idea of that! (*aside*) Yet now I think—the Florentine will name to me this unknown rival. I will send to him the money for the things, threatening him with my sword if he should jabber; and that way, quite gratuitously, without the slightest expense, I shall have all the credit of having made a very handsome present. (*aloud*) I accept, lovely lady, I accept!

LADY D. Very good, viscount; and now I may tell you how much I am touched by this attention on your part.

VISC. I may then still hope?

LADY D. Oh yes, viscount—and as I do not wish to marry for love-----

VISC. I shall have a capital chance?

LADY D. (*laughing*) Nobody better!

VISC. I am the happiest of my race, (*aside*) and shall be the richest—stab my vitals!

Enter SERVANT, C. door in flat.

SERVANT. Everything is ready, viscount; and if you would be good enough to glance your eye—

VISC. Yes; the glance of the eagle—that is mine—a marvellous glance, from which nothing escapes—which sees all—*(kissing LADY DEARMONT'S hand)* embraces everything—pardon me, lovely lady, that I quit you; but away from your sight, I shall still be employed in your service. She is a paragon—stab my vitals! *Exit, C. door in flat.*

(LADY DEARMONT goes pensively over, and sits at table, R.)

LADY D. Yes, indeed, this Frenchman is amiable, gallant, and devoted—would be a support, a *reasonable* husband; and since there is no probability that I shall ever again behold him of whom too long I have thought—since he is for ever lost to me!-----

Enter BERNARD, L. door, handsomely dressed, and advances nervously.

BERN. *(aside)* How my heart bounds—I scarcely breathe! All around inspires me with fear and happiness!

LADY D. *(seeing him and rising—aside)* An invited guest, no doubt!

BERN. *(seeing her, and starting—aside)* It is she!

LADY D. *(recognizing him—aside)* Ah! it is he!

BERN. *(aside)* How beautiful she is! *(greatly agitated—advancing, L.)* Deign to pardon my audacity. *(hesitating)* I was seeking—I thought to find here—the gentleman to whom I was to be indebted for an introduction to your ladyship.

LADY D. *(R. C.—confused)* But what need of that—are we not already known to each other?

BERN. *(with emotion)* Is it possible that you!-----

LADY D. Am I not your debtor for an eminent service?

BERN. How! you remember?

LADY D. My heart never fails of memory!

BERN. *(with great warmth—forgetting himself)* Heavens! what is it that I hear! I could never have dared believe in so much joy as for a single moment to occupy your thoughts.

LADY D. *(aside)* His presence is a sweet ray of hope that comes to banish from my heart regrets and grief!

BERN. *(aside)* Oh! thus again to behold her—once more to be thus near her!

LADY D. *(smiling)* You appeared—and then, like a dream, you fled me.

BERN. *(sadly)* It was my duty! That dream was for me too charming! and, perhaps, madam, that without danger it might be prolonged, it would be necessary-----

LADY D. Go on.

BERN. (*quickly*) No, no! I dare not! Amidst the brilliant and frivolous crowd attracted each day by your enchanting beauty, was the incense of a humble adorer worthy of its idol?

LADY D. (*smiling*) But you are here—and I warn you, sir, that those who are received at my mansion—are expected to return!

BERN. (*joyfully*) Ah, madam, again and again to behold you, is the dearest and most cherished wish of my heart!

LADY D. (*with emotion*) Mean you really that which you have just now said?

BERN. (*with transport*) My words can but poorly express the feelings of my soul!

VISCOUNT D'ESTBIGNAC *entering, C. door.*

VISC. (*aside*) What do I behold! The Florentine here—stab my vitals! surely he has not introduced *himself*?

BERN. (L., *to* VISCOUNT) Pardon me, viscount, that I have not waited till you could present me to Lady Dearmont; but, not having had the honour to encounter you in yonder saloon—

LADY D. (R., *smiling on* BERNARD, *and rather ironically to the* VISCOUNT) Oh! then it was the viscount who undertook to bring you here?

VISC. (C.) Myself. (*indicating* BERNARD) One of my friends, a young Florentine-----

LADY D. (*to* VISCOUNT) Oh! I had already the honour of the gentleman's acquaintance.

VISC. (*aside*) The goldsmith is known. Ah! that spoils all!

LADY D. None the less, viscount, do I thank you for having procured me the pleasure of his presence here this evening.

VISC. (*aside*) Now she is having her jest at my expense—stab my vitals!

BERN. I am indebted to the viscount for a favour (*pointedly*) for which I can never sufficiently repay him-----

VISC. (*aside*) Now *he* is having his turn! (*to* LADY DEARMONT) Pray excuse me, madam, it was a little folly of my mad imagination-----

BERN. (*quickly aside to* VISCOUNT) Be silent, pray be silent!

VISC. (*aside to* BERNARD) Silent! not at all—certainly not!

LADY D. (*crosses, C., to* BERNARD) I have so long desired, sir, to speak to you of all I owe you-----

VISC. (R., *aside*) Then *she* owes him something, as well as I do; I wonder how much!

BERN. (L.) Oh! madam, such gratitude for so simple and natural an action-----

VISC. Certainly—quite natural—'tis what happens every day.

LADY D. (*to* BERNARD) Oh! say not that—it might have cost you your life!

VISC. (*aside—greatly surprised*) His life! That's a strange kind of credit—stab my vitals!

BERN. Oh, what mattered life to me, madam, when I was called on to defend, to avenge you !

LADY D. Ah! I still tremble at the remembrance of that duel!

VISC. A duel!

LADY D. At night, and in a deserted street, without witnesses----

VISC. (*perfectly amazed*) A deserted night—street!

LADY D. But you were not wounded ?

VISC. (*aside*) Wounded !

BERN. (*quickly*) No, madam, I had not that great happiness!

LADY D. (*surprised*) Happiness!

BERN. (*with emotion*) You would not then have doubted—my zeal—and my devotion.

VISC. (*aside—with increasing perplexity*) I am getting more bothered every minute—stab my vitals !

LADY D. Your devotion, your courage, sir— oh ! I have learned all—if not from you, from others-----

VISC. (*aside*) I wonder what she has learned !

LADY D. For, no doubt, you soon forgot-----

BERN. Forgot—ah! madam—would to heaven that-----

Vise, (*aside*) Never met with such a puzzler in all my life!

LADY D. (*joyously, to BERNARD*) At all events, my cause was good, and you sustained it worthily—and like a gentleman.

VISC. (*aside*) A gentleman—he! an artizan !

BERN. The insolence of my adversary merited something more than a sword-thrust—to dare address the queen of the ball—the purest diamond of that noble assembly !

VISC. (*aside*) A diamond ! Ah! good—now he is going back to the shop!

LADY D. But, thank heaven, sir, no danger of that kind threatens you within my mansion; my guests are all of the noblest society which England boasts—and you will find that you are moving within your natural sphere !

(LADY DEARMONT goes up)

VISC. (*aside*) What is it all about? (*going over to BERNARD*) Tell me, for I am losing my wits, who does she take you for?

BERN. (*to him*) Presently you shall know!

Music—The C. doors at back are thrown open discovering a large and splendid gallery brilliantly lighted, and crowded with Guests—LADY DEARMONT curtsies, the Guests return her salute as they pass along from R. to L. and from L. to R.

LADY D. (*turning towards VISCOUNT and BERNARD*) See, our guests have all arrived. (*advancing, R. C.*) Viscount, you will do the honours to your friend.

VISC. (*aside—indignantly*) My friend!

LADY D. (*dance music, piano*) You hear—the ball is about to commence!

BERN. (*L., aside*) If I dared-----

VISC. (L. C., *to* LADY DEARMONT) May I hope to be favoured with the first minuet ?

BERN. (*quickly to* LADY DEARMONT, *who is looking at him*) I was about to entreat her ladyship that she would grant to me—

VISC. (*offering his hand to* LADY DEARMONT, *and looking at* BERNARD *and laughing*) Come, come, that is a jest that-----

LADY D. (*to* VISCOUNT) Not at all—is it not just that you should do the honours of the ball to the friend you introduced to me? (*retires to* GUESTS)

VISC. Permit me—it is proper you should know-----

BERN. (*aside to him*) Silence, sir!

VISC. (*aside to him*) Peste, sir, I will not allow-----

BERN. (*aside to him, firmly*) You will—you must!

VISC. (*aside to him, angrily*) An artizan dance with a countess!

BERN. (*aside to him*) Why not, since an artizan is the banker of a viscount! (*going over to* C.)

VISC. (L., *aside*) Sooner or later that man will cause my rapier to leap from its sheath—stab my vitals!

LADY D. (*advancing, R. C., and giving her hand to* BERNARD) Come, sir-----

BERN. (*joyfully*) Ah ! madam—this favour!

(LADY DEARMONT *goes up through* C. *door, and off, R., conducted by* BERNARD—the GUESTS *are following them—the doors reclose, and the music ceases to be heard*)

VISC. (*furiously*) Gone ! he has taken her away—audacious scoundrel! to sneer at and snub me—and before her—the object of my ardour! a mere jeweller even to brush against a d'Estbignac ! But this jest shall cost him dear—I will have a terrible satisfaction—I will cause him to be thrust into the street! (*noise without, L.*) What is that tumult!

TOM GOLDING *struggles on, L. door, opposed by four* SERVANTS *in livery.*

TOM. I tell you, I will.

SERVANTS. (*trying to force him back*) You shall not enter.

TOM. Not enter, eh ? not enter? (*puts out his leg and trips up the* SERVANT *who is in front of him*) Sorry to disturb your equilibrium. (*to the others, who are raising their comrade*) When you are at liberty I am at your service.

VISC. (R.) Why, 'tis that impudent Bernard's insolent workman—stab my vitals!

TOM. (L., *recognising him*) Ah, is that you, viscount ?

VISC. (*aside*) Is, then, every boor in London to be present at this night's ball?

TOM. (*to* SERVANTS, L.) You see—I am known to that gentleman—I am his friend—I mean, his creditor—no, no, his

purveyor. You had better go and amuse yourselves with somebody else.

VISC. (*aside*) The idiot! he would presently say something that would compromise me with these fellows (*to SERVANTS*) Go! I answer for this man.

TOM. (*imitating, with dignity*) Do you hear--go! I answer for this man. SERVANTS *exeunt*, L. door.

VISC. (*vexedly*) Now, what seek you here?

TOM. Not you—but my master, and—and something else.

VISC. Something else?

TOM. (*resolutely*) Yes—something that must be restored to me this very evening—this very moment. (*going towards door, C.*)

VISC. (R.) Where the devil are you going that way?

TOM. To the ball-room. I should cut a better figure there than a good many of them. (*looking through door to R.*) Ah, to be sure, yonder I see the Florentine doing the gallant to a first-rate lady.

VISC. The gallant! he would dare!

TOM. Ah, gracious—what do I see now? There they are! I recognize them! should know them among a thousand! they shine like so many suns!

VISC. What?

TOM. Our diamonds—there they are, bobbing up and down on Lady Dearmont's neck.

VISC. Insolent!

TOM. The lady that he is so madly in love with.

VISC. What do you say?

TOM. I don't find fault with that—if it amuses him to fall in love, he is handsome enough to be adored by a princess—but to fancy he is a lord, and to send her a *suite* worth four thousand guineas—the love is all very well, but the diamonds—

VISC. How, those diamonds so mysteriously brought here-----

TOM. They came from him.

VISC. Infamous! horrible! an abominable trick!

TOM. Now, isn't it?

VISC. (*beside himself*) To cause himself to be introduced by *me*—her ladyship's intended—almost her husband!

TOM. (*laughing*) What? you are the rival?

VISC. And when I think that the impudent fellow knew of my adoration for Lady Dearmont-----

TOM. (*laughing more loudly*) No! he knew that! ha, ha, ha! that makes it more comical than ever.

VISC. Be silent, idiot, or I shall slit your ears.

TOM. (*falling into easy-chair, L., laughing still more, and holding his hands to his sides*) Ha, ha, ha! poor fellow—poor Viscount Knicky-knack!

VISC. Insolent wretch—let me hasten to unmask the impostor, and save the honour of a D'Estbignac.

TOM. (*laughing*) Poor Knicky-knack!

VISC. It shall not be said that a plebeian Italian prevailed against the most noble of the sons of Gascony—stab my vitals!

Hurries off door to R.

TOM. (*turning round in chair and looking after him, laughing*) Poor Knicky-knack—ha, ha, ha !

BERNARD *enters agitatedly, door, C.*

BERN. Heaven, is this a dream? listening to her sweet voice? clasping her hand in mine ? Oh, I dare not believe in so much happiness.

TOM. (*turns, sees, rises and runs to him*) Ah, I have got you at last.

BERN. (R. C.) You—why come you here?

TOM. (C.) You will know presently, seeing that I have two or three important words to say to you.

BERN. Not now—not here.

TOM. Yes, this moment, and on this spot.

BERN. What means-----

TOM. That casket, master—those diamonds—let me have them—I must!

BERN. (*confused*) Those diamonds, I—I no longer possess them.

TOM. (*pointing to back*) No, I know, they are there, dancing a minuet—it was wrong—bad of you—you knew they were engaged—that they were due.

BERN. What then? we will make another set.

TOM. Another—but, first of all, have you been paid for this set?

BERN. (*indignantly*) Paid ! horrible idea !

TOM. Very good—a present worthy of the King of England—only just now we are not rich enough for that. Besides, I must now confess to you, and tell you you have given that which did not belong to you.

BERN. I have given the work of my hands—pearls and diamonds which I had set within the purest gold.

TOM. But the lapidary demanded to be paid for those diamonds—and for that purpose I received advances of money from the old duchess-----

BERN. Unfortunate! you have destroyed me.

TOM. I will save you.

BERN. How?

TOM. How? why, by demanding back our property—by requesting her ladyship to restore our treasure.

BERN. Never! for that, it would be necessary to avow all—to reveal to her who I am.

TOM. But the advances we have received ?

BERN. They shall be returned.

TOM. With what?

BERN. All that I possess ?

TOM. And after that ?

BERN. Well! we will labour, we'll begin anew.

TOM. Lead again that wearying life of the last five years which has almost killed you? No, no, I shall not suffer it. I am only your journeyman, but I owe to you all I know, and all I have in the world—and to prevent your ruin, your misery, I could be capable of anything—even of offending, even of betraying you.

BERN. (*angrily*) Ah, if you speak, if you betray me—I will drive you from me—never while I live again will look upon you.

TOM. (*looking at him with emotion*) Well! I swear I will not name you to your beautiful lady—but that is all that I can do for you.

BERN. Now, leave this place instantly—if you were found here-----

TOM. Yes, I'll go, and this is my last word—I give you till midnight to recover the casket—if, at the first stroke of twelve it is not in our house-----

BERN. Well.

TOM. Then I will obtain it—I tell you only that.

BERN. Wretch! what would you do?

TOM. (*violently*) I don't know yet—but your honor and mine are at stake, our existence in the future depends on that casket—and I will have it—though I should leave my head behind in getting it! (*rushes off L. door.*)

BERN. (*agitatedly*) No! no! I will force him to be silent—and, besides, what were the future to me, what fortune, or life itself, with the contempt of her I love—but what am I saying? have I the right to love her—I, a poor artizan! oh, heaven! pity me! (*goes up and opens door, L. C.*) Ah! she is coming this way—and with that execrable viscount! how animated he appears! oh, heaven! does she listen to him—is she nothing better than a coquette—and to leave her—to quit her for ever with that suspicion—if I could hear her one instant—a single moment—ah! this chamber (*opening R. door and looking in*) there is a door at the end of this apartment—that way I could fly—and here, behind this drapery. (*concealing himself at R. door*) They are here!

LADY DEARMONT and VISCOUNT enter, C. door.

VISC. (*L., speaking as he enters*) Yes, madam, this day would be the happiest of my life, if you could but deign to-----

LADY D. (*looking around and crossing to L.*)—Your friend, viscount, is he already gone?

VISC. My friend?—I think so (*aside*), and I hope so (*aloud*) But this day would be the happiest of my life if-----

LADY D. (*again interrupting him*) He is from Florence, I believe?

VISC. He has that honor — yes, this day would be the happiest of my life if-----

LADY D. There has been no one here to-night with a more noble deportment—with more grace or—

VISC. (*spitefully*) No one! no one! that is saying a great deal—and, at this moment, if you would look around you—

LADY D. I have looked well—and have seen no one that could equal him.

VISC. (*aside*) Is it possible that she is near-sighted.

LADY D. He will, I hope, soon return—you will bring him here again, viscount, will you not?

VISC. Allow me, your beautiful ladyship—you speak of him with an expression, a warmth, that-----

LADY D. Well, yes! I confess it, and should greatly regret never more to behold this young Florentine lord.

BERN. (*aside, raising curtain of door, R.*) Oh! blest avowal!

VISC. (*angrily*) A lord—he! oh! that is too much! my patience is exhausted, lovely lady-----

LADY D. What say you?

VISC. And as a friend and aspirant to your heart it is my duty to enlighten you concerning what is passing.

LADY D. (*with emotion*) Explain yourself!

VISC. (*angrily*) Learn then—that this pretended lord—this gentleman—this gallant cavalier-----

LADY D. (*her emotion increasing*) Well?

VISC. Is but a mere artisan—a jeweller; Bernard the Florentine.

LADY D. (*greatly affected*) What is it that you tell me!

BERN. (*aside*) Wretch!

LADY D. (*placing her hand on her heart*) And you—you have thus played upon me! shameful! I will never pardon you! (*staggers and sinks into chair, L.*)

VISC. (*aside—going up*) A little more, and that fellow had destroyed all my hopes of happiness—and fortune! (*goes off, door L. C.*)

*Enter SERVANTS, door C., who carry away the candelabra.
(Lights half down.)*

BERN. (*aside*) What shall I do? go, and not justify myself—without having implored her pardon?—No, I have not that courage!

LADY D. Oh, sweet illusion! and how quickly it has passed. But that man; what wished he with me? what did he hope—good heaven! to cause himself to be beloved perhaps! Alas! I shudder now that he had but too well succeeded in obtaining possession of my thoughts—of my heart! (*covers her face with her handkerchief, and weeps*)

BERN. (*aside—with transport*) Oh, rapture!

LADY D. (*with great agitation*) But if my emotion has

betrayed me to him! Ah! if it were necessary to see him now again, I should die of grief and shame. (*detaches necklace and bracelets, and places them in casket on toilet table*)

BERN. (*aside*) Oh, no, no! that shall not be ; my presence shall not cause her to blush ; I take with me with her secret happiness, and despair for all my life!—Farewell ! farewell! for ever!
Disappears, R. D.

Music, piano—storm—flashes of lightning seen through window—thunder, heavy but distant.

LADY D. I am glad, yet almost terrified to be alone—what fatigue is this? what is this exhaustion that now possesses me ? the heat is overpowering—my eyes close in spite of me—oh, heaven!—if in sleep—I could forget—my heavy grief!—(*music continues*)—*she falls asleep—clock heard to strike twelve.*

TOM GOLDING, *masked, climbs into the balcony and then enters at window—nervously and cautiously approaches toilet table, looks first on LADY DEARMONT and then on table—seeing the casket he expresses joy—blows out the lamp on toilet table—stage dark—then advances his hand to take possession of the casket—but in seizing it he knocks over the lamp—the noise awakens LADY DEARMONT, who starts suddenly up, and at first bewildered, looks around her with great terror, without the power to cry out—as she starts up, BERNARD appears door R.—lightning and thunder.*

BERNARD. (*aside*) Impossible to fly by that room ! The doors on that side of the mansion are all closed.

LADY D. (*to whom a flash of lightning reveals TOM as he reaches the window*) Ah !—help !—help!—mercy—oh ! I die ! I die!—(*sinks fainting into arm-chair*)

BERN. (*seeing her*) Oh, heaven ! what then is passing here ? —ah !—(*running up and seizing TOM who is just getting over the balcony, and dragging him back—stay— miserable wretch ! snatching away TOM'S mask, which falls to the floor—recognising him.*) ah! you! (*TOM breaks from BERNARD, runs up, and instantly disappears over balcony. BERNARD hurries to LADY DEARMONT, who is reviving—the doors at back are suddenly dashed open—GUESTS appear—SERVANTS carrying lights—VISCOUNT and several others hurry forward*)

LADY D. (*averting her head from BERNARD as she extends her hands towards him*)—a black mask—a robber—he is there ! (*several male voices*)—a robber !—where ?

VISC. (*picking up mask which is lying at BERNARD'S feet*) Where? see, here is the mask—and there—(*pointing to BERNARD*)—there is the robber !

BERN. (*petrified*) Ah!

OMNES. The Florentine!

LADY D. (*turns, looks at BERNARD—screams, and falling, is caught by WO LADIES—other LADIES surround her—BERNARD wishes to rush to her but his way is barred by several of the GENTLEMEN—SERVANTS advance and take hold of BERNARD—GUESTS, &c., in consternation—lightning, thunder louder.*

GUESTS.	GUESTS.	GUESTS.
<i>door, R. C.</i>	<i>door, C.</i>	<i>door, L. C.</i>
GUESTS.	SERVANT.	SERVANT.
	BERNARD.	GENTLEMEN.
VISCOUNT.		LADIES.
R.		L.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Gardens of Tubbs's Tavern, enclosed by wooden palings, and backed by a Street—R., portion of the tavern, with entrance door—L., a pavilion—tables and wooden chairs.*

WEDDING GUESTS *discovered dancing—several seated at tables—as dance finishes TUBBS enters, R., with two large jugs of ale.*

TUBBS. Well done, well done—now approach all you that are thirsty. (*all surround him*) I thought so—well, here, (*placing jugs on table, R.*) fill out—this is from another barrel—the last was good, but this is spl-spl-splendid!

MEN. Hurrah for Daddy Tubbs. (*hurrying to jugs*)

TOM *enters gaily from street, through gate at back, with JENNY on his arm, C. from L.*

TOM. And hurrah for Tom Golding and his blooming bride. (*advancing*) Thank you, friends. Good morning, uncle-in-law—highly-esteemed and corpulent Tubbs—your joy lights up your eyes, and illuminates your nose—all in honour of this day, come to my arms, uncle-in-law. (*embracing him*)

TUBBS. (R. C.) Don't, don't, you will knock me down.

TOM. (C.) And once down, no power on earth could ever get you up again—I beg your pardon, for I know you are not very firm on your legs, and rather heavy in the head, and stomach—you are of such a full habit that you roll about like an empty beer-barrel. (*all laugh, R.*)

TUBBS. (R. C.) You are very merry this morning, nephew.

TOM. Merry, uncle-in-law? I am brimming over with joy—bursting with good humour—I could dance away till my legs dropped off. (*jumping about*) Tooral-looral-la!

JENNY. (L. C.) But what is the cause of all this merriment? what has happened since yesterday?

TOM. Ask me no questions, my lovely bride—woman is a delicious creature, but, unfortunately she has a tongue, and that is a great disfigurement.

TUBBS. Nephew, respect the sex to which you owe your uncle.

TOM. Oh, and you are a very heavy debt to owe anybody.

JENNY. (*to TOM*) Yes—but, but-----

TOM. But, but—you should talk to uncle-in-law about *butts*, they are more in his way. *But*—let it suffice you to know that I have recovered the casket—of which at this moment the old duchess is the legitimate proprietor—that we are again honest people—and that is all I care for.

JENNY. Oh, well—and your master, will he come to our wedding?

TUBBS. Oh, yes—may we expect Master Bernard?

TOM. That is another affair; I hope so—if he bears no malice-----

TUBBS. (*astonished*) Malice?

TOM. Yes, yes—but that will do—'tis a little history between ourselves—this morning when I quitted the workshop he had not returned; but that did not make me uneasy, because fashionable people never give over their games till daybreak—I left a word or two in writing for him, and I flatter myself he will not suffer me to conjugally sacrificed without himself assisting at the awful ceremony—and what a wedding—what a beautiful wedding it will be!

TUBBS. Spl—spl—splendid!

TOM. (*jumping about*) Tooral-looral-la! (*stopping*) Uncle-in-law, where is the substantial breakfast you promised us?

TUBBS. Ready, nephew—ready.

(*JENNY places a low stool, L., then leads TOM over and seats him upon it*)

JENNY. (*C., with dignity*) Master Tom Golding, though we are not yet married, I feel it to be my duty to put a few conjugal interrogatories to you.

TOM. And I shall reply to them as husbands usually do, and always ought to answer. (*aside*) That is, I shall tell as many fibs as I find necessary.

JENNY. A girl ought always to have a proper understanding of, and with, her future husband.

TUBBS. (*R. C.*) Yes, niece—and when a girl has been strictly and properly brought up, in the beer-barrels of her uncle's bosom! (*all laugh*)

TOM. Uncle-in-law, even at this early hour, you are verging on intoxication.

JENNY. I know that too many married women are compelled to lay their complaints before the sheriff.

TUBBS. Stupid females! the sheriff is not a doctor.

TOM. I shall be yours to command—a pattern of obedience.

JENNY. There are husbands who strike their wives.

TOM. No man that is a man ever violently lays his hand upon a woman-----

TUBBS. Unless she deserves it.

ALL THE WOMEN. Oh!

JENNY. We shall not be opulent people, so we must be careful and prudent.

TOM. (*rising*) No, no—I shall be extravagant and prodigal, but only in my love for you, Jenny. When all the wealth of a married couple is their love for each other, I maintain that neither of them ought to be miserly.

MEN AND WOMEN. Bravo, Tom—bravo!

JENNY. (*re-seating TOM on stool*) I shall be the mistress of our household, and must govern all.

TOM. You shall—your husband included. I shall be a model of submission and docility—always obedient—(*aside*) when it suits me.

TUBBS. Nephew, you are a noble young man!

JENNY. Above all, you must swear that you will never drink too much----

TUBBS. Yes, mind, nephew—pray be particular with your liquor.

JENNY. (*glancing at TUBBS*) When a man is intoxicated, he is such a brute!

TUBBS. So he is, niece—so he is! (*all laugh*)

TOM. If ever I am intoxicated, it will be with gazing on your beautiful eyes—shall thirst only for large draughts of love. (*jumping up and running over to R. table*) Uncle-in-law, is there any ale in the jugs? Listening so long to my wife, that presently is to be, has made my throat dry. (*TUBBS fills a horn for him*) This is not the small-beer, I hope. (*drinks*) No—thankye—ah! Jenny, in another hour or two— (*suddenly struck*) Oh, dear!

JENNY. What is the matter ?

TOM. I have forgotten to inform the parson of our intended union----

OMNES. Oh!

TOM. All owing to those infernal jewels!

TUBBS. Well, well, go now—sure to find him at home, for he is laid up with the gout; and while you are gone we will have breakfast.

TOM. What—without me—the bridegroom ?

JENNY. Nonsense—lovers never eat.

TOM. Not when they are foreigners, perhaps, but I am an English lover, and Englishmen are always eating under any circumstances.

TUBBS. Except when they are drinking, nephew.

JENNY. And you can really think of eating at this important moment—oh, you glutton! Come, sir, (*taking his arm*) I will go with you, for I insist on being married to-day.

TOM. Very well, come along. Illustrious and exaggerated Tubbs, preserve for me a considerable number of the choicest cuts—and not too much fat.

JENNY. (*dragging him*) Come along, sir!

They go off through gate at back to R.

TUBBS. And do you, friends, come with me, and I'll introduce you to such a piece of roast beef—it's spl-spl-splendid !

Exeunt into tavern, R.

Enter BERNARD at back from L, pale and agitated.

BERN. (*advancing*) Yes, this is the place. Oh! what a frightful night—what a terrible adventure! Even now I can scarcely believe it—and yet that degrading accusation—all those people overwhelming me with their contempt—before her—she whose esteem is dearer to me than my life—and I could not defend myself, for by stealth had I returned to her chamber. Dragged from her mansion, but leaving within it my reputation, my honour—thrust into prison like a guilty wretch, a felon—mad with grief and rage, I sought a weapon with which to terminate my odious existence, when it was announced to me that I was free—on bail, they told me—some one was responsible for me. Who could it be that, in this city of egotism and indifference, had thus interested himself for me? Suddenly, the idea occurred to me that that service came from her, that she wished to furnish me with the means to re-establish my honour—that thought restored to me my energy, and the courage to live. Oh! I will see her once again—then will I quit this country where happiness appeared to me only that it might for ever after shun me. I will forget—or rather, will endeavour to forget the dream, the mad hope which, last night, shed a charm o'er all my being. But, Tom Golding—where is he? I must see him, that I may realize all I still possess to acquit myself of the bail which has been so generously furnished me----- (*a burst of laughter within the tavern*)

BERN. Ah! he is there—I will give him my instructions, and after, hasten and cast myself at Lady Dearmont's feet—justify myself—and then bid her an eternal farewell.

Exit into tavern, R.

Enter VISCOUNT D'ESTBIGNAC and LADY DEARMONT, in travelling costume at back from L.

VISC. No post horses—horrible—infamous—stab my vitals! Persons of our rank and quality obliged to wait in a tavern!

LADY D. (L. C.) (*with indifference*) No matter—I do not care.

VISC. (R. C.) It matters to me, beautiful Lady D., that you should be treated with all the respect which is your due. Have you not chosen me as your cavalier, your esquire? Have you not accorded to me the unknown happiness of galloping by the side of your carriage every step of the way to your country mansion?

LADY D. (*abstractedly*) Yes, yes—very likely---- —

VISC. Likely? 'tis a fact! Lovely Lady D., if such a misadventure had occurred to you in my lordship of Estbignac, I would instantly have hanged the whole of my numerous vassals to all the turrets of every one of my castles—stab my vitals !

LADY D. Really!

VISC. As true as I tell you.

LADY D. Well, would you believe it, viscount ? I almost bless this delay.

VISC. (*amazed*) Eh? what?

LADY D. I am so unhappy at not having been able to penetrate the secret of last night's strange adventure.

VISC. Well, then, your lovely ladyship, I, without trouble, have fathomed that mysterious secret.

LADY D. (*quickly*) Can it be possible?

VISC. Yes—this man—this goldsmith—is neither more nor less than a modern Cardillac—like the brigand jeweller of my beautiful country, he possesses a monomania for precious stones, and steals at night the diamonds that he has sold during the day.

LADY D. But what proof have you of that, sir?

VISC. What proof? Clear and decided—that nocturnal entry to your chamber—that mask which I found—and those jewels which he has caused to disappear-----

LADY D. (*overwhelmed*) No matter—if that man be indeed guilty, it is not for me to accuse, to destroy him—and perhaps, by leaving London, I—

VISC. Let your lovely ladyship's generous soul be reassured. If your evidence be wanting, no serious harm can threaten him—therefore, be advised by me, and let us continue our way towards that rural abode, that champaign sojourn where my cares will soon cause you to forget all this. (*aside*) She will return to London the Viscountess d'Estbignac, as true as I say it. (*aloud*) I am off to hurry those knaves of postilions, and then shall return for you, divinity of my soul. *Exit at back to L.*

LADY D. I have dreamed of a sincere and loving heart, promising a life of happiness and devotion—sweet tenderness, to me more valuable than wealth and station; sad and gloomy henceforth my destiny. I must forget him, must never more behold him ; must fly far from him, and tear, if it be possible, his image from out my heart. Oh ! sweet dream of love, brief as a summer's day; it has been, and is gone and past for ever! (*sits pensively on garden chair, L.*)

Enter TOM and JENNY, at back, from R.

JENNY (R.) 'Tis all right, we have bespoke the minister!

TOM. (R.C.) Yes, yes, he'll soon settle us. (*seeing LADY DEARMONT, whose back is towards him*) Eh! who is that; somebody that uncle-in-law has invited to our wedding, no doubt! quite a lady ! Oh! I recollect now; uncle-in-law talked about her ; I know who she is—

JENNY. Who?

TOM. Mrs. Skewers, the butcher's wife, round the corner. Run and tell old Tubbs that we have succeeded.

JENNY. Are not you coining?

TOM. Directly I have done the honors to Mrs. Skewers; go along!

Exit JENNY, into tavern, R.

TOM. (*approaching* LADY DEARMONT. Excuse me, Mrs.-----
(LADY DEARMONT *rises and turns towards him; he recognizes her and starts back.*) What do I see !

LADY D. (*aside*) Ah! (*aloud*) I recognise you—I saw you, I am certain, yesterday, at a jeweller's that—

TOM. (*aside*) She knows me—no getting out of it!

LADY D. (*aside*) From him I may perhaps learn-----

TOM. (*wishing to get away*) I beg your ladyship's pardon ; but, Jenny and I, we are to be married to-day—and the parson has half-a-dozen other couples to settle after he has done for us.

LADY D. Stay—but one word; your master, that Florentine goldsmith, what has become of him ?

TOM. (*stunned*) Your ladyship knows him !

LADY D. But too well, alas! Oh ! conceal nothing from me—what has been decided respecting him ? I sadly need to know that he is not in danger.

TOM. (*with increasing astonishment*) Danger, he.

LADY D. Oh! I swear to you that it was not my wish—that it was in spite of me, that he, last night, was arrested-----

TOM. Arrested!

LADY D. For, notwithstanding the crime of which he was accused!-----

TOM. Crime—he—last night! (*striking his forehead*) Stay ! ah ! I remember now. I left him in your boudoir.

LADY D. (*frightened*) You—you were there ?

TOM. A man—masked—the window—your diamonds !

LADY D. What says he !

TOM. I, madam; I was that man!

LADY D. (*retreating, terrified*) You! you!

TOM. (*falling on his knees*) Do not call—not yet at least—presently will be time enough—for I will confess all—will give myself into the hands of justice; but, for mercy's sake, listen to me—only for a moment, listen to me!

LADY D. What would you say ?

TOM. That I am a wretch, fit for the gallows ! That I see now how like a fool I have acted ! my poor master ! the very soul of honour—to be accused of such a crime—dragged to prison like a malefactor! Oh ! that is frightful : It is enough to kill me with shame and remorse!

LADY D. What means-----

TOM. (*starting to his feet*) It means that I have destroyed him—dishonoured, when I sought to save him—it means that those jewels which you last night wore—they were our property—all our fortune, madam, which he gave to you, sent secretly to you, not suspecting that another had paid for them almost their value.

LADY D. What! those jewels were not sent by the Viscount?

TOM. What! he—Knicky-knack! all his castles in Gnac put together wouldn't purchase one of our rubies—no, it was my master, my poor dear master ; yesterday, concealed in his workshop, he overheard your wishes for that casket, your regrets that you could not possess it—an hour after, my lady, it was sent to you—and it was I, my lady, who, knowing that he was dooming himself to utter ruin, that he was failing in his word, it was I who resolved to recover by force that which my poor master had given you with all his heart—and he would have given you his life as lightly as he gave to you that casket—no doubt he is very guilty towards you, for he had no business to fall in love with such a great lady as you are, but though he is only an artisan, show me a lord that could love half as well as he does.

LADY D. (*joyfully*) Can it be! such nobility of soul, such devotion—oh! heaven, I may then esteem him still!

TOM. And all this while, perhaps, my poor master is in prison!

LADY D. (*quickly*) No, he is free! free on bail tendered by—by a friend.

TOM. Yourself, my lady, I am quite sure !

LADY D. And though it were so, could I ever repair the evil that I have caused him ? Ah! when you shall again behold him, say that my heart is torn by what has passed—that I pity him—and that my prayers will follow him where'er he goes!

TOM. Is it possible ! ah, my lady, he would die with joy if from your own lips he but heard those words !

LADY D. Oh, no! I will not, must not see him again. I depart with the viscount—am about to quit London for a long time—perhaps for ever! (*aside*) I should suffer now too much! (*to TOM*) Good-bye, my friend, good-bye ! *Exit into pavilion, L.*

TOM. But where am I to find my poor master—where look for him in this crowded city—and this is my wedding-day too ! there's a nice round of beef and the parson waiting for me! never mind—I'll neither eat nor be married till I have found my master, I take my solemn oath of that-----(*seeing BERNARD who enters from tavern, R.*) Ah! there he is!

BERN. At last I see you again ; I have waited for you with an anxiety, an impatience-----

TOM. Oh, master; my poor master!

BERN. (*repulsing him*) Away! your unworthy conduct has destroyed, dishonoured me !

TOM. (*L.*) I have saved you, master—she knows all—I have told her everything; if you doubt it, ask her. (*pointing to pavilion*) She is there.

BERN. (*C.*) There --there—say you ? Ah ! I can then justify myself and die, and she will not despise my memory.

TOM. Die ! when she knows that you love her—when she pities and pardons you !

BERN. Can that be true ?

TOM. And that is not all, master; I have had experience in such matters, and I know, am certain that she loves you!

BERN. Oh ! silence—silence ! speak not to me thus ! everything separates us—everything banishes me for ever from her! Her esteem, her pity ! Those are all that I dare now to ask of her!

TOM. (*growing excited*) Her esteem ! her pity ! But I tell you you have her love, and surely that's better—I ought to know what love is, I have had lots of practice with Jenny.

BERN. No, no, all that is a dream, in which I cannot believe—that she will consent to grant me a few moments, is all that I dare to hope from her goodness-----

TOM. Yes, yes—moments, and days, and years. You are just in time to prevent her going away with that infernal Viscount Knicky-knack!

BERN. (*quickly*) The viscount! ah! you recal me to my vengeance ! I was no sooner free than I wrote to him ; I have demanded from him reparation for last night's affront; and to force him to give me that reparation, have been compelled to unveil to him a secret which, until now, it has been necessary I should conceal from you—even from her, to whom at price of my blood I could have been glad to be permitted to reveal it!

TOM. (*reproachfully*) A secret! from me, master ?

BERN. Yes, I was wrong, good friend, and now I go to-----
(*crossing, L., towards pavilion*)

TOM. Hush! (*placing himself before BERNARD*)

VISCOUNT. (*speaking as he enters at back from L.*) All is ready, beautiful Lady D., we only stay for you. (*advancing towards pavilion*)

TOM. (*placing himself before VISCOUNT*) So, it's you, is it, Viscount Knicky-knack ?

VISC. (*seeing BERNARD*) What do I behold ? The Florentine!

TOM. (C.) You are a generous fellow, giving away caskets of jewels that never belonged to you—(*imitating*) stab my vitals !

VISC. (R. C.) Insolent ruffian! (*crossing, C., to BERNARD*) You here! and at liberty !

BERN. (L. C.) Yes, and I am delighted, for you owe me an account of your last night's treachery!

TOM. And that is not the only account he owes us!

VISC. Excuse me, my dear friends, but I have no time just now for conversation. (*going towards pavilion*) There is in that pavilion a lovely lady who only stays for me to-----

BERN. (L.) Yes, Lady Dearmont—I know-----

(*TOM runs up behind VISCOUNT, and places himself on bottom step of pavilion, obstructing VISCOUNT*)

TOM. And she really cannot go without you ?

VISC. Certainly not—she has only me to protect her by the way, so that I must immediately——

TOM. We shall see all about that. (*stumbles forward against VISCOUNT, who staggers back towards R.*)

VISC. Villian ! I-----

TOM. (*advancing, C.*) I beg your pardon—quite an accident, I assure you.

VISC. (*aside*) I am then to encounter this fellow everywhere.

TOM. (*aside, to BERNARD*) Trust to me, master—they shall not go. I'll make the postillion drunk, and the horses too, and all the beasts, myself included. *Runs off at back to L.*

VISC. (*R., aside*) Now, then, I will go to her lovely ladyship going towards pavilion)

BERN. (*advancing from L. to C. and stopping him*) A moment, Viscount.

VISC. I am in despair, my dear friend, but the laws of politeness and gallantry compel me to quit you-----

BERN. (*quickly*) And honour demands that you should hear me.

VISC. Honour?

BERN. Yes, my honour, which last night you compromised.

VISC. But allow me—your presence in her boudoir, at that hour, was at least suspicious-----

BERN. Not to you, sir, who, better than any one, knew the history of that casket, and that I was incapable of a base and infamous action.

VISC. (*confused*) I—I do not say that-----

BERN. And with the vilest treachery and falsehood you became my accuser. Satisfaction I must have—I demand, exact it—will have it. You have received my letter, and you know that I am of rank worthy to measure swords with you.

VISC. Certainly—Count Philip, of Olivieri—a descendant of an illustrious family of Florence—a proscribed man—who became a jeweller rather than live on the bounty of his friends. It was superb—heroic! It has moved me even to tears, and if I had sooner known it— (*taking a step towards pavilion*)

BERN. (*again stopping him*) Impossible, sir! My father, blushing for the obscure state which an honourable misfortune had compelled me to adopt, when on his death-bed, exacted from me an oath that I would never reveal my name, unless my outraged honour should command me to proclaim it. You, sir, have attacked my honour, and I have been permitted to speak—let us go!

VISC. Certainly—we will go, to any spot you like, but not at this moment—next year, on my return from my present journey—

BERN. (*drawing his sword*) No, sir—this very instant-----

VISC. What—here?

BERN. To your guard, I tell you!

VISC. Oh, I am perfectly ready! (*aside, drawing his sword*) There are greater chances here of our being separated. (*in a loud voice*) Ah, ha! You would fight me—and here—very well—sword to sword—man to man—stab my vitals !—come on—ha, ha ! (*backs towards R.—BERNARD is going towards him*)

