

ADRIENNE;
OR,
THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

A New and Original Drama,
IN THREE ACTS.

BY
HENRY LESLIE,
AUTHOR OF
The Orange Girl, Mariner's Compass, Trail of Sin,
&c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
THEATRICAL PUBLISHERS,
LONDON.

First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre (under the management of Madame Celeste), on Monday, the 12th of November, 1860.

A D R I E N N E ;

OR, THE

S E C R E T O F A L I F E .

The New and Extensive Scenery under the direction of Mr. WILLIAM CALLCOTT. The Appointments, Decorations, &c. by Mr. BRADWELL. The Machinery, &c. by Mr. BARE. The completely New Costumes by Mr. MAX, Mrs. CLARK, and Assistants. The Overture and Music incidental to the Piece composed by Mr. GEORGE LODER. The Drama produced under the immediate superintendence of MADAME CELESTE.

ACT I.—THE DUEL IN THE MIST.

"Ne thunge ys to man see dere,
As woman's love yn god mannere,

A god woman ys man hys byggs,
Eha her love true and stedfast ys."

Saxon Chronicle—Robert of Bourne.

ADRIENNE DE BEAUPRE	(a wealthy Orphan)	- - - - -	Madame CELESTE.
MADAME AMILE DE BEAUPRE	(her Aunt)	- - - - -	Mrs. J. ROUSE.
GIANNETTA SCAROTTA	(Daughter of Jacopo)	- - - - -	Mrs. KEELEY.
M. EUGENE DE GRASSAC	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. GEORGE VINING.
VICTOR SAVIGNIE	(Art Students of Rome)	- - - - -	Mr. HENRY NEVILLE.
LOUIS HERMANN	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. CLIFFORD.
HECTOR FALLOUX	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. JOHN ROUSE.
BERTRAND	(a Mulatto—Steuard to Adrienne)	- - - - -	Mr. VILLIERS.
SAMSON	(an old Butler)	- - - - -	Mr. CAMPBELL.
JACOPO SCAROTTA	- - - - -	- - - - -	Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE.

“ADRIENNE.”

SCENE I.—**APARTMENT IN THE VILLA OF ADRIENNE—ROME.**

SCENE II.—**THE HOME OF GIANNETTA ON THE ROAD TO TERRACINA.**
The Artists, and the Model.

SCENE III.—**A MIST ON THE PONTINE MARSH.**
THE DUEL!

An Interval of Three Months is supposed to elapse between the First and Second Acts.

ACT II.—THE LONE CHATEAU.

“I hold it true what'er befall—
I feel it when I sorrow most—

’Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.”—*Tennyson.*

ADRIENNE DE BEAUPRE - - - - - Madame CELESTE.
MADAME HECTOR FALLOUX - - - - - MRS. KEELEY.
M. EUGENE DE GRASSAC - - - - - MR. GEORGE VINING.
VICTOR SAVIGNIE - - - - - (Captain of Chasseurs) - - - - - MR. HENRY NEVILLE.
HECTOR FALLOUX - - - - - MR. JOHN ROUSE.
BERTRAND - - - - - MR. VILLIERS.
SAMSON - - - - - MR. CAMPBELL.

BREAKFAST ROOM IN THE CHATEAU—FRANCE. The Accusation.

An interval of Six Months is supposed to elapse between the Second and Third Acts.

ACT III.—A M O N G T H E R A V I N E S.

“There are many more practicable passes than the Tourmalet, but all of them are subject to tremendous hurricanes, and such is the danger in threading them, that it is a received axiom among these stormy heights, that ‘The son must not wait for the father, nor the father for the son.’”

CAPTAIN VICTOR SAVIGNIE	Mr. HENRY NEVILL.
SERJEANT BURLET	Mr. FORRESTER.
HECTOR FALLOUX	Mr. JOHN ROUSE.
BERTRAND	Mr. VILLIERS.
JACOPO SCAROTTA	Mr. JAMES JOHNSTONE.
M. ROCHET	Mr. H. BUTLER.
CORPORAL VICHET	Mr. REYNOLDS.
PRIVATE CHAUMONT	Mr. BUSH.
ESTEVAN and PAOLO	Mr. MORRIS and Mr. TOMLINS.
M. THIBAUT	Mr. SMITH.
PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBUNAL	Mr. TOMLINS.
DR. LEROUX	Mr. W. COOPER.
ADRIENNE DE BEAUPRE	Madame CELESTE.
MADAME FALLOUX	Mrs. KEELEY.

ADRIENNE.

GUERRILLAS, SOLDIERS, &c.

SCENE—THE PASS OF THE TOURMALET. SCENE 2.—STREET IN MONTAUBAN.

SCENE 3.—THE COURT HOUSE.

“Like mimic shadows on a toyman’s blind,
We come—we go—but yet a moral teach
To mortal men, who, if they list, may find
A purpose in our idle seeming speech.

“If to himself man still were true as man,
And would his passion and his honour guard,
Then blessings temper e’on the direst ban;
Sin meets its sorrow—good its just reward.”—*Aron.*

[This Drama is on the List of the Dramatic Authors' Society.]

ADRIENNE DE BEAUPRE;

OR, THE SECRET OF A LIFE.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Boudoir of Adrienne. The room is neatly but handsomely furnished—folding door, c.—doors, R. and L. 3 E.; at the back, on inner room—sideboard, L., with clock, books, ornaments—clock strikes ten as curtain rises.*

GIANNETTA *speaks without.*

GIAN. (*without*) It is sufficient, Monsieur Samson, I can find my own way.

Enter GIANNETTA, C, *with a peasant's rough basket containing flowers.*

Not a soul here! then I shall have time to arrange my little gift, so that it may find most favour in the eyes of my benefactress, [*puts basket on stage, L. C. — sits down, and selecting the best flowers, arranges a bouquet during the ensuing dialogue*]

Enter BERTRAND (*the Mulatto Steward of ADRIENNE*), R. door — *he has account books and papers.*

BERT. I heard the rustle of a dress. I thought it was my mistress, (*sees GIANNETTA—places books on R. table*) Mademoiselle Giannetta.

GIAN. (*rising and curtseying*) Monsieur Bertrand, I presume mademoiselle is not up yet?

BERT. Favour me by glancing at the clock.

GIAN. I look at the clock, Monsieur Bertrand; it is five minutes past ten.

BERT. And yet you have the hardihood to surmise that mademoiselle has not risen. She has been abroad at least two hours.

GIAN. Pardon; I am but a model for the artists here in Rome; you are a mighty steward to a very rich lady.

BERT. (*playfully touches her under the chin, as he pauses to drawer of sideboard, L.*) I think, mademoiselle, I could forgive you even a graver fault.

GIAN. Ah, but you mustn't do that; you must cease to compliment. I am about to be married.

BERT. (*selecting pens from drawer*) Bravo, bravissimo! Who is the happy swain?

GIAN. Happy! Well, we won't anticipate the future; but you know him. La! it's Hector Falloux, art student of Rome.

BERT, (*returning to R. table*) Son of Hector Falloux, grocer, of Neuville. I congratulate you again.

GIAN. Well, yes, Hector's father is a grocer; but quite in a wholesale way—is he not?

BERT. You had better enquire of mademoiselle: the minutest affairs of her estate in Neuville are sacred in her eyes—she will be here in exactly three minutes.

GIAN. (*who has nearly finished her bouquet*) You are confident, Monsieur Bertrand?

BERT. I am; she gives a sitting to-day to M. Savignie.

GIAN. Then will Monsieur Savignie certainly fail her. I was at his studio yesterday, and he is away somewhere amongst the mountains.

BERT. Then to-day besides, she audits the weekly expenses of her household. You will find I am a true prophet: observe! (*Music—BERTRAND points to c. door—GIANNETTA rises, puts her basket aside—as the clock chimes the quarter, ADRIENNE is heard without, L. c.*)

ADRIEN. Monsieur Samson, you will oblige me by sending the soup instantly: the family I tell you are in want.

BERT. You hear! (*pointing off and returning to his books*)

Enter ADRIENNE, c.—sees the bouquet which GIANNETTA presents her—throws off her scarf on chair, R. C.

ADRIEN. What a charming bouquet! (*taking it*) Really charming!

GIAN. (*assisting ADRIENNE with scarf*) I'm glad it pleases you—very glad.

ADRIEN. And a double welcome for that rare flower (*selecting one*) that I have not seen since—since when-----

GIAN. Ah! mademoiselle, your kindnesses are so frequent that it is no marvel you should allow one to escape your recollection. It was when you took a poor peasant, my mother, out in your carriage to inhale the pure air of the forest. My dead mother! (*takes a small cross from her bosom, kisses it, and replaces it*)

ADRIEN. Forgive me for reviving so painful a memory.

(*GIANNETTA retires, L. c.—BERTRAND has arranged account books at R. table*)

BERT. (R.) Observe, mademoiselle, how dusty are her shoes.

ADRIEN. (R. C.) Bertrand?

BERT. She has walked more than a league, through a hot sun, along a dusty road, to bring you those flowers.

ADRIEN. (*taking GIANNETTA'S hand*) I am not ungrateful, my good Giannetta. Books, Monsieur Bertrand, if you please.

GIAN. Books ! one would think mademoiselle was a poor clerk in a warehouse, instead of a rich lady ; but I know she audits her accounts, that she may economise her own expenditure, and give a wider scope to her benevolence. (*during the last speech BERTRAND has shewn his account, and ADRIENNE has compared the books, &c.*)

ADRIEN. (*aside to BERTRAND*) So much for wine! (*BERTRAND whispers to her*) Your pardon, I had forgotten.

BERT. We have no cellar in Rome, and if mademoiselle will be so generous----- (*ADRIENNE returns boohs*)

SAMSON *enters c. door, announcing* Monsieur Savignie!

BERT. (*across to GIANNETTA*) Right again, you see.

Enter SAVIGNIE, L. C, but remains in the doorway—he has a knapsack (artist's) on his back, and is dusty as having just returned from a journey.

SAVIG. May I enter ?

ADRIEN. (*R. table*) You may, Monsieur Savignie. (*to BERTRAND*) This is right, I see.

SAVIG. Look at me; observe I am dusty—uncouth—travel-stained ! May I still enter ?

ADRIEN. You may. A chair, good Giannetta. (*she places one, L. c, and assists SAVIGNIE off with his knapsack, &c.*) I suppose I ought to express myself supremely flattered that you condescend to abandon the study of your dear mistress, Nature, for so mechanical a task as painting my portrait.

SAVIG. But when that task is a duty transformed into pleasure, why then—then—I declare I attempted a compliment, and I've positively broken down.

GIAN. Never mind, Monsieur Savignie; mam'selle will soon patch you up again.

ADRIEN. (*shaking her bouquet at him, playfully*) I always said you were too ambitious.

SAVIG. Let me temper your severity by shewing you the results of my journey, (*takes from his knapsack a small sketch book, places a chair L. C, with the back to Audience, and puts sketch thereon*)

GIAN. (*speaking while business is going on*) You have been away three days.

SAVIG. Yes, precisely, three free happy days : I often envy Salvator Rosa his life among the hills, (*placing the drawings on chair*)

ADRIEN. You are an adorer of your art, Monsieur Salvator Rosa Victor Savignie ! *(approaching and looking at drawings)*

SAVIG. *(arranging the drawings)* I forgive the smile and dare declare the passion.

(ADRIENNE, BERTRAND, and GIANNETTA gather round him to notice the sketch, while they are so engaged enter DE GRASSAC—he passes behind them and advances down, R.)

SAVIG. I have been unsuccessful with that tree; but oh! mam'selle, could you have seen the original?

ADRIEN. *(seeing DE GRASSAC)* Monsieur! *(DE GRASSAC sits in chair, R.)*

BERT. *(retiring up, R. c.)* Peste! De Grassac.

DE GRAS. I use a privilege of friendship, and enter unannounced, *(crossing to SAVIGNIE, who is, L. C., putting up his sketches)* You are an early visitor, Monsieur Savignie.

ADRIEN. *(R. C. to BERTRAND, who is R.)* Bertrand !

SAVIG. *(in an undertone)* Monsieur de Grassac can alone teach me why the circumstance should occasion such remark.

ADRIEN. *(half aside)* You would not pain me, Bertrand, by refusing a request. When Monsieur de Grassac entered, you scarce concealed your impatience. He was my father's dearest friend, and must ever be treated with respect.

SAVIG. *(aloud)* You scarce seem to understand, Monsieur de Grassac, that I visit here to paint the portrait of mademoiselle; she honours me with a sitting to-day, and I am punctual, *(he takes from knapsack a colour box, gives it to GIANNETTA, who places it on chair, L. c. by c. door, and then, assisted by BERTRAND, brings from L. door, easel, a partially completed portrait, with pallet, &c, they place them up stage, L. C.)*

ADRIEN. *(going towards R. door)* Pardon, M. Savignie, a few moments, and I am at your service.

DE GRAS. *(C, as she is going, stopping her)* Your excellent aunt, Madame Amile, promised me an interview with you, mademoiselle, on a subject of—shall I say—importance. Ten was the hour named, and it is ten. *(looking at watch)*

ADRIEN. I was unaware—monsieur will pardon me—I am engaged.

GIAN. *(up stage, to BERTRAND)* He is not what you'd call a particularly nice man; now is he, Monsieur Bertrand ?

DE GRAS. *(who has been conversing with ADRIENNE)* Then in half an hour?

ADRIEN. *(nods assent—beckons GIANNETTE)* If your business is so very urgent—yes. I shall return very soon, Monsieur Savignie, when I trust— *(very marked)* yes, I trust that we shall be alone. *Exit, R. door.*

GIAN. *(following with bonnet and shawl)* You heard, monsieur. Mam'selle trusts that we shall be alone. *Exit, R. door.*

(BERTRAND *and* SAVIGNIE *are at easel*, L. C.—DE GRASSAC, R. c, *putting on his gloves, and going*, c.)

SAVIG. Monsieur de Grassac, may I solicit the solution of a certain mystery of which you are the master ?

DE GRAS. I am at your service, Monsieur Savignie. (*returns and sits*, R. C.)

SAVIG. The date was Thursday, the 12th day of March—the place, the fete of the Solerno's. The wealth of Mademoiselle de Beupre was there mentioned, and you greeted the allusion with a sneer.

DE GRAS. Beware, monsieur!

SAVIG. (*rising, and going to* DE GRASSAC) It was in a crowded *salon*—I required an explanation—the guests hushed their talk to hearken to your reply—you bowed and passed on in silence.

DE GRAS. Have you finished?

SAVIG. Ladies were present, and I too was dumb. Before men, I too am a man. The explanation I requested then, I demand now.

DE GRAS. The explanation ?

SAVIG. Of the impulse—the base impulse, which prompts a man to degrade abroad the character of a lady, at whose house he is an honoured guest. Still silent.

DE GRAS. Presently I may be more communicative.

SAVIG. Then it is for me to speak—for me to tell you, Monsieur de Grassac, that from your sneer and your silence a suspicion has been bred—that the sneer and the silence are alike unworthy—that the suspicion they have created is a lie. (*deliberately and firmly jolding his arms*)

DE GRAS. (*starts up—deliberately folding his arms*) And what has stimulated the enthusiasm of Monsieur Savignie that he should desert the domain of his art to do battle for the fair?

SAVIG. When an innocent woman is cruelly maligned, every gentleman becomes her champion—self-elected, (*going to* DE GRASSAC) But come, we are fellow-countrymen in a strange land ; confess yourself mistaken and there's an end on't.

DE GRAS. I spoke—a—lie. One thing alone can obliterate that.

SAVIG. (L. C.) Whenever you please, Monsieur de Grassac.

DE GRAS. (*crossing to him*) To-night — on the Pontine Marsh, by the Saint's Cross, at ten.

SAVIG. To-night by the Saint's Cross, at ten!

Enter MADAME AMILE, *quickly, door R., they both assume composure.*

AMILE. Ah, my dear De Grassac, I am so infinitely delighted to see you after the fatigues of last night, Bertrand!

BERT. Madame.

AMILE. Is my niece down, Bertrand ?

BERT. She has been out, madame, but has returned.

AMILE. You hear, De Grassac? Out and alone, and she an orphan too; and then, dear me, Monsieur de Grassac, she is so very rich ! Where is my niece, Bertrand ?

BERT. She has retired, madame, to arrange her toilette for the sitting with which she honours Monsieur Savignie to-day.

AMILE. (*vexed*) And your appointment-----

DE GRAS. Spare your regrets, madame, it is postponed, not abandoned. Have you any commands ? None. Then I will take my leave. Your servant, Monsieur Savignie.

Exit c— BERTRAM) is up stage, L. C.

AMILE. (*crossing to L. c. in front while speaking*) Well really, he is one of the most charming of men.

Enter ADRIENNE in full costume, door R. 2 E.

ADRIENNE. See, I am quite ready. Ah, *ma chere tante*, how admirable you look after your dissipation of last night.

AMILE. You too should have been there—the fete was superb.

(*MADAME AMILE goes to R. table, sits—SAVIGNIE is up c, at easel with portrait, preparing colours, &c.—ADRIENNE crosses to L. c, and takes a position*)

ADRIEN. The honour of our house must be supported by you my dear aunt, moving in the ever-whirling circles of society.

SAVIG. (*approaching ADRIENNE*) And by you in the purer duties of domestic life. Your hand a little more elevated. (*placing it*) So ! (*returns to easel—going towards portrait up C.*)

AMILE. This portrait has occupied a great deal of time.

ADRIEN. Do you think so ? The hours seem to have glided very rapidly away; it seems but yesterday it was begun.

SAVIG. (*at easel*) If I could only catch that expression!

AMILE. She will make a very pretty picture, will she not monsieur ? She is uncommonly like my brother, the general—Ah ! when I was her age !

Enter SAMSON with card on salver.

SAMSON. (*to AMILE*) Madame, the Countess de St. Giannina wishes to consult you, madame, on a matter of the utmost importance.

AMILE. With reference to the texture of her daughter's wedding train ; the cost and colour of her new carriage. You must excuse my absence, you must, indeed—accompany me, Bertrand. (*he in action enquires why*) The carriage, you know.

(to SAMSON) Is the Countess in the lower reception room?
(SAMSON *assents*)

BERT. (to ADRIENNE) Has mam'selle any commands?

ADRIEN. None, my good and faithful Bertrand—none.

(*Exeunt AMILE, BERTRAND, and SAMSON, C. door—
SAVIGNIE puts aside his materials, and advances towards
ADRIENNE—leaning over table, speaking to her*)

ADRIEN. You have soon relinquished your task, Monsieur Savignie.

SAVIG. Alas ! Adrienne—may I call you Adrienne?

ADRIEN. You are very gallant!

SAVIG. Is not my time shortened by the visit of Monsieur De Grassac? I heard him say he returns at eleven.

ADRIEN. He does; but why so angry, Savignie : you speak like a jealous lover,

SAVIG. Do I ? well, perhaps-----

ADRIEN. Ah, a secret ! proceed. Monsieur Artist—at whose shrine have you paid your vows—is the lady rich ?

SAVIG. Better than rich, Adrienne—she is good. Her purse ministers to no selfish pleasures. It feeds the hungry, it consoles the afflicted. Her sole meed the poor man's blessing, the widow's sacred smile. Do you recognize the portrait ?

ADRIEN. I!

SAVIG. It is your lips which must pronounce my doom ; you know my secret, Adrienne, have mercy on me—speak !

ADRIEN. This is quite a comedy. Monsieur is very abrupt, though his bluntness will offend the lady, (*goes to chair, L. c.*)

SAVIG. (*on his knees*) No, no comedy ; no dramatic imitation of a passion, but the outpouring of a love for months prisoned within my soul, but broad as the broad land, soundless as the deep unfathomable sea. (*kneels*)

ADRIEN. Be calm, Savignie, still; your words tear my very heart! Listen : as you are noble so will I be honest; could these lips hail you husband, then would the happiness of a life be condensed in the ecstasy of that instant. Between us, Savignie, there is a gulf which you will never see; but which divides us always, yet I would not have your words unsaid; in years to come, when my step shall falter and my eye be dim, their memory shall cling and cling till the cruel earth closes over me, and shuts it out for ever!

[*Music—during this speech ADRIENNE has let her bouquet fall—SAVIGNIE throws himself at her feet, takes the bouquet, selects a flower, places it in his bosom, kisses the flowers, and as he does so the clock strikes eleven—Enter SAMSON and DE GRASSAC following—SAVIGNIE and ADRIENNE hastily resume their composure as DE GRASSAC enters, c.*]

DE GRAS. My instinct does not deceive me—a love scene !

(SAVIGNIE *retires up, places colours, &c, into knapsack*—SAMSON *removes easel and picture to L. corner up stage*) Mademoiselle!
(*sits, R. table*)

SAVIG. (*bows to ADRIENNE and formally to DE GRASSAC*) Mademoiselle, your servant ! Monsieur, yours !

Bows and exits, C, followed by SAMSON.

DE GRAS. (*aside*) Her champion has been refused: my wooing, less delicate, perhaps, may be more prosperous.

ADRIEN. You will perhaps excuse me if I enquire the reason of this special visit.

DE GRAS. (*going to C. opening, or closing folding doors*) Permit me to ascertain if we are likely to be overheard.

ADRIEN. (C.) Your caution is somewhat alarming.

DE GRAS. (*offering her a chair, C.*) Presently, mademoiselle, you will applaud it as discreet, (*sits L. of c.*) As the friend of your late father, Mam'selle de Beaupre, I will not conceal the delight with which I heard, six months ago, of your visit to the Eternal City. I flattered myself that my knowledge of its society would have afforded you speedy and agreeable introductions.

ADRIEN. You have since learnt, monsieur, that I prefer living in strict retirement.

DE GRAS. Surely not always. Is it ever to be Mademoiselle? You understand me. Is it ever to be Mademoiselle ?

ADRIEN. Between excessive candour and offensive bluntness there is a limit. Let me beg, Monsieur de Grassac, will not trespass on the line.

DE GRAS. Is it ever to be Mademoiselle? Well, we shall see. Now for myself. Never having boasted of wealth, I am not ashamed of poverty. Rome is expensive—my creditors are cruel—and my involvements so pressing, that it is necessary I should at once liquidate or remove them.

ADRIEN. I am curious, monsieur, to ascertain how or in what manner this frank confession can concern me.

DE GRAS. Your curiosity shall be speedily gratified. My friends suggest a wealthy marriage ; but whom to marry ? the lady must be young, beautiful—above all, she must be rich. I am no courtier when I declare that you, mademoiselle, fulfil each of the these three conditions.

ADRIEN. Forgive me? this is amusing, really amusing. Are you serious ?

DE GRAS. Serious.

ADRIEN. (*rising*) Then I imitate your frankness. Rather would I cast myself from all I hold dear, and barefoot walk this thorny world than ever become your wife, Monsieur Eugene de Grassac! (*crosses to R. table up stage, about to ring the bell, DE GRASSAC places his hand on her arm to arrest her intention*)

DE GRAS. You will listen to me, Adrienne. I never dared to hope your love, ours may be but a marriage of convenience, but a marriage it shall surely be.

ADRIEN. His coolness frightens me.

(ADRIENNE is led mechanically by DE GRASSAC down c.—she sits C, in a half unconscious state, he L. C.)

DE GRAS. Of three hundred millions of people in this world there is a secret known only to two individuals, those two are Adrienne de Beaupre and Eugene de Grassac.

ADRIEN. (*half aside*) What is it he would say? Monsieur!

(DE GRASSAC takes from a pocket book three worn and discoloured papers, he passes to the back of Adrienne's chair, and bending over places the papers before her eyes so that the faces of both front the Audience)

DE GRAS. Worn at the edge, the characters paled by age, on these papers is transcribed the destiny of Adrienne.

(ADRIENNE as paralyzed glides from the chair on to her knees, hiding her face in the seat of the chair DE GRASSAC has quitted—he coolly refolds and replaces the papers in his pocket book)

DE GRAS. Will you allow me? (*she declines*) Once more, mademoiselle, I have the honour to offer you my hand, (*offers to assist her to rise, she declines, and with an effort recovers her seat—he peruses a book on L. table*)

ADRIENNE. You will not reveal—you will not betray.

DE GRASSAC. (*turning the leaves of book*) It's not often, mam'selle, we are the arbiters of our own fate—decide, Adrienne.

ADRIEN. If wealth-----

DE GRAS. (*flinging book on table*) I am no merchant, to trade and sell—pardon my rudeness—decide, mademoiselle!

ADRIEN. I have determined, monsieur.

DE GRAS. And your resolve is?

ADRIEN. To let it come, if you are mean enough, and cruel enough to speak the word; let the false fabric fall and crush me in its ruins.

DE GRAS. I keep my word; the intelligence will spread—the salons of Rome will experience a new sensation—the mysterious orphan—the rich Adrienne! (*he crosses towards bell rope, up R. c.*)

ADRIEN. Spare me, De Grassac! my soul is unsoiled with sin—oh, be merciful!

(DE GRASSAC rings bell—ADRIENNE falls senseless, L. c. Enter hastily, L. c, MADAME AMILE, BERTRAND, and SAMSON, the two former raise ADRIENNE—SAMSON goes to sideboard, L., gets a glass of water, offers it—AMILE uses scent bottle)

AMILE. What is the matter ? Adrienne—my niece!

DE GRAS. (R. C, *coolly putting on his gloves and preparing to depart*) Tell her when she recovers, that at the last moment my heart relented ; that I shall be at the Saint's Cross in the Pontine, at ten o'clock—tell her to meet me there, or-----

AMILE. Or what ?

DE GRAS. My message as I delivered it!

(*tableau—ADRIENNE is still unconscious on die ground, AMILE and BERTRAND kneeling to assist her— SAMSON with glass of water, L. C.—DE GRASSAC in C. doorway, looking on defiantly*)

SCENE SECOND.— *Interior of Scarotta's Cottage. Door and window in flat, practicable—fireplace in a brazier, bellows, &c. —saucepan with soup on fire—table off, covered as for dinner, basin, lamp, bread, &c.*

Enter GIANNETTA, R. 1. E.

GIAN. In time—that's lucky. Had my respectable father came and found the place empty, then pity poor Giannetta. Fire still burning—that's lucky! wants blowing up again though ! (*uses bellows*) Blowing up, that reminds me of my poor dear Hector, my husband that is to be. What a meek, mild, delightful little duckling the creature is. How pretty he talks of that charming cottage on mademoiselle's estate in Prance where we are to live such a happy family; he says we are to bolt the gate of the garden, and suffer no one to see us, and live like Cupid among the flowers alone by ourselves. (*during this speech GIANNETTA has opened the shutters from the window, blown the fire, brought on table, &c., and arranged her father's meal*)

Enter SCAROTTA, door in flat, a brigand, with gun.

SCAR. Well, Gianetta, my daughter, how wags the world with you—gently and fairly, eh ?

GIAN. Yes, father, well—very well. Since this morning the world has wagged to the tune of thirty scudi. I have been a Madonna for my arm, an Andromache for my hair, and a Rebecca for my—

SCAR. For your ankle, eh ? never blush! you take after your father, the brigand.

GIAN. Hush, don't mention it! Did the neighbours know you were one of the Varderelli ?

SCAR. The neighbours would say that old Jacopo Scarotta was a brigand. We fought for our freedom, and as outlaws we were treated. Had we succeeded, what patriots we should have been ; we fail, and—peste ! we are brigands.

GIAN. (*giving him his soup*) I hope this soup has succeeded, as there seems so much in success.

SCAR. (*tasting it*) It savours of the right sort—and white bread too! Ah ! not enough garlic in this soup, Giannetta.

GIAN. There is enough garlic ; there's too much garlic.

SCAR. Oh, no temper! what, cross with your old father, Giannetta ?

GIAN. Not cross with you, no, not so ; but I am hot sometimes, and that's the truth on't.

SCAR. You'll never get a husband if you go on so. You'll soon be on your last legs.

GIAN. No, I'm not on my last legs—I'm not on my last legs. I've got a husband, and he's coming to ask your consent this very evening.

SCAR. He shall have it. What's my new son-in-law—a soldier?

GIAN. No, father, he's not a soldier.

SCAR. Hang it! he isn't a trader, is he ?

GIAN. A trader? Do you think I'd marry a trader?

SCAR. Well, I should think not; though your father is but a brigand, you ought not to disgrace your family.

GIAN. He is an artist.

SCAR. Clever?

GIAN. Clever? I believe you ! He is a Pre-Raphaelite. You should see a rasher of bacon he produced last week—you never saw such a likeness in your life. (HECTOR *looks in at window, flat*) Ah, here he is ! Come in, Hector, come in—poor fellow, he's a little bit nervous—well, it isn't surprising. Men don't often in their lives propose for such a damsel as I am. Come in, Hector.

Enter HECTOR, D. F.

Take your hat off, Hector, (*takes it off*) Brush up your hair a bit, Hector, my lambkin.

HECTOR. Thank you, Giannetta, my own one. Is that your papa ?

GIAN. Yes.

HECTOR. Fine man, isn't he—eh ?

GIAN. Well—yes; we are considered a very fine family.

HECTOR. (*crosses to c.*) Signor Scarotta, I—I—I-----

SCAR. You've said enough, young gentleman, my daughter is yours.

HECTOR. Takes it uncommonly easy, doesn't he?

SCAR. On one condition.

HECTOR. Name it, signor; I'll agree to anything—I'll wait years for her—I'll-----

SCAR. I do not demand so sublime a sacrifice; your willingness, however, shall be rewarded. You shall marry her tomorrow.

GIAN. Oh, papa!

HECTOR. (*sinking overcome into a chair*) Oh ! it's too much for the brain—too much for the brain ! (*GIANNETTA raises him*)

SCAR. How's this ? You love my daughter, and would marry her ; you ask my consent, I give it at once. Santa Diavolo! the word is said.

HECTOR, (*going*) He's uncommonly short in his manners, isn't he now ? (*SCAROTTA cook, gets a cigarette and smokes*)

GIAN. (*takes HECTOR aside at fire, L.*) Well, now you are one of the family, I don't mind telling you, but he's one of the Varderelli.

HECTOR. Is he though ? La! and who are the Varderelli ?

GIAN. Why, the brave men who hold the passes in Calabria.

HECTOR. Bless us and save us! Why, you don't mean to say your father is a brigand ?

GIAN. Hush! he might hear you, and he's very particular; yes, that's what's malicious people call poor papa.

HECTOR. But you don't mean to say your father is a brigand ?

GIAN. Yes, he is. (*loudly*) And what is your father I should like to know.

HECTOR. He's a grocer, perfectly respectable, and entirely in the wholesale.

GIAN. Grocer! bless you, my father kills such people as grocers by the dozen.

HECTOR. The devil he does—well, he's a respectable party.

SCAR. (*whilst smoking his cigarette*) What, are you quarrelling there, young lovers ? If the fellow treats you falsely, Giannetta, I'll cut him up like a sheep.

HECTOR. Oh! I wouldn't wrong her for the world; we never mean to quarrel—we shall go to Neuville, and there live all by ourselves as happy as the day is long, (*noise of carriage* --GIANNETTA *looks out*)

GIAN. A vetturino has stopped at the end of the lane. Oh, father, it is Monsieur Savignie and his friend, Monsieur Herman.

HECTOR. Savignie! Ah, we are fellow students. By the way, has he yet finished the portrait of Mademoiselle de Beaupre ?

GIAN. Well, I'm sure I don't know, but let me put away the soup.

SCAR. Do you know Mam'selle Adrienne ?

HECTOR. Of course I do : my father is a-----

GIAN. (*aside*) Hector, don't. Don't say your father's a grocer—consider my father's feelings.

HECTOR. (*aside*) Oh, yes! I know, of course—consider his feelings, (*aloud*) I knewmam'selle at Neuville, before I met her here in Rome. " Ah! Mr. Hector," she says, " what are you doing here ?" " Studying that I may become an artist," I

replied. " Good," said mademoiselle, " you shall paint my portrait." Well, I tried, but I didn't succeed very well.

GIAN. Rashers of bacon being his forte, (*she puts off table, &c. R.*)

HECTOR. So, I handed it over to Monsieur Savignie to finish, and I don't think he has succeeded better than I did; for that's months ago, and he hasn't completed it yet. (*knock at door—GIANNETTA opens it*)

Enter SAVIGNIE and HERMAN.

Welcome, gentlemen!

SAVIG. (to SCAROTTA) Servant, signor. Ah! Monsieur Falloux! (*HERMAN and HECTOR converse apart, R.*)

SCAR. You mustn't mind me, signor. I am the father of Giannetta, and being away in the mountains see my child but seldom.

SAVIG. (*crosses to GIANNETTA*) You sometimes visit Mam'selle de Beaupre, do you not ?

GIAN. Whenever I can gather new flowers or fresh grapes. She was kind to my mother—when—when-----

SAVIG. If you should *see* me to-morrow, forget what I tell you to-night. If you—hear of any accident—tell her I died happy, because—I died for her.

HERMAN. (*to SAVIGNIE*) Hush! Savignie; this gloom is unnatural. What *you*—the best swordsman in our fencing school?

SCAR. What's that—swordsman ; a duel! (*rising*) Your arm, signor. (*takes SAVIGNIE'S arm*) Wrist of whalebone—eye, quick and glowing, and a nerve of steel. Duelling was plentiful enough with me in my young days, yet I wouldn't have cared to take my guard before such a man as you are ! (*SCAROTTA retires, takes a hand lamp and lights it at fire—puts stool off, L.*)

GIAN. Your hand, Monsieur Savignie ! quick, I have gipsy blood in my veins.

HECTOR. (*R.*) Bless us and save us! another discovery; I hope she won't turn out a cannibal.

GIAN. (*having examined his hand*) Take back your message, signor ; you will be victorious in one—two—three—four—five—six thrusts. Come to rest, father; your bed of rushes is prepared for you in the next room.

SCAR. (*crosses to R.*) Farewell, gentlemen; and remember this, that if to-morrow or years to come, mademoiselle requires a service which old Jacopo Scarotta can render, she may command his life's blood to the last drop—farewell, gentlemen.

Exeunt HERMAN and SAVIGNIE—GIANNETTA kisses the hand of the latter—HECTOR is indignant.

Good night, son-in-law. Giannetta, kiss your old father!
(aside to GIANNETTA after kiss) Remember, on your last legs.

Exit, R.

GIAN. *(in an undertone)* I'm not on my last legs ! *(aloud to her father, off)* Don't forget we are to be married in the morning. You won't be late, Hector ?

HECTOR. I shall keep awake all night; I shan't sleep a wink.

GIAN. Oh, yes, you will for my sake, Hector! Good night, my Hector—to-morrow—ah, to-morrow!

HECTOR. First we are married, and then-----

GIAN. Yes, then we start to live quietly and cosily at Neuville—good night!

Exit HECTOR, door.

Ah, poor little fellow! *(HECTOR peeps in at window)* Oh, here he is again!

HECTOR, *(very modestly)* Giannetta, though I'm not your father, may I not have a kiss ?

GIAN. *(presenting her cheek)* Oh, bless you, yes!

HECTOR. *(kissing her)* Thank you ! may I have another ?
(she nods assent—as he kisses her a second time, SCARROTTA calls without)

SCAR. Giannetta, my gun ! *HECTOR bolts away.*

GIAN. *(fastens window, clears stage, &c, while she speaks)*

Ha, ha, ha! poor Hector! Well I'm not afraid of him, that's one comfort. I feel sorry to leave Rome and the students ; and what will they do for their little model, *(looking at herself)* Well, upon second thoughts, I might perhaps have left out the word little, for 'tis a melancholy fact, I am getting too tall for the Cupids ; indeed, if matters go on at this rate I shall only be fit for the majestic Junos, so must not be too particular.

Exit with gun, R. 1 E.

SCENE THIRD.—*The Pontine Marshes, with the Saints' Cross at the back, on an eminence, R. c. Stage dark. A heavy mist envelops the scene at the beginning, but clears as the scene proceeds—music. N.B.—A strong artificial light behind to fall on the Characters; also a blue ditto for effect.*

SAVIGNIE and HERMAN discovered, testing rapiers, &c.

SAVIG. *(loolcing off, R. u. E.)* I cannot yet see the vetturino.

HERMAN. They will descend at some distance from this spot.

SAVIG. You heard the prophecy of Giannetta?

HERMAN. The fulfilment of which is in your own hand. Strengthen your soul, and the combat is already decided.

SAVIG. I shall fulfil it, Herman; I shall revenge her slighted honour.

HERMAN. You have spoken to Mademoiselle de Beaupre.

SAVIG. I have, and been rejected. Had she broken vows

dearly pledged, I could have dreamed of her no more. But she loves me, and yet rejects me : the rivers of our lives are thus divided at the spring to be united only in the waters of eternity, (*goes up stage*)

(SALERNO and DE GRASSAC cross to R.—HERMAN up, R, —DE GRASSAC and SALERNO both cross themselves, and bow to the cross on the eminence before the descent—HERMAN and SAVIGNIE exchange salutations with SALERNO and DE GRASSAC)

SALER. (to HERMAN) Good evening, monsieur—our course is action, not talk—I-----

HERMAN. Let us then lose no time, (*they proceed to measure their weapons*)

(N. B.—*The clouds of mist must be worked subservient to the action of the Scene—they should be worked up for the entrance of DE GRASSAC and SALERNO, but not envelope the back landscape until after the duel—see to lights on the combatants—the seconds having given the rapiers, they engage, after some sword play they disengage—each go to their seconds*)

SAVIG. (*after a pause, R.*) Are you breathed?

DE GRAS. (L. C.) On guard, monsieur, (*the duel is renewed—suddenly the sword arm of DE GRASSAC is pierced*)

SALER. (*crossing with DE GRASSAC from L. to R.*) Disabled!

DE GRAS. Yes, yes! (SALERNO assists DE GRASSAC to bind up his wound with handkerchief, and to put on his hat, coat, and cloak—HERMAN attends to SAVIGNIE, L. C.)

SAVIG. As some men. Monsieur de Grassac, tie a knot in their handkerchiefs, or place a paper within their snuff box, to remind them of something which otherwise might be forgot, So when the word of slander trembles on your tongue, may the memory of your wound serve as a useful warning.

DE GRAS. Boaster! but my revenge is bitter: the lady whom you champion—Mam'selle de Beaupre.

(N.B.—*The clouds of mist rise after the duel terminates, and ADRIENNE is discovered kneeling at the foot of the cross—moonlight full on her—BERTRAND in attendance*)

SAVIG. (*up, L. c.*) Ah ! it is she.

DE GRAS. Yes; punctual to my appointment—*mine*.

ADRIEN. (*not seeing SAVIGNIE*) You cannot be quite devoid of feeling! I plead for mercy, Monsieur de Grassac.

DE GRAS. Mercy! our reconciliation is stopped, mam'selle, by a wall of blood.

ADRIEN. (*turns towards, L.*) A duel! Heavens! you here, Savignie—let me fly!

SAVIG. Stay, I entreat you; anything is better than this mystery.

DE GRAS. (*exultantly*) Hearken then, Monsieur de Savignie.

ADRIEN. (*imploringly*) No, no—not to him—he must never know the truth.

DE GRAS. (*louder*) Hearken then, Monsieur Savignie, this woman, Adrienne de Beaupre—whose charities are alone bounded by the wealth from which they spring—this woman is-----

ADRIEN. Is the promised wife of Eugene de Grassac! (*she stands full in the moonlight presenting her hand*—DE GRASSAC *exultantly*, R. c.—SAVIGNIE *restrained* by HERMAN, L. C.—BERTRAND *placing her cloak around her very affectionately* up, c, *behind* ADRIENNE)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*The Lone Chateau.*—A handsome oak wainscoted apartment, rich and sombre in appearance—large fireplace made on R. 2 E., from which proceeds a red fire-light through scene—French window, c, with heavy curtains to harmonise with the furniture and design of scene, door L. 2 E., an enclosed chamber—table R. C. with book, chairs at R. and R. C, couch and footstool L. C, chairs, &c, firescreen up R. c, a sideboard with bookshelf attached up L. C fronting Audience, on which is a lighted lamp with shade, large china bowl with sponge and water, a medicine chest and phials of coloured liquids, a decanter with wine, a water bottle, tumbler, wine and medicine glasses, salver, large easy chair with cushion near fire—lights toned to the scene.

SAMSON *discovered* arranging chairs, R. C. — BERTRAND is selecting a book from the shelves, L. C.

BERT. The chair a little more this way, Monsieur Samson, if you please; mam'selle prefers her back to the light. How dull she is and spiritless, (*taking book*) This poet shall rouse her with his stirring strains—Beranger. (*takes marker from the book already on R. table, places it within the fresh book, and then replaces the other in bookcase*)

SAMSON. You seem dotingly fond of your mistress, Monsieur Bertrand?

BERT. Men of my colour when they attach themselves to an object or person, do so with all their hearts, Monsieur Samson. To madame, the mother of our young mistress, I owe all—even life. A fever—her care won me from death when death had his

hand upon my brow—the debt I owe the mother I would repay the child.

SAMSON. (*at back of easy chair*) The chair of Monsieur de Grassac ?

BERT. Oh, where it is, Monsieur Samson, near the fire—though his wound renders him so irritable, I almost wish it would never heal!

SAMSON. And why, Monsieur Bertrand?

BERT. Because then he would not marry our mistress; my eyes are not deceived, Monsieur Samson, her young heart loathes him.

SAMSON. Then why?

BERT. Hush! (*approaching towards him*) There's an old proverb they have in England which declares that in every household there is a skeleton.—We have skeletons in France.

(*knocking at L. door—SAMSON opens it*)

Enter GIANNETTA.

GIAN. Good evening, gentlemen. Is mademoiselle within ? I did not see her in the grounds.

BERT. She rests in her boudoir—she will be here soon.

GIAN. Oh, Monsieur Bertrand, I do hope she will. I wish to speak to her before I leave Neuville.

BERT. What, Madame Falloux, are you already leaving the Elysian cottage, in which you were to be so happy with your new husband ?

GIAN. Husband ! don't mention him, the brute ! I'll go to my father in the mountains. I'll never see the wretch again—never ! Will mademoiselle be long ?

BERT. No, she must pass through here on her way to Monsieur de Grassac, who is reposing in the laurel arbour.

(*BERTRAND retires*)

GIAN. I never have any luck, never ! Six times has Hector been drawn for a conscript, yet, somehow or other, he always contrives to wriggle out of it. If he'd only get shot or something----(*retires up to SAMSON*)

BERT. Hush, mademoiselle, my mistress, (*goes off R. to meet her*)

Re-enter BERTRAND partially supporting ADRIENNE, who appears dejected.

ADRIEN. (*slightly agitated*) It is eight o'clock, is it not, Bertrand ?

BERT. It is, mademoiselle.

ADRIEN. Monsieur de Grassac desired—no requested—requested me to rejoin him at eight, (*goes to window at back*) The light is beginning to fade.

BERT. (*very affectionately*) Mam'selle must excuse me, but she is very pale.

ADRIEN. Weary with sleepless watching. Monsieur de Grassac suffers no one to approach him but me. Monsieur Carnot, our physician, has not visited us to day.

BERT. Not to day. There has been some accident in the village—he has been busily engaged. He sent, however, to request the continuance of the former treatment.

ADRIEN. And my aunt?

BERT. Has left for Paris; she declared the irritability of Monsieur De Grassac-----

ADRIEN. (*aside*) It was cruel to leave me alone—all alone with him. (GIANNETTA *advances*, L. C.) Ah, Giannetta, how is your husband, Monsieur Falloux ?

GIAN. Oh, don't mention him, mademoiselle, he's a hateful wretch! (*clock strikes eight*)

ADRIEN. (*half terrified*) The clock—it is the hour! I must not be late; come with me, come with me, Giannetta.

They exeunt c.—BERTRAND watches ADRIENNE off, leans despondently against window, C.

SAMSON. Monsieur Bertrand, you are affected.

BERT. I remember our young mistress, Monsieur Samson, a merry prattling child, in pleasant, happy Martinique. I have carried her out in the broad forest, and decked her brow with the wild flowers—when I remember *that*, and see her now chilled, cowed in early womanhood, and the slave of—well then, Monsieur Samson, I wish-----

SAMSON. What, Monsieur Bertrand ?

BERT. Why, that the end were come, that's all ! That the end were come.

Exit, c.

(*knock at L. door—SAMSON opens it*)

Enter HECTOR door, L.

HECTOR. Oh, Monsieur Samson, where's Monsieur Bertrand? I've brought the keys of our little cottage ; I'm going off to father's!

SAMSON. Why, what's the matter ?

HECTOR. Madame Falloux's the matter—oh, well, she's turned out awful; but there are the keys, (*giving them*) There's the best parlour, there's the back ditto, there's the bed room in front, ditto behind, and there's the summer house in garden ; and there's one franc and a half, being the month's rent. I'll send for the furniture, and don't let Madame Falloux have a stick of it.

SAMSON. But I thought Madame Falloux was so very amiable.

HECTOR. Oh, so she was till I married her! we were so very fond of one another, that we agreed to shut ourselves up in a

small cottage, and to suffer no human being to come near us for three whole days, we were so very happy.

SAMSON. Three days ?

HECTOR. And three nights. First row was about cleaning the stairs; she wasn't used to cleaning stairs she said; she had always lived on a ground floor—well, I wasn't going to do it, you know, then she said it was most unreasonable of me to expect her to do what I objected to do myself; so we engaged old Mother Follejamb to do the work, and I do that venerable female no injustice when I say she is as little like a human being as you can well conceive.

SAMSON. And was this your only annoyance?

HECTOR. My only annoyance! she was always a worrying me to increase our income by my artistic skill: now my genius is peculiar, and I confess it—limited. Rashers of bacon are my forte, and occasionally a cut of ham, introduced into the corner in order to gratify the eye of the spectator, with a graceful and pleasing variety.

SAMSON. I remember, you made mademoiselle, my mistress, a present of one.

HECTOR. She hasn't hung it up in the drawing room yet, has she ?

SAMSON. I have received no instructions.

HECTOR. Waiting for the gold frame from Paris I suppose?

SAMSON. Something of that kind, possibly.

HECTOR. Ah, like the works of all clever men—mine didn't sell; I was very persevering too; whenever a new cabaret set up in the neighbourhood, I would go to the proprietor,— "Monsieur," I would say, "you will require a sign ? Good—I will paint you one—a rasher of bacon—the best possible thing for a sign—suggestive of thirst." But cabarets don't set up every day, and they can't all be called the "Rasher of Bacon."

SAMSON. Very true.

HECTOR. Then I tried an historical subject—"Nero Playing the Fiddle amidst the Flames of Rome."

SAMSON. Were you then more successful ?

HECTOR. I should have been, Monsieur Samson, but conscientiousness was the ruin of me. You can imagine in a flare up like that, nothing could be seen but fire and smoke.

SAMSON. I should fancy not.

HECTOR. That was the view I took of it. It was nothing but fire and smoke.

SAMSON. But the buildings?

HECTOR. Oh, you couldn't see them for the fire.

SAMPSON. But Nero ?

HECTOR. Oh, you couldn't see him for the smoke ?

SAMSON. And did the great work sell ?

HECTOR. Such is the want of appreciation in France, Monsieur Samson, that the great work never sold at all; but Madame Falloux insisted on getting rid of it, and what do you think that extraordinary woman did?

SAMSON. I haven't an idea.

HECTOR. She raffled it—positively raffled it! Then she sacked the old woman, and insisted on my doing the work.

SAMSON. And you did it ?

HECTOR. I was obliged; but this morning things came to a crisis. She desired me, her lord and master, to hearth-stone the door step—that was a step too much. " No," says I, Madame Falloux, I'll be d—dashed—d-----d if I do !

SAMSON. And she?

HECTOR. I thought at first I had shut her up; but I hadn't. " Is that the language you use to a lady ?" said she ; with that she ups with her fist, and gives me such a one-er on the side of the head.

SAMSON. She struck you ?

HECTOR. Yes; me—her lord and master! And she hits out from the shoulder too, evidently trained to the exercise from an early period.

Enter BERTRAND, advancing from c.

BERT. My mistress and Monsieur de Grassac !

HECTOR. You have the keys, (to SAMSON) The receipt for the rent, Monsieur Samson.

SAMSON. (*going to L. door*) Accompany me to my room, and I will give you one in form.

HECTOR. (*following*) Thank you. (*aside*) Very polite, and evidently sympathises with me. Your servant, Monsieur Bertrand.

BERT. Quick, begone! My mistress.

Exeunt HECTOR and SAMPSON, L. door—BERTRAND goes up to C. window, holding back curtains

Enter DE GRASSAC leaning on the arm of ADRIENNE—as they pass BERTRAND closes curtains; DE GRASSAC wears a thick dressing gown with the seam of the right sleeve ripped open, but tied together by ribbons in two or three places

DE GRAS. Why don't you tell your servant to wheel the chair nearer the fire ? I am positively shivering with cold.

ADRIENNE. (*speaks as she leads DE GRASSAC*) Will you assist me, good Bertrand?

(BERTRAND up R., wheels chair nearer the fire to the end of table— ADRIENNE leads DE GRASSAC round in front of table to the chair—BERTRAND then gets at back to L. C.

and speaks to ADRIENNE as she passes to fetch a footstool for DE GRASSAC)

BERT. (L. C, *aside*) You are very ill, mademoiselle.

ADRIEN. (*as she passes*) Sick at heart, Bertrand, weary of my life, (*takes footstool to DE GRASSAC and then, gets c. above the table*)

BERT. (*observing her*) So young and so unhappy, (*he goes to sideboard, L., and appears attending to lamp, medicine, &c.*)

ADRIEN. Is that sufficiently near, Monsieur de Grassac ?

DE GRAS. The cushions higher. (*ADRIENNE goes to back of chair, raises cushion at his back*) Higher—so!

ADRIEN. Are you easy ?

DE GRAS. Easy! when for months my life has lingered in the active misery of a relentless torture, or the dull apathy of an unrefreshing sleep. Oh, may the hand be accursed which dealt me this wound!

ADRIEN. Shall I moisten your bandage? Will you take your draught ?

DE GRAS. Yes—no—the pain increases—well, yes.

(*BERTRAND takes from sideboard a large china basin which contains water and a sponge, he then unseen takes from his vest a phial and pours a liquid from that into basin, passing it to ADRIENNE, who has been engaged in untying De Grassac's sleeve and turning back the wrist of the shirt, &c.—the arm is bandaged above the wrist—she applies the wet sponge without removing the bandage, her face to Audience—DE GRASSAC pained*)

ADRIEN. Prepare the draught, good Bertrand.

(*ADRIENNE squeezes the contents of the sponge twice or thrice on the bandage, then replaces the shirt sleeve, ties ribbons of coat, &c. BERTRAND meanwhile, his back to DE GRASSAC and ADRIENNE, pours two or three drops from phial, in his breast, into medicine glass, and then waits with the same and a medicine bottle to give to ADRIENNE, she takes them and pours from the hottle into glass*)

ADRIEN. (*exclaims half aside to him*) Bertrand! Bertrand !

BERT. Mademoiselle!

ADRIEN. See—see—the colour has changed! In the bottle yellow; purple in the glass—it's taste-----(*offering to drink*)

BERT. (*staying her hand*) Mademoiselle. Some of the old medicine may have clung to the glass.

ADRIEN. Oh, yes—exactly, yes! (*she then pours from bottle into glass*)

DE GRAS. (*impatently*) My draught, Adrienne—quick!

(*ADRIENNE takes glass to DE GRASSAC, he takes it—his hand trembles violently—ADRIENNE places glass to DE*

GRASSAC'S *lips, he drinks*—BERTRAND *removes bowl and sponge, also medicine glass from R. table to sideboard, L*)
While you were away this morning, I had a visit from Doctor Leroux; I have but slight confidence in the physician of Neuville.

ADRIEN. And the opinion of the doctor?

DE GRAS. He gave none; he says he will send me a written communication.

BERT. (*aside*) He gave no opinion.

DE GRAS. (*rising and crossing to L. couch, and after stopping a few seconds, again rises and goes back to chair, R.*) Oh, this is horrible! Heap the fire; I shiver with cold in this summer heat of July—more wood—more wood, Bertrand ! (BERTRAND *places sticks on fire*)

ADRIEN. Will you take a glass of light Madeira ?

DE GRAS. You know I am strictly forbidden, and yet you would torture me with the offer, (*returning to his seat by the fire*) Take away the lamp, the light dazzles my eyes. (ADRIENNE *removes lamp to her end of the table, c.*) Will this fire never blaze ? (BERTRAND *puts on more wood*) My blood is frozen in my veins! (*fire blazes*) that will do—that will do, leave us. (BERTRAND *as he is departing, leans over ADRIENNE'S chair*)

BERT. (*half aside*) I am within call, my mistress; whisper but my name, and I am by your side.

DE GRAS. (*impatiently*) Will Bertrand never leave us ? He so hovers about that he irritates me to distraction. (ADRIENNE *motions BERTRAND who exits L. door*) I shall not be well for weeks; my constitution seems battling with some invisible enemy—thus month by month has our marriage been postponed.

ADRIEN. Surely you should not complain, Monsieur de Grassac : your debts are paid—I am ever with you—to watch over—to tend you. Why, unknown to me, did you consult Dr. Leroux ?

DE GRAS. Simply because the village physician, who asserted he could cure me in a week, evidently does not understand my case.

ADRIEN. And you think Dr. Leroux does?

DE GRAS. His letter of this evening will inform me. Read aloud, Adrienne—the pain has left me.

ADRIEN. Beranger?

DE GRAS. No, Racine—anything. (ADRIENNE *takes book left by BERTRAND, and selects a place*) Strange! the instant the pain has left the drowsiness begins. Arrange my cushions again, Adrienne—I can sleep. (ADRIENNE *goes to back of chair and does so*) My knees are cold, (*he pulls the skirts of his dressing gown over them, and arranges himself for sleep*)

ADRIEN. Lean back—so. (*a pause—DE GEASSAC slumbers—she places a shade over the lamp—light three parts down—then resumes her seat, L. of table—DE GRASSAC's face is towards the fire—a reflection by red light off, R., is thrown on the sleeping figure*)

ADRIEN. One little respite at last. I have read years ago in some old book, that when the poor human flesh is overwrought with pain, it becomes numbed, and can feel no more. So with my mind, it has been tortured and tortured until it has become tortured into a calm ; not the placid quiet of a summer lake, but the still and awful silence of the dead unmoving sea. (*the wind is heard, and the voice of SAVIGNIE off calls faintly "Adrienne! Adrienne!" the attention of ADRIENNE is aroused*)

Enter GIANNETTA, door L., quickly, but very noiselessly—Otis and the following dialogue, till DE GRASSAC awakes is in a very subdued and impressive manner.

ADRIEN. Hush ! be still. He sleeps.

GIAN. Oh, mademoiselle, I have just seen-----

ADRIEN. Whom?

SAVIG. (*without, very faintly*) Adrienne!

GIAN. He answers for me. (*ADRINNEE rises to go towards window at back—DE GRASSAC moves restlessly—she resumes her seat—GIANNETTA half conceals herself—a pause*)

ADRIEN. Where?

GIAN. There! (*pointing to window, c.—ADRIENNE rises to go*)

ADRIEN. (*irresolutely*) I dare not. Stay! (*she motions to GIANNETTA to watch DE GRASSAC—GIANNETTA goes stealthily across to R., close to DE GRASSAC, and watches him, whilst ADRIENNE goes hastily and quietly up to c. window—opens curtains—SAVIGNIE is on low terrace at back—moonlight strong upon him—dressed as a captain in the French army*)

ADRIEN. A soldier ! Savignie !

SAVIG. Yes, I could guide no pencil since—since----- My company halting at Neuville, I could not resist the fascination of a last interview.

ADRIEN. Would I could share your triumphs—partake your danger! (*DE GRASSAC appears to be awaking—GIANNETTA hastily retreats through window, while ADRIENNE as quickly resumes her seat at table—removes shade from lamp—lights up, just as DE GRASSAC awakes, and turns towards ADRIENNE*)

ADRIEN. Are you better, monsieur ? (*picture*)

DE GRAS. I am very weak ; can scarcely stir—the least excitement exhausts me. More wood—more wood—I shiver ! (*ADRIENNE places on wood*) No strength—no strength.

ADRIEN. More wood? (DE GRASSAC *assents*—ADRIENNE *places wood on fire*)

Re-enter GIANNETTA, *c.*—*she appears vcrly melancholy and crying.*

Ah ! Giannetta—why you are crying !

GIAN. Yes, mam'selle ; I've just seen Monsieur Samson, and he tells me—(*break*)—Monsieur de Grassac is very ill.

DE GRAS. I am, Madame Falloux, very ill; but what makes you weep ?

GIAN. It's Hector, monsieur; he's used me very badly—he has enlisted in the company halting just now in the village. He'll get shot, I know he will.

ADRIEN. You told me you were not happy with him, Giannetta ?

GIAN. Lord ! not happy, mam'selle ! what woman would not be happy with a man you could twist round your finger, as I could Hector ? I could do anything with him, but at times he was very unreasonable ; I never could get him to clean the door step. (DE GRASSAC *again slumbers*)

ADRIEN. (*half aside*) You say you are going away ; perhaps, to join Hector, to follow your husband.

GIAN. I am going to my father, mam'selle, he now leads a band in the Pyrenees, about ten leagues from here; I do believe he'd light the French anywhere.

ADRIEN. One by one, the faces that I know forsake me, one by one—one by one!

GIAN. Say the word, mam'selle, and Giannetta will never quit your side ! Oh, mam'selle, let me stay with you!

ADRIEN. Hush ! you are going away—you may see him! He commands your husband's company, tell him I shall think of him always. If he is wounded, tend him; if he is suffering, console. You promise ?

GIAN. (*pulling a small cross from her bosom, kissing it*) I promise.

ADRIEN. Enough—you promise!

DE GRAS. (*hastily rousing*) Adrienne ! Adrienne ! (*she goes to him*) I burn!

ADRIEN. (*alarmed*) Giannetta ! his face has strangely changed; I apprehend the worst—fetch the physician—quick, Giannetta! GIANNETTA *is going*, L.—ADRIENNE *gets R.*

DE GRAS. Stop; ask if there is any communication from Marseilles; my fate depends upon that—upon the letter of Doctor Leroux. *Exit* GIANNETTA, L. *door.*

Close to me, Adrienne—close—close to me!

ADRIEN. (*R., beside him*) I am here, monsieur.

DE GRAS. Your thraldom will soon cease. Whilst Giannetta was speaking there—I know—I know—your secret

shall perish with me! (ADRIENNE, *when she finds DE GRASSAC'S real danger, changes her manner from coldness to the most earnest sympathy*)

ADRIEN. I have sent for the physician.

DE GRAS. (*wandering*) Physician—physician—ah, the letter of Doctor Leroux.

ADRIEN. Giannetta will return directly.

DE GRAS. It's safe! it's safe—the secret, I mean; I wander—close to me—my mother-----

ADRIEN. Yes, monsieur, yes!

DE GRAS. Resides at Toulon—I am exhausted!

ADRIEN. Resides at Toulon ; yes.

DE GRAS. I have neglected her much, very much; be kind to her, Adrienne, promise me this, or—or-----

ADRIEN. I promise!

Re-enter GIANNETTA with letter, L. door.

GIAN. The letter of Doctor Leroux. (ADRIENNE *crosses to C. for it, opens it, and about to read it*)

DE GRAS. (*hastily*) Stop ; I will read it—I----- (ADRIENNE *gives him the letter open*) The lamp! (GIANNETTA *places the lamp near him—DE GRASSAC recoils from the strong light—ADRIENNE is in the extreme R.—GIANNETTA above the table, R.c. behind it*) The hope of life gives me new energy—quick, the lamp ! (*he tries to read*) The letters dance before my eyes—I must wait—I must wait! (*pause*) Rue Savoyard!

ADRIEN. Yes, Toulon.

GIAN. He wanders.

ADRIEN. (R., *aside*) Merciful heavens! if in his wanderings he should reveal.

DE GRAS. Toulon—Toulon!

ADRIEN. Courage! courage!

DE GRAS. Wine! wine !

ADRIEN. The physician has forbidden it.

DE GRAS. Wine, or I shall faint- (*at a sign from ADRIENNE, GIANNETTA gets wine from sideboard, fills a glass, and holds it to DE GRASSAC'S lips—he drinks off the contents*)

DE GRAS. So now I feel strong again. The letter of Dr. Leroux—lamp nearer—here. (ADRIENNE *and* GIANNETTA *paying him, every attention—he reads letter—seems horror-struck—recoils from ADRIENNE, who is close on his R.—he staggers by the help of the table from R. to the chair, R. c.—GIANNETTA still attending to him, up R. C.—C, leaning on table*) Adrienne de Beaupre! summon the servants—all.

ADRIEN. (R.) You are better, monsieur.

DE GRAS. (C.) Do as I request, Adrienne de Beaupre! ADRIENNE *pulls bell rope. L. c.*)

ADRIEN. (L. C.) It is done, monsieur.

Enter BERTRAND, L.—GIANNETTA *whispers him—he exits L-door*—ADRIENNE *appears quite bewildered by DE GRASSAC'S manner.*

DE GRAS. You guess the contents of this letter ? (*she shakes her head in dissent*) Nor even surmise them ?

ADRIEN. Not I, monsieur.

DE GRAS. Stand there, Adrienne de Beauprd! (*points, L. C.*) Do not stir or move. (*ADRIENNE obeys*) Wine, Giannetta! (*ADRIENNE offers to fetch it*) No, not from your hand. (*GIANNETTA, above table, gives wine*)

ADRIEN. (L. C.) Monsieur de Grassac, you do yourself injustice. Wine is expressly forbidden.

DE GRAS. I must have it. I want strength to speak—(*drinks*)—Strength to-----

Re-enter BERTRAND *with* SAMSON, *three* MALE SERVANTS, *ditto* FEMALE SERVANTS—*they range up L. of stage*—SAMSON *passes behind to the back of table, R.*—BERTRAND *remains in advance of the SERVANTS, L.*

Stand by me, Giannetta: if I falter, give me wine, (*with an effort*) Now the letter of Dr. Leroux—stand there, (*gives letter to GIANNETTA, who hands it to ADRIENNE*) Read it, Adrienne de Beaupre!

ADRIEN. (*looks around bewildered—reads*) "Monsieur,—you claim from me a candid professional opinion. I took your bandages to Marseilles, to consult a colleague—his examination confirms my suspicions—your wound has been fed with an irritant poison. I hasten with a detachment of military to secure the delinquent, and, in the meantime, despatch this by a swift messenger."

DE GRAS, What say you to this, mademoiselle ? (*a pause*—ADRIENNE *appears paralyzed*) And you cannot guess the name of-----

VOICE. (*without*) Halt! front! order arms ! (*noise of SOLDIERS grounding arms off, L.*—BERTRAND *locks door*)

DE GRAS. (*starting up frantically*) Ah! your fate gathers over you. The name is that of the person who was so officious at my couch—who alone was interested in my death—who alone tended the wound—the name of my murderess is Adrienne de Beaupre! (*in his excitement he pulls his wounded arm from the sling, tears open his shirt at neck as if for air, and as he convulsively utters the last word falls back into chair, c, and his head on table, face upwards*—GIANNETTA *clings around the knees of ADRIENNE, and drags her towards window, c.* The MILITARY *are heard, and BERTRAND hides his face in chair, L. c.*—SERVANTS *in amazement*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Pass of the Tourmalet—Music. The scene represents a pass of the Pyrenees in the winter—from the stage a circular path winds up the mountain to a height at the back—at intervals during the scene the snowfalls—a party of SOLDIERS discovered on the stage—SENTINELS at various distances on the platforms above—some are picturesquely grouped round watch-fires—SAVIGNIE, SERGEANT BURLÉT, and HECTOR as drummer.*

A party of SOLDIERS bring in SCAROTTA wounded, and lay him down on a cloak, R. corner.

SAVIG. (*giving directions to SOLDIERS at back*) We halt here, comrades. Were we to traverse these wild passes without a guide, we might be lost in the mountains.

BURL. Come, prisoner, show us your retreat, and you are free.

SCAR. You shouldn't ask me that; we may die, but we never betray!

SAVIG. (*crossing R.*) By your accent, you are from Italy. (*the SOLDIERS quietly scatter themselves about—collect brush-wood for fire, &c, some light pipes*)

SCAR. Yes. Victor Savignie, by the memory of your old student days in Rome the beautiful, loosen these ligatures!

SAVIG. (*signs to SERGEANT, who removes them*) You knew me there?

SCAR. 'Twas I who felt your wrist before the duel on the Pontine.

SAVIG. In the house of Giannetta?

SCAR. Of my daughter; yes.

SAVIG. The duel on the Pontine. (*crossing, L.*)

HECTOR. (*advancing*) Why, hanged if id iddl'n't my father-in-law.

1ST SOLDIER. What do you speak in that stupid way for?

HECTOR. Oh, comrade, I got such a code in my nose.

1ST SOLDIER. Bah! you're not seasoned.

HECTOR. I was nearly being nicely peppered just now, in that scrimmage with the brigands!

BURL. (*advancing*) Hector Falloux!

HECTOR. Here, sergeant! (*advancing*)

BURL. Gather some sticks.

HECTOR. Oh, sergeant, I am so jolly code!

BURL. Hector Falloux!

HECTOR. Here, sergeant!

BURL. If you disobey the orders of your superior officer, you will be instantly shot. Cut the sticks!

HECTOR. I wish I could amputate my own! *Exit, L.*

(during this, a party of SOLDIERS have made a small fire for SAVIGNIE, L., and clubbed their muskets over the fire, C.—an old camp follower has entered with a small barrel suspended in front, and a kettle behind—they suspend the kettle over the fire, and fill it from the barrel—SCARROTTA JMS motioned a SOLDIER towards him, who gives him drink out of his keg)

SAVIG.*(at fire)* In the lull as in the storm; in the bivouac as in the battle, my spirit weeps over your memory, shrine of my life's long worship—lost Adrienne!

Re-enter HECTOR, who tosses down sticks.

BURL. *(coming down, and taking a carrot from a canvas bag)* Hector Falloux!

HECTOR. Here, sergeant.

BURL. Scrape this carrot.

HECTOR. I say, sergeant, my hands id so numb-----

BURL. Hector Falloux!

HECTOR. I am a scraping on it, sergeant, *(scraping it in the kettle—the SOLDIERS take their pannikins from their knapsacks)*

1ST SOLDIER. That soup will be welcome—it's cold.

HECTOR. It *id*—jolly cold. I almost wish—no, I don't—but I almost wish I was back with Madame Falloux !

BURL. Cold—ha, ha ! I remember Eylau—that was glory. Not like this guerilla work in the mountains : hundreds of us dropping at every fire.

HECTOR. It must have been beautiful.

BURL. Heads—Lord bless you !—knocked about like nine pins.

HECTOR. How I do *wish* I'd been there.

BURL. I was in the division of General de Martres—glorious man—wonderful soldier!

SCAR. *(raising himself)* The greatest scoundrel that ever wagged a tongue!

BURL. Scoundrel! *(he seizes a carbine, clubs it, and is about to strike SCAROTTA with the butt—SAVIGNIE, who has been pacing at the back, comes down between them—the SOLDIERS group around)*

SAVIG. Remember, sergeant, a true soldier treats his prisoner with compassion.

BURL. Pardon, captain. *(SAVIGNIE points to SCAROTTA)* Then pardon, prisoner; but you spoke disrespectfully of my old general, and-----

SCAR. Enough! had you the same cause for hate, you would curse him as I would do.

(*the SOLDIERS pacify the SERGEANT and return to their occupation*)

SAVIG. De Martres—the name clings to my recollection.

BURL. Afterwards Count of the Empire, Captain, and Commander of Martinique—the Count de Beaupre !

SAVIG. (*aside as he returns, L.*) The father of Adrienne!

SCAR. (*overhearing*) Merciful heaven ! the father of Adrienne.

1ST SOLDIER. The china bowl for the captain.

(*general movement—2ND SOLDIER takes china bowl from his knapsack—1ST SOLDIER fills it—2ND SOLDIER then takes it to SAVIGNIE, who is sitting by the fire, L.—SAVIGNIE declines it, and it is left by his side—the SOLDIERS thrust out their pannikins which are filled in turns—the old CAMP FOLLOWER takes one to the SENTINEL above, and one to SCAROTTA—business of HECTOR over his soup*)

SENTINEL. (*outside, L.*) Halt! the word!

ROCHET. (*without*) Vive la France !

SENTINEL. (*outside*) Who goes there?

ROCHET. Rochet! devoted to the Empire, as he hated the Republic.

BURL. Rochet—the turn-coat! (*going to SAVIGNIE*)

1ST SOLDIER. Rochet—the blood-thirsty-----

BURL. (*to SAVIGNIE*) It is Monsieur Rochet, the sous-prefet of Montauban ! (*SAVIGNIE bows*) Pass-----

1ST SOLDIER. Pass, (*going to L.*)

SENTINEL. (*outside*) Pass.

Enter ROCHET, L.

ROCHET. Savignie! captain! third company, twelfth regiment.

SAVIG. (*rising*) At your service, Monsieur le Prefet.

ROCHET. (*shewing paper*) You recognize this signature ?

SAVIG. The commander of my division,

ROCHET. Read it, captain. Hear it, soldiers.

SAVIG. (*reading*) " To aid the civil power, and at the request of Monsieur Rochet, the Captain Savignie will detach three of his men to arrest a supposed criminal."

ROCHET. Supposed—now only supposed, but I have the proofs clear. The court is sitting and in an hour-----

SAVIG. A supposed criminal who is concealed among the mountains-----

ROCHET. I know the very spot. (*SAVIGNIE speaks to SERGEANT, who tells off three men*) Quick! this way—come!

Exeunt PARTY, L.

Music.—GIANNETTA appears on platform above, and speaks to the SENTINEL, who comes down and whispers the SERGEANT,

who advances towards SAVIGNIE. During this, HECTOR, who has eyed Savignie's basin of soup, steals round and pours it into his pannikin. The SENTINEL tells his fellows who whisper and crowd around him, one or two start up the path and watch the signal from SAVIGNIE.

BURL. Our comrade reports, captain, that in the ravine above there is a woman almost lifeless, who has fallen in a snow drift.
(SAVIGNIE signs to the MEN above to go, they run off quickly.)

MEN heap up the C. fire—GIANNETTA has come down)

SCAR. Giannetta!

GIAN. Father a prisoner ? (*running down to him*)

SCAR. Yes ; but fear not for me, nor for her—the captain is Savignie.

GIAN. The captain Savignie ? And the woman—(*crossing*)
oh, monsieur! the woman is Adrienne!
(*the SOLDIERS who have gone re-appear, carrying ADRIENNE, dressed as a peasant, in a cloak*)

SCAR. Why did she leave the hut, where she might have been safe for months ?

(HECTOR, advances, and coughs over his soup)

BURL. Why, comrade, you seem alarmed!

HECTOR. It was a vision, I saw-----

BURL. A ghost ?

HECTOR. Worse than a ghost—It was my wife.

BURL. What, frightened at a woman?

HECTOR. Only when I'm married to her—Ah, you're single I see—never mind, you'll tumble into wedlock some day, for there never was a man so old, or so ugly, but some woman will be sure to lay hold of him.

(*during this, SAVIGNIE has gone up to meet ADRIENNE—she is brought down to the fire, c, SAVIGNIE supports her head, while GIANNETTA chafes her hands—pantomime for ADRIENNE of gradual recovery*)

ADRIEN. Bertrand—Bertrand !

SAVIG. The name of her servant.

GIAN. Who after the death of De Grassac, fled with us to the mountains, (*to SAVIGNIE*)

SAVIG. De Grassac, dead !

GIAN. Have you not heard ? alas !

(*during this SCARROTTA has gone to a SOLDIER, who has a brandy flask and brings it to the group, SAVIGNIE takes it and moistens the lips of ADRIENNE*)

ADRIEN. Let us go, Giannetta, Bertrand alone is faithful. There! there he is—see, see !

GIAN. Wearied with waiting, Mademoiselle and I left the hut. From the top of yon precipice we could see my father's

band engaged by your troops. Her eye distinguished Bertrand and beheld him fall—she started horror-struck, and—terrible—terrible—fell in the ravine below.

ADRIEN. Happy Martinique—Martinique of the pleasant pastures, of the waving forests, of the flowing streams.

SAVIG. The memory of old time returns.

ADRIEN. (*with changed manner*) Mother—yes—I can feel your hand stiffen—The secret—yes—I preserve it with my life.

SAVIG. Help me, sergeant, (*music—SAVIGNIE and BURLET take up ADRIENNE and bear her tip to the R., of the other fire—GIANNETTA helps her wounded father back to R., corner—at the command of the SERGEANT the SOLDIERS resume their former avocations—as GIANNETTA crosses to back she meets HECTOR*)

GIAN. (*aside*) My low-minded brute of a husband.

HECTOR. (*aside*) My high-minded jade of a wife.

(*GIANNETTA crosses to ADRIENNE—in action the SOLDIERS persuade HECTOR to play at curds on a great coat, which they put on the ground—GIANNETTA talks to SAVIGNIE as though explaining*)

SAVIG. And the last words of De Grassae accused Adrienne.

GIAN. Yes ? but Bertrand preserved her—Twas Bertrand who persuaded her to escape with me to my father's hut, my father who protected her, and who is now your prisoner.

SAVIG. He shall be exchanged for the two poor fellows fallen into the hands of his companions.

GIAN. Oh, father! do you hear, you will be free? do you hear—free ?

SAVIG. (*aside*) He was her tyrant—her destroyer—perchance his words were truth, (*aloud*) A moment—she recovers.

ADMEN, (*recovering, looks wildly round, and then throws herself in the arms of SAVIGNIE*) Victor, we meet once more.

SAVIG. Never to part.

ADRIEN. (*sadly*) To meet never again. On my soul is the suspicion of a sin. On my life the burden of a duty, a duty whose fulfilment prevented my union with you—made me the promised wife of another whom I despised.

SAVIG. It was a sin, a cruel sin, not alone to me, but to him whose wife you would have been.

ADRIEN. (*suddenly*) Do not you reproach me, not you—not you. The world may heave its shaft of slander, but you must not cast a stone.

BURL. (*who during this has obtained two of the soldier's great-coats, approaches ADRIENNE with great respect and offers them*) Mademoiselle may chill.

ADRIEN. Good friend, I must not shrink from privation, I am a soldier's daughter.

BURL. A soldier's daughter, (*going c, with his back to the audience*) Comrades, salute mademoiselle.

(*in an instant every one on the stage, except SCARLOTTA, leap up to their feet in attitude of salute—Picture*)

BURL. Of a Colonel, or a Captain at least ?

ADRIEN. Of the General of Division, Emile de Martres. (*rising*)

BURL. Of my dear old General, (*kisses her hand*)

Enter a SOLDIER, L., with a paper, which he gives VICTOR.

GIAN. I was about to say that I was connected with the army, but when I look at that miserable unit that calls itself a soldier, I beg to retract my intention.

HECTOR. No one was a speaking to you, Madame Falloux.

GIAN. Nor is any one addressing me now I believe, Monsieur Falloux.

HECTOR. I was a speaking, Madame Falloux.

GIAN. Oh, I don't consider you anybody, Monsieur Falloux. (*turning away*)

HECTOR. Thank you, Madame Falloux. (*turns away*)

SAVIG. An order to join the main body, (*the SOLDIERS begin to break up the encampment*) To preserve this secret you refused me whom you loved, and (*half aside*) destroyed him who died.

ADRIEN. (*recoiling*) Victor!

SAVIG. (*aside*) Rochet is terrible in his vindictive rage—She must not die.

ADRIEN. Oh, Victor, if your heart does not acquit me heaven alone must attest my innocence.

SAVIG. (*approaching her*) Scarce a league from this, under the mountain, is the convent of St. Ursula; I alone prevented it from sacrilegious pillage. This cross, (*taking it from his breast*) with my name to the superior, will ensure you safety, peace. If you had ever loved-----

ADRIEN. If I had ever loved—Oh, dear heaven, if I had ever loved.

BURL. (*who has been watching, aside to SAVIGNIE*) Rochet!

SAVIG. Quick, Adrienne! (*four or five of the SOLDIERS drop into file, behind which ADRIENNE crouches*)

Enter ROCHET.

ROCHET. (*coming down*) The nest is found, but the bird has flown. More men—more men.

SAVIG. (*aside to her*) Go, and yet be comforted—Heaven judges not by the measure of the sin, but the extent of the temptation.

(*ADRIENNE, covered by GIANNETTA, ascends the rocks—the SOLDIERS purposely surround ROCHET, who comes down, c.*)

ROCHET. Savignie—Captain, 3rd company, 12th regiment, more men.

SAVIGNIE. I have orders from my commanding officer which I dare not disobey, to return at once to Montauban.

ROCHET. Listen, Captain Savignie. (*taking paper from his pocket*) "Act of Instruction from the Couro Centrale, Paris, decrees Adrienne de Beauprel of Neuville, accused of the assassination by poison of Eugene de Grassac—Her apprehension is commanded that she may be brought to instant trial before the district court." That honour will be reserved for Sous-Prefet Rochet; the court is sitting, it waits only for the prisoner. And the prisoner-----

ADRIEN. (*impulsively as she is on the point of going off*) Heaven bless thee, Victor!

ROCHET. (*dashing through the soldiers, is stopped at the entrance to the path by SAVIGNIE*) A woman's voice—'tis she!

SAVIG. Back, Monsieur Rochet! Fly, Adrienne.

(*ADRIENNE has hastily descended the path, GIANNETTA urges her up again*)

ROCHET. Suffer her to escape and, Savignie—Captain, by the Heaven above us you shall be disgraced and shot.

ALL. (*muttering one to another*) Shot !

ADRIEN. Shot!

SAVIG. Heed not for me—fly, Adrienne, to safety, and for life.

ROCHET. Cowards! will none stir ? Rochet forgets no duty, betrays no trust; Savignie—Captain, you refuse her arrest, then I----- (*SOLDIERS advance, L.*)

SCAR, (*who during the confusion has obtained and loaded a musket, R.*) Monsieur Rochet, the quiver of a nerve, a movement of these soldiers, and pray for your soul, for that instant you are a dead man. (*levelling at him—Picture*)

ADRIEN. Stay, Scarrotta ! Victor Savignie, in the face of a sure death we breathe no lie—these hands are clean of crime ; believe that, believe too that I would be tortured to a thousand deaths, rather than one hair of your head should be injured for my sake. Soldiers, fall in—I come, Monsieur Rochet, I come. (*descending to him*) Say, Victor, do I love you now? (*by this time she is in the midst of the group*)

SAVIG. Whither do you go ?

ADRIEN. For your sake, to my death at Montauban. March. (*soft music—Picture of their preparing to start, and closed in*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street in Montauban.*

Enter BERTRAND, R., his left arm bound up.

BERT. Courage, Bertrand, courage; the cut is nothing. 'Tis the cold—the bitter cold—which bites into my tropic

nature. Scarotta wounded—his band dispersed—and, God of my fathers! my young mistress, Adrienne, alone 'mid the snow-clad hills!

Enter M. THIBAUT, L., and crosses.

Pardon, Monsieur, I am a stranger at Montauban. Can you inform me where a poor man, like myself, can obtain provision and a lodging for the night ?

THIB. If you be honest, there, at the Widow Manette's, where you see the lamp swinging—but if you—if you-----

BERT. Be not honest, you were about to say-----

THIB. Then had you better quit the town. Sous-Prefet Rochet is very strict upon travellers.

BERT. I have heard his name ; but I do not fear him, monsieur, (*going*) What, pray you, are those lights there ? (*pointing*)

THIB. The Court of the Procureur-General.

BERT. Do they sit so late ?

THIB. Know you not this was the very nest of rebels or patriots, as each has been in turn called by the Empire or the Directory ? 'Tis the Empire now, so " Vive L'Empereur!"

BERT. Are there then so many prisoners to try ?

THIB. The sous-Prefet provides plenty of food for the galleys or the guillotine. This time it is no political prisoner for whose blood he thirsts, 'tis a girl charged with murder.

BERT. A girl charged with—with murder ! Oh! stay, monsieur, was it murder by—by poison.

THIB. Yes ! now I remember it, Yes!

BERT. And her name ? do you happen to recollect her name?

THIB. If I heard it, I think I-----

BERT. Is it that of a lady of Beaupre",—Adrienne ?

THIB. Yes ! Ah, that was it, Adrienne. *Exit.*

BERT. Adrienne—stay, am I sure, am I certain—was it a breath of fancy, or reality, Adrienne—It was—mercy ! mercy Heaven on my breaking heart. For me let the past be pa'st. But, Adrienne, for thee is a future yet—a future which my death shall shape, and which thy innocence shall crown.

Exit L.

Enter GIANNETTA, leading SCAROTTA, R.

SCAR. It's head in the lion's mouth, Giannetta, and though I know it well I care not; I'll just in, to hear what that rascal Rochet has to say. You are a good daughter; she was ever kind to you—and hang it, spite of my leg, I'll hobble to that den of thieves ; I may be useful to her.

GIAN. Now, .ither, you're such a temper, you're always flying out about something or other; or if-----

SCAR. My temper's as sweet as an angel's, as long as I have my own way.

GIAN. Oh, don't I take after my father!

SCAR. Stay you here, child, while I trouble that cabaret there for a drop of eau de vie, the true spiritual water of life.

GIAN. I'll accompany you, father!

SCAR. What I—I allow a child of mine to enter a common public house!

GIAN. Well, father, I haven't so great an objection when there's anything good to be got there; but do not stay long.

SCAR. Fear not for me. By this time our band have delivered their prisoners, and I am free. See there! (*a drum march is heard very piano*) There is mademoiselle—noble Savignie, his hand is on hers, his arm supports her sinking form—a moment, Giannetta, a moment, my child, and then-----

Exit, L.

GIAN. And then—yes that's it, and then—what then? alas! my poor mistress, my very soul weeps for her; to day free among the mountains, to-night upon her trial, and to-morrow, oh, heaven! I shudder to think of to-morrow; and I so lonely. Oh, if only Hector----- (*as she is going off L., she meets HECTOR—she runs away, R.—HECTOR getting c, sees her, and runs away, L.—when both are at the wings they stop*)

HECTOR. She's a lovely woman.

GIAN. After all he's better than nobody.

HECTOR. She's got such a commanding way with her.

GIAN. He's an uncommon fine man in his uniform.

HECTOR. Giannetta! (*coughs and sneezes*)

GIAN. Hector! (*coughs and sneezes*)

HECTOR. I never said I didn't love you, Giannetta.

GIAN. You never shewed you did, Hector.

HECTOR. Don't let us bring up the doorstep, Giannetta.

GIAN. Don't bring up the doorstep, and why shouldn't we bring up the doorstep?

HECTOR. Because that was a thing I never could swallow.

GIAN. Of course if you have any objection to take part in the household work, there's nothing more to be said.

HECTOR. Good-bye! (*approaching her*)

GIAN. Good-bye! (*approaching him*)

HECTOR. Farewell! (*approaching her*)

GIAN. Farewell! (*approaching him*)

HECTOR. And for ever, (*approaching her*)

GIAN. Fare thee well, (*approaching him*)

HECTOR. Oh! (*starting to wing*)

GIAN. O-oh! (*going to wing*)

HECTOR. Giannetta!

GIAN. Hector!

HECTOR. Oh—nothing!

GIAN. That's what you're always talking about.

HECTOR. (*aside*) If she was only half as fond of me as she is of her father, I shouldn't have such a bad berth after all.

GIAN. What were you observing, Hector ?

HECTOR. Bracing weather!

GIAN. It's good embracing weather; what then ?

HECTOR. Nothing!

GIAN. O-h!

HECTOR. I was a thinking-----

GIAN. Dear me, is it possible ?

HECTOR. I was a thinking whether we'd forgive one another and be happy once more.

GIAN. It rests with yourself, Hector; will you clean that doorstep ?

HECTOR. Oh, ain't it a bitter pill! Well there then, since you make such a point of it, I will. Father will buy me off.

GIAN. Oh, Hector, you have got such a tongue.

HECTOR. Say wilt thou be mine, my own ?

GIAN. My sweet! (*they rush to embrace, the drum intervenes*)

HECTOR. Embrace me!

GIAN. Wait a minute—try it again, (*they return to their places*)

HECTOR. My own!

GIAN. My sweet! (*the drum intervenes*) Wait a minute. (*GIANNETTA shifts the drum*) Now try it.

HECTOR. My own!

GIAN. My sweet, (*embrace and exit, R.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*The Court at Montauban.*

On an elevation, L., the PRESIDENT is discovered, seated—the JURY sit against the flat, between him and the Audience—BERTRAND, SCAROTTA, and GIANNETTA among the CROWD at the back—in the front of the PRESIDENT, a small table with papers, at which ROCHET is seated, R. c.—a small enclosed bar for ADRIENNE—SAVIGNIE, R.—GENDARMES, SOLDIERS, &C, C.—a small bar for the WITNESSES—a roll of drums—piano.

PRESID. Gendarmes, lead in the accused, (*drum—piano*)

Enter ADRIENNE, R., guarded—she is conducted to the bar—the GENDARMES form around her.

SAVIG. (*as she passes*) Adrienne!

ADRIEN. Do not weep, Savignie; I am happy.

PRESID. Monsieur le Prefet, read the act of accusation.

ROCHET. (*rising*) Tis very brief, Monsieur, le President.

(*reading*) " The accused, *known hitherto* as Adrienne de Beaupre"-----

ADRIEN. (*starting*) Can he have discovered ?

PRESID. Hitherto known? (*whispering, &c., through the Court*)

ROCHET. In a few moments, Monsieur le President, I shall have the honour to explain, (*again reading*) " The accused, known hitherto as Adrienne de Beaupre", is charged with the slow murder by poison of the deceased Eugene de Grassac." (*putting down the paper*) The proofs are clear beyond a doubt. In the first place-----

PRESID. All things in their order. Accused—your name! (*pause*) You are silent. Again, I ask your name.

ADRIEN. (*hesitatingly*) Adrienne de Beaupre.

ROCHET. A moment, Monsieur le President, while I ask this woman by what right she dare assume that title-----

SAVIG. (*starting forward*) Monsieur, I-----

ADRIEN. (*aside to him*) Victor, my—my beloved, be—be still.

PRESID. I must request the Captain Savignie to forbear an interference with the functions of the Civil Court.

SAVIG. Your pardon, Monsieur le President. I will strive to be patient.

ROCHET. Once more I would ask this woman by what right she dare call herself Adrienne de Beaupre" ?

ADRIEN. (*aside*) Never! never! They can but slay me; and never shall my lips open upon that.

ROCHET. To spare the time of the Court, I would merely ask the accused to explain the nature of these papers, (*shewing the three papers formerly shewn by DE GRASSAC*) found amongst the effects of the deceased.

ADRIEN. (*aside*) Horrible ! horrible!

ROCHET. Still silent! I would respectfully entreat the Court to remember the dates of each. The first—18th July, 1795—a certificate of the marriage of Emile de Martres, afterwards Count de Beaupre", at Pisa, to one Mina Scarotta. The second, on the 21st November in the same year, also a certificate of marriage of the same Emile de Martres at Paris to Stephanie de Saint Croix.

ADRIEN. My mother !

ROCHET. The third and last. Also a certificate, but this time of a death, it is dated 14th October, 1796, of the death of Mina Scarotta—the first, and only legal wife—the real Madame de Martres. On the face of these facts, I ask the court whether she (*pointing to ADRIENNE*), ne'er born in wedlock, speaks rightfully, when she dares to call herself by her father's name. (*ADRIENNE stands as transfixed—movement and chat in court*)

SAVIG. Speak—whisper—or even sigh! this silence will make ye mad.

ADRIEN. Stone I am, Victor, only stone.

ROCHET. Shall I put these documents into court, or will you spare me that necessity by the confession of the truth ?

ADRIEN. Yes, it's true—it *is* true!

PRESID. And you have known this for some time ?

ADRIEN. Yes, Monsieur le President, yes. Amongst my father's papers, at his death, the eyes of my poor mother rested on the proofs of her own dishonour, and—and—of mine! When she herself was going to—to Paradise, she made me swear to her never—never to reveal this secret, and through suffering and through sorrow, I have kept my oath.

ROCHET. And the large revenues you inherited, which were not yours—which you stole—where are they ?

SAVIG. (C.) Ask the poor, Monsieur Rochet, and you will hear of honesty enriched—ask those who were weakly, and whom her charities have made strong—ask of Heaven, and it will tell you of good deeds gathered there, which shall be as crowns of joy in that long hereafter which waits her panting tool.

GIAN. Quick, father.

SCAR. Child, I'm bursting, (*coming forward*) Stay, Monsieur le President !

GIAN. Father will get hanged; I know he will.

PRESID. Your name ?

SCAR. Jacopo Scarrotta.

PRESID. Your country ?

SCAR. Italy.

PRESID. Your profession ?

SCAR. E'en a patriot.

ROCHET. Brigand!

SCAR. As you please. I doubt not but that you know more about brigands than patriots, Monsieur Rochet.

PRESID. What have you to say ?

SCAR. The truth. Courage, Adrienne! 'twas not your mother; 'twas this poor child! (*taking out miniature*)—for heaven help her, she was but a child—who, by a *false* vow was lured to a *mock* marriage. Two officers of the army of Italy came to our peaceful home, their names, Emile de Martres and Eugene de Grassac; De Martres won my trusting sister's love, and a union, though in secret, was to consecrate her devotion. But few days past ere her husband, for she thought him such, left her, and after months of weary waiting, she heard that he was married to another; she, poor girl, journeyed to Paris—saw him, and showed him the certificate of her marriage ; he crushed her heart with a smile and a sneer! 'twas a false

priest, 'twas his comrade, De Grassac. My dead Mina was the victim, and your mother, Adrienne, was the lawful wife of Emile de Martres!

ADRIEN. How through this storm of sorrow bursts the flood of joy ! Mother, could I but see your face—could I but touch your hand—oh! mother, mother, look down upon and bless me!

ROCHET. A providential revelation, which at once supplies the motive. Eugene de Grassac knew then of this secret!

ADRIEN. Oh, monsieur, I am in such a dream of happiness. Joy with my joy, Victor, be glad as I am glad!

ROCHET. Accused, have you forgotten that your life is the stake at issue ?

SAVIG. Adrienne, for my sake-----

ADRIEN. De Grassac knew of this secret—yes; and threatened its revelation.

ROCHET. And you were his nurse, his constant attendant during his illness ?

ADRIEN. I was—alas-----

ROCHET. I would wish the Court to note the frequent opportunities that must accompany such close association. I believe, too, you entertained something warmer than a mere passing attachment for that young officer by your side. You cast down your eyes—'tis a sufficient reply. The object of the assassin becomes doubly clear. Dr. Theodore Leroux.

Enter LEROUX, R., he bows to the PRESIDENT, and passes at once to the witness bar.

ROCHET. Monsieur, your name-----

PRESID. You may spare the preliminary questions. Dr. Theodore Leroux is well known as one of the most skilful physicians in France, (*bowing to LEROUX*)

LEROUX. (*bowing*) Monsieur le President.

ROCHET. You were acquainted with the deceased Eugene de Grassac ?

LEROUX. I was.

ROCHET. And conducted, I believe, the medical examination after his death ? (*LEROUX bows*) In your opinion he died from the effects of poison. (*LEROUX bows*) Can you tell its nature?

LEROUX. I cannot. I never saw the like symptoms before. It was by some deadly vegetable poison, at present unknown in Europe.

PRESID. (*to ADRIENNE*) Have you any question to ask the Doctor ?

ADRIEN. None, monsieur, none.

PRESID. Proceed, M. Rochet.

ROCHET. With due respect to the Court, it appears to me there is little more to be said. The evidence of Dr. Leroux

shews the crime—the confession of the accused, the motive. In the name of the law, I demand the life of the accused.

(CROWD *whisper*)

BERT. (*coming forward*) Pardon, Monsieur le President. Pardon, Monsieur le Prefet. Is there not one formality omitted? May not the accused present a witness as important for example as myself?

PRESID. Your name?

BERT. Bertrand. I was a slave when I was bought by the Count de Beaupre"; and in Martinique they give slaves but one name.

PEESID. Your occupation?

BERT. I was formerly steward to that lady, Mademoiselle Adrienne, so wronged and yet so innocent.

ROCHET. You say innocent?

BERT. I say innocent, because I know the name of the really guilty.

PRESID. Perhaps, then, you will reveal it.

BERT. I am here for that purpose—it is my own.

ADRIEN. Bertrand! (*movement—all rise—and BERTRAND is surrounded by GENDARMES*)

BERT. Be silent, mistress most beloved! I would have heaped a blessing, and it has been transformed into a curse.

ROCHET. We have read of the romantic attachments of the South. May not this man, in order to screen his mistress, have taken on himself the consequences of her crime?

BERT. I had anticipated the objection, and am prepared to overcome it. Dr. Leroux was anxious to know the nature of the poison which destroyed De Grassac: it is here, (*taking out small bottle*) Colourless, you perceive; and, as I understand, tasteless. By minute doses destruction is slow; but when, for example, a quantity like this is taken—(*drinking it—movement*)—then-----

LEROUX. *Then-----*

BERT. 'Tis an affair of seconds, Dr. Leroux—I die no shameful death! If on my body you find the same symptoms as those of De Grassac, will you then believe her innocent?

PRESID. We must, perforce, admit it. (*the GUARDS release ADRIENNE*)

BERT. Then I die—happy! Oh! mistress, pity me—pray for me! (*falls*)

SAVIG. Adrienne!

ADRIEN. (*slowly tottering to his arms*) Victor—husband!
(*Picture*)

Curtain.