

THE  
WOMAN IN MAUVE.

*A Sensation Drama,*

IN THREE ACTS.

BY  
WATTS PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

THE DEAD HEART, LOST IN LONDON, CAMILLA'S HUSBAND, TICKET  
OF LEAVE, HIS LAST VICTORY, PAUL'S RETURN, THEODORA,  
HUGUENOT CAPTAIN, ETC., ETC.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool, December 1864; at the Haymarket, London, on Saturday, March 18, 1865. The new and original Sensation, entitled the

# W O M A N I N M A U Y E I

Written by MR. WATTS PHILLIPS, and produced under the direction of MR. SOTHERN,  
 The Dresses by Mr. S. MAY and Miss CHERRY. The Properties by Mr. FCSTER. The Machinery by Mr. OLIVER  
 WALES. And the appropriate Music composed by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE.  
 Magnificent Scenery and Effects by Messrs. O'CONNOR and MORRIS.

FRANK JOCELYN	Mr. SOTHERN.
THE COUNT	Mr. W. FARREN.
LANCELOT HARVEY	Mr. HOWE.
PETERS	Mr. WEATHERSBY.
BEETLES	Mr. COMPTON.
GRUMPZ	Mr. P. WHITE.
LIEUTENANT FERVILLE	Mr. BUTLER.
MAITRE DE HOTEL	Mr. WORRELL.
JOHN BULL	Mr. JONES.
GERMAN	Mr. WITTON.
WAITERS, POLICEMEN, SERVANTS, TOURISTS, &c., &c.	
THE COUNTESS	Miss EDITH STUART.
LUCY HARVEY	Miss LOVELL.
Mrs. MARY ANNE BEETLES	Mr. BUCKSTONE.

Time: 1864.

**ACT 1.—CHELSEA.**

**SCENE 1.—AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.**—MORRIS.

**SCENE 2.—THE THAMES NEAR CHELSEA, BY MOONLIGHT.**

A Neglected looking Garden, sloping down to the River, with Statues in a dilapidated condition.—O'CONNOR.

**ACT 2.—S W I T Z E R L A N D.**

**SCENE 1.—PUBLIC ROOM OF AN INN AT CHAMOUNI,**

With View of Mountain Scenery.

Song, with Hurdy Gurdy accompaniment, by Mr. SOTHERN.

**SCENE 3.—A CORRIDOR AT THE INN.**

**SCENE 3.—M H E D I Æ V A L R U I N S,**

With Moss-covered Well, in the distance Mountain Peaks capped with Snow.

**ACT 3.—ROME.**

**SCENE 1.—A STUDIO.**

**SCENE 2.—ON THE RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM,**

SUNSET AND MOONLIGHT.

## THE WOMAN IN MAUVE.

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### PROPERTIES.

#### ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Pictures and portraits about the room, one of a young lady, easel, &c, settee in recess of window—two chairs—*written novel for Jocelyn*—table with books, papers, candle and candlestick, lucifers, and room-door key—cigar ease with cigars and fuzees for Harvey—loaded pistol to fire behind scenes—crash ready behind.

SCENE 2.—Pistol on ground—two lighted lanterns for Beetles and 2nd Policeman.

SCENE 3.—*Written note in novel* on table—watchmen's rattles to spring behind, tray with supper things, and two lighted candles for Mrs. Beetles.

#### ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Piles of tourist's luggage on stage—boxes, bundles, hat-cases, carpet bags, portfolios, &c, for Servants to remove, Alpenstock and knapsack for Jocelyn, Alpenstock for Harvey -pink parasol, and huge reticule containing handbills for Mrs. Beetles—telescope for Beetles—covered tray for Landlord—portrait carte of Countess, ready at side, for Jocelyn—hurdy-gurdy to play behind, and afterwards for Beetles—cloaks, wrappers, and carpet bag for Peters—bags, portmanteaus, trunks and packages for Waiters and Travelers—*written papers* wrapped round stone to be thrown into room.

SCENE 2.—A cover by side of well discovered—a fac-simile of Mrs. Beetles's parasol, wet and torn, for Jocelyn.

#### ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Discovered busts, casts, drawings, large painting of St. Antony on easel, covered—screen table with paper, pens and ink—chairs, carte of Countess on mantle-piece—leathern portmanteau to pack with clothes, shirts, boots, collars, shaving-box, comb, razors, tooth brushes, slippers—written letter (seal broken) and loaded pistol for Count, loaded pistol ready behind, lighted candle for Mrs. Beetles—written letter for Peters—ease of pistols and bullet for Count

*Writing in novel:* " I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk where four roads met. The road to Hampstead ; the road to Finchley; the road to West-end, and the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in the latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high-road, (*speaks, now there's &c—reads*) In one

moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop by the touch of a hand laid lightly and suddenly on my shoulder from behind me."

*Written note in novel on table:* "Noble stranger. Seek not to penetrate the mystery that environs a miserable and most unlortunate woman. I rely upon your silence, do you rely upon my gratitude. Farewell for ever."

## ACT II.

*Written paper round stone:* " Most chivalrous of nun. (*speaks.*) There must, &c, and most amiable of beings, (*speaks*) Oh, it must &c. (*reads.*) Your noble conduct is appreciated, (*speaks*) Is it! (*reads*) My terrible secret is safe with you. (*speaks*) Whose? (*reads*) Your life, however, must not be sacrificed for me. (*speaks*) Certainly not. (*reads.*) To avoid so sad a result of your devotion, meet me a few hundred yards from here, amidst the ruins of the old monastery behind the Fir-grove. There I wait you. (*speaks.*) And the weather, (*reads*) Delay is dangerous ! a tiger watches—a few wasted moments may cost two lives."

## ACT III.

*Written letter for Count:* Addressed "Mr. Frank Jocelyn"— "Devoted but too indiscreet young man, why do I find you here? (*speaks.*) I'm getting insane----- (*read on, sir.*) The Count's suspicion has now become a certainty—a dead certainty, (*reads.*) Remember the abbey well, and be warned in time—renounce, oh, renounce my pursuit, and forget me for ever."

*Written note for Peters:* " Will you meet me? (*speaks*) Decidedly not, &c.

THE  
WOMAN IN MAUVE.



ACT I.

SCENE.—*An Artist's Studio in Chelsea, pictures, portraits &c, L., back of scene large window, R., ditto a door; the curtain of the window is drawn, doors R. and L. It is evening, and the stage is nearly dark (the scant furniture, of this scene must be so managed that it can be withdrawn without the means of withdrawal being visible. The furniture consists of a table, loaded with books, &c, and two chairs. As Curtain rises, a loud knocking at door, R., is heard; the knocking grows louder and more impatient—then the handle of door is roughly turned, and HARVEY enters.*

HARV. I've nearly taken all the skin off my knuckles. (*looking about him*) No one here ! that's odd. Mrs. Beetles told me she was preparing his supper . 'Praps he's in his bedroom, fallen asleep over a book, it would be just like Frank Jocelyn. (*x's stage, taps at bedroom door, opens it and enters, but returns immediately*) No! then he must be down in the gardens, strolling along the banks of the Thames, reading of course, one of those infernal novels. I declare Frank's absurd love of romance begins to unfit him for our commonplace, matter-of-fact every day life. He should walk the hospitals if he wants sensation, he'd find enough of it there. I'll join him, if he hasn't locked the door behind him. (*he is going up stage to door at back, when a bang is heard against door at side, R.* HARVEY (*turning*) What the devil's that? (*the door is flung open and MRS. BEETLES appears with supper tray and candles*) Oh, Mrs. Beetles !

MRS. B. (*entering*) What, a sittin' in the dark, Mr. Jostling! Bless me, it's not Mr. Jostling, it's Mr. 'Arvey! Why, Mr. H., what 'ave you done with Mr. J?

HARV. (*laughing*) I? Nothing! I was just going in search of him. In his pre-occupation he'll be walking into the river one of these evenings.

MRS. B. (*screams*) What! (*faintly*) Here, take the tray, (*placing it in his hands*) you've given me sich a flirtation o' the 'art.

HARV. Nonsense! (*aside*) Bother the woman, she's going to sit down.

MRS. B. This is a world of sorrer, Mr. H., (*sinking into chair*) and all 'as their trials, mine is spasms.

HARV. (*who is standing and holding tray awkwardly*) Mrs. Beetles, permit me to observe, that I'm standing.

MRS. B. (*kindly*) I'm sure you've no call to do anythink of the kind. Don't make yourself a stranger with me.

HARV. (*in anger, aside, and putting down tray violently on table*) She's drunk!

MRS. B. It's all nerves; to-day being Saturday, I've boen doin' my weekly readin'.

HARV. Your what?

MRS. B. A skimmin' my weekly penn'orths, as our milkman says, (*pulling several cheap periodicals from her pocket*) 'Praps you'd like to read the new story? It's a creeper! (*reads*) "The Death Rattle! a Romance of the Garotte."

HARV. (*impatently, and with movement towards door at back*) Mrs. Beetles!

MRS. B. (*kindly*) Which is me. (*offering periodicals which he, rejects*) You ain't given to readin' 'praps?

HARV. Certainly not—of that description.

MRS. B. You're jist like Beetles. Beetles is my husband.

HARV. I know—I know!

MRS. B. And a p'leeceman—as you also know—(*HARVEY nods impatiently*) as is too much occupied with his officious duties, to care for lit-i-ratur. Beetles is my third husband, Mr. H.

HARV. I know that too.

MRS. B. All the world may know it, I've no call to be 'shamed of none of 'em. This finger 'as 'ad three rings on it. Mr. H.

HARV. (*exploding*) Finger—(*aside*)—whyit's a curtain rod!

MRS. B. Beetles was my third wentnr—and a finer figger of a man—not that I'd breathe a word against either of my two poor deficients.

HARV. Defuncts, you mean.

MRS. B. (*resignedly*) Call them what you like, they're dead, and can bear it.

HARV. (*aside*) I can't much longer. (MRS. B., *who has given way to tears, wipes her eyes unconsciously, with one of her side curls, it comes off in her hand, she gazes at it confusedly*) Mrs. Beetles.

MRS. B. Which is me. (*she rises, in some confusion, and as he turns, thrusts curl into her pocket.*)

HARV. Mrs. Beetles, I am about to descend into the garden in search for Mr. Jocelyn.

MRS. B. With all my 'art. (*stopping him*) But you were asking about my first husband.

HARV. I wasn't.

MRS. B. He were a beadle ! Not one of your Arcadians, or anythink of that vulgar sort; but one as belonged to Church and State, and nothink under. It were a sight to see him on a Sunday ! He looked like a full blown flower. You didn't know him ?

HARV. How could I?

MRS. B. True—how could yer? Beadles ain't to be known by everyone. He'd all the Cardinal's virtues, besides them as come to him by natur'—he died of a paradoxical fit on the church steps, in the middle of a weddin'.

HARV. My dear, good woman, my business is with Mr. Jocelyn. What have I to do with your *first* husband? (*going.*)

MRS. B. (*stops him*) Ah, true! What a 'ead I've got. It was my second as you was interested in. (HARVEY *sinks down in chair with a comic resignation*) He were a h'ornamental barber.

HARV. (*rising*) My dear Mrs. Beetles-----

MRS. B. His name were Tongs. As nicely moulded a man as is to be found in Norwood Symmetry.

HARV. I've no doubt of it.

MRS. B. He was none of your snip-snap barbers who cut and curl for tuppence, but kep' a Polander bear, and made his own pomatum, he died—(*begins to weep, puts hand in pocket, pulls out curl, sees it, and thrusts it back again.*)

HARV. (*half laughing*) Who died ? Your husband?

MRS. B. The bear fust; but one was cause of t'other—for what does Tongs do, but sews hisself up in the creetur's skin, and runs about in the front h'airey.

HARV. (*aghast*) What for?

MRS. B. To get off his grease. The boys found him out though, and so pelted him, that it broke 'is 'art.

HARV. (*aside*) She's going to sit down again, (*he hurriedly removes chair, she nearly goes down*) I beg your pardon.

MRS. B. Don't mention it—I was upset before, (*holding up periodicals*) I'm always upset of a Saturday, they do pile it on so unkimmon strong. I thought Mr. Jostling might like to look at 'em. Yes, that's the way down to the gardings ; and while you're huntin' up Mr. J., I'll keep his supper warm in my sanctimonium, which is the Lating for parlour, as Beetles says, (*taking up tray, and moving rapidly to door, R.—aside as she exits*) And afore I come up agin, I'll 'ave another turn at the "Death Rattle."

HARV. (*solus*) Hang the woman—in her ways she's as mad as Jocelyn—the sensation disease is contagious, I suppose, a sort of social earthquake that shakes alike, the parlour and the kitchen, (*trying door at back*) Locked ! He has two keys, perhaps I can find the other one somewhere. Confound the foolish woman, why did she take away the candles! The moon, however, will give light enough-----(*going to draw curtain of window, he starts back*) there's somebody in the balcony ! (*approaches on tiptoe and listens*) By Jove ! it's Jocelyn, and reading aloud. Now to surprise him. (*draws curtain softly aside, and discovers* FRANK. JOCELYN *smoking a long pipe, feet on balcony, and moonlight streaming over him, unaware of HARVEY'S presence he is thoroughly absorbed in the book he holds on his knees.*)

JOCELYN. (*speaking, but without raising head*) What a novel! charming ! admirable ! the interest begins with almost the very first line. I do hope no one will come dropping in to interrupt me. Let me see, where was I ? (*reads*) " I had now arrived at that particular point of my walk, where four roads met. The road to Hampstead, the road to Finchley, the road to West End, the road back to London. I had mechanically turned in the latter direction, and was strolling along the lonely high road." (*speaks*) Now there's something coming, I'm sure! I've always noticed that when anybody in a novel takes to walking on lonely high roads when other people are in bed, they're sure to see something, by reason of the darkness of the night, I suppose. Let me see, where was I ? (*reads*) " In one moment, every drop of blood in my body was brought to a stop-----" (*HARVEY approaches JOCELYN stealthily, the latter continues to read*) " by the touch of a hand laid lightly

and suddenly on my shoulder, from behind me----- "  
 (HARVEY *places his hand on JOCELYN'S shoulder, who, with comic start, springs to his feet, upsetting some books, &c, in his surprise.*)

HARV. (*laughing*) "Why, old fellow, I didn't think you were so nervous.

JOCELYN. Nervous! no, not altogether, exactly; but you may just as well knock another time, even spirits, now-a-days, announce themselves with a little preliminary rapping.

HARV. Knock! well, that's about the coolest thing I've ever heard. I've been tap, tap, tapping, like a woodpecker for the last five minutes. Your reading must be very interesting, (*going to back of table*) Why don't you read a newspaper ?

JOCELYN. (*contemptuously*) Newspaper ! As if anything in real life could come up to-----

HARV. (*who has taken up book*) Ah, I see! The Woman in White ! A sensation novel, and *the* very best of them ; but take care Jocelyn, old boy, how you do too much of this kind of thing.

JOCELYN. Ah, you think it's a sort of literary dram-drinking.

HARV. Exactly; and pretty certain to end in-----

JOCELYN. Mental delirium tremens.

HARV. Really, old fellow, I'm in earnest, I speak as a medical man. I'm sometimes in doubt which has done the most injury—"Uncle Tom " or Old Tom.

JOCELYN. What nonsense.

HARV. Spirit rapping or spirit tapping.

JOCELYN. Harvey, this an age of prose, and— (*takes up paper.*)

HARV. Age of prose ! that's another popular fallacy— we live in an age of poetry. Read the advertisements— trade bathes in helicon, and commerce quotes the classics.

JOCELYN. But for imagination-----

HARV. (*offering case*) Here, your pipe's out, take a cigar, the fellow I buy them of grows them himself.

JOCELYN. And calls them Havannahs, I suppose ? (*pulling at cigar.*)

HARV. Yes, it's a fiction, Jocelyn, and like many other fictions of the present day, requires hard puffing to make it go; but coming back to the question of imagination.

JOCELYN. (*with sudden gesture of alarm*) Don't lean against that Murillo, old fellow, the paint's wet. I've just finished it

for a cotton lord, who's making a collection of the old masters.

HARV. (*laughing*) And the present age has no imagination, (*looking at the picture*) But, who's this lady ? I know the face.

JOCELYN. I should rather think you do. It *was* your sister Lucy.

HAKV. (*laughing*) And you've turned her into an angel.

JOCELYN. (*seated an earner of table, smoking*) Nothing easier. I'd only to add the wings, and discard crinoline.

HARV. It's the first time I've known a touch of antiquity, give a value to a woman's face.

JOCELYN. Nothing could increase the value of Lucy's in my eyes; but you're on your road to the hospital, St. George's, eh? I'm much obliged for the visit; but business is business, and I won't detain you.

HARV. Well, I did promise Slasher I'd look in, but I'm in no hurry.

JOCELYN. Now, that's your kindness of heart (*as HARVEY is going to sit down, he pulls him up*). No, no, I'll have no sacrifices on my account! If you've promised Slasher, *see Slasher (urging him towards door)*. He expects you, and he mustn't be disappointed.

HARV. I don't like to leave in this manner. I thought I'd first spend an hour with you, and then-----

JOCELYN. (*shaking him warmly by the hand*) I feel the compliment, but I *know* Slasher—he'd never forgive you.

HARV. Ha, ha ! I see what it is, my boy, you're impatient to get back to your book, (*going, returns*) but just allow me, as a medical man, and your future brother-in-law, to give you a word of advice. Try a vegetable diet, cut the circulating libraries, by never cutting the leaves of a novel, and avoid the theatres. Good bye.

JOCELYN. My dear fellow, life's nothing without a sensation.

HARV. Then take a healthy one. (*returning*) Hire a wherry, and pull up the river.

JOCELYN. (*coming from open window*) Pull up the river! I wish I could! (*passing hand quickly under nose*) It's a sensation, and by no means a pleasant one.

HARV. Try cricket ! nothing like cricket, I speak as a medical man.

JOCELYN. (*laughing*) Who gets his living where most people find their death—by the pestle and mortar.

HARV. That's in the way of business. But when a friend comes to me with a long face, I say take a long run ! He

asks for a blister, I give him a bat. When he says " pills," I say, " play," (*illustrating by action*) and if he'll only follow my advice, he'll bowl down all the blue devils in creation. Now I'm off.

JOCELYN. That's a good fellow ! I mean, come back early, and as you go out, tell Mrs. Beetles to get us something for supper.

HARV. (*at door*) All right, I'll tell her to bring it up again. I won't be long.

JOCELYN. (*near table*) Don't. (*Exit HARVEY, D. R.*) Capital fellow, Harvey ! But a little of him goes a long way, sometimes. Only thirty-five last September, and yet he's behind his age; lacks the divine afflatus; whatever that may be—I really don't know, but, at any rate, he hasn't got it. (*seating himself at table, and taking up book*) Let me see, where was I ? It's extraordinary how people coming *in* puts one *out*. (*turning pages*) Nothing like moonlight to read a novel by—it's poetical, and economical, (*turning pages*) I left off, where somebody was tapped on the shoulder on a lonely high-road—such things never happen to me; the more lonely a road is, somehow the less likely I am to meet any one. I *was* tapped on the shoulder once, but that was in Chancery-lane ; I remember the sensation well; it wasn't agreeable. Ah ! I've found my place ! (*reads*) " I turned on the instant. There, in the middle of the broad, bright high-road—there, as if it had that moment sprung out of the earth, or dropped from the heavens—stood the figure of"—-----(*as he reads the last words the window in front of him opens suddenly, and, with the quickness of the lightning's flash, a WOMAN advances towards the table.*)

JOCELYN. (*springing to his feet, the book in his hand*) A Woman!—(*as she advances, he recoils, upsetting chair as he does so.*)

JOCELYN. In mauve! (*the WOMAN is dressed in pale mauve, and must look very vapoury and ghastly—she has a mauve muslin, or gauze shawl arranged gracefully about her head and person as to protect her from the night air.*)

WOMAN. The key ! the key ! (*as she advances, JOCELYN continues to recoil—he casts the book from him on to the settee in recess of window.*)

JOCELYN. My dear madam----- !

WOMAN. (*impatiently*) The key.

JOCELYN. The key ?

WOMAN, (*pointing to door in front*) That door opens upon, a staircase leading into the gardens by the river.

JOCELYN. Very true, exactly just so! but-----

WOMAN. (*with a passionate gesture*) This is no time for words! Give me the key.

JOCELYN. But, madam, I really must-----

WOMAN. (*with wild entreaty*) No, no, you mustn't. In the name of pity, the key! quick, quick! a life—perhaps two lives, depend upon your speed.

JOCELYN. (*in a state of utter bewilderment*) Bless me! I'd no idea—how should I have? (*searching*) For such a demand at such an hour is really—most—most—(*searching*)—Where are the lucifers?—most peculiar.

WOMAN. (*at window, the moonlight falling on her figure as she gazes out with distracted gesture*) Nothing, nothing! I can distinguish nothing! Man! (*turning on JOCELYN, who has lighted a candle*) If you would not have a murder on your soul—give me the key! (*JOCELYN who has raised candle to look in her face, drops it with a violent start of alarm.*)

JOCELYN. A murder! In that case, my dear madam, we had better call the police.

WOMAN. (*who has been searching among things on table, upsetting books, papers, &c, utters a cry*) Ha!

JOCELYN. (*who has rushed towards door, turns*) What, what is it?

WOMAN. The key! (*she holds it up exultingly—as she does so, a pistol shot is heard from, the garden beneath window—she sinks on her knees with a scream, and covers her eyes with her hands*) 'Tis done!

JOCELYN. (*madly*) What's done? Will nobody say a word in explanation? Madam! (*as he approaches her, she springs to her feet.*)

WOMAN. Touch me not! His blood be upon *your* head.

JOCELYN. (*aghast*) Upon mine?

WOMAN. (*who has rushed to door, R.*) Follow me! (*she opens it with key, and dashes out.*)

JOCELYN. (*limp with surprise and horror*) What a most extraordinary circumstance. I never saw her before in my life—never! I must be dreaming. I wish some one was here to stamp on my toe. (*a great crash heard—he gives a bound from the table, against which he has been leaning.*) Merciful powers! She is fallen over the coal-scuttle—it's always on the stairs. (*Music—he rushes out, R., slamming door after him—as furniture is drawn away, and scene opens.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*View of the Thames, near Chelsea, by moonlight—a neglected-looking garden sloping down to River—statues in a dilapidated condition. Scene very picturesque and striking. The WOMAN in Mauve is discovered kneeling at the foot of pedestal, from which the statue has been displaced—she supports the head of a young man, who is lying at its base—as she sees FRANK JOCELYN, who comes flying on R., a moment after, she rises to her feet, and points to the body—her voice is deep and tragic—her manner equally so, but without being burlesque.*

WOMAN. Too late ! We are too late !

JOCELYN. Surely you don't mean to say-----

WOMAN. He is dead ! *(with a low despairing cry, she falls across the body.)*

JOCELYN. *(horror-struck)* Oh! I must be dreaming. *(picking up pistol)* This looks like reality. Bless me! what a position ! *(looking off)* There's somebody coming! I see the light of a lantern flashing through the trees ! It's the police ! An hour after the time, of course! Where's my slipper ? *(hopping about)* I daren't stay here—no hat—no coat—only one slipper ! a pistol in my hand! decidedly appearances are against me !

POLICE. *(without)* Jump the railin'. It's in t'other garding.

JOCELYN. There's no time for reflection, I must save myself! Save *her!* When lovely woman *(looks at her)* emphatically, a lovely woman, stoops to folly—it's man's duty to—to—aid her, if possible. Ha! I have it ? *(smiting forehead)* *It's the only way!* *(forte music—VOICES heard off the stage, as approaching nearer. JOCELYN lifts the senseless WOMAN from ground and disappears behind the empty pedestal to re-appear upon it. He stands in classic attitude group Virginius and his dying Daughter—as BEETLES and another POLICEMAN appear L., both carrying lanterns, and looking about. JOCELYN has arranged his light dressing-gown, after the fashion of a Roman-robe—the pale raiment, and long, fair hair of the WOMAN, giving classical effect to the group upon which the moonlight is concentrated with a ghastly splendour.)*

BEETLES. Don't contradict a man of my 'ears! I heer'd the report distinctively, and says I—hilloh ! Beetles, says I—there's somethink up, down there.

2ND POLICE. *(throwing light on body)* And here it is ! What's to be done ?

BEETLES. Take him up? Nobody's a right to shoot themselves in private gardings. When we've got him in the street, spring your rattle, and tell 'em to search the premises.

2ND POLICE. And if we find any one-----

BEETLES. *(as they lift the body)* Take 'em up, in course ; it's a maximum of mine to believe everybody guilty, till they can prove themselves innocent. It's law and natur'.

*(Exeunt POLICE with the body, L.)*

JOCELYN. Here's a situation ! a murder ! a mystery ! and a Woman in Mauve ! *(Springing of rattles heard off stage, at some distance. With gesture of comic alarm)* I'm in for it. *(he descends from pedestal as he ascended, from behind, then re-appears carrying the WOMAN. He places her in a recumbent position, on garden seat, R. near pedestal, and staggers forward, himself in a state of utter and comic exhaustion)* What a position, frightful, awful. But a few hours ago, I was the most tranquil of men—not a ripple on the smooth surface of my existence—that's poetry! damn poetry!—disturbed by nothing, but Mrs. Beetles, and the sparrows, and now—I shall have a fit—not now, at some more fitting time! Heavens, that's a joke ! I'm going mad. *(rattles L.)* I feel I'm going mad, ha, ha, curse those rattles, will they never stop, *(approaching bench on which the Woman in Mauve is lying, the moonlight streaming over her long, loose hair, and swooning figure)* She's very handsome ; very ; a perfect Venus ; a Venus in Mauve. Well, why shouldn't there be a Mauve Venus ? there was a tainted one—I mean a tinted, *(wildly)* I don't know what I mean—chaos has come again, *(walks stage impatiently)* What's to be done. I daren't carry her into my room; the noise would bring in Mrs. Beetles, and bring her out, too, if she saw only the glimpse of a woman in my apartment—*(pauses, and looks at the trance-like figure)* She's a most unconscionable time fainting. Some women are. *(taking her hand)* Her hand is like ice, her toes burning with fever, *(looking about him distractedly)* How shall I bring her to ? *(coming down stage)* Why the devil did she bring me here, *(sinking on a garden-seat)* There is a fate in this, *(jumping up)* I hear some one coming, *(turning to L.)* It's Harvey, I know his step, *(movement, towards L. and stops)* No, I don't. Heavens, it's Mrs. Beetles, and no time to mount the pedestal, *(rushes up stage to where the Woman in Mauve is lying, and tearing off dressing-gown, throws it over her, so as entirely to hide the figure, as he does so the stage becomes darker)* Here she she comes, clink, clink, I'd swear to her pattens—a pattern

female. What's to be done ? Ah, I have it. (*takes sketch-book from pocket, and makes pretence in exaggerated attitudes to be absorbed in sketching.*)

MRS. BEETLES, L., *enters, she wears a queer bonnet, stuck hastily on—carries a Gamp-like umbrella, and a lighted lantern.*

MRS. B. (*off stage L.*) Perlice! perlice! (*enters hastily*) Where's my Beetles ? I know it was on his beat, (*runs against JOCELYN, starts, and holds up lantern*) Mr. Jostling ! Goodness gracious ! What are you doing here, at this time o' night ?

JOCELYN. (*with assumed carelessness*) Sketching.

MRS. B. S—ketching a cold you mean, a walkin' about in your shirt sleeves. But where's my Beetles ? they told me----- (*she is about to move up stage, with lantern, as seeking some one, when JOCELYN snatches it from her hand.*)

JOCELYN. Beg pardon, but I—I—I've lost a slipper ? (*hops about*) How to get rid of her ?

MRS. B. You've heard the report ?

JOCELYN. Which ? there are so many.

MRS. B. A blunderbust!

JOCELYN. Explain yourself, (*as she moves, he keeps hopping between her and the bench, on which the Woman in Mauve is lying.*)

MRS. B. Here, take the umbrella! (*placing it in his hand*) I've got it!

JOCELYN. (*with lantern and umbrella*) Got what ?

MRS. B. A spasm !

JOCELYN. Merciful powers ! Is *she* going to faint too ?

MRS. B. We live in fearful times!

JOCELYN. (*nervous glance at bench*) We do.

MRS. B. What with readin' and rheumatiz I can never get a wink of-----

JOCELYN. (*impatently*) Mrs. Beetles !

MRS. B. Which is me!

JOCELYN. I am in my shirt sleeves !

MRS. B. Then why don't you put on your dressing-gound ? (*she makes a movement up stage—JOCELYN utters an exclamation, and drops lantern, which goes out.*) Lawks! what's that?

JOCELYN. I've found my slipper (*aside*) will she never go ? The other one will be coming to in a few minutes. Mrs. Beetles (*she is going to sit down—he stops her.*) I'm going to take a liberty.

MRS. B. Take whatever liberties you please, Mr. Jostling make no stranger of me.

JOCELYN. (*exploding*) I shall do something desperate.

MRS. B. (*catching last word*) Desp'rit! then you've heered the news!

JOCELYN. (*eagerly*) What news ? (*a faint moan is heard from beneath dressing-gown.*)

MRS. B. (*with convulsive start*) Oh! what's that?

JOCELYN. (*also in alarm*) What's what ? which ? where ? (*opening umbrella suddenly, and placing it over MRS. BEETLES, so as to intercept her view of bench at back.*) Bless me! it's raining!

MRS. B. Nonsense ! Something groaned! (*looking about.*)

JOCELYN. (*with frantic effort*) It was I—I groaned. I'm always groaning—that is—I've been groaning this half-hour, (*throwing himself into chair*) Mrs. Beetles ! It may be my last demand on earth—leave me !

MRS. B. (*with energy*) In your present state ? never.

JOCELYN. (*aside—shutting umbrella*) Damme, I'll throw her into the river, (*business, and change of manner*) Mrs. Beetles!

MRS. B. Which is me ?

JOCELYN. (*rising, and as forming a sudden determination*) You have a heart ?

MRS. B. (*much affected*) Soft as a crumpet.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) I dare not trust her. (*distractedly*) At every sacrifice *she* must be saved ! (*suddenly turning to MRS. BEETLES, and intercepting her unconscious progress up stage*) Mrs. Beetles, I shall be sorry to hurt your feelings in any way.

MRS. B. (*still affected*) Thank you.

JOCELYN. But truth must sometimes be spoken, (*commencing to unbutton his waistcoat*) I'm going to bathe.

MRS. B. Bathe ! at this hour of the night! (*aside*) He's mad! (*aloud, and with strong emphasis*) I'll never leave you.

JOCELYN. (*tragic—aside*) Those words have sealed her fate (*he raises lantern melo-dramatically, as if to strike a blow—MRS. BEETLES turns with sudden change of manner, he hands it to her politely*) Your light's out!

MRS. B. (*briskly*) I'll get another.

JOCELYN. Do—I mean don't! I adore the moonlight.

MRS. B. (*going—stops*) You remind me of my poor husband, who-----

JOCELYN. Was a beadle—you've already mentioned it.

MRS. B. (*with crushing dignity*) I halluded to the horn-

mental barber ! (*with emotion*) as never 'ad words with me but once, and that was along of my h'over admirin' the feeturs o' the young man as was wax-inated in our shop winder. " 'Andsome, he may be," says Tongs to me, " but, oh ! Mary H'ann, wof's beauty without brains ?" "Tongs," sez I, in the words of the man in the play "beware of the Green-eyed Lobster." It was a lesson.

JOCELYN. Then go home and study it.

MRS. B. (*moving to side*) Which reminds me of t'other poor young man, as has jist come to an unfort'nit' end, in these gardings.

JOCELYN. (*with sudden movement, detaining her*) Don't go ! (*she is again about to sit down, he pulls her up*) Not till you've explained yourself, (*bringing her down to footlights, and speaking impressively*) What do you know about any young man?

MRS. B. Nothing. But Beetles sent word by Betsy, that it was a case of-----(*she pauses, and shakes head.*)

JOCELYN. Of what?

MRS. B. Extemporaneous insanity.

JOCELYN. (*urging her of*) Good night.

MRS. B. We must all die ! We're here to-day, and gone to-morrow! which is a bad look out for them as let's lodgins. (*rattle heard off stage, at some distance.*)

MRS. B. That's Beetle's voice! Ex-squeege me, Mr. J-----I must be going-----

JOCELYN. (*with a gesture of relief.*) Do !

MRS. B. He'll tell me all about it. (*she clatters off, L.*)

JOCELYN. Go to-----(*checking himself*) I don't care where you to go, only don't come back again, (*going up stage.*) Now to satisfy my curiosity—she must have recovered, and this mystery shall at last be explained, (*very close to bench*) Madame! permit me----- (*HARVEY speaks off stage, R.*)

HARV. Frank, Frank Jocelyn !

JOCELYN. (*distractedly*) It's Harvey ! To find me here, at such an hour in such company—I beg your pardon. (*bows confusedly to dressing-gown on bench, then aside*) And Lucy, what will she think. I'll drag her behind the pedestal, (*about to do so, when HARVEY enters hastily, R.—JOCELYN quits bench, rushes towards him, and seizing his hands, shakes them heartily*) I'm delighted to see you ! delighted ! (*aside*) Oh, lord, I'm fainting ! I feel I am-----

HARV. (*surprised*) Why, what's the matter, old boy? You're as white as a sheet, (*placing fingers on wrist*) Purely nearly ninety.

JOCELYN. Ninety! a hundred and ninety more likely!  
(*after glancing round mysteriously, he lowers voice*) Have you heard what has occurred ?

HARV. I learnt it from Mr. Beetles, and mounted up in your rooms to tell you ; found the door leading down to the gardens, open, and ——

JOCELYN. Found me here, (*grasping HARVEY'S arm*) Do not be deceived by appearances ! I am innocent!

HARV. Innocent! What do you mean ?

JOCELYN. Strange things have happened since we parted —" on Horror's head horrors accumulate!" Incidents, of the most unpleasant character are crowding one upon the other, and Mystery envelopes me in her sable mantle.

HARV. (*aside*) He's raving.

JOCELYN. (*aside, and glancing at bench*) I'll keep the coup de theatre to the last, (*aloud, and bringing HARVEY down to the footlights*) You had scarcely left me, when the iron hammers of a hundred steeples tolled slowly the hour of nine.

HARV. Nothing very extraordinary in that.

JOCELYN. When, in the middle of a most interesting passage in the book I was reading—the door flew open, and a woman—a Woman in Mauve—stood before me.

HARV. The devil!

JOCELYN. Quite the contrary, (as HARVEY *is about to speak*) Hush! you might hurt her feelings. She's there.

HARV. (*starts and gazes round in bewilderment*) Where?

JOCELYN. (*points to the bench*) There.

HARV. Who?

JOCELYN. (*up stage*) The Woman in Mauve ! she's----- (*snatches away dressing-gown and recoils. The bench is empty. The moonlight streams in*) She's gone !

HARV. (*half turns to audience—aside—touching forehead*) Quite gone ! Sad thing for Lucy.

JOCELYN. (*sinking on bench*) Well, this is a sell !

HARV. (*cheerfully, and moving up stage*) Come, come, old fellow—I can explain all this.

JOCELYN. (*start of surprise*) You!

HARV. Over excitement—sensation literature—it's plain as a pikestaff—the woman in white has----- (*laughs.*)

JOCELYN. What?

HARV. Created your Woman in Mauve, (*movement of JOCELYN*) Hilloh! what's the matter ?

JOCELYN. (*starting to his feet*) This paper ! I was sitting on it! read! read! (*thrusts into HARVEY'S hand*) And catch me, if I faint.

HARV. It's a note in pencil, (*reads as with difficulty*)  
" Noble stranger."

JOCELYN. That's me. (*taking note, reads*) " Seek not to penetrate the mystery that environs a miserable and most unfortunate woman. I rely upon your silence, do you rely upon my gratitude. Farewell, for ever." (*with a cry*)  
Ha!

HARV. (*with a start and irritation*) My dear fellow, I'm not naturally a nervous man, but-----

JOCELYN. See ! (*he holds up a long mauve scarf, which he has snatched from the ground, near bench*) In vanishing, she has left the cloud that enveloped her. The cloud that now envelopes me ! (*in his gesticulations, he has wound the scarf about him, and now sinks on one knee, in a despairing laocoon-like attitude. Rattles are again sprung R. and L., off stage, as from street—he springs to his feet*) Those rattles again! (*voices heard.*)

HARV. (*with movements towards side, L*) A number of people are descending the steps—perhaps they can explain-----

JOCELYN. (*seizing HARVEY'S arm, and speaking with frantic energy*) Silence, I entreat, I implore you ! A word—a breath—may destroy her. Time alone must solve the mystery of the Woman in Mauve, (*as JOCELYN speaks the WOMAN IN MAUVE, unperceived by them, glides from behind clump of trees, R. at back—she pauses for a moment, her face full of anxiety and terror, moves swiftly across, and off the stage—the moonlight to be so concentrated as to fall on JOCELYN, as she disappears. The noise of rattles increases, and the stage is filled by a miscellaneous collection of people in which MRS. BEETLES and her husband are prominent.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Public room, of an inn at Chamouni—several doors R. and L., the principal entrance at back—large window, ditto—this window will occupy nearly two-thirds of the stage, and with door gives almost an open air look to the scene—fine view of mountain scenery—the back-ground of mountains, &c, visible in this scene will serve in part for back-ground to the next—towards the conclusion of the present scene, a storm rises, thus giving an opportunity to get good effect, by closing in back-ground, &c, with cloud-like gauzes, while the second set scene is being prepared—this*

*scene should be very picturesque—decorations—cut wood-work in the chalet style, pile of luggage on stage which some servants are removing—the COUNT stands a little down stage, he is a very black-haired, vampire-looking person, rigid in bearing, insufferably haughty in speech, and freezingly cold in manner—PETERS, a respectable old English domestic of the superior class (sort of Major Domo.) stands a little up stage—centre receives the COUNT'S orders with the utmost deference, then repeats them with a comic assumption of the COUNT'S dignity to the LANDLORD, who, still further up the stage, stands in obsequious readiness—as the scene proceeds, the SERVANTS carry away luggage.*

COUNT. Peters!

PETERS. Here my lord Count.

COUNT. Inform the landlord we leave Chamouni at nine o'clock precisely.

PETERS. (*to LANDLORD*) My lord Count leaves Chamouni at nine precisely. (*LANDLORD bows.*)

COUNT. (*to PETERS*) Ask him if there's anything to be seen in this place. Anything worth *my* seeing?

PETERS. (*sharply to LANDLORD*) Have you anything in this place worth seeing? (*with immense dignity, as LANDLORD is about to reply*) Worthy my lord Count's seeing.

LAND. Parbleu!—I mean pardon!—there are the mountains!

COUNT. Low, decidedly low. Everybody can see *them*.

LAND. Then, we have our Sun-rise. Monsieur is, unfortunately, too late for that,—but our Sun-set—(*glancing at window*) is just about to commence; and I can assure monsieur le Comte, our Sun-sets have received the highest patronage.

COUNT. (*haughtily*) Go.

PETERS. (*to LANDLORD haughtily*) Go!

COUNT, (*impatiently*) All of you.

PETERS. (*humbly*) All of us. (*as PETERS, LANDLORD, SERVANTS, &c., move off at back, COUNT taps at door L.*)

COUNT. Madame! (*the COUNTESS appears elegantly attired in a travelling dress—the prevailing colour Mauve.*)

COUNTESS. I am here!

COUNT. (*with dignified politeness*) Will you walk, madame? While the carriage is being prepared?

COUNTESS. Prepared already, but we have seen nothing.

COUNT. (*with cold dignity*) Some places, it is impossible to *see* without being *seen*, the top of a mountain is one of them.

COUNTESS. But-----

COUNT. Madame, must I again remind you, that *my* wife is not to be looked on by the common eye.

COUNTESS. (*impatiently*) Jealous again, Count!

COUNT. (*head very much erect*) Madame; I am always jealous! jealousy is one of the attributes of *our* family. Permit me to offer you my arm (*as they move up stage, the sound of merry laughter at the back, COUNT stops abruptly.*)

COUNTESS. What's the matter ?

COUNT. Matter, Madame! I hate laughter! everybody can laugh ; we never laugh in *our* family, (*moving to door*) We can leave the house by this way. (*his hand on door, he stops*) Your veil, Madame. (*she puts down veil, impatiently. They Exeunt c. and L. as FRANK JOCELYN and LAUNCELOT HARVEY appear R. passing window at back—both carry Alpine-stocks, and are dressed in tourist's costume. JOCELYN whose manner is gay and hearty, slaps HARVEY on back, as they come down the stage.*)

JOCELYN. Who'd have thought of meeting a warm friend on a glacier ? It's the first time, old boy, there's been anything like a coolness between us.

HARV. (*laughing*) And then, both were elevated. But I thought you were in Rome by this time.

JOCELYN. So I ought to be, but I'm on the road, my boy—in regular marching order—palette, easel, and box of colours, complete—prepared to take the old masters by storm. I've only made a slight *detour* to visit our friend, the Monarch of the mountains. But I thought you had resolved not to lose sight of the Dome of St. Paul's, till you could redeem your promise to Lucy and introduce her to that of St. Peter's.

HARV. Chance indeed ! A college friend, dangerously ill, telegraphed " I am suffering from an Italian Doctor" so, as the case was urgent, I started at once. I came-----

JOCELYN. Saw and conquered ?

HARV. Exactly; and as our neighbours in the north, say am going " bock again." Now then, stand there, and let me have a good look at you! Why, man, you look as fresh as a rose !

JOCELYN. Of course I do. I've given up reading, and taken to walking. With the exception of Bradshaw, there's not a mystery in my knapsack.

HARV. And the result ?

JOCELYN. (*gaily*) My sensations are all pleasant ones. ' Thanks to my generous benefactor, my Mecaenas in broad-cloth, the dream of my life is about to be realised, and I

shall visit Rome ! (*declaiming*) Rome! my country! City of the soul! Rome-----

HARV. (*interrupting*) The *eternal* city! that's enough ! I'll spare you the poetry, and stick to the prose. Have you discovered who this generous patron of the fine arts really is ?

JOCELYN. Of course, I have. His name is Smith.

HARV. And his address ?

JOCELYN. Most satisfactory. He never gives any but his Banker's. The last time he called, it was to commission my great picture, "St. Antony in the Wilderness, reading his Breviary by the light of a glow-worm." I'm to paint it in Rome—Rome, the-----!

HARV. That *eternal* City ! that's enough ! Let's change the subject.

JOCELYN. Of the picture ?

HARV. No—the place.

JOCELYN. Chelsea, perhaps ! (*laughing.*)

HARV. Exactly ! and talking of Chelsea reminds me of an old friend of yours, who's now at Chamouni.

JOCELYN. A friend !

HARV. (*laughing*) Mrs. Beetles.

JOCELYN. My dear old landlady ! No !

HARV. Yes, (*both laugh*) and with her husband-----

JOCELYN. The Policeman ?

HARV. The Ex-Policeman. The death of a relative has converted him into a man of property. He has become proprietor of a large restaurant in Leicester-square.

JOCELYN. But why are they abroad ?

HARV. Because they found themselves still more abroad in the restaurant. They are travelling to improve themselves, while they advertise their establishment.

JOCELYN. And the result ?

HARV. Proves the wisdom of the old proverb, that " where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." (MRS. BEETLES *speaks outside*) Chut! the lady's here!

JOCELYN. And as it would seem in a towering passion. (MRS. BEETLES *followed by her husband, and attended by a whole posse of WAITERS, enters at back, she is dressed in the most exaggerated style of English tourists—basin hat—short loose jacket, huge mother of pearl buttons—dress trussed up to show petticoat—Balmoral boots, parasol, and huge reticule—BEETLES wears a frock coat exactly like a POLICEMAN'S, except number on collar—white Berlin gloves—holds himself always very stiff, and carries a telescope, which he holds, as if it were a truncheon* )

MRS. B. (*in much anger, as she comes down stage*) Furriner ! what do you mean? (*threatening R. and L. with parasol*) It's you who are the furriners, not me.

BEETLES. (*tapping MRS. BEETLES on shoulder*) Come, come, this won't do, you know ! Mustn't obstruct the public thoroughfare. Really, Mrs. Beetles, you must move on.

MRS. B. Move on, indeed, (*threatening with parasol*) If you were half a man, Mr. Beetles, you wouldn't hear the wife of your buzzum called a furriner at her time of life. I'm English born and bred, and----- (*making a dive at grinning waiters.*)

BEETLES. (*stopping her*) This won't do, you know ! this won't do!

MRS. B. What won't do? Ah, that's like you, Mr. Beetles, takin' me up at every opportunity.

BEETLES. State your case ! what's the charge ?

MRS. B. *Hignorance and himperance* is the charge! Furrin' perliteness, indeed! I've met with nothink, but *hignorance and himperance* since I've been abroad. Fust, there's the langwidge-----

BEETLES. Poor creaturs ! they can't help their defficiencies.

MRS. B. Of course—take me up again, Mr. Beetles ! or it wouldn't be you ! (*threatening WAITERS*) Oh! you war-mint !

BEETLES. But state your charge ! what's the matter ?

MRS. B. A have-a-lunch is the matter !

BEETLES. A what?

MRS. B. A have-a-lunch. Them heaps o' snow as we was a-readin' about in the Guide last night—things that are always a-leavin' their places without warnin' like a passel o' good for nothink servants, an' creatin' no end o' confusion in respectable 'ouses.

BEETLES. Which they've no right to do by law.

MRS. B. Law ! much *they* know about law ! A set o' poor demented brubarians. Here I only asked one of 'em when a have-a-lunch was likely to fall, and if so, at what hour; than they takes to their grinnin' and grimacin', like a cage full of monkees. (*another dive with parasol*) Oh! if I'd only my umbrella! (*with passionate energy*) If alley voos ong ! (*she stops suddenly, and turns to BEETLES, who also, at the last words seems petrified with astonishment*) O! Beetles did you 'ear me ?

BEETLES. (*with pride*) And the haccent!

MRS. B. Here's a month I've been in continent, and

couldn't find it in my 'art to try it afore! and now, it's come from me all at once.

BEETLES. Don't be too prolific, Mrs. Beetles. Keep a little for the resterrong !

MRS. B. Wee mounseer. (*with dignified wave of parasol to WAITERS*) Halley !

JOCELYN. (*to WAITERS, as with HARVEY, he comes down*) Be off with you!

HARV. Do you hear ?

BEETLES. Move on!

BEETLES. (*U. S. with dignity*) Move on ! (*WAITERS exeunt hurriedly, looking back and grinning.*)

JOCELYN. (*down stage*) Don't you know me, Mrs. Beetles ?

MRS. B. (*with a start*) No! it can't be ?

JOCELYN. But it is.

MRS. B. My first floor ! (*JOCELYN avoids MRS. BEETLES'S embrace, she runs against HARVEY, who passes her on to LANDLORD who enters with tray.*)

LANDLORD. (*avoiding her, with a grin*) Another time, mi-lady. (*LANDLORD X 'S stage and exits.*)

MRS. B. (*bridling*) What does he mean? more furrin' perliteness, I suppose.

JOCELYN. (*laughing*) Let me congratulate you, as an old friend, on your good fortune.

MRS. B. You mean the rester'riong—(*taking a small bundle of handbills from reticule, and giving one to JOCELYN and one to HARVEY*) Cafe de Wenus, Leicester Square.

JOCELYN. (*glancing at bill*) "Madame Beetles, proprietor."

MRS. B. (*curtseying*) Which is me. I've done my best to come up to the demands of the 'ouse, but it won't do. Look here ! (*she takes off her hat, and exhibits an exaggeration of the modem French coiffure.*)

JOCELYN. That's the effect of Paris, I suppose ? (*JOCELYN and HARVEY laugh*)

MRS. B. Yes it's all Beetles's fault, for nothink would do but we must come abroad for a month or two, to study, as he caid, the manners and customs of them as will use our establishment—but bless you, Mr. Jostling—manners they've none, and their customs is beastly. But where is Beetles. There he is ! (*she points to BEETLES, who, still up stage, is standing, in the most rigid of attitudes—telescope held like truncheon, his eyes staring at vacancy*) My third, Mr. J. a 'andsome man, slightly pijjin breasted, (*calling*) Beetles! (*BEETLES remains immoveable*) Don't disturb

him, he's thinkin' o' the boys! boys are the cus' o' the force. He can't forget 'em. In this world we all has our trials, and boys is Beetles. (MRs. BEETLES *poking him with parasol*) Beetles!

BEETLES. (*as waking up*) What's the row here ?

MRS. B. This is Mr. Jostling—my first floor as was—and as good pay as any in Chelsea—though a hartist. (BEETLES *stiffly salutes.*)

JOCELYN. And does Mr. Beetles share your dislike to foreigners ?

MRS. B. He 'ates 'em—next to boys. They're a bad lot, Mr. J.—a-flyin' out at you with their gibberish, till you don't know whether they're a blessin' or a cussin' of you. It's a hawful thing to have a 'ouse full of furriners. They ain't bad lookin' some of 'em, but then what's featur to feelins, and after all, for most part, like big oysters, their beauty's nothink but beard.

BEETLES. Well, the only 'andsome foreign gent, as I ever clapped eyes on, was him who came to grief on that night, you know sir, when there was such a row in the back gardings. I saw him afterwards in the hospital, when he said-----

JOCELYN. What ? (*he asks this, in such a tone of voice that BEETLES stops, and recoils a step.*)

JOCELYN. What! what did he say ? (*as BEETLES is about to speak, an Alpine horn is blown loudly at the back. Doors open on every side—tourists of all kinds crowd on, and then off stage at hack.*)

LAND. (U. S., *speaking in doorway*) This way, ladies ! this way, gentlemen !—a beautiful sunset—this way to the terrace—no time to be lost.

HARV. But I thought it was the sun rise, which formed the attraction.

JOCELYN. At other hotels perhaps, but *here* sunsets are included.

LAND. This way, ladies ! this way gentlemen ! (*Exit.*)

JOCELYN. (*endeavouring to stop BEETLES, who is hurrying off*) I ask you what he said ?

BEETLES. Who, the landlord ?

JOCELYN. No, the young foreigner.

BEETLES. He said----- (*horn blown again*) I've forgotten what he said. Now then, Mrs. Beetles, the sun can't be sittin' all night to oblige you, *he* must move on. (MR. and MRS. BEETLES *hurry out with crowd at theback, JOCELYN and HARVEY alone—HARVEY at window—JOCELYN down stage.*)

HARV. Beautiful sun-set. The sun's hidden in a bank of purple cloud.

JOCELYN. Is it ? then we shall have a storm to-night. By the way, is Beetles on the terrace ?

HARV. Stiff as a ramrod,

JOCELYN. Let's join him. (*approaching HARVEY as latter comes down stage*) Harvey, that woman is my destiny.

HARV. (*surprised*) Mrs. Beetles ?

JOCELYN. Are you mad ?

HARV. (*laughing*) No, but I think you are. Well, I'm going on the terrace.

JOCELYN. I'll join you. An Alpine storm—delicious! It suits my present frame of mind. Stay, I've left a sketch-book in one of these rooms, this one I think, (*enters room R.*)

HARV. All right, (*moving up stage*) Poor Frank ! If I stopped long with him he'd make me aa nervous as himself.

JOCELYN. (*from within*) Harvey—Lancelot Harvey !

HARV. Hilloh! "What is the matter ? (*JOCELYN comes rushing out, pale and agitated.*)

JOCELYN. This is the matter! Look! (*showing portrait carte.*)

HARV. I do. It's the portrait of a woman, and a pretty one.

JOCELYN. 'Tis she!

HARV. Who ?

JOCELYN. The Woman in Mauve.

HARV. Impossible.

JOCELYN. I tell you, Harry, it is her portrait. Nothing's impossible.

HARV. Where did you find it ?

JOCELYN. In that room, on a writing case of Russian leather, on which was engraved a name----

HARV. (*eagerly*) What was it ?

JOCELYN. How should I know? *That* was Russian, too. Ha ! here's the landlord ! At last, this mystery will be explained, (*he rushes at LANDLORD, who, entering at back, x's stage*) Landlord, I have a question to ask you. Look at this portrait.

LAND. What then?

JOCELYN. It's not mine.

LAND. I should never have taken it for you.

JOCELYN. I mean, it does not belong to me.

LAND. Then return it to the proper owner, (*going, JOCELYN detains him.*)

JOCELYN. You know her ?

LAND. I do.

JOCELYN. *Who* is she ?

LAND. The Countess. She's gone out with her husband.

JOCELYN. Her husband ! Who is *he* ?

LAND, (*opening door*) A horribly jealous man, (*significantly*) and a good shot. (*Exit L., slamming door.*)

JOCELYN. Jealous! A good shot! What does he mean ? Harvey, I repeat that woman is my destiny. I strive to forget her—I do forget her—I quit the home of my fathers—I bid my native land good night for a time—and up she turns again in the most unexpected manner. Here—here is her portrait, and—ha ! (*he staggers back, nearly upsetting HARVEY, whose arm he grasps with one hand, while he points to window with the other*) There's the original!

HARV. (*startled*) Where?

JOCELYN. There ! that Woman in black is-----

HARV. Who ?

JOCELYN. The Woman in Mauve ! (*Music—the COUNTESS wrapped in a large black mantle is seen passing window—the light so managed as to be concentrated on her face—the scene is darkening—lights lowered—storm coming on.*)

JOCELYN. Madame! madame! She will not speak—I'll follow her.

HARV. No, by no means !

JOCELYN. She moves away ! Let me go, Harvey, let me go! I'll follow her ! (*the COUNTESS places her finger warningly to her lip, and disappears as he breaks from HARVEY and rushes up stage*) Gone ! the earth hath bubbles as the water has, and she is of them ! (*as the COUNTESS disappears, the COUNT, who, unobserved by either JOCELYN HARVEY, has entered by door at back, starts violently, [melodramatically] as he sees the warning gesture made by the lady. He folds his arms up very tightly, nods his head with a deep significance, and exits door R. Music ceases.*)

HARV. (*catching JOCELYN, as he is moving towards door, by coat tail*) What are you going to do ?

JOCELYN. Anything ! everything ! This mystery must be explained! I will be satisfied. (*Voices heard, "Beautiful Sunset, &c."*)

HARV. But the people are coming in from the terrace.

JOCELYN. (*wildly*) Let them come ! I am prepared for all. (*with sudden change to quiet manner*) It's utterly impossible things can go on in this way. One word may explain this mystery, and that word I *can't* get. An hour ago, I was in health and spirits, everything smiled around me, even

the weather, and now—judge for yourself! (as HARVEY IS about to speak, a voice off stage at back, sings sweetly a bar or two of some Italian air, applicable to the COUNTESS'S situation.—R.) Hush! hark! do you hear it, Harvey?

HARV. (L., *impatiently*) Of course I do, I'm not deaf.

JOCELYN. 'Tis she! (*he rushes up stage to doorway with such impetuosity, as nearly to upset MRS. BEETLES, who is entering.*)

MRS. B. (C, *disengaging herself from his arms*) H'imperence! Why, it's Mr. Jostling. I took you for a furriner!

JOCELYN. (*aghast*) Could that voice belong to you?

MRS. B. Which voice?

JOCELYN. (R.) The voice.

MRS. B. This voice?

JOCELYN. (*utterly bewildered*) No, no, *that!*

MRS. B. (to HARVEY) What *does* he mean?

HARV. (L., to JOCELYN) What *do* you mean?

JOCELYN. How *should* I know? the whole thing's a mystery! Reason totters—and thought's a blank, (*sinks in chair—hurdy gurdy plays off* L. C. BEETLES is heard speaking off stage at back.)

BEETLES. (*behind*) Now then, you know, this won't do. (*hurdy gurdy stops*) You must move on. (*he enters while speaking the last words, he carries a hurdy gurdy.*)

MRS. B. What's the matter?

BEETLES. On'y a boy! One o' them Italian chaps, a-drivin' me half mad with his hurdle gurdle.

JOCELYN. (*starting up*) An Italian boy?

BEETLES. On his road to London, of course, (*puts down instrument*).

JOCELYN. A hurdy gurdy! Ah! this reminds me of Rome, which, by the bye, I've never seen, (*taking up instrument*) Music on the wind (*suiting action to the word by giving handle a turn*) is always soothing to the nerves, at least, the poets say so; at any rate, it will give me time for reflection, (*turning handle again*) *That's* a sensation. Beetles, keep time with your truncheon—I mean your telescope. It certainly would have given Handel a turn if he had heard it.

SONG.—"*Sensation Mad.*"

I've run an educational  
Course through those classics, which  
Under the term "sensational,"  
Our literature enrich.

Instead of: an occasional  
 Horrific dose, now some  
 Ghost story perspirational  
 's my mental pabulum.  
 I—sit up very *late* o'nights,  
 Get in such a *state* o'nights,  
 Meet such kind of *fate* o'nights  
 And grow with terror dumb.

*Chorus.* Once more in Sensation's mesh,  
 Creep, creep, creep, goes all your flesh,  
 At every excitement fresh,  
 (*with expression*) Creep, creep, creep, creep, creep.

I tried the spirit-rapping stuff,  
 But no one answered me ;  
 The spirits p'raps were up to snuff,  
 The snuff was *not rap-pee*.  
 But table-moving came at length,  
 One most unlucky day,  
 My chairs endowed with sudden strength,  
 All walked themselves away.  
 The spirit though, I *must* confess  
 Which *moved* the things at *my* address,  
 Was called " A warrant of distress,"  
 My rent I couldn't pay.

*Chorus.* Once in Sensation's mesh, &c.

#### ENCORE VERSES.

Now should you wish to make yourself  
 As nervous as can be,  
 Into convulsions quake yourself,  
 First, go in for green tea.  
 Drink quantities, then sit up late,  
 With some weird goblin tale ;  
 Smoke Cavendish, at any rate  
 Then, if you hear a wail  
 Grow pallid, and declare it is  
 A ghost, though well aware it is  
 A *cat*, down in the *airy* 'tis  
 A predatory male.

*Chorus.* Once in Sensation's mesh, &c.

But if you'd throw such fancies off,  
 And not shrink to a lath ;

At sickly, high-wrought rubbish scoff,  
 And take a morning bath.  
 Pure air and exercise you'll find,  
 Will set you right again;  
 Refresh your limbs, restore your mind,  
 Invigorate your brain.  
 Once more completely rational,  
 You'll laugh at mystic trash an' all  
 The rubbish term'd "sensational," and peace of mind  
 obtain.

*Or,* A bracing walk amongst the hills,  
 No mixtures, draughts, no ills, or pills,  
 And then you'll laugh at doctor's bills,  
 And this "sensation" bane.

*Chorus.* Once in Sensation's mesh, &c.

JOCELYN. (*to HARVEY*) My mind is made up, I leave this place—in an hour, (*to LANDLORD, who enters, L.*) Landlord, at nine o'clock, I start for Martigny.

LAND. Diligence doesn't leave.

JOCELYN. I'll hire a carriage.

LAND. (*going*) There are no carriages.

JOCELYN. (*stopping him*) Whose carriage is that in the courtyard?

LAND. The Count's—*he starts at nine.*

JOCELYN. Where to?

LAND. Martigny, with madame the Countess, (*going, JOCELYN stops him again.*)

JOCELYN. (*bringing LANDLORD down scene—mysteriously*) What sort of man is this Count? (*bell rings violently.*)

LAND. That's his bell! (*bell continues to ring madly*) He'll pull the house down! (*at door R., hand on lock*) For other information, I refer you to that gentleman, (*points to PETERS, who is entering at the back*) He knows him—I don't. (*Exit LANDLORD.*)

JOCELYN. (*turning round and round*) He! who? (*seeing PETERS, who, laden with cloaks, hat-cases, &c., is coming down stage, c.*) Can it be? no! yes! it is! my Mæcenas! my benefactor! my patron of the arts!

MRS. B. Why, goodness gracious me! it's Mr. Smith. (*both advance upon PETERS, who recoils, dropping hat-boxes, &c., his countenance betrays astonishment and alarm—at the same moment the COUNT appears on the threshold.*)

JOCELYN. (*with extended hands to PETERS*) My dear sir, this is an unexpected pleasure!

MRS. B. (*curtseying*) Uncommon !

PETERS. (*stammering*) Really—I—I-----(*sees COUNT and becomes rigid*) This is some mistake-----

JOCELYN. Mistake! Are you not-----

MRS. B. (*curtseying again*) Mr. Smith?

PETERS. I ! (*as with a great resolution*) I never heard the name before!

JOCELYN. What! never heard the name of Smith ?

PETERS. (*glancing at COUNT then with emphasis*) Never.

JOCELYN. And you didn't commission my great picture, St. Antony in the Wilderness Reading his Breviary by the light of a Glowworm ?

PETERS. Not I.

JOCELYN. Nor pay for it in advance ?

PETERS. (*with stronger emphasis*) Certainly not.

MRS. B. (*aghast*) Oh !

JOCELYN. (*the same*) I'm going mad! pinch me! kick me! bite me! somebody, (*appealing*) Will nobody wake me up ?

COUNT. (*advancing*) Peters, see after the luggage. In an hour we start.

JOCELYN. (*to COUNT, and pointing to PETERS, who is hurriedly retreating at the hack*) A thousand—ten thousand pardons, but who is that person ? (*Exit PETERS.*)

COUNT. (*with crushing dignity*) My servant.

JOCELYN. (*falling back*) Oh! (*the COUNT exits, grand and freezing*) My head spins round, I shall have a fit!

MRS. B. Lawks ! Mr. Jostlin', don't say that! My first, and my second, died of 'em—as fine figgers of men-----

BEETLES. (*severely*) Mrs. Beetles !

MRS. B. (*wiping her eyes with parasol*) Though now h'ashes, and under the h'earth.

JOCELYN. (*at window*) Hollo! what's the matter now ? Oh ! it's the Diligence coming in !

HARV. Is it ? I expect my friend by it. (*speaking to JOCELYN, as he X 's*) I'll be back directly. (*Exit.*)

(*rumbling of wheels—storm increases.*)

MRS. B. What a night! I wish I was in Chelsea.

JOCELYN. And I! (*LANDLORD X 's at back*) There's that landlord, I'll try him again. (*Exit at back.*)

BEETLES. Your own fault, Mrs. Beetles. You would leave your proper beat, and come abroad, no help for it now! (*motioning with telescope*) We must move on. (*they go up stage and off at back. TRAVELLERS, conducted by LANDLORD and WAITERS, seen passing the window, enter and exeunt by various doors—as they do so, MRS. BEETLES and*

BEETLES stand at doorway giving handbills, which the former takes from her reticule—stage clear for a moment, then JOCELYN re-enters hurriedly, shaking rain from his hat.)

JOCELYN. Phew ! The storm's beginning in good earnest, another minute, and I should have been wet through. Talk of foreign politeness ! If that landlord's a sample, for my part, I prefer British insolence. For another specimen, there's this precious Count. I ran against him just now full but and was naturally going to apologize, when he stops me in this fashion—"The members of my family never receive apologies, and never offer them; the next time I offer *him* one, it will do him good. Who's he, I should like to know, that he's to walk about the world, with a stereotyped scowl, like the third robber in a melo-drama? And his wife, too, what does *she* mean by pursuing me in this fashion! it's indelicate! it's—it's—damnit, it's immoral! Everybody seems to have entered into a conspiracy with everybody else, against my peace of mind, and nothing is but what isn't. Ah! I've an idea! no—it's gone! I'll follow my idea for once, and go to—though something strikes me forcibly----- (*a paper folded round a stone, is thrown in at window and hits him forcibly on the shoulder*) What do you mean by that ? How dare you ? (*rubbing shoulder*) I thought it was the Count! Ah ! a letter ! (*as he picks it up, the COUNTESS, without being seen by him, appears, and disappears at window*) A foreign letter, and overweight! (*as he opens it, a large stone falls to the ground*) Decidedly not a billet-doux ! If my future correspondence is to be conducted in this manner, I'll wear a suit of armour, (*reads*) "Most chivalrous of men," (*speaks*) There must be some mistake in the address ! (*reads*) "and most amiable of beings," (*speaks*) Oh! yes, it's me! (*reads*) "your noble conduct is appreciated." (*speaks*) Is it? (*reads*) "My terrible secret is safe with you—" (*speaks*) Whose secret ? what secret ? Oh! it's all beginning again! (*reads*) "Your life, however, must not be sacrificed for me ;" (*speaks*) Certainly not! most certainly not! nor for anybody else if I know it! (*reads*) "to avoid so sad a result of your devotion, meet me a few hundred yards from here, amidst the ruins of the old monastery, behind the fir-tree grove. *There!* I await you!" (*speaks*) And the weather! sorry to keep a lady waiting, but I won't go. Ah ! here's a postscript! (*reads*) "Delay is dangerous ! a tiger watches ! A few wasted moments may cost two lives." (*the paper drops from his hands, and*

*he stands aghast, in bewildered astonishment—speaks*) Cost two lives! a tiger watches ! my life's in danger ! I'll consult Harvey—he's a doctor, and used to consultation. *(going to door, stops)* But where is Harvey ? A few wasted moments may cost two lives ! two ! that's her's and mine ! decidedly *mine!* Unfortunate woman, I will save you ! *(rushing out, he returns)* It's raining cats and dogs! and I've no umbrella, *(seeing MRS. BEETLES'S pink parasol)* Ah ! *(opening it)* What a defence against an Alpine storm ! but it's better than nothing, at any rate, *(as he rushes off c, the COUNT appears on threshold of door R.—he crosses stage and picks up letter.)*

COUNT. *(glancing at note)* A tiger watches ! true, madam, true ! *(crushing note in his hands)* Beware his teeth and claws. *(Exit. The scene has darkened considerably—noise of storm increases and scene opens.)*

SCENE SECOND.—Storm of thunder, lightning, wind and rain. A picturesque view of mediaeval ruins, at back, mountain peaks capped with snow, lit up every now and then by flashes of lightning. Trees, whose tops are just touched by the rapid coming and going of the vivid light—L. c, a moss-covered well, with gothic iron work, the cover resting by its side, R. As the scene opens the COUNTESS is discovered cowering from the storm, by the stone work of the well.

COUNTESS. He comes not! Yes, I hear a footstep ! *(half rising)* I see a figure advancing among the ruins. 'Tis he! *(she springs to her feet as JOCELYN enters at the back from, R. He appears wet through—the parasol is a rag, a small pink flag, in fact. He advances stumbling among the fragments of ruin)* Generous young man, at what hazard you are here !

JOCELYN. At the hazard of a bad cold, *(sneezing violently)* I beg your pardon, madame, *(aside)* I'm in for it.

COUNTESS. Do not let us waste time.

JOCELYN. Certainly not.

COUNTESS. I have much to say—very much !

JOCELYN. In that case, hadn't we better get under shelter ? Think of the rain.

COUNTESS. I feel it not.

JOCELYN. *(aside)* But I do, to the very skin, *(aloud)* The storm that's raging.

COUNTESS. Let it rage—it suits well with my humour.

JOCELYN. But not with mine. Permit me----- *(he offers parasol, she snatches it, then snaps it in two.)*

COUNTESS. I require no such luxuries, (*throws fragments into well*) I want them not. (*waving her hand*) Lightning rain, earthquake and hurricane, they at least, are unfettered by this world's tame conventionalities.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) She's evidently been having something in her tea.

COUNTESS, (*striking her bosom*) The storm that's raging here scoffs at the storm without.

JOCELYN. (*impatiently*) But, my dear madame---

COUNTESS. Silence, and let me speak. I've much to say.

JOCELYN. (*aside—and shaking clothes*) I wish she'd be quick about it.

COUNTESS, We must waste no time in words. Alas ! I could make my home 'mid yonder craggy solitudes, with the bounding chamois for my steed, and the eagle for my playmate ; *there*, I might be happy.

JOCELYN. Excuse me, but is this a joke ? or, do you really mean all that, about the bounding eagle, and the scraggy chamois.

COUNTESS. (*sharply*) Sir!

JOCELYN. Lord ! what a woman ! I merely said, you'd find it very uncomfortable, and--- (*hesitates*)

COUNTESS. Well?

JOCELYN. Possibly rheumatic—but—excuse me—you have much to say----

COUNTESS. Alas! I have.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) Alas, she has ! I'll give her a touch of her own style. Now, tell me, would you really feel pleasure in sitting on the bald head of an old eagle.

COUNTESS. Sir!

JOCELYN. I mean sitting with an old eagle on the bald head of yonder mountain, listening to the mystic voices of the wind, while the snow, with its silent fingers piles the avalanche, and weaves, for the sleeping vallies, a winding sheet ? Is that the kind of thing you like ?

COUNTESS. Ah! that I do.

JOCELYN. Well, I don't, and, if you'd allow me to observe----

COUNTESS. No! no! time is flying fast, and I have much to say----

JOCELYN. (*desperately*) Then why don't you say it? Really madame, the weather is so bad, and as your business doesn't happen to be mine----

COUNTESS. (*sadly*) Not thine! Unfortunate young man—our fates are linked together.

JOCELYN. Then I vote we snap the chain as quickly as possible.

COUNTESS. Would I could. You have seen my husband ?

JOCELYN. Do you mean that hairy maniac ?

COUNTESS. Sir, I mean the Count. Oh ! he is jealous ! wrongfully jealous of me ! He has sworn to sacrifice all who have *dared* or *may* dare to love me. Alas, there was one—one-----

JOCELYN. Well, that makes two!

COUNTESS. One who—but I am not here to explain-----

JOCELYN. (*aghast*) No !

COUNTESS. Happily, his doubts in that quarter are removed ; and his suspicion has fallen upon another.

JOCELYN. Good.

COUNTESS. Upon *you!*

JOCELYN. (*recoiling*) Upon me ? Oh ! I knew he was a maniac, (*going*) They shall be removed at once—a word, will explain all.

COUNTESS. (*throwing herself before him*) That word must never be whispered, (*clasping her hands*)

JOCELYN. All right! then I'll give it him through a speaking trumpet.

COUNTESS. (*change of manner*) I had not expected this selfishness.

JOCELYN. (*ditto*) Well, upon my soul that's cool.

COUNTESS. My faithful Peters told me-----

JOCELYN. Peters ! (*aside*) Ah ! I see my way out of this (*aloud, and with an oratorical dignity*) Madame, the mercenary view—yes, I repeat, the mercenary view you have taken of my character compels me to withdraw—I emphatically say, withdraw from a partnership which has anything but a limited liability. My feelings have been wounded—deeply wounded. You have sought to purchase a silence, which I *might*—you will remark, I lay a stress on the word *might*—have given upon the events of that fatal night.

COUNTESS. (*imploringly*) Forget them!

JOCELYN. (*desperately*) How can I forget them with you ever at my elbow, and what do you call it ? a tiger, grinning in the distance.

COUNTESS. True, true! You must not linger here—peril is everywhere around you—fly !

JOCELYN. Well, I'm not naturally of an aeronautical turn, but I really wouldn't mind being a crow for about five minutes. (*going.*)

COUNTESS. (*stopping him*) When you have heard my story.

JOCELYN. Some other time.

COUNTESS. And learnt your present danger.

JOCELYN. Ah!

COUNTESS. Sit there, (*points to coping of well.*)

JOCELYN. (*expostulating*) But, madame-----

COUNTESS. (*authoritatively*) Sit. (*JOCELYN sits on coping—thunder and lightning, rain, &c.*)

COUNTESS. While here, among the warring elements I explain this mystery.

JOCELYN. (*aside, and shivering*) At last!

COUNTESS. I will not trouble you with the early history of my family-----

JOCELYN. (*hastily*) Don't.

COUNTESS. I was an only child-----

JOCELYN. (*aside*) I congratulate your parents.

COUNTESS. My education was of a most peculiar character-----

JOCELYN. Evidently.

COUNTESS. (*growing more excited as she proceeds*) I formed an attachment to one, who—no matter—sufficient that my attachment was returned — wildly — madly — frantically returned—it was----- (*a deep-toned bell strikes nine*) What's that? (*while striking*)

JOCELYN. Hush ! I'll tell you in a moment—'tis nine o'clock.

COUNTESS. We are lost! Why, why, did you not let me speak ?

JOCELYN. (*frantically—half rising from the well*) Oh ! come now, really, a joke's a joke-----

COUNTESS. Too late ! too late! (*she screams*) Ah ! he's here.

JOCELYN. Who ?

COUNTESS. My husband ! (*she points to a muffled figure, who has stepped from the ruins—a clap of thunder—as the lightning falls vividly on the Count's face.*)

JOCELYN. The devil! (*he falls back, loses his balance and disappears in well.*)

COUNTESS. (*rushing forward*) Save him ! save him!

COUNT. (*in a voice of thunder*) Hold, madam, (*with a tragic step he moves forward—takes up lid of well, and with terrible calmness, places it over the orifice. Then, with one hand resting firmly upon it—he fixes his stern eyes upon the COUNTESS, who has sunk upon her knees—her hands outstretched—her hat and cloak fallen, and her hair streaming on her shoulders.*)

COUNTESS. (*imploringly*) He will be drowned ! Oh ! help ! help !

COUNT. No, madam! we'll dispense with help, and leave *well* alone! (*thunder and lightning— Tableau and*

END OF ACT SECOND.

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ACT III.

SCENE.—*An artist's studio in Rome. A large antique chamber scantily furnished—busts, casts &c,—a chimney-piece and door—another door, leading on to a corridor. At back, a very large window with balcony from which an extensive view of Rome is seen. The castle of St. Angelo, St. Peter's &c Effect sunset. The window should be like the windows of some old Roman palaces, so wide, as to give an almost open air effect. A large picture, on easel, Evening deepens as scene progresses. As curtain rises FRANK JOCELYN is discovered on his knees in centre of stage, behind a leathern portmanteau, in which he is packing, with a kind of frantic energy, a multitude of miscellaneous articles.*

JOCELYN. (*on knees*) One dozen boots and a pair of shirts. No, one pair of shirts and a dozen boots ! No, no, that's not it. A dozen shirts ! here they are. (*tossing them in, frantically*) And the boots, not cleaned ! no matter, in with them, (*taking up articles as he names them*) Collars, shaving-box, soap ! where's the soap ? Ah, I remember ! I locked it up in my writing desk. In this city there's such a search after *rarities*, you can't be too careful. Comb, razor, tooth-brush, ditto, ditto, —pouff! I'm out of breath. I wish Beetles had returned with the time-table. I'm off to Civita Vecchia by the next train. Won't stop another night in Rome, if I know it. (*rising*) Only think ! and just as I was getting comfortable too ! My old landlady, Mrs. Beetles, has hired this entire floor for the remainder of the season, merely to have me once more as her lodger. Well, I move my picture, my great picture, (*uncovering picture on easel*) " St. Antony reading his Breviary by the light of a Glowworm," and while I was engaged deep-

ing the shadows, and letting in more light to the glowworm, the shock came ! Chancing to walk out into my balcony, who should I see, standing in the balcony of the house, next door, but that brigand of a count ! I needn't say I was in again, in a minute. After that affair of the well, I decline all further communication. Lucky for me, it was a dry well; though, dry as it was, I might have remained there till now, if Beetles, in spite of the weather, hadn't taken his usual night round : he wouldn't sleep if he missed it, and sat down upon the cover. I had only strength enough to throw up some stones, all of which, by the way came down again. Beetles uncovered the well, and recovered me—first time, at my own request, that I've been taken up by a policeman: he naturally wanted to know what the devil I was down there for ? Policemen are *so* curious. Couldn't betray the lady. I'm sure it wasn't she who put the cover on : so I told I him had been overtaken by the storm, and had gone under for shelter: he didn't seem quite to believe me, but his wife did, she's an angel ! an angel of the pre-Raphaelite school, all the virtues, but, terribly out of drawing. (*kneeling down and continuing to pack*) No more sensations for me ! Back I go to Chelsea : after all, the Thames is better than the Tiber, with a tiger watching on its banks, (*packing*) When Beetles got me back to the hotel, Harvey had left with his patient, for England, thinking I had started by the Malle Post, as I intended. Ah ! (*pausing in his packing, sentimentally*) How I shall enjoy seeing Lucy's pure, fresh, English face again ! I like blondes—yes, I do. I'm sorry to appear partial, but I like blondes—they're so gentle, so quiet. For my part, I'd never give a pair of black eyes to any woman. Some people like fire and spirit; I don't—after the countess. In a domestic point of view, I've no objection to the knife, unless with the usual fork accompaniment. I hate to be startled, (*a knocking at door*) Here's Beetles at last ! (*he continues packing while calls gaily*) Come in, old fellow ! I'm glad to see you back again, (*the door opens slowly, and in stalks the COUNT—JOCELYN speaks very gaily, but still packing hastily and without turning*) Where have you been all this long time ? You can't think how anxious I've been about you. (*continues packing as COUNT advances*) I thought you'd forgotten me.

COUNT. (*who is now standing nearly behind JOCELYN—in a deep, sepulchral voice*) Oh ! no. (*at first sound of the COUNT'S voice, JOCELYN, whose arms are deep in the trunk, seems as*

*one transfixed—his whole expression changes, and, for a moment, he remains staring blankly, at audience like a sphynx.*) We never forget in *our* family. (JOCELYN *springs to his feet, and recoils against easel. The COUNT stands rigid, as usual melo-dramatic and Lara-like*) My presence is unexpected ?

JOCELYN. Yes, slightly so.

COUNT. You are surprised to see me here ?

JOCELYN. Not a bit of it. I've been so much surprised lately that I've no more surprise left: but, if it comes to that; ain't *you* surprised to see *me* here ?

COUNT. We are never surprised in *our* family.

JOCELYN. Oh ! then perhaps, you'll permit me to ask-----

COUNT. (*haughtily*) Nay sir, permit *me* to ask the ——

JOCELYN. (*hastily*) The reason of *your*-----

COUNT. (*cutting in*) Following *me* about.

JOCELYN. I follow *you!* (*laughs*) Well! that's a good joke!

COUNT. (*with a stern significance*) You'll scarcely find it so.

JOCELYN. (*indignantly*) I came here expressly to avoid you. I'm very sorry to hurt your feelings, but I consider you one of the most disagreeable persons I have ever met, and the less I see of you, the better.

COUNT. Business brought me from Vienna to Rome—I am here by pure accident, and yet I meet you-----

JOCELYN. By pure accident, also.

COUNT. (*with crushing dignity*) Sir ! In *our* family-----

JOCELYN. Bother your family ! One member of it, is quite enough at a time.

COUNT. In our family we never permit an impertinence to go unpunished. You have dared, (*with fierceness*) I say, you have dared to lift your eyes to the Countess—to talk to her of love. To my wife!

JOCELYN. Never. I tell you I want to have nothing to do with you, or any of your family.

COUNT. I expected this denial.

JOCELYN. All right! then you're not disappointed. God bless you—good morning.

COUNT. And came prepared for it. Read that note ! (*extends a note of which the seal is broken, JOCELYN hesitates to take it.*) I intercepted it a few minutes ago, on it's way to you.

JOCELYN. To me!

COUNT. Read the address.

JOCELYN. (*who has taken the note*) "Mr. Frank Jocelyn."  
(*offering back note*) Yes, that's my name.

COUNT. (*a burst of passion*) Read!

JOCELYN. Oh ! since *you* wish it. (*reads*) " Devoted, but too indiscreet young man ! why do I find you here ?" (*aside*) I'm getting gradually insane.

COUNT. (*as JOCELYN is about to speak*) Read on, sir.

JOCELYN. (*reads—business of hand to throat*) "The Count's suspicion has now become a certainty."

COUNT. Yes, a *dead* certainty.

JOCELYN. Ah ! not bad, old fellow.

COUNT. Sir! Read on, sir.

JOCELYN. (*reads*) " Remember the abbey well," (*aside*) I'm not likely to forget it in a hurry. (*aloud*) " and be warned in time. Renounce! oh ! renounce my pursuit and forget me—for ever." (*offering back note*) You may tell the lady, I shall make a point of doing so—only-----

COUNT. Only what ?

JOCELYN. If *you would* tell me which part of the world you're likely to turn up in next ?

COUNT. (*fiercely*) This trifling will not serve you. Is not this letter written to you ?

JOCELYN. Apparently so.

COUNT. And the name of the person who wrote it?

JOCELYN. I haven't the ghost of an idea.

COUNT. Enough ! name your weapons!

JOCELYN. (*recoiling*) My what ?

COUNT. Your weapons ? Sword or pistol! The choice is indifferent to me.

JOCELYN. But not to me. I shall choose neither.

COUNT. How, sir!

JOCELYN. Oh, come, this kind of thing won't do I'm not to be bullied into having my throat cut, to please you or anybody else. I've been brought up entirely upon peace principles. I don't believe I ever had a sword in my hand ; and as for a pistol, except a little quiet pigeon shooting at Battersea-----

COUNT. Decide, sir!

JOCELYN. (*firmly*) I have decided.

COUNT. You won't fight ?

JOCELYN. I'll see you----- Most certainly not. Why should I? Now I don't wish to hurry you away, but as I leave Rome-----

COUNT. You leave Rome ?

JOCELYN In a few hours

COUNT. Without giving me an explanation ?

JOCELYN. (*impatiently*) He's evidently deaf ! How can I explain what I don't know ? (*shouting*)

COUNT. Don't shout in *my* ear, sir.

JOCELYN. Oh ! blow your ear.

COUNT. Sir!

JOCELYN. I merely said—Ah I

COUNT. Ah ! Ah ! Ah ! (*very slowly*)

JOCELYN. Well, if you're going through the entire alphabet at that pace, all I can say is, you'd better take a chair.

COUNT. Excuse me, sir, I have another question to ask.

JOCELYN. (*turning away*) I've no time.

COUNT. Your time shall be mine.

JOCELYN. Then let's say this day two years.

COUNT. (*going to chimney-piece on which he leans*) I'm never in a hurry.

JOCELYN. So much the better, we'll say this time forty years—and in the meantime I shall go on packing, (*continues to pack*) A pair of slippers, a sock----- (*the* COUNT, *as he rests his arm on the chimney-piece, touches something—he takes it up mechanically, then with a frantic start, utters a loud cry*) What's the matter now? (*looking up*)

COUNT. (*rushing towards JOCELYN, who is kneeling*) This! is the portrait of my wife.

JOCELYN. (*rising*) The devil! (*aside*) The portrait I found at Chamouni!

COUNT. (*in a rage*) How came it in your possession ?

JOCELYN. How came it what ?

COUNT. How came it in your possession ?

JOCELYN. Don't shout in *my* ear, sir.

COUNT. How ? (*shouting*)

JOCELYN. (*shouting—hesitating*) I—I found it.

COUNT. It is false ! you —— (*in his passion he raises his arm, JOCELYN seizes it as it descends, and thrusts him violently back.*)

JOCELYN. None of that! I was brought up on peace principles, but raise your hand again in that way, and I knock you down, though you were twenty Counts ! What do you mean ? I demand an explanation ?

COUNT. I demand an explanation.

JOCELYN. I've none to give! (*aside*) Can't sell the lady.

COUNT. (*furiously*) Your arms !

JOCELYN. (*raising his arm*) Here !

COUNT. (*stamping*) Ten thousand furies !

JOCELYN. (*warningly*) You'll burst your straps.

COUNT. Sir ! your weapons ?

JOCELYN. Nonsense! listen to reason.

COUNT. Never.

JOCELYN. (*moving resignedly up stage*) Then good morning.

COUNT. (*following*) You've insulted me, and refuse me satisfaction !

JOCELYN. But you won't be satisfied—it's not in your nature.

COUNT. There is but one escape from this difficulty.

JOCELYN. (*eagerly*) Name it.

COUNT. Fight me.

JOCELYN. (*with sudden and desperate determination, buttoning coat, as he speaks*) Damme, I will.

COUNT. (*immediately—icy calm*) Your arms ?

JOCELYN. Oh ! what you like ! pitch-forks—Italian irons—pistols-----

COUNT. (*with strong emphasis*) Ve-ry good.

JOCELYN. Eh ! you're a good shot, I suppose ?

COUNT. (*with satisfied smile*) Tolerable ! (*as he says this, door L. opens, and MRS. BEETLES enters, carrying a lighted candle—in a tone of authority to MRS. BEETLES*) Stand there ! and don't move ! (*he draws a pistol from his pocket and fires—light extinguished, MRS. BEETLES screams and sinks on her knees, still grasping the candlestick convulsively—the comic business here may be rendered very effective—to JOCELYN, who limps with surprise, has sunk back against wall*) That is the way we snuff the candles in our family. In an hour from this I am at your service, (*he bows with ceremonious politeness, and without appearing to notice MRS. BEETLES, who retreats from him on her knees—exits.*)

JOCELYN. Service! Thank you ! (*coming forward*) Why don't you get up, Mrs. Beetles ?

MRS. B. (*rising slowly*) Oh, Mr. Jostling ! It's all very well to say "when you're at Rome, do as the Rumun's do," but such Rum'un as that precious Count-----

JOCELYN. I hope he hasn't hurt you ?

MRS. B. Well, I'm dubious ! I can't say exactly, whether I'm on my 'ead or my 'eels, like them people at the Antipods. If this is what they mean by their "roaming candles," and the way they snuff 'em, you'll have to find another candlestick.

JOCELYN. There's a step on the stairs—he's returning !

MRS. B. Then I'm going. Give me a cheer, Mr. Jostling. I'm a-going off, as sure as a gun.

JOCELYN. Going ! where ?

MRS. B. In a fit—like my poor dear first—he went down all of a heap, (*sinks into chair*) They couldn't bring him to, though they sit on him for nearly an hour afterwards. (*as the door opens, JOCELYN is about, angrily to advance, when MRS. BEETLES springing up, seizes him by the coat-tails*) No, you don't! I'll call for the perlice.

BEETLES *appearing at door, in a stiff, official attitude.*

BEETLES. What's the matter here ?

MRS. B. (*releasing coat-tails*) Why, it's my Beetles !

BEETLES. Yes, it's me ! somebody threatened to call the perlice ! (*aside*) Could he have been making love to Mrs. Beetles?

JOCELYN. Did you meet anybody on the stairs ?

BEETLES. Several ! one, a most unpleasant looking party.

MRS. B. That's him !

BEETLES. A party as I thought, had crossed my beat afore—but before I could remember my recollections, he was gone.

MRS. B. Ah ! these foreigners! but await till I get 'em in our resterrong and I'll have my revenge. I knows my strength, and 'bides my time. I haven't kept a lodgin' 'ouse for nothink.

JOCELYN. My good Mrs. Beetles, I wish to have a few words with your husband—in private.

MRS. B. With all my 'cart! He's not much of a talker is Beetles, but he'll do his dooty, though in a foreign land, as my first woom, (*whom*) I think I mentioned was a beadle used frequently to say—dooty's a thing that calls on us to make many sacrifices, and *he* never missed a sermon.

JOCELYN. (*impatiently*) I have something to confide to Mr. Beetles.

MRS. B. And you may trust him, Mr. Jostling—he's not one of your specious constables, as is nothink but a stick and staff. My Beetles has worn Her Majesty's uniform, and was proud to wear it.

JOCELYN. (*aside to BEETLES*) Get rid of your wife.

BEETLES. (*aside to JOCELYN*) Move her on ! all right! (*to MRS. BEETLES*) There's a letter for you, on the table downstairs, (*aside to JOCELYN*) Which is truth?

MRS. B. A letter ! from woom ? (*whom*)

BEETLES. England. It's been lying at the post resterrong these three weeks—they found it, I suppose, by accident.

MRS. B. Oh ! it's like 'em! these Rum'uns ! Wait till I get some of 'em in Leicester-square, (*turns to JOCELYN, who is fretting with impatience*) Yes, Mr. Jostling, you may trust Beetles, he's for all the world like my second, which was the hornamental barber, and *he* never told a lie—except in way of business.

JOCELYN. But you're forgetting your letter, Mrs. Beetles.

MRS. B. For a moment, which after it's being forgotten three weeks, I may be excused, (*aside*) Something's up, or they wouldn't be so anxious to get rid of me. (*aloud*) You may trust Beetles, Mr. Jocelyn, he'll not disgrace the corpse he once belonged to. (*aside as she goes out*) But I'll keep my eye on both of you, and also, on that party next door—foreigner, or no foreigner—men don't snuff candles with pistols for nothing. (*Exit—JOCELYN advancing to the surprised, but ever rigid, BEETLES addresses him, impressively*)

JOCELYN. Mr. Beetles, I ask you as a man, and an Englishman, if a person, a most offensive, and emphatically disagreeable person, persisted in standing continually in your way, what would you do ?

BEETLES. Move him on.

JOCELYN. And if he wouldn't move on ?

BEETLES. Knock him down.

JOCELYN. But afterwards ?

BEETLES. Take him up.

JOCELYN. But if a foreigner challenged you to fight him, what then ?

BEETLES. I'd tell him to come on (*contemptuously*) with his friends.

JOCELYN. (*lowering his voice, and approaching closer to BEETLES*) There is a person, lodging next door, on the same floor as this

BEETLES. A Woman—in Mauve-----

JOCELYN. (*surprised*) You've seen her ?

BEETLES. In the balcony to the contagious house: she was signalling to me, as I crossed the streets.

JOCELYN. You went up ?

BEETLES. (*with shocked dignity*) And Mrs. Beetles !

JOCELYN. Quite right, Mrs. Beetles, I forgot----- Well, the husband of this Woman in Mauve, the same person you met on the stairs, has grossly insulted me ! To refuse his challenge, would be an act of cowardice. In short, I have consented to fight him. Now, I want you, as the only reliable friend I have in Rome, to do me a great service.

BEETLES. (*briskly*) Fight him for you ? I'm your man.

JOCELYN. (*laughing*) Not exactly! the weapons selected are pistols.

BEETLES. (*recoiling*) Phew !

JOCELYN. (*more seriously*) I'm a bad shot—he is a good one—the chances are against me.

BEETLES. (*with intense gravity*) Dead !

JOCELYN. So I think. It is for that I wished to speak to you alone. Should I fall. You will find in a paper I am now about to write a few instructions. My pictures and books will go to Mr. Harvey ; my other personal property together with a miniature, a locket, and—and—a packet of letters (*he pauses a moment, as overcoming his emotion*) to Miss Lucy Harvey.

BEETLES. You may depend upon me, sir, but hang it! can't something be arranged ? Couldn't you buy him off ?

JOCELYN. What!

BEETLES. Square it somehow. (JOCELYN *shakes his head*) An explanation.

JOCELYN. That's just what I can't get.

BEETLES. But what's down in the charge sheet?

JOCELYN. That's just what I don't know, (*determinedly*) There's only one course left me to rid myself of this persecution.

BEETLES. Cut and run ?

JOCELYN. To accept his challenge and trust the rest to hazard. He will return in about half-an-hour. If you will kindly rest for a short time in this inner room, while I write my necessary instructions, I shall be obliged to you. You'll find an English newspaper and some cigars on the table, (*as he opens the door L. he offers his hand to BEETLES, who shakes it heartily*) I shall never forget your kindness and your wife's.

BEETLES. (*much moved*) Don't mention it, sir, don't mention it! (*aside, as he enters room L.*) If I was only in a civilized country, I'd give 'em both in charge. (*Exit L.*)

JOCELYN. (*coming down stage*) Well. I'm in for it! and this I suppose, will be my last sensation ! What on earth, made me first mix myself up in this most mysterious business? Had I refused to listen to her, on that fatal night! but then, she would talk—, or not have given up the key—but then she took it—besides, what was that business in the garden ? No business of mine, that's true, but then a female in distress ! (T. P. COOKE'S *manner*) "The man who would refuse &c, &c. " Ah ! we know all about

that! the fact is, my mind's shattered, and I've no time to collect the pieces ! When that extraordinary personage, first took possession of my apartments, why didn't I take a lesson from Mrs. Beetles, "satisfactory references given and required." Some women are like cracker bon-bons, their sweetness is always enveloped in an enigma. The Countess is one of them ; she defies guessing, and I give her up—I wish I could ! (*walking stage*) And to think of my benefactor, the respectable Mr. Smith, turning out to be, what Mrs. Beetles calls, a mere *valet-de-sham!* it's awful! positively awful! Then his master, the Count, he *will* fight, and won't hear of an apology ! Apology for what ? There we go again ! whichever way I turn, there's a cloud, and a mystery. Everybody takes the form of a Note of Interrogation ! All have a query, and no one an answer. And my picture too. (*standing a moment before the easel*) That Glow-worm, whose light I fondly hoped would illuminate my name on the page of posterity, to be nipped in my bud, cut off in my flower, and tripped up on the threshold of popularity ! It's too bad! I won't stand it. (*sinking into chair*) I can't. (*He leans elbows on table covering his face with his hands as he does so—a figure muffled closely from, head to foot in a black cloak, appears in balcony and enters room stealthily, It glides towards JOCELYN and when close to him, coughs softly to attract his attention—sensation music to accompany this entrance. JOCELYN springing to his feet turns and recoils in alarm—the figure remains shrouded and immovable.*)

JOCELYN. Who are you ? (*glances at door—it is shut*) How did you come in ? (*figure dropping mantle and discovering the face of PETERS.*)

PETERS. Through the window.

JOCELYN. (*falling into chair quite overcome*) How will all this end ?

PETERS. I prefer the door as much more convenient, but the Count has some one on the watch.

JOCELYN. (*rising angrily*) Your business ?

PETERS. A letter from the Countess, (*he offers one to JOCELYN, who starts back, as from a snake.*)

JOCELYN. Take it back with my compliments, and say that I'm an artist, and not a man of letters.

PETERS. I'll leave it on the table.

JOCELYN. (*hurriedly interposing*) No, you don't.

PETERS. I shall lose my place !

JOCELYN. Lucky devil !

PETERS. (*following him, holding out letter as he moves up stage*) For my sake.

JOCELYN. (*turning angrily*) Mr. Smith !

PETERS. Peters.

JOCELYN. Mr. Peters, or Mr. Smith, let us understand each other. You commissioned a work of Art, from me—you paid for it—that work of art is finished, (*taking attitude, and pointing grandly to easel.*) It is there ! It belongs to you.

PETERS. I don't want it.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) That's flattering, (*aloud*) What do you want ?

PETERS. (*following him, as he moves down stage*) I want you to read this letter!

JOCELYN. (*snatching it*) Since you are so pressing, (*breaks seal, and reads*) " Will you meet me ? " (*stopping abruptly*) *De-cidedly not!* (*He glances at PETERS, whose head is turned another way, and crumpling up note, throws it into fire-place . then, going to table writes hurriedly, on a slip of paper.*) " Most decidedly not." (*to PETERS*) Mr Smith.

PETERS. Peters.

JOCELYN. Mr. Peter Smith, here is my answer, (*gives paper*) And, the next time you enter my room by the window, you shall take a sensation "header" out of it. Permit me, this time, to show you the door ! (*PETERS has approached the door. He starts back with gesture and face of alarm.*)

PETERS. A step ! That's the Count's foot, (*giving rapid rub, to lower part of back*) I know it! (*in much agitation*) He must not find me here.

JOCELYN. (*with equal agitation, and pushing PETERS towards window*) Certainly not! and listen to me Mr. Smith.

PETERS. (*on threshold of window, turning*) Peters.

JOCELYN. You're not my servant, but I give you warning, here, on the spot—don't come again.

PETERS, (*emphatically*) I won't, (*he exits by balcony—* JOCELYN *rapidly opens folds of screen, so as partially to hide window, then turns, confusedly, but with an effort at composure to face COUNT who enters, carrying under his arm a mahogany box. The COUNT, with his usual icy politeness advances to table and bows to JOCELYN.*)

COUNT. I await your orders.

JOCELYN. (*agonised—aside*) My orders ! I know what *they* would be, if I had my way ! however, needs must, I suppose, when— (*glancing at COUNT, who is unlocking pistol-case*) some one drives.

COUNT. (*very polite*) Are you ready ?

JOCELYN. (*curtly*) No ! I've a letter to write.

COUNT. Pray write it! we've plenty of time, the place I've selected, is only a stone's throw from here.

JOCELYN. Have you tried it ?

COUNT. (*takes box to the chimney-piece*) In the meanwhile, I'll load the arms in your presence.

JOCELYN. Thank you! (*seating himself at table*) My head's in a whirl! (*takes up pen and begins to write*) My own, dear Lucy—I—I—(*throwing down pen*) I won't put up with it! (*rising*) Sir !

COUNT. (*who has finished loading one pistol*) One! (*handing it to JOCELYN with a bow*) You'll see I have forgotten nothing.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) Not even the bullet! (*aloud*) I have something to say.

COUNT. (*urbanely*) Say it—while I load the other.

JOCELYN. Before we proceed to this most----- I have no hesitation in confessing, to me, most painful extremity. I insist upon a last word.

COUNT. (*loading, and with much sang froid*) As I intend it *shall* be your last, I have no objection to offer—proceed.

JOCELYN. (*with manly earnestness*) I assure you, upon my honour, I never loved, in fact, I may say, I never liked the Countess. I have only spoken to her twice in my life. I am ignorant even of her name ; and so far from harbouring designs upon your peace of mind, it is *she* and *you*, who have utterly destroyed mine. (COUNT *dropping the bullet on the floor*) Don't bother yourself about picking it up. I can get on, just as well without it.

COUNT. I have another in my case, sir.

JOCELYN. I wish you'd got it in your liver.

COUNT. Well, sir, this portrait ?

JOCELYN. I found it in the hotel at Chamouni.

COUNT. (*with cold irony*) And the letter—I beg your pardon, but I want a bit of wadding, (*bus*) Ah ! this will do. (*stoops, and picks up crumpled note.*)

JOCELYN. (*not perceiving the COUNT'S action*) That letter you brought yourself—but-----

COUNT. (*in a voice of thunder*) But *this!* this, which I hold in my hand! this, which I have just found on your hearth ! Was this, also, brought by me ?

JOCELYN. (*utterly upset*) That! that! Oh, that.

COUNT. (*who sees his confusion*) Explain.

JOCELYN. (*with a desperate kind of resignation*) I can't.

(*with growing indignation*) And if it comes to that, I should like to know, *who* you are, to dare to address me thus ? (*wildly.*)

COUNT. Enough, take your position—here, here, on this spot we fight.

JOCELYN. What—here ?

COUNT. (*ramming letter fiercely into pistol*) This *second* letter shall be delivered by *me!* Place yourself where you please, I am indifferent to distance.

JOCELYN. Thank you! Then, as it's all the same to you, I'll place myself on the other side of the door, (*going*)

COUNT. You are afraid!

JOCELYN. In a confined space, yes. In such matters, my ideas are (*throwing wide arms*) unlimited.

COUNT. (*furiously*) You'll not fight ?

JOCELYN. I object to the room, or, rather, the want of room.

COUNT. (*grandly*) You have had choice of arms. I now give you choice of place.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) I've a good mind to mention Chelsea.

COUNT. So that it's a few minutes walk from here.

JOCELYN. Well, suppose we say Trajan's Column ; you on the top, and I at the-----

COUNT. This is trifling ! (*movement with pistol.*)

JOCELYN. Stop! stop ! Even an Englishman, can't be expected to run through Rome in a minute. Ah ! I have it; as all this must come to a *denouement*, let it be according to rule, (*with dignity*) We want moonlight and *ruins*. I will meet you in the Coliseum, (*aside*) And I only wish it was the one in Regent's Park.

COUNT. The Coliseum ! (*aside*) He's mad.

JOCELYN. The Coliseum, (*aside, with wink at the audience*) There's nothing like a circus, for a *run*.

COUNT. Be it so. It will not be the first time my ancestors have been victors in that arena.

JOCELYN. (*aside*) Prize-fighters! I thought as much. What a family !

COUNT. Follow me. (*at door.*)

JOCELYN. In a few minutes I'll be with you.

COUNT. (*with intense meaning*) We'll go together, (*they pause at door.*)

JOCELYN. (*drawing back politely*) After you!

COUNT. (*ditto*) No—after you.

JOCELYN. (*still drawing back*) I couldn't think of such a thing.

COUNT. Nor I.

JOCELYN. (*with a desperate resignation, and taking COUNT'S proffered arm*) Ah! (*aside, as they go out*) This is a civil war with a vengeance, (*as door closes on them, a groan is heard—the screen falls with a crash, and the COUNTESS, who has entered by balcony, is discovered, leaning half fainting against wall—she is exquisitely dressed in mauve.*)

COUNTESS. (*passing hand over forehead, as if to collect her scattered senses*) Gone ! and I came to explain all. (*advancing slowly*) When will this misery end! (MRS. BEETLES *heard off stage, L.*)

MRS. B. Perlice! perlice! (*door bursts open, and MRS. BEETLES enters, blindly, in comic disorder—her bonnet crushed over her face*) Perlice! (BEETLES *bursts open door, R.*)

BEETLES. Here ! (*astonished*) What's up, Mrs. Beetles ?

MRS. B. Up! Down you mean! (*rubbing head*) A whole flight o' stairs!

COUNTESS. (*advancing rapidly between them—both BEETLES and his wife start as they see her, she grasps the wrist of each, and with tragic earnestness*) Fly ! let us fly to save them.

MRS. B. Well, I'm sure ! How did you come here?

COUNTESS. By the balcony, but ask no questions, (*releasing them and clasping her hands*) They are two desperate men.

MRS. B. You may well say that! Fust, the precious Count takes a leap frog over me, then comes Mr. Jostling, full drive, and sends me, like a skittle ball, to the bottom !

BEETLES. What is the matter !

COUNTESS. }

and } Murder's the matter!

MRS. B. }

BEETLES. (*recoiling*) Eh! what? who's the party ?

COUNTESS. The Count!

MRS. B. Mr. Jostling!

BEETLES. But which on 'em's a murderin' the t'other !

COUNTESS. Both! (*quick movement to door*) We may yet be in time to save them, (*she exits with tragic gesture.*)

MRS. B. (*following*) Oh! Beetles! here's a state of things this furriner a-robbin' me of my fust floor !

BEETLES. Move on! move on ! (*with feeling*) My heart's off its beat already, (*they exeunt each with characteristic gesture—the backing sinks, with screen, and the studio is drawn off, discovering a magnificent set scene.*)

SCENE SECOND.—*Ruins of Coliseum, by moonlight—the COUNT, more gloomily stern than ever, is pacing to and fro.*

COUNT. (*pausing and stamping foot*) He comes not! can it be that he has escaped me? When he left me suddenly, after tumbling over that old woman on the stairs, he said he would return in five minutes. Ha! (*looking off*) I see the figure of a man slowly approaching—very slowly. 'Tis he! (JOCELYN *appears among the ruins at the back, he is armed at all points, and carries a six-barrel revolver in each hand*) This way. (*ready with pistol.*)

JOCELYN. (*advancing*) Thank you. I should have been here before, but I was looking up my arms.

COUNT. Eh?

JOCELYN. I chose pistols, and— (*showing revolvers*) in our family they never use any others; and the usages of one's family must be respected.

COUNT. Certainly, but I don't perceive the necessity-----

JOCELYN. No! but I do. We fight Yankee fashion—fire and dodge, (*aside*) That's why I chose the ruins.

COUNT. (*indignantly*) Dodge!

JOCELYN. Oh! if you're too proud, I'm not. (*aside*) If the worst comes to the worst, I might even stoop to skedaddle.

COUNT. (*with urbane resignation, and taking revolver*) Each has his own views as to the manner of fighting.

JOCELYN. Exactly, (*aside*) And distance lends an enchantment to mine, (*aloud*) It's the simplest thing in the world. You go and place yourself (*with wide sweep of arm*) where you like—say, on the other side of this building, behind a statue—flower-pot—wall, or something of that sort, and then we blaze away the moment we see each other.

COUNT. Agreed! (*stalking to side, turns*) I will give you yet a chance.

JOCELYN. (*eagerly*) You're very kind—out with it.

COUNT. You refuse all explanation?

JOCELYN. (*desperately*) A fellow *can't* explain what he don't know.

COUNT. Enough! you have a watch?

JOCELYN. A foreign one, it loses half-an-hour every twenty minutes.

COUNT. I give you three minutes only, then—I fire.

(*Exit* COUNT, L.)

JOCELYN. This is a position! (*looking about him*) and one I don't mean to occupy long, (*moving about—comic business*)

*as if each moment expecting a shot from the COUNT*) Here's a wall! and a thick one ! three feet at least! In this case, a stone fortification is better than an earth-work, (*with significant movement of thumb downwards*) Now, let's take a survey ! *crouching down, and peeping through chink in wall*) Why, what the devil is he about ? He is not hiding ! extraordinary being ! Well, I can't shoot him like that. (*looking at pistol*) I've half a mind to withdraw the charge, as Beetles would say. Why doesn't he move on—I mean move off ? I wonder whether he's really in earnest ? I'll try him. (*picking up a dried branch from the ground, he puts his hat upon it, and slowly elevates it above wall—report of a pistol heard—the hat is blown completely away, and JOCELYN falls back upon ground*) There's no mistake about that! (*rising on knees, and peeping*) By Jupiter, here he comes ! like a madman. He *must* be mad to think I'm going to wait for him. (*goes off rapidly on hands and knees, R., as COUNT, out of breath, appears hastily on L.*)

COUNT. My vengeance is accomplished! he is ! Ha! (*staggers back with an exclamation of surprise as JOCELYN re-appears up stage, climbing with ludicrous, yet dangerous precipitation, a tall, and towering portion of ruins—some of the steps go down with a crash as he ascends*) Stop ! stop, sir!

JOCELYN. Certainly not! (*by a violent effort he gains the summit in safety*) Don't fire ! (*dodging about wildly on top of ruins*) It's my turn! (*he levels at COUNT, and as he does so takes a step backwards which brings him to the very edge of the ruin—small, loose stones, crumble away, under his feet, then a larger one, and he falls, firing pistol as he descends—he makes a frantic effort to save himself, but fails, and turning over in the air, disappears beneath stage as in a chasm of ruins—the COUNT, who has sprung upon a lower portion of the ruins, opposite side, levels again,\* but in leaning forward, loses his foot hold, and also disappears, while at the same moment, the COUNTESS rushing on, with a piercing scream, exclaims*

COUNTESS. Gone! both gone! (*sinks fainting in picturesque attitude—MRS. BEETLES'S voice heard off stage.*)

MRS. B. Stop'em! stop 'em! some one----- (MRS. BEETLES

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NOTE.—I most emphatically recommend, not too many pistol-shots. I am convinced that a continued bang banging distresses, and annoys the better part of an audience. The Count has had his shot, and Jocelyn has just had his. Quite enough "reporting" even if the duellists had been both M.P.'s.—W. P.

*appears in c. as rising from behind portion of ruins, which she mounts—the scene is now further illuminated at several points by the joyful glare of torches—MRS. BEETLES frantically gesticulating with umbrella, as directing movement off stage) Take 'em both up! take 'em both up! I give 'em in charge! Beetles, take 'em up! (speaking as she comes down stage) They'd never believe all this, at Chelsea, (growing confusion off stage—voices, &c, as MRS. BEETLES comes down stage, L., she is met by a miscellaneous crowd, carrying the COUNT—at the same time the COUNTESS rising to her feet, R. is confronted by a similar crowd carrying JOCELYN, on a stretcher.)*

COUNTESS. (R. frantically, as addressing JOCELYN) Where is my husband ?

MRS. B. (L. same business with COUNT) Where is my first floor?

COUNT. } (rising at the same time) Here! (both descend,  
and } and come forward—as they approach each  
JOCELYN. } other, the COUNTESS comes between.)

COUNT. The Countess!

JOCELYN. The Woman in Mauve!

COUNTESS. I am here to explain all.

COUNT. You are here to protect your lover, madam !

COUNTESS. Sir! you are my husband; but, even that title gives you no privilege to insult me !

JOCELYN. (applauding) One for you, old fellow!

COUNT. (shouts) Sir!

JOCELYN. Don't shout in my ear! Oh ! we don't want to interfere, (about to follow MRS. BEETLES, who, beckoning him off at side L.—exits) I'll leave you together, to chat it over, (as he is about to follow MRS. BEETLES, COUNTESS arrests him by the coat-tails.)

COUNTESS. Stay ! you must hear my story, (they come down a little towards foot-lights—the Italian mob [this mob should be very picturesque to dress scene ] move up stage, and gradually disperse—lights, however, appearing from time to time, in order to keep up an animated back ground) Before meeting the Count, my hand was promised to another.

JOCELYN. Why not have kept your promise ? In your place I should.

COUNT. Don't interrupt.

JOCELYN. All right. Don't get excited again! (to COUNTESS) Go on ma'am, pray.

COUNTESS. Yes ! I was loved once fondly ! wildly! madly !

frantically ! loved by one, who, had he had the world at his command would have laid it at my feet—but he hadn't! quite the contrary, he was poor, and had but his life to offer, (*she covers her face with her hands.*)

COUNT. (*impatiently*) Madam!

COUNTESS, (*raising her head and speaking in a firm, clear voice*) That life he sacrificed for me.

COUNT. You speak of the young French Lieutenant Felix Ferville. He at least has no part in *this* business.

COUNTESS. You are mistaken. I will explain all.

COUNT. (*sternly*) Speak !

JOCELYN. (*appealingly*) How *can* she if you interrupt her?

COUNT. (*to JOCELYN*) Be silent!

JOCELYN. Certainly I have no wish to speak.

COUNTESS. Before I met the Count, I was promised in marriage, as you know, to Lieutenant Ferville, and it was only when the news arrived that his ship was lost off the African coast that I consented to listen to your suit.

JOCELYN. Conduct which (*glancing at the COUNT*) every well regulated mind must approve.

COUNTESS. We were married and the name—your name which I consented to bear—I have kept unstained, pure, without spot.

COUNT. Can I believe this ?

JOCELYN. (*earnestly*) Do!

COUNTESS. One night last summer we were at home in Chelsea—you were, as I thought, in your study. I was alone, when, by an unknown hand I received a letter. It was in the handwriting of Ferville. The sea had rendered up its prey and Felix lived !

COUNT. Malediction ! (*raising pistol.*)

JOCELYN. (*quickly placing hand on his arm*) Don't interrupt!

COUNTESS. That letter contained these words, " I have climbed the fence and am now in the gardens beneath your window. You are another's ! My life is now valueless to me ! As the ninth hour strikes that life will have ended for ever ! I glanced at the clock—it wanted but ten minutes of the fatal hour! I rushed to your room but you had quitted the house with the key of the garden door in your pocket. There was no time for reflection.

JOCELYN. (*aside to audience*) There never is.

COUNTESS. I determined at all hazards to prevent the rash act—the next house had also a door opening into the

gardens. I flew down the stairs and into the street—a slipshod girl was leaving the house with a large key and a jug in her hand.

JOCELYN. (*much excited*) Yes! yes! the nine o'clock beer.

COUNTESS. She had left the door open.

JOCELYN. She always does.

COUNTESS. I entered. I ascended the stairs; as I before said, there was no time for reflection—at my entreaty this gentleman nobly accompanied me to the gardens. I arrived! he arrived! we arrived!

JOCELYN. (*aside*) It's like Lindley Murray.

COUNTESS. Too late! too late! (*she sinks into a chair overcome by emotion.*)

JOCELYN. (*turning triumphantly to COUNT.*) Are you satisfied?

COUNT. (*radiant with joy*) Perfectly? (*aside as he X's to COUNTESS*) He's dead, (*aloud and with a momentary return of his former suspicion*) But why was not this explanation mane to me before?

JOCELYN. Your hasty temper.

COUNT. True! Temper has ever been the curse of our family.

JOCELYN. (*aside to COUNTESS*) But how did you vanish so mysteriously from my room?

COUNTESS. (*ditto to JOCELYN*) You forget—your house, like mine, had a balcony.

JOCELYN. Ah! (*aside*) My next shall be both back and front, as flat as a pancake.

COUNT. (*to JOCELYN, offering hand*) Sir, I have wronged you.

JOCELYN. (*shaking it*) You have.

COUNT. That wrong shall be remedied, (*urbanely*) You may stay in Rome.

JOCELYN. Thank you! I'd rather not. I prefer Chelsea.

MRS. B. (*entering L.*) An' werry right! if ever you get Mary h'Ann Beetles out of England agin, further than Margate, you may shut up the Rester-rong and make a furriner of her, if you *can*.

JOCELYN. Mrs. Beetles.

MRS. B. Oh! bless you! I know I'm intruding but I've brought my excuse along with me (*going to door*) and here it is, a h'out an' h'outer.

*Enter LUCY, L, on the arm of her brother LANCELOT HARVEY—both in travelling costume. LUCY'S should be a very graceful one.*

JOCELYN. Lucy! What my Lucy! Am I dreaming ? *(taking her hand and raising it to his lips)* If so, don't wake me for an hour or two.

HARV. *(advancing)* Yes, here we are! Lucy insisted upon a trip this winter and knowing you were here, I thought, or at any rate she thought, we could not spend it in better company than yours. We wrote privately to Mrs. Beetles meaning to give you a surprise, but she tells us our letter only arrived an hour ago. *(placing hand on JOCELYN'S shoulder)* I've some news for you also.

JOCELYN. For me ?

HARV. Concerning what we called the " Chelsea Sensation"--I mean about the young French Lieutenant.

COUNTESS. }

*and*

JOCELYN. }

*(speaking)* Felix Ferville!

COUNT. *(solemnly)* Who blew his brains out in the garden.

HARV. *(laughing)* Quite the contrary, *(general start)* He blew them in.

COUNT. *(drawing away from COUNTESS)* He lives !

COUNTESS. *(ditto from COUNT)* He lives!

HARV. And is likely to do so. It appears he loved some lady who had jilted him, and so felt inclined to make a fool of himself, but Slasher—*(to JOCELYN)*—you know Slasher of St. George's—cured his wound, it was but a slight one, or rather, in point of fact *(laughing)* the wound cured the patient.

COUNTESS *(with irritation)* How so ?

HARV. Since his recovery, he has wooed, won, and wedded a charming English girl, a schoolfellow of Lucy's, we were at the wedding breakfast.

COUNT. Married! *(taking COUNTESS'S hand and raising it to his lips)* I am satisfied.

COUNTESS. *(aside, in a tone of spiteful resignation)* Oh ! these men !

MRS. B. But where's my Beetles ?

*Enter BEETLES, R.*

BEETLES. *(a la Lagadere)* I am here !

MRS B. And so you are *(with half curtesy, and gesture)*

*introducing him to company*) a retired officer and my third wentur. (BEETLES *salutes company policeman fashion*) My first, and second were the best, of men, but Beetles is a better, (*affectionately*) He's a model.

JOCELYN. (*gaily*) What! before he's in the mould. (ALL *laugh.*)

COUNT. (*with extreme politeness to JOCELYN and LUCY*) Let me hope that during your stay you will permit the Countess and myself to take our part in introducing you to the lions of this-----

HARV. (*with half shrug*) Eternal city.

JOCELYN. (*hastily*) Thank you! thank you! I'm much obliged but----- (*he hesitates, and looks doubtfully from COUNT to COUNTESS*) We'd rather do it on the quiet, besides in case of difficulty, if I must avail myself of anybody's kindness, (*looking towards audience*) I've a wide circle of friends who won't desert me I'm sure—(*speaking as he advances to foot-lights*) And really I've had so many unpleasant sensations, that if, just among yourselves, you could manage me a pleasant one. (*clapping hands softly*) Something in the old way you know, I'll remember it gratefully, I will indeed, (*advancing quite to footlights, and throwing out arms with enthusiasm*) to the last days of my life!

**Curtain,**