

CLARISSA HARLOWE,

A Tragic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY

T. H. LACY AND JOHN COURTNEY.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the Princess's Theatre, London, on Monday, September 28, 1846; at the City Theatre (under the management of Mr. R. Honner) on Monday, October 5, 1846, A New Tragic Drama, in Four Acts (from the French), founded on Richardson's celebrated novel, and entitled

C L A R I S S A H A R L O W E

The Music by Mr. MINGAYE.

The Machinery by Mr. T. CAWDERY.

The Scenery by Mr. ROBERTS, Mr. MORELLI, and Assistants,
The Dresses by Mr. CANTOR.

The Properties and Appointments by Mr. PURVIS.

ACT 1.—THE HARLOWE FAMILY.

MR. HARLOWE . . .	MR. E. GREEN.	CAPTAIN HARLOWE . . .	MR. CRAVEN.
JACOB . . .	MR. CORENO.	LOVELACE . . .	MR. J. WEBSTER.
MRS. HARLOWE . . .	MISS COOKE.	ARABELLA HARLOWE . . .	MISS HARCOURT.
CLARISSA HARLOWE . . .	MRS. R. HONNER.	LUCY . . .	MISS M. A. EGAN.

Apartment in the House of Mr. Harlowe, in the Vicinity of Hampton.

The Servant's Integrity—the Secret Door and Duplicate Keys—How to balance an Account honestly and keep a clear conscience.

THE FAMILY INTERVIEW.

DISCOVERY OF FORMER LOVE.

The Proposal—Clarissa's Rejection—The Suppliant Lover—Pride, Love, and Duty—The Unwilling Consent—Force of Passion—Success of the Rake's Design—The Victim ensnared.

ACT 2.—THE LIBERTINE'S PLOT.

LOVELACE

MR. J. WEBSTER.

PATRICK MACDONALD, { (assuming the title of Captain Tomkinson, a broken Gamester, and Man upon Town. } MR. LYON.

TOURVILLE, }
BELFORD, }
MOWBRAY, and }
BELTON, }

Men of Fashion and Intimates of Lovelace.

MR. HAYES.
MR. EDWARDS,
MR. COOPER, and
MR. BOLOGNA.

LUCY . . . ROBERT,
Miss A. EGAN.

(Servant to Lovelace)

CLARISSA HARLOWE

MR. HENRY. Mrs. R. HONNER.

FASHIONABLE APARTMENTS IN THE HOUSE OF MRS. SINCLAIR, HIRED FOR THE RECEPTION OF CLARISSA.

The Rake's Confession—London Life—A Man suited to any office—Instructions for the course of an Honourable Man—Further Plot upon the Honour of Clarissa—The Foster Sister—The Rencontre.

Conflagration of a Portion of the House by the Villainy of Lovelace.

The Attempted Escape—Peril of Clarissa—The Strength of Virtue—Clarissa's Rescive—The Sentence—The Sleeping Draught—The Somnambulist—The Libertine's Triumph.

ACT 3.—THE VICTIM'S RETREAT.

MR. HARLOWE	MR. E. GREEN.	CAPTAIN HARLOWE	MR. CRAVEN.
MORDAUNT	(<i>Uncle to Clarissa</i>)	MR. MORELLI.	
MR. SMITH	MR. J. WEBSTER.	MR. ERSSER JONES.	
LOVELACE	MISS BENNETT.	PATRICK MACDONALD, (<i>the Reformed Roue</i>)	MR. LYON.
MRS. SMITH	MRS. HARLOWE	ARABELLA HARLOWE	MISS HARCOURT.
MRS. HARLOWE	CLARISSA HARLOWE	LUCY	MISS M. A. EGAN.
			MRS. R. HONNER.

INTERIOR OF THE SHOP OF MR. SMITH, MERCER.

Philanthropy and Philosophy—The Friend in Need—The Invalid, Cousin Smith—The Value of a Laugh—The Reformed Roue—The Story.

CLARISSA'S HOME,

MEETING WITH HER PROTECTOR. . . . THE RAKE'S PURSUIT.

Loss of Reason—Arrival of the Family—Forgiveness too Late.

The Hand of Death upon the Betrayed and the Betrayer.

(*Mr. Lacy's Second List.*)

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A lone pavilion at the extremity of Mr. Harlowe's park. Folding doors at back, in c. L. 3 E., a door communicating with Clarissa's chamber—R. u. E., another door leading to the park. Small table, L., with small chairs. Music, Allegro. As the curtain rises, JACOB is discovered standing at the secret door R., as if talking to some one without.*

JACOB. That's right, take the right hand path, through the park, then down the poplar walk yonder, turn to the left, and you'll see the little door in the wall, just under your nose. 'Tis scarce daylight yet, there's little fear of your meeting anybody—eh? what? yes! I forgot the principal part of the business. Here's the key. *(takes key from his pocket, and going half off, appears to give it to the person without, then returns)* Thank ye, sir. *(looks at money in his hand)* Three guineas! *(calls after the person)* You may rely upon my good offices, sir, depend upon it. He's off! Now, let me see—let's call the roll, *(takes out of his right hand pocket several guineas)* Four, eight, twelve, fifteen guineas, received by the right hand, and deposited in my right hand exchequer; so stands the credit side of the Account of Devotion, opened by Robert Lovelace, Esq. Now let's pass over to the other side, *(takes money out of L. pocket, and counts it)* Received by the left hand, and deposited in the left pocket. Three, six, nine, twelve guineas! 'Pon my life, Captain Harlowe, I'm very sorry for you, but you are three guineas behind-hand, and consequently, I'm obliged to moderate my devotion to t h

left, and like better men than myself, transfer my interest to the more *interesting* side of the question, (*noise of a key heard in the lock of door at back*) Some one comes ! the Captain, no doubt. Look sharp, Jacob! (*throws himself into an arm chair, L., and pretends to be sleeping*) If he comes to re-establish the balance of my devotion, in the shape of a few more guineas, I'm his man!

Enter CAPTAIN HARLOWE, C. D., *he goes to door, L., and listens.*

JACOB. (*aside*) I must make you pay for peeping, my friend.

CAPTAIN H. (*goes to JACOB, and taps him on the shoulder*) Hist! Jacob! Jacob!

JACOB. (*feigning to awake*) Eh? what? (*gapes*) Who's there? Oh, it is-----

CAPTAIN H. I see you obeyed my orders, Jacob, and have passed the night in the parlour here.

JACOB. True to my word, Captain. You told me not to quit it, and here I am.

CAPTAIN H. That's well. You see, Jacob, I have very little confidence in locks; to break open doors, and fabricate false keys, would be a mere bagatelle with the scoundrel against whose designs I am guarding the honour of our family.

JACOB. (*with affected interest*) What a horrible scoundrel he must be, sir! A perfect demon!

CAPTAIN H. Therefore, when my father willed that this lone pavilion, at the extremity of the park here, should serve as a place of confinement for her I will not even name, I deemed it best to have a guard posted here, both day and night. I chose you, Jacob, for that office, and I think I have chosen well.

JACOB. (*bowing*) Sir, I flatter myself you could not have chosen better.

CAPTAIN H. Any news?

JACOB. None, sir.

CAPTAIN H. Have you made your rounds about the park?

JACOB. Yes, sir, all right.

CAPTAIN H. And nobody?

JACOB. Nobody.

CAPTAIN H. Did you look into the hollow tree where they deposit their loving correspondence?

JACOB. Into every crevice, and not even the shadow of a letter.

CAPTAIN H. Did you reconnoitre carefully without the park wall?

JACOB. I took a *circuitous* circuit twice round, sir.

CAPTAIN H. Good.

JACOB. (*with affected timidity*) Hem! I beg your pardon, Captain Harlowe, I have executed your orders most faithfully, but they say the person against whom we are taking all these precautions has left this part of the country.

CAPTAIN. I know it; still, he has, doubtless, left some secret agent behind, some villain in his interest. (JACOB *looks uneasy*) We must, therefore, be upon our guard. Give me the key of the secret door.

JACOB. Here it is, sir. (*x's and gives key to Captain, CAPTAIN takes key, goes a step or two towards the door in angle, R., his eye falls upon the key.*)

CAPTAIN H. (*suddenly stopping*) Ah! this key is a new one!

JACOB. (*aside—quickly*) The devil! what a stupid fool! I have given the original key to the other.

CAPTAIN H. What key is this, sir?

JACOB. Why, captain, to confess the fact—but, I'm afraid you'll be angry-----

CAPTAIN H. Speak!

JACOB. (*alarmed*) I will, sir, if you'll give me time. The short and the long of it is—I lost the key of this secret door, and, being afraid it might fall into improper hands, I had the lock changed, in order that-----

CAPTAIN H. (*interrupting*) Right, right, you've done very right.

JACOB. (*aside*) Wheugh! safe out of that quagmire, however.

CAPTAIN H. (*taking out his purse*) You are an honest fellow, Jacob, I daresay, but I have no firm belief in the faith of men—and very little in that of women—unless they are paid for it.

JACOB. (*aside*) What a libel on humanity!

CAPTAIN H. So, there, (*offers him three guineas. JACOB holds out his right hand to receive the money, recollects, and then slips round, to the other side of the CAPTAIN.*) What's the matter?

JACOB. Eh? nothing, sir, I thought I heard-----(*seems to listen.*)

CAPTAIN H. A step?

JACOB. No, it was only an echo!

CAPTAIN H. (*giving money*) Here take this.

JACOB. (*bows*) Thank you, Captain. (CAPTAIN *goes up, looks off at c, as if expecting some one, during the following speech.*) The right hand was about to appropriate the property of the left. Right hand, I'm ashamed of you—you must positively learn to act in an upright and honourable manner towards your neighbour. Let's see how we stand. Twelve and three—fifteen, there, the right and left equally balanced—how the deuce am I to manage now? I see, they may both equally count upon my sincere devotion. (*music—twelve bars of an andante, through the following.*)

CAPTAIN H. (*still looking off*) They come! Quick, Jacob! Be an arm-chair for my father, another for my mother, seats for my uncle Anthony, my sister Arabella and myself.

JACOB. (*placing seats*) Dear me, sir—what on earth is going to happen now?

CAPTAIN H. I don't pay you, sir, for *asking* questions, but for *answering* questions.

JACOB. (*aside*) It's perfectly the same to me, so long as you *do* pay.

Enter MR. and MRS. HARLOWE, ARABELLA, and ANTHONY, through c. They enter in melancholy silence, during which

CAPTAIN gives JACOB a key, and speaks to him in a whisper (Exit JACOB, L., through door leading to Clarissa's chamber)

CAPTAIN H. Father, be seated! (*takes the hand of MR. HARLOWE.*) Mother! (*is about leading her to a seat—she draws him aside, as if in fear of being heard by MR. HARLOWE.*)

MRS. H. My son! You have seen her?

CAPTAIN H. (*severely*) No weakness, mother, (*aloud*) Uncle, take a chair.

MR. H. (*to CAPTAIN*) James! Does she know that we are *here*?

CAPTAIN H. I have just sent to tell her, sir; she will be down soon. It was your opinion, father, that confinement within her room would put an end to her obstinate resistance. For the last fifteen days she has been a prisoner in this pavilion, and I can safely affirm that during that time no ill counsel, or encouragement to disobedience has reached her ears.

MR. H. The step we have taken has already been of service, for I learn that the man has quitted the country.

CAPTAIN H. He may yet return, father. Here is a letter I have received this morning, (*gives it to HARLOWE*) You will see 'tis time this insubordination was put an end to. It is from Mr. Solmes who renounces all alliance with our family if his patience be put to any further trial.

ARABEL. You hear, father, everything conspires to urge matters to a speedy issue.

MR. H. The marriage shall take place, my daughter.

JACOB. Your daughter, sir. (*very modestly*) Miss Clarissa. (*Music, andante.*)

Enter CLARISSA, from her chamber, L. 3 E., she throws herself, in tears, at her father's feet.

CLARIS. My father ! look upon me, hear me ! oh, do not frown thus, look upon your child. Let memory revert to the happy hours of childhood, each playful, joyous moment; then think that for now fifteen days you have nor smiled, nor given your blessing to your daughter.

MR. H. (*proudly and sternly*) Rise, daughter ! (*CLARISSA, as if chilled by her father's manner, turns to her mother.*)

CLARIS. Mother! dear mother!

MRS. H. 'Tis to your father you must reply, my child—'tis him alone you must obey, (*wipes away her tears.*)

CLARIS. (*with a struggle, looking upon HARLOWE*) Father! what have I done ? why is my life made thus wretched ? Why am I thus driven from the house of my birth ? As a criminal have I been imprisoned, and when I find my prison door unlocked, I look around me, and meet but frowning looks, or (*turning to her mother*) eyes averted—filled with streaming tears—if, sir, I have offended you, take all, even to the fortune left me by my grandfather ! I give all—I yield it freely—to my brother, and my sister Arabella; make me the servant, the slave of your house, but do not again imprison me. Oh, think of Nature, and of Nature's greatest bond, do not separate me from the first of Nature's ties—my mother ! (*she throws herself into MRS. HARLOWE'S arms, then sinks her head upon her mother's hands, and turns away to conceal her tears.*)

MR. H. Clarissa, one word from you will put an end to this unhappy separation, but 'tis only as the wife of Mr. Solmes that we can grant your forgiveness.

CLARIS. Oh ! in mercy—for pity's sake, do not insist on

this. My father! you must, you cannot but see your daughter shudder, and the cold thrill run through each vein at the bare mention of his name, (*in desperation*) Father ! would you see your child fall *dead* at the altar's foot, at the touch of that man's hand ?

MR. H. But, wherefore all this hatred and contempt for the husband whom I have chosen for you ?

ARABEL. (*sneeringly*) Wherefore, sir? Because Mr. Solmes has the misfortune to be nothing more than an honest and rich banker.

CLARIS. No sister. An implacable, and heartless usurer!

CAPTAIN H. (*ironically*) Exactly. A miserable and infamous miser: because he does not happen to resemble the young and handsome serpent, Lovelace, (*rises.*)

ALL. Lovelace!

MRS. H. (*rising, with terror*) My child, my child ! That man has nothing to do with your present resistance to your father's wishes ? No, no, I am sure he has not.

CLARIS. Nothing, mother, nothing.

MR. H. Oh ! be the day accursed, in which Richard Lovelace crossed the threshold of my dwelling, for misery entered with him!

CAPTAIN H. But not shame, father.

MRS. H. Yet, husband, how foresee what might chance ? He came here as a man of name and honourable family, to ask the hand of our other daughter, Arabella, (*movement of disdain by ARABELLA.*)

CAPTAIN H. A plot—an infamous plot! and heaven only knows what disgrace and degradation might have fallen on us (*looking at CLARISSA*) had I not obtained leave of absence from my regiment, and arrived in time to unmask the villain.

ARABEL. And, in requital for having done so, Miss Clarissa, your brother's blood has already been shed by the hand of your lover.

CLARIS. Sister! Arabella!

MR. H. (*with indignation*) Silence !

MRS. H. My child !

CLARIS. Father! mother ! condemn me if you will, but besides yourselves, I will permit none here to insult me.

CAPTAIN H. You see, madam, her indignation when this man is accused ?

CLARIS. What is this man to me ? What matters it to me what he is, be he even that which you represent him ? Is it my fault that he could not appreciate the honour of a

union with my sister Arabella ? Is it my fault that my brother James cannot forgive him for the superiority which 'tis said Mr. Lovelace gained over him at college ? Oh no, no, you shall no longer cloak your hatred thus—you shall no longer misunderstand me. I do feel indignant, but 'tis I am wilfully misrepresented (*turning to MR. and MRS. HARLOWE*) because I have never committed an act unworthy Of you, sir—of you, my dear mother—because I esteem myself too highly to consent to bear the name and become the wife of a man whom I despise.

MR. H. (*with anger*) Clarissa, is this your final resolve ? (*at a sudden gesture from MRS. HARLOWE he breaks into more gentleness*) Listen, my child; this marriage is your best refuge—your only defence against snares of which you can form no conception—against perils the most painful, by which you are even now encompassed. In the name of your honour, which is ours, I enjoin, implore you to give your hand to Mr. Solmes.

CLARIS. (*with choked voice*) Never !

MR. H. Do you defy me, then ?

CLARIS. No, no, I implore your pity.

MR. H. You must—shall marry him !

CLARIS. (*sinking on her knees*) Rather let me wed the tomb.

Enter JACOB, C.

JACOB. Mr. Solmes has arrived, sir, and wishes to know if he can be admitted.

CLARIS. No, no, no ! Oh, let him not come in !

MR. H. Who is master here ? (*CLARISSA is about to speak*) Silence ! It now becomes my duty to save, in spite of herself, this foolish girl, who seems determined to court her ruin. We will go to receive our guest, and you (*to JACOB*) step to the Rev. Mr. Lewin's house—ask him to be here at eight this evening to perform the marriage ceremony. (*CLARISSA about to speak*) Remain where you are. (*Music. They all exeunt c, except CLARISSA and MRS. HARLOWE, who, when she arrives at the door turns to look, at her daughter, and without a word they rush into each other's arms.*)

CLARIS. Oh, mother, mother !

MRS. H. (*after a moment's silence, and wiping away her tears*) No, no ! No more tears to intercept my view of that dear child I have not looked upon for days—for, even now, when all were here, I dared not speak—I dared not raise my eyes to look upon my daughter.

CLARIS. Oh, mother, dear mother, defend me, protect me with the authority which you have a right to exercise. I have no longer a brother—oh, shame!—no longer a sister—but a mother, surely, will never abandon her child? Mother, save me—save your daughter!

MRS. H. Save you! I would give my life, with joy, to spare you a single tear. But think, Clarissa, the step which your father proposes may, after all, not turn out so unhappily. Think, can there be a misery so great as a continued struggle between a father and his child?

CLARIS. I have, till this, obeyed you, mother—but to wed him—this Solmes—oh, 'tis death!

MRS. H. (*seriously*) But, Mr. Lovelace, that may be worse than death, perhaps.

CLARIS. No, no, mother, I think no more of him than of Mr. Solmes. My life, hitherto, has passed near you—that it may be so in future is all I ask.

MRS. H. My poor girl, thou'rt ignorant of the sacrifices demanded of our sex. We must submit, Clarissa, 'tis the destiny of woman. Obey your father's orders, I implore you, and He who sees all things in Heaven will bless you.

CLARIS. (*in agonized sobbing*) Oh, speak not to me thus! I could repel my father's menaces—I could repel my brother's violence—but I am defenceless against your tears. Mother, be you un pitying, relentless, but speak not to me thus, for my stern resolves vanish before your entreaties. I feel that I could say—but no, no, 'tis impossible! (*with resolution*) I cannot marry Mr. Solmes, oh, 'tis impossible; mother, is it not? (*she falls into her mother's arms. The door at back c. opens*)

CAPTAIN H. (*calls without*) Yes, this way, come!

MRS. H. (*alarmed*) Some one approaches, perhaps 'tis your father?

Enter CAPTAIN HARLOWE *hastily, c., followed by* ARABELLA.

CAPTAIN H. (*quickly*) Mother, know you what has happened?

MRS. H. Speak!

ARABEL. (*ironically*) Perhaps Clarissa is better informed.

CAPTAIN H. Mr. Lovelace, who we thought had returned to London, has never quitted the neighbourhood.

CLARIS. Oh, heaven!

ARABEL. He is even now but two miles distant, at Hampton, at the tavern kept by Mathew Baker.

MRS. H. (*severely*) Daughter, I trust you are ignorant of this.

ARABEL. Yes, this virtuous anchorite, who prefers the fresh breeze of Hampton to the tumult of London, has found a new companion with whom to pass his leisure hours, in one of the prettiest girls in the county, the hope of an honest family-----

CAPTAIN H. In short, a real rosebud, for that's the name by which the girl has long been known.

CLARIS. (*aside—putting her hand to her heart*) Oh, great Heaven!

ARABEL. One too, whom you know well, the daughter of Mathew Baker, your foster-sister.

CLARIS. (*aside*) Lucy!

CAPTAIN H. Yes, the gentleman has found a very pleasant mode of wiling away a leisure hour, I must say.

ARABEL. (*passing CAPTAIN*) What say you to this romance, sister ?

CLARIS. (*restraining her emotion*) What would you have me say ? Did I ask you to recount this tale to me ? a tale no doubt, picked up by your spy, Jacob, in the servant's hall.

MRS. H. (*observing her*) My child, this emotion.

CLARIS. I confess it, mother ; I am indignant—shocked—on the poor girl's account, but for him, Mr. Lovelace, what is his conduct, madam, to me ? But Lucy, her honest family—honest! they could not see the crime this man was meditating. Young, handsome is she ? True beauty exists not with shamelessness, and he calls her his rosebud, too (*forcing a laugh*) a charming rosebud, very charming, very ! (*she attempts to force a laugh, her emotion overpowers her, she seems to choke, and falls, weeping hysterically, into her mother's arms.*)

MRS. H. (*aside*) She loves him then!

CAPTAIN H. At last!

Enter JACOB, C.

JACOB. Mr. Harlowe's inquiring for you, sir, and for you too, miss, (*to ARABELLA—approaches CAPTAIN very carefully*) I have spoken to her, and she is *there!*

CAPTAIN H. (*to JACOB*) Good, (*x's to CLARISSA, with assumed gentleness*) Sister, now that you know this Mr. Lovelace better, may I not be the bearer of some more pleasing tidings to your father ?

MRS. H. G-O, go, James, tell him I will bring my daughter shortly, and with her, her reply.

CAPTAIN H. (to JACOB) You say she is there ?

JACOB. (*aside*) Yes, there in the park.

CAPTAIN H Come, sister.

(*Exeunt* CAPTAIN HARLOWE and ARABELLA, C,
followed by JACOB.)

MRS. H. (*with emotion*) Clarissa, you have deceived us, you love this man !

CLARIS. (*with violent emotion*) Mother !

MRS. H. (*interrupting her with sorrow*) Ah !

CLARIS. Still, I have not deceived you. No ! I swear it! I was myself ignorant of my heart's true state, for that heart had not then suffered through him, but now—now—they are no longer here to enjoy their triumph; I will tell *you* all, I now know what it is to love!

MRS. H. Unhappy girl!

CLARIS. Oh, mother ! save me, save me! snatch me from him, a hundred times rather give me Mr. Solmes, than that I should wed depravity and shame ? (*in a faint voice and with difficulty*) Go ! tell my father I will obey him ; that he may dispose of me as he will, I have no longer energy—voice—power to-----(*nearly sinking.*)

MRS. H. Nay, my child, this proves that you have both power and energy. Come, kiss me; you will yet be happy ! (*she embraces* CLARISSA) Bless you, my girl! I'll go, and bear the happy tidings to your father, that his daughter is saved.

(*Exit* MRS. HARLOWE, )

CLARIS, (*sinks into an arm-chair, her head resting on her hand*) Oh, great Heaven! why have you not snatched me from this dreadful scene !

Enter JACOB, C.

JACOB. (*aside*) The Harlowe hand has received five guineas, for telling a shocking lie—the lie has been told, and has produced the effect. The Lovelace hand is going to receive four guineas more for introducing the rosebud here. My wig! so much the worse for the Harlowe hand. (*goes to c, and calls, in a low tone*) Come in, miss.

Enter LUCY BAKER, C, JACOB *puts his finger to his lip.*

LUCY. Bless me! What mysterious mysteries and precautions ! (*JACOB steals off c.*) Eh? somebody here ? (*sees* CLARISSA, *and runs to her joyfully*) Miss Clarissa !

CLARIS. (*rising*) Stand off, wretched girl! Approach me not! Unparalleled audacity! hence—hence—leave me!

LUCY. This to your foster sister? Why, in mercy, do you look upon and speak to me thus? What have I done?

CLARIS. Torture upon torture.

LUCY. I was so overjoyed when Jacob came for me, and to think, too, that I could say, that, at last, I was going to be married.

CLARIS. Married?

LUCY. Yes, married; and it is Mr. Lovelace-----

CLARIS. Hold! mention not that name again in my presence.

LUCY. No, no, no! I won't, indeed I won't. I see I have offended you, but don't know how. (*quickly*) Is it because I am going to be married to Sam Wilkins?

CLARIS. Wilkins!

LUCY. Yes, Sam Wilkins—but, if you don't like me to marry Sam, I won't, though I love him dearly, and he loves me, too, and I'm sure he'll make a very good husband—but I won't.

CLARIS. Lucy, attempt not to deceive me, tell me not a falsehood.

LUCY. Why should I tell you a falsehood? You shall hear the exact truth, depend on't. My father, you know, wouldn't let me marry Sam, because he was so poor; well, I was half broken-hearted about it, when one morning, about—no, just fifteen days ago—a young gentleman, wrapped in a beautiful brown cloak, came to lodge at our house—the gentleman you-----

CLARIS. Mr. Lovelace?

LUCY. Yes, miss. Oh! he is such a good young man! but so melancholy—every night, he puts on his great brown cloak, and hail, rain, or snow, walks up and down, up and down, by your park walls. At daylight he comes back, looking more melancholy than ever—I have seen him weeping. Well, one day he was alone with me, and I was telling him, though I was crying myself, not to make himself miserable. "Pretty little rosebud," said he—that was the first time he ever called me so—"pretty little rosebud," said he, "so much purity has won my heart, and this shall be the first triumph which I will gain over myself." What did he mean by that, miss?

CLARIS. (*eagerly*) Go on.

LUCY. Then Mr.— but you said I was not to mention his name.

CLARIS. Yes, yes, you may now!

LUCY. Well, then, Mr. Lovelace made me tell him my whole history, and when he heard that I loved Sam, he had him sent for to the tavern, and taking him by the hand—"Mathew Baker," said he, "I beg to present you your future son-in-law," and when father began to stare with all his eyes—"I'll give him a hundred guineas as a wedding portion," said he, "and I'll give your Rosebud two hundred more, so get everything ready, and let them be married as soon as they please.

CLARIS. (*in a rush of joy*) Dear Lucy, come to my heart. (*they embrace.*)

LUCY. Oh, I am so happy to have seen you once again.

CLARIS. And I you, for lately I have suffered much, but I love you dearly; I love you more than ever, my dear, sweet, charming little Rosebud, (*overwhelmed with joy*) Oh! embrace me once more! (*music, twelve bars. The door, R. 2 E., opens, and LOVELACE enters, unseen by them, he goes up to back, watching them, and smiling triumphantly.*)

LUCY. Well, I declare this is droll! I am so happy, and yet the tears are rolling down my cheeks like anything.

CLARIS. My good girl!

LOVE. (*aside*) Affecting picture! The first recompense of my first rehearsal of the part of virtue.

LUCY. Well, now I must go, and make my dear Sammy as happy as I am myself.

CLARIS. You'll come often, and tell me about yourself, and your husband?

LUCY. Yes, that I will. I'll come, and tell you how we got on; and how Sammy behaves himself. You know it's a very responsible situation, that of a husband. I'll come to you every day. Good bye, miss.

CLARIS. Good bye, Lucy; goodbye! (*Exit LUCY C. to L.—CLARISSA looks after her, turns and sees LOVELACE who has come down, kneeling at her feet, R. C.*)

CLARIS. Great Heaven! (*music, two bars agitato*) Mother! mother! help! (*to him*) What would you do?

LOVE. I would save you!

CLARIS. No! leave me!

LOVE. (*with dignity and gentleness*) I have undertaken this mission without a thought of gratitude, or recompense. I can renounce the hope of being beloved by you, though I can never renounce the love I bear you.

CLARIS. Oh, no more! no more!

LOVE. Nor, above all, can I renounce the happiness of saving you from the misery that must attend this marriage, (*with resignation*) This is my only future ambition—for an instant I dared to dream that an angel had crossed my path, to lead me to the pure joys that attend on wedded love; but *you* willed that it should not be so—they—an implacable father—a brother—a jealous, and envious sister—willed that it should not be so—desperate—furious—with disappointed love, I listened to nothing but the promptings of my indignation, (*hypocritically*) For I have no wish to make myself appear better than I am. I will tell you all. (*resuming with energy*) I swore that I would tear you from the house—I swore that you should fly with me.

CLARIS. Oh, never—never!

LOVE. Never! Ah! this the only word that should find issue from lips pure as thine. Never! Yes, this was the only reply of the venerable relative, whom I made the confidant of my suffering. (CLARISSA *looks at him with astonishment*) My aunt, the widowed Lady Lawrence.

CLARIS. Ha! Proceed.

LOVE. "Lovelace," said she, "this poor girl must be rescued from the violence of her friends, and the misery attendant on such a union. It must be effected. (CLARISSA *appears moved, he continues in a severe and admonitory tone*) But not by flying with you."

CLARIS. (*with interest*) What says he?

LOVE. "She must find refuge in the bosom of an honest and trustworthy family," and as I bathed her hand, with tears of thankfulness, "my nephew," continued she, "I comprehend you, and I myself will rescue her."

CLARIS. (*with joy*) She!

LOVE. In less than one hour, she had quitted her mansion, with her daughter, my cousin, Miss Montague—and this morning she arrived here.

CLARIS. Lady Lawrence!

LOVE. Yes; the best, even as she is the noblest of women. She comes to rescue you, and I, madam, leave you—I go hence, and you will see me no more, until the day when I shall receive from you these words: "Lovelace, return—Clarissa waits for you at the altar's foot, (*clock at a distance strikes eight.*)"

CLARIS. (*despairingly*) 'Tis too late—I have consented. (*spoken through the bell.*)

LOVE. Great Heaven!

CLARIS. Threatened, affrighted, deceived—I have promised my mother to wed Mr. Solmes.

LOVE. Then we are lost, if you do not fly! (*very pressingly*) A carriage is waiting a few paces off—a second mother—a second sister—await you in it. Come.

CLARIS. (*disengaging herself*) Rather would I die than move one step from my father's house.

LOVE. But they are already assembled in the drawing room. The clergyman has arrived—hark! even now they come to seek you.

CLARIS. Let them come. I am ready.

LOVE. (*with energy*) No, no—it must not be. I myself will confront them—I will seek out this brother—I have once spared him; but, to save you, the victim of his savage hate.

CLARIS. (*sinking with affright*) Stay !----- (*Music : continued till the act drop falls—she is interrupted by a loud noise of tumult and confusion, at back, c. D.*) Silence! they are knocking at the door !

LOVE. Let them enter, I am prepared.

JACOB. (*without very loud*) Yes, yes, Mr. Lovelace is here, I tell you, shut up with Miss Clarissa.

CLARIS. Oh, mercy !

JACOB. (*still without*) The key! Where is the key of the door? (*LOVELACE opens the secret door, R.*)

LOVE. Here lies slavery and disgrace—there happiness and liberty.

JACOB. (*without*) Mr. Solmes—here, this way—bring the firearms! Ah, captain ! here, come! (*quickly.*)

CLARIS. My brother !

LOVE. (*almost forcing her off*) Come, Clarissa, come !

CLARIS. Ah ! my—my—mother! (*overcome by her feelings she faints—LOVELACE bears her off—they disappear through secret door, R. The c. door opens and JACOB appears, quite alone at back, makes one step forward, looks towards the door which remains open, takes the money from both his pockets, and jingles it, laughing as the drop descends.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Saloon in Lovelace's House, London, richly furnished—three doors at back—the one in c. rather longer than the others—when the R. door is open, six or*

seven steps of a staircase is seen, ascending backwards, then a landing-place, the staircase then turning to the R disappears—another door, L. 1 E.—a window, with balcony.
R. U. E. LOVELACE, BELTON, TOURVILLE, MOWBRAY, and DOLEMAN *are discovered drinking—they are grouped in different positions round the table—all laugh, as the curtain rises.*

LOVE. Bravo! my friends, here I am at home, surrounded by my brother rakes, the finest fellows, and fastest goers that all London can boast of.

TOURVILLE. But come, finish the adventure you were speaking of. We have seen how the gallant Lovelace was reduced to become a sighing, timid, and most respectful lover.

BELTON. And we have heard the cries and wailings of that capital actor, Jacob—I admire that fellow, without knowing him.

LOVE. (*laughing*) Oh, he's a great actor, gentlemen. Only imagine him representing the whole family of the Harlowe's—old Solmes included, in his own proper person, and by his cries and feigned alarm forcing the frightened dove to fly out of her cage, find take a refuge in the carriage, where my venerable aunt, and my cousin, sweet Miss Montague, were *not* waiting for her. I needn't describe to you the surprise—the indignation—the tears of my pretty friend.

ALL. Belton. No, no, we can guess all that!

LOVE. Well, my boys, we started off in full gallop for my aunt's country seat, who still was *not* there waiting for us. On our arrival, we were, of course, informed that Lady Lawrence, my aunt, had set out for London (all well arranged, as you see). Well, we started for, and arrived in London, at my aunt's mansion. No one there to receive us, for, be it known, the old lady as little expected to meet me, as I did her. What was to be done? The lady was wretched—she shed an ocean of tears—the lady was miserable. I, of course, was miserable—when, all at once, oh, happiness! I recollected (*winking*)—an old friend of Lady Lawrence's, a respectable lady, who lived with her daughter, in a retired part of the town. We drove to her house, and this time we *were* expected—they received us with due reverence and honours.

ALL. (*laughing*) Capital! excellent!

LOVE. And now, this proud, virtuous lady, the daughter of those insolent Harlowe's, by whom I have been treated

with such disdain (*rising, with energy*) is here, in my house—mine—without a friend—defenceless—in my power.

ALL. (*rising*) Here ?

LOVE, (*resuming his coolness—goes up, and opens door at back, R.*) This door of which I have not yet the entree—this staircase, the steps of which I have not yet ascended, conducts to the apartments, which have been placed at the disposal of our amiable hostess.

TOURVILLE. But who are these hostesses ?

LOVE. The elder—the mother—is Mrs. Sinclair.

BELTON. What, *the* Sinclair ?

LOVE. Yes; the widow of Colonel Sinclair, gentlemen. A colonel of my own promotion—the younger is her daughter.

BELTON. Bravo ! capital ! ha ! ha ! ha !

LOVE. I need not tell you of a certain Dorcas, who possesses a marvellous talent for counterfeiting hand-writings, converted, for the time being, into a lady's maid.

BELTON. Egad ! you have chosen your agents well.

LOVE. But I've kept the best—the prime of the whole machine to the last—he is to bring about the climax. I scarcely knew where to hunt for the fellow, but getting out of my carriage last night in the Strand, I saw a man fast asleep upon the pavement, just outside the door of a low tavern. 'Twas the very fellow. I had the rascal brought to me, placed him under widow Sinclair's care. They have sobered, and brushed him up a bit, and to-night, I *set* to work the most honourable sharper, Patrick Macdonald.

ALL. Macdonald !

LOVE. The king of London rogues, who, for half a guinea, and a bottle of port, would set fire to St. Paul's. So far, so well. Harkye, this is the night on which we meet for our weekly supper. I'll give it to you here, in this room at midnight, and if by that time, I give not proof of my triumph—say Lovelace is a milksop and a bungler. (*ALL rise, and take their hats as if going.*)

LOVE. Till then, adieu !

ALL. Adieu ; adieu ! (*as BELTON, MOWBRAY, and the rest, are going out gaily and tumultuously through c, MACDONALD is seen coming through the antechamber, at back.*)

LOVE. Ha ! here comes my man !

BELTON. Everything to your hand, you must be the devil, Lovelace.

LOVE. Perhaps I am, who knows ! (*MACDONALD bows. They all give a varied and mocking bow to him and exeunt.*)

MAC. May a man come in ! (*still standing at entrance.*)

LOVE. (*throwing himself on couch.*) Certainly, master Patrick. (*MACDONALD comes down, bowing very low*) A truce to your bowing and scraping now. To the point. Throw we down our cards, expose our hands, and let us see how the game is about to stand. We know each other perfectly. I am Robert Lovelace, a young, rich, and amorous rake—you are Patrick Macdonald, a middle-aged, poor, drunken, gambling hunter after adventure and a well-filled purse.

MAC. Nothing more ? Oh, you flatter me !

LOVE. Are you free and willing to serve me ?

MAC. Quite.

LOVE. And you'll execute my orders faithfully?

MAC. I'll not give the lie, or do dishonour to my glorious reputation. What you have known me, that shall you find me still; I'm a man of fixed principles, sir, every one knows it, and I've too much regard for my character to become a weathercock, as I see other men doing daily around me.

LOVE. Good. Very good.

MAC. Give your commands. Is a girl to be carried off from her father ? the name, the street, and I enter on the campaign. I care little for the malediction of relations. Is an honest woman to be abstracted from an honest husband ? I like that better still, you picked me up off the pavement in the Strand; which was an extremely delicate attention. There are three things that I adore. Good eating, good drinking, and good sleeping. You have given me all. Capital bed ! capital wine ! capital breakfast, and dinner! and I can see you are *going* to give a capital supper. Speak, then, be plain ; I place at your command, my head, my arm, my sword, and even my purse, that is when I have one.

LOVE. (*throwing purse*) There is mine.

MAC. I shall be at your service. Now, the title of the drama I am to perform in ? A young girl, and her money, eh?

LOVE. Who told you that!

MAC. The Sinclair, she let out the secret last night. Name the principal actor in the piece.

LOVE. Myself—Robert Lovelace, Esquire. (*swaggers across.*)

MAC. (*observing him*) Talent and wardrobe quite up to the mark. Now name the principal agent, or heavy villain.

LOVE. The Right Honourable Comedian, Patrick Macdonald.

MAC. Talent quite up to the mark. Wardrobe (*looks at his attire*) not quite.

LOVE. The aforesaid Macdonald—by us now created and transformed into Captain Tomlinson.

MAC. A Captain ! in what regiment ?

LOVE. In the sharpshooters.

MAC. Thankye, Colonel, but *who* am I ?

LOVE. The intimate friend of our uncle, Mr. Harlowe.

MAC. That's easy. I'm not known to him.

LOVE. Now recollect, you are a respectable and virtuous man.

MAC. That's rather more difficult.

LOVE. A very strong player at bowls—the father of a family—ten children.

MAC. Humph ! I've just the number; but they are too much scattered about to collect 'em in a hurry.

LOVE. Sent by Uncle Anthony after his niece, to compel her to marry the infamous wretch who has ran away with her.

MAC. A marriage! That's not in my way.

LOVE. Thickhead! (*leaning on his shoulder*) A marriage in which the torch of Hymen is held by Cupid, who extinguishes it at the *proper cue*.

MAC. Oh, I see—sham parson—that won't be a bad part; I'll act that, if you like.

LOVE. I shall want you for one of the witnesses, the other can be Brereton, my valet.

MAC. Very well.

LOVE. And remember, when you enter upon the scene, be bold and firm—be brusque—insolent!

MAC. I can do that sort of thing to a T—anything more?

LOVE. You must be guided by incidents as they arise. You have a sharp wit ?

MAC. I flatter myself I have.

LOVE. Any new clothes ?

MAC. Not a stitch ; *you* must dress the comedy, as far as I'm concerned.

LOVE. Well, Sinclair has a uniform below for you, so prepare—and when you have made yourself respectable in appearance, then, with all the emotion, and energy of a virtuous friend and devoted uncle of a deceived maiden, enter Captain Tomlinson.

MAC. I can grind out a few tears, if the situation requires it; a good red onion in your handkerchief, does the business in a jiffy, (*going.*)

LOVE. Stay ! I had forgotten ! You may as well have the freedom of my little private staircase—(*pointing to door L, and giving key*) and that key will admit you.

MAC. Very well, now to turn a rogue into a gentleman, by a military coat, and etceteras. (*Exit MACDONALD, L.*)

LOVE. Useful rascal, that; but 'tis time I put another part of my scheme in train, (*rings bell.*)

Enter BBERETON, a valet, c.

Shew that young person in, you understand. (*Music—about ten bars of "Adagio." The door at back, L., opens and CLARISSA enters, R. u. E., with a letter in her hand*) 'Tis she ! (*LOVELACE goes up, unobserved by CLARISSA, and closes the door by which she has entered, with precaution; then presents himself to her, bowing respectfully, L.*) Miss Harlowe !

CLARIS. (*retreating, R.*) Always here ! continually in this house, sir ! Is it thus that you keep the promise you made me on arriving in London ?

LOVE. (*with great respect*) I shall very shortly have my own ready for my reception; but allow me, in turn, to ask Miss Harlowe, why you so still persist in keeping so studiously alone ? You might condescend to take tea with the ladies.

CLARIS. (*showing letter*) I have to write to a friend—the only one now left me—Miss Howe. (*about to exit.*)

LOVE. Again, hear me; do you not think that your mode of passing your time in this house must appear singular to these ladies ?

CLARIS. Then, sir, I must beg you to inform these ladies of my *singularities* and their reasons, and, permit me to say, I have also somewhat to complain of, sir. When you bore me from my home, you assured me that Lady Lawrence was waiting for me near my father's park. *Why, sir, did I find but an empty carriage ?*

LOVE. (*somewhat embarrassed*) Her impatience at having been obliged to wait so long.

CLARIS. Could the virtuous Lady Lawrence be surprised at the struggles of a daughter about to fly from a mother's protection ? Then, again, the asylum I was to have at her country seat, and afterwards, at her house in London; but which, ultimately, could only be obtained from

strangers, sir! Mr. Lovelace, if you have drawn me into a snare, it—it would be a most shameful—a most disgraceful action.

LOVE. (*as if hurt*) Always this air of suspicion, and defiance so wounding ! You must be aware that the duties of the Court detain Lady Lawrence at Windsor at present, but to-morrow—to-night, perhaps,

CLARIS. (*interrupting*) Mr. Lovelace, I feel disquieted in this house.

LOVE. Wherefore ? These ladies could not have shown you more attention. Only this morning did they not ask if Mrs. Lovelace-----

CLARIS. (*vehemently*) Mrs Lovelace !

LOVE. Pray hear me, Miss Harlowe. Lady Lawrence concealed from them our true position, for they are so scrupulous—too rigidly so, perhaps—that had they known that we were not married, they might have hesitated. It was therefore said that you were my wife, and-----

CLARIS. (*with vehement feeling*) No, no, I am not yet your wife sir, and I beg, desire, I command you, go instantly and inform them of the truth, or I will not remain another moment within these walls.

LOVE. I was to blame, doubtless, but having led them to believe it, how can I-----

CLARIS. (*interrupting quickly*) These ladies themselves, who are they ? (*he starts*) I saw them but for an instant, but their language and manners seemed to me very, very strange!

LOVE. The simplicity of their habits.

CLARIS. This Dorcas, too, whom you placed as my servant—a simple girl, as you said, not even knowing how to read—well, sir, I yesterday surprised her perusing one of Miss Howe's letters.

LOVE. And these ladies were informed of it, who discharged her on the instant, (*aside*) The blundering fool (*aloud*) and I immediately sent for a young woman.

CLARIS. I will have no one, sir.

LOVE. An innocent child, who has just arrived in London. She comes from your own neighbourhood.

CLARIS. (*with great force*) I will not have her.

LOVE. At least have the complaisance to see her, and if her manners, (*during this scene LUCY has entered at door L.*)

CLARIS. No, sir, I-----(*turns round, sees LUCY, utters a cry of joy and rushes into her arms*) Lucy !

LUCY. My dear, dear mistress!

CLARIS. My foster-sister! Oh, thanks—thanks, Mr. Lovelace, this is kind indeed!

LUCY. I have quitted everything to come to you.

CLARIS. Lucy, dear sister, now I feel indeed secure—now I am indeed no longer alone.

LOVE. Miss Harlowe-----

LUCY. Alone ! oh no, not while I and Mr. Lovelace are here, and when you are married, as me and Sam are going to be. But I forgot to give you this letter, which I have brought for you.

LOVE. (*taking it and handing it over*) 'Tis from Miss Howe!

LOVE. You recognise the handwriting ?

CLARIS. Oh, yes, among a thousand! (*breaks the seal and reads letter*)

LOVE. (*aside*) Bravo, Dorcas, she writes like a fairy (*crosses L.*)

LUCY. I have a great favor to ask of you, Mr. Lovelace.

LOVE. What is it ?

LUCY. That when we are married you will take my husband, Sam, into your service, then, you know, I shall be with my dear sister, and-----

LOVE. Yes, yes, of course; but leave us now. This letter seems to make your mistress uneasy. Go!

LUCY. Yes, sir! Oh, how happy I am, to have got into so good and so honest a house ! (*Exit LUCY at back, L. u. E.*)

CLARIS. Mr. Lovelace, my brother is plotting to carry me off, hear what my friend writes to me. (*reads letter*) " Be upon your guard, your brother is implacable. You have everything to fear from his vengeance." Alas, alas, fresh dangers!

LOVE. And yet, Miss Harlowe, when all have forsaken you but me, you reward my devotion with nothing but suspicion and disdain, (*with affected grief*) It is so cruel a thing, to be thus misconstrued, that I would gladly put my life upon the first hazard, that----- (*tumult without, L. u. E., the voice of MACDONALD heard through it.*)

MAC. (*without*) Rascals ! Villains !

LUCY *rushes on*, L. U. E.

LUCY. Oh, sir! I'm all in such a tremble, such a flutter !

CLARIS. What is the matter ?

LUCY. There's a great big gentleman who insists on

seeing you. He is knocking all the servants down on the floor, and says he comes from Mr. Anthony Harlowe.

CLARIS. (*affrighted*) From my uncle ?

LUCY. He's blustering and bawling, and calls himself Captain Tomlinson, miss

LOVE. Some emissary of your family, but I'll put an end at once to these odious persecutions. My sword shall-----
(*going towards the door.*)

CLARIS. (*throwing herself before him*) Oh, heaven ! Stay!
(*in distraction*) More misery, more exposure; oh, sir, pause!

LOVE. What else may be done ? (*noise again without.*)

LUCY. (*who has been nearly off, observing*) He sits himself down yonder, and says he won't go.

LOVE. Then I must force him. (*going.*)

CLARIS. No, no ! You shall not go; see him here. (LOVELACE *smiles, aside, as she turns to LUCY*) Lucy, tell this man that Mr. Lovelace consents to see him.

(*Exit LUCY, L. U. E.*)

LOVE. But will you leave us here, alone ?

CLARIS. (*with anxiety*) Alone !

LOVE. Would it look well that you were found here with me, by an agent of your family ? I think but for your reputation—here—retire to this boudoir, (*pointing L. 1 E*)

CLARIS. You will be calm, promise me that!

LOVE. On one condition, that you do not listen to our conversation, (*aside*) Now, woman-like, she won't miss a single word.

Re-enter LUCY, L. U. E.

LUCY. (*as she enters*) Here he comes !

LOVE. (to CLARISSA) Go, go! Quick! (CLARISSA *exits through door, L. 1 E.*—to LUCY) Follow your mistress.

(*Exit LUCY, L. 1. E.*)

MAC. (*speaks without*) Oh, this way ! very well.

Enter MACDONALD, L. U. E. dressed in a rich uniform.

MAC. (*brusquely*) So you, sir, are Mr. Robert Lovelace ?

LOVE. I am, sir. Your business with me ?

MAC. I come to you on the part of a friend, I come to ask, sir, as from one gallant man to another gallant man, whether it is your intention to do justice to a young lady who bears the name of my most honourable friend, Mr. Anthony Harlowe.

LOVE. Mr. Anthony Harlowe ?

MAC. Yes, sir. A most excellent man, and an extraordinary strong player at bowls.

LOVE. Sir!

MAC. (*interrupting*) Excuse me, sir, if I cut you short—but, before I go any further, are you, or are you not, Miss Harlowe's husband? I, sir, am the father of a family, ten children ; and, sir, I stand up for propriety of conduct before everything in the world.

LOVE. (*very energetically*) Stop, captain ! (*aside*) She is listening to every word by this time, (*aloud*) A truce to further preamble, if you please. If, by one single word, you dare to utter even the slightest aspersion on Miss Harlowe, you must answer it, sir, to me, at your sword's point.

MAC. (*putting his hand to his sword*) Just as you please, sir.

LOVE. Then draw, sir.

MAC. Follow me, sir.

Enter LUCY, hastily, door L. 1 E.

LUCY. (*in a low voice to LOVELACE*) Mr. Lovelace ! Sir, my mistress wants to speak to you, directly—this moment.

LOVE. (*aloud*) Tell the gentleman that I will come presently.

LUCY. But, sir, it's my mistress.

LOVE. (*impatiently*) Give *him* the answer I have told you. Go! (*aside, to MACDONALD*) She is listening to each word.

MAC. (*with assumed coolness*) You are hasty, sir, 'tis fortunate that I have coolness enough for both of us! but, sir, the father of a family—twelve children.

LOVE. (*aside to him, low*) Ten.

MAC. For I treat, as my *own* dear babes, two orphans, whom I have received from a poor widowed mother, (*after having wiped away a tear*) The fact is, sir, that Mr. Anthony Harlowe knows that you and his niece are living under the same roof, and of course concludes that you must be married. All he requires is a proof of the marriage, and this, sir, is what I have come here to demand of you.

LOVE. (*with great suavity*) If you continue to speak in that tone, captain, we may soon come to an understanding. In reply, I beg leave to say that it is impossible to give you the proof you require.

MAC. What do you mean to say, sir ?

LOVE. That I am not the husband of Miss Harlowe.

MAC. Merciful powers ! Thunder and lightning—a stain

like this on the name of Harlowe ! Fie, sir ! shame! Propriety of conduct above everything in the world, sir; as the father of a family of ten children.

LOVE. 'Tis not my fault, sir. Even on the day the young lady was compelled to fly from her father's house, she should, if my will had been obeyed, have borne no other name than mine, but she hesitated, she still hesitates, she refuses to consent to the union until she is reconciled to her friends.

MAC. They'll *never* pardon her, till after the marriage has taken place.

LOVE. To convince you of my sincerity, please to cast your eye over this marriage deed of settlement, which I have now prepared. (CLARISSA *appears at door*, L., *at each word of LOVELACE makes a step nearer to him*. LOVELACE *sees her, but she believes herself unnoticed*.)

MAC. (*reading*) What ? you take Miss Harlowe without a dowry ?

LOVE. I desire nought but herself alone; wish for nothing but to secure her happiness.

MAC. (*with simulated emotion*) This is good, sir, this is noble, this is truly generous, sir. It isn't often that I pay compliments, but really, this----- (*puts his handkerchief to his eyes*) I—upon my soul, I—I thought you were a gallant man, sir, and I'm sure of it. (*shakes his hand*) Sir, I would answer for your honesty, aye, *even as I would my own*.

CLARIS. (*advancing*) Oh, sir! Mr. Lovelace !

LOVE. (*with feigned astonishment*) You here? I, really, —after your promise.

CLARIS. Oh, sir, forgive me, but-----

MAC. (*with respect*) This young lady is, then-----

LOVE. Miss Harlowe, permit me to introduce you to Captain Tomlinson, a brave and worthy gentleman, who has children of his own.

MAC. (*interrupting*) Ten lovely babes, miss.

LOVE. Would willingly aid us in bringing about the reconciliation, that you have so much at heart.

MAC. (*with assumed tenderness*) Ah! that would be the happiest day of my life! (*x's L., at this CLARISSA gives him her hand*. MACDONALD *squeezes it warmly, is about to kiss it, but seeing LOVELACE regarding him with jealousy, merely bows, and relinquishes it*.)

CLARIS. (*with great feeling*) Oh, thank you, thank you, sir. Oh, when I think that my father will no longer frown on me—that I shall again meet my mother, be encircled in

her dear embrace, and my sister, she will forgive me too. Oh, thanks, thanks, captain, what do I not owe to you.

MAC. (*really touched, in spite of himself*) Well, ye-yes (aside) D—n it, that's a real tear, I do believe (*wiping his eyes*)

LOVE. (*crossing, c.*) My wife! my friend! (*shaking MACDONALD'S hand*)

MAC. (*shaking off his late feeling*) You hear, Mr. Lovelace. This is an engagement, recollect, and now I'll go and submit this deed to the inspection of my lawyer.

LOVE. What, suspicious again? Really, captain!—

MAC. I'm the father of a family—ten children. I do nothing lightly or carelessly. Have you a witness, sir? I of course, shall be the one on Miss Harlowe's part—choose yours, an honest man, and above all, the father of a family if possible. We'll get the licence, and then, to-night-----

CLARIS. (*with extreme surprise*) To-night, to-night, captain!

LOVE. Certainly, in a few hours. Why not?

CLARIS. My uncle is in London, then?

MAC. He won't arrive till after the ceremony, but I have full power to give you his blessing, just as if he were here.

CLARIS. He will not be present, you say, and to-night? What ceremony is this which you propose—a secret marriage?

LOVE. The witnesses will be present.

CLARIS. I will have none other but my father, or my uncle; I will have no secret ceremony. Captain, return to my uncle, let him come, and then—and then alone!

LOVE. But these conditions will render everything impossible.

CLARIS. I cannot, ought not, will not hear more, and, until the arrival of my uncle, I will see none but Lucy. Sir, this door will remain closed to every one, and I leave not my apartment until I hear my uncle's voice, telling me to give him entrance.

MAC. But-----

CLARIS. Captain I wait your return. (*Exit CLARISSA, door at back, R. u. E. MACDONALD and LOVELACE stare at each other, utterly disconcerted.*)

MAC. (*with comic astonishment*) What am I to say to our uncle Harlowe?

LOVE. (*enraged*) Go to the devil.

MAC. I'll go down stairs to your friends, the Sinclairs then. (*Exit MACDONALD, at back, L. U.*)

LOVE. Umph ! She has gone, locked herself in, and I dare not follow her. Shall I then submit to be foiled ? Never ! She is in my power, what hinders me from forcing the door, and ----- but, no, no, that would be infamy too deep. No, it must be the opiate which Sinclair advised me to try (*produces a small phial*) and which I wrenched from her grasp in horror even at the suggestion. This, even, would be preferable—but no, no !—and yet, Mowbray, Tourville and the rest will shortly be here, to laugh at and sneer at my defeat. Rather would I set the house in flames and perish, (*as if struck by a sudden thought*) Fire ! fire ! ha, a good thought, a bold one though, still why not ? Am I no longer Lovelace that I hesitate and tremble thus ? (*Music. Agitato, which continues through speaking, about forty or fifty bars. He opens the window 1 E. R., looks out on balcony*) There, in the garden, that small summer-house, thatched with straw, 'tis close upon her window—and will easily ignite, (*he takes two or three wax lights from candelabra, which is on table and throws them out of window.*) Those dried leaves in a heap below will serve as a train, (*returns on stage from balcony*) Ha ! ha ! she won't leave her chamber, won't she ? Yes, proud beauty, you shall shortly be at my feet, imploring for aid and succour. It has caught—it burns bravely ! (*the glare of the fire is seen through window, and the flames ascend rapidly. LUCY is heard to scream without*)

LUCY. (*without*) Help ! help ! fire !

LOVE. 'Tis Lucy's voice, (*rushes to window*) Yes, fire, and your mistress is there, locked in her chamber, and no escape.

LUCY. (*without*) Miss Clarissa ! sister ! sister !

LOVE. (*in balcony*) Turn the corner of the wall. Call under her window. Yes, there, my girl, there !

LUCY. (*without, from a greater distance*) Sister ! sister ! see you not the fire ? Save yourself ! quick, quick !

LOVE. (*returns*) Does she come ? Oh, my heart, my heart ! Ha ! (*joyfully*) I hear a step—yes—yes, 'tis she ! (*he stands aside. CLARISSA appears and descends staircase with precipitation, her entrance is lighted by the flames of the fire without, she is in her night-dress. The former agitato movement has been continued up to the appearance of CLARISSA on the staircase, when she is seen, it changes to a presto of four bars to bring her down*)

CLARIS. This house is on fire, whither shall I fly ? (*she turns and sees LOVELACE at foot of staircase*) Heavens ! Lovelace !

LOVE. Be calm, I will save you !

CLARIS. You—at this hour—in this house—at such a moment! (*about to fly up staircase, he places himself before her. In a maddened tone*) What would you?

LOVE. That you would grant me your love.

CLARIS. Hence—hence ! Away!

LOVE. Still this insult.

CLARIS. No, no—entreaty—prayer. Lovelace, my defender, my friend—I have none but you in the world, save me—save me—save me from yourself! My honour now is yours ! (*noise without, and flames are seen*)

LOVE. (*attempting to clasp her in his arms*) My Clarissa!

CLARIS. (*repulsing him*) Oh, the wretch, who would insult the honour of his wife.

LOVE. (*with passion*) Your tears, your prayers, your imprecations all charm me but the more, I love you—I love you, even for your hate. Your beauty, pride, your virtue but increase my passion—Clarissa, with all my heart I love you!

CLARIS. With all my heart I despise you.

LOVE. Ha!

CLARIS. (*affrighted at what she has said*) Oh, pity ! mercy ! Kill me with your sword, and not with looks like these. Leave me! Oh, mercy, mercy! Oh, mother—mercy !

LOVE. Come to my heart!

CLARIS. (*disengaging herself by a sudden effort, and with high majesty and authority. This is done by pressing her hand to her forehead, and him backward.*) Kneel, kneel, base renegade to the honour of man. Kneel, and ask forgiveness of her you have thus dared to insult! (*LOVELACE shrinks back, cowed as if in spite of himself, and half dropping on his knees.*)

LOVE. Is this woman or angel ?

CLARIS. (*rushing to door, L. U. E., and shrieking*) Help ! help!

LOVE. Ah! it's a woman, after all.

CLARIS. Help! help!

LOVE. Your cries are vain—every door is barred, and no soul can enter here. (*MACDONALD opens door; L.*)

MAC. (*in the same tone and style as first speech*) May a man come in? (*in careless gaiety, but still with an indication of serious concern—CLARISSA throws herself into MACDONALD'S arms.*)

CLARIS. Oh, save me! save me ! I have been shamefully outraged. Sir, if you have children of your own, (*with strong appeal*) if you have a daughter—by the love you bear

her, save me, save me ! and Heaven's finger will point lightly on your errors. Save, oh, save me! You are an honest man!

MAC. (*overcome, and much affected*) Miss Harlowe ! sir, wh-what is the matter ?

CLARIS. I would never see that man again—I would leave this house—come, come, (*as if recollecting her dress and position*) Oh ! at such a moment before you—before him (*in a feeble voice, as if fainting*) My friend! oh! (*falls sobbing upon couch or chair, at back.*)

MAC. Great Heaven ! she has fainted !

LOVE. (*furiously, but in a low tone*) Who sent for you, rascal ? What brought you here ? (*LUCY knocks without, at door, L. u. E.*)

LUCY. (*without*) Open! open the door, sir! the fire is extinguished.

LOVE. (*aside*) Open, and the triumph which I have announced—oh, now, at whatever risk!

LUCY. (*without*) Mr. Lovelace ! Miss Clarissa!

LOVE. (*resolutely*) Yep, it shall be so. There is no other means left to me. (*opens door, L. U. E.*)

MAC. (*L. to himself, with deep feeling*) She told me that I was an honest man!

Enter LUCY, L. U. E.

LUCY. They've got the fire under, sir ; and I've----- (*sees CLARISSA*) Oh, merciful heaven ! Miss Clarissa !

LOVE. 'Tis nothing, her agitation, her fright! Captain, help this young girl to conduct Miss Harlowe to her apartment, (*music—adagio eight bars.*)

LUCY. (*through the music*) But a doctor had better be sent for.

LOVE. No, no, there is no occasion; she is better already you see. (*CLARISSA has with difficulty arisen, and leaning on MACDONALD, goes towards the staircase.*)

LOVE. (*lowering his voice*) Here, Lucy, (*giving her a phial*) Before quitting your mistress, pour two drops of this into a glass of water, and having drank it, she will at once grow calm and tranquil.

LUCY. Only two drops ?

LOVE. That is all; and do not forget to return the phial to me.

LUCY. Very well, sir. (*LUCY takes CLARISSA from MACDONALD'S care, at the staircase foot. MACDONALD looking after her.*)

LOVE. (*aside—X ing L.*) Again, again she has vanquished me! but I have resolved, and will triumph. 'Tis near midnight, they will presently be here, I could not endure to be the butt of their derision. (*MACDONALD has by this time come down, R. LOVELACE sees him.*) Ah! so at last we are alone, Master Patrick. Pray, how do you propose to repair your stupid blunder?

MAC. Oh, Lovelace! I feel it impossible to play my part any longer, in this infernal comedy.

LOVE. What!

MAC. The plot you've marked out, is so damnably disgraceful and odious, that it becomes dishonouring, even to a man like me.

LOVE. Captain!

MAC. I'm Captain Tomlinson no longer, I'm nothing more for the future than Patrick Macdonald, whom you picked up off the pavement in the Strand. But I'd rather never have any other bed than play such a villain's part any longer. Good bye to you, sir, I've already done too much for my repose.

LOVE. And is it to me that you dare address such a homily? You, the most degraded scamp that all London can boast of?

MAC. Yes, I am degraded, and I am a scamp, a villain, whom you have hired to minister to your vicious pleasures. I've seen, and I've practised evil enough, I know it. You needn't recall it to my remembrance! But this poor girl, who implored me to save her, who called me her *friend*; who told me I was *an honest man*! Ah! there is some little feeling left yet at the bottom of the heart, I find, 'tis not all stone, and I had rather give you back your gold. (*presenting the purse to him*) Take it, take it, I'll have none of it. I shall be hungry, I shall be thirsty—no matter! I won't murder my night's rest, though, (*throws away the purse.*)

LOVE. Do you remember you are but a menial?

MAC. A menial! so be it; but if this menial, if this degraded scamp has one good thought, if one decent throb of feeling happen to cross his mind; condescend to listen to him, without too much anger and disdain. Sir—Mr. Lovelace! let it not be said, that you had less heart than even Patrick Macdonald.

LOVE. Upon my word, you are a pretty sort of fellow taking upon yourself to sermonize, in this fashion! There, go, go. I can find twenty fellows, with a thousand times your talent, who will not be so squeamish, (*throws himself into chair.*)

MAC. You mean to pursue her still, then ?

LOVE. Yes. Hence!

MAC. So innocent, so virtuous a lady !

LOVE. Away!

MAC. And you a *gentleman!*

LOVE. Leave me !

MAC. An *English gentleman!*

LOVE. What ho, there ! who waits ?

Enter SERVANTS, L. U. E.

Drive this fellow from my door.

MAC. (*ironically*) Drive me from your door, eh? Ah! well, it is but just. The instrument is becoming dangerous. The buffoon no longer excites *laughter*, but *fear*, and so he must be got rid of.

LOVE. Fear ! fear, did you say? What, tremble at Patrick Macdonald ? Ha! ha! ha ! Now you become the buffoon again—I couldn't think of depriving the friends I expect, of your edifying sermon, so remain—remain, I beseech you. (*to SERVANTS*) Leave the room.

(*Exeunt SERVANTS, L. U. E.*)

Enter LUCY, down staircase.

LUCY. (C.) Hush! hush! speak lower, I pray you, sir.

LOVE. (*eagerly*) Well, how is she ?

LUCY. Oh, if you had but seen her ! She cried, and sobbed, and raved so, that I feared she had lost her senses. Indeed, sir, I don't know that she hasn't. When I implored her to take some repose, " Sleep! " said she, "sleep in this house ! Under the same roof with such a wretch ? No ! never—never ! " At last, when she was overwhelmed, seemingly suffocating. I prevailed on her to drink a glass of water into which I had, as you directed, placed that soothing medicine. Here is the phial.

MAC. (*aside quickly*) What is it she is saying ? (*keeps his eyes fixed on LOVELACE.*)

LOVE. And now ?

LUCY. She has fallen into a sleep, which will, I think, do her a deal of good.

LOVE. You were a sensible girl to leave her to herself. Let her remain so. If she requires your services, you shall be called.

LUCY. Thank you, sir. I shall be in my own room.

(*going, L. U. E.*) I beg your pardon, sir, do you know who the wretch was, that she raved so about ?

LOVE. Yes, yes.

LUCY. The scoundrel! if I had hold of his hair, I'd shake the senses out him, young as I am.

(*Exit LUCY, L. U. E.*)

LOVE. (*voices heard without, at back*) Hark ! Mowbray's voice, and Tourville, too. They come, exact as creditors, to their time.

Enter SERVANT, L. U. E.

Serve the supper in this room, and see that we lack not wine. Patrick, (*to MACDONALD*) will you take your place at our carouse ?

MAC. My place is here, (*going up c.*)

LOVE. Ha! ha! ha! A sentinel at Clarissa's door! Capital! Innocence will sleep this night under the safeguard of Virtue!

MAC. She will sleep, at all events, under the protection of my sword.

LOVE. The sword of Sir Patrick Macdonald! Ha ! ha ! ha! Excellent, upon my honour, (*in a serious tone*) But, when I want to ascend that staircase, my good man, I swear to you that neither your presence, nor your sword, will prove much hindrance, (*a loud burst of laughter heard without.*)

Enter TOURVILLE, BELTON, BELFORD and MOWBRAY, gaily, all laughing, L. U. E. SEBVANTS enter, remove L. table and bring forward c. table—it is ready served, and richly appointed.

BELTON. Well, Lovelace, what news ?

LOVE. One moment, and I am yours, (*taking a SERVANT aside, in a low tone to him—whispers first and then says*) You understand ? (*gives him the small phial.*)

SERVANT. Perfectly, sir.

MOWBRAY. But you are alone, eh ? Lovelace is alone, gentlemen.

LOVE. Come to table—to table, (*they all sit at table.*)

TOURVILLE. What, without waiting for the lady, my gallant Lovelace ?

LOVE. (*somewhat nettled*) To table, gentlemen!

BELTON. But isn't she coming to join us ?

LOVE. Perhaps.

TOURVILLE. Ha! ha! ha! I see, Lovelace has been beaten.

BELTON. Vanquished by virtue! (*all laugh.*)

LOVE. Laugh, gentlemen, laugh oh !

MOWBRAY. But do tell us, Why this seat is vacant? (*points to chair in front of table.*)

LOVE. Why (*pointing to staircase*) ask yon dog, who has sworn to bite everybody who approaches.

TOURVILLE. Hal ha! ha! what, really, Pat Macdonald!

LOVE. Yes, transformed into a protector of virtue.

ALL. (*rising*) All hail to the virtuous Sir Patrick !

LOVE. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses. (*All fill—LOVELACE rises, and presents a full glass to MACDONALD*) Here, friend, 'twill give you courage!

MAC. I won't drink.

LOVE. Not drink! Macdonald, not drink ! Oh, I see-dolt that I am—this is not the sort of wine--—the French vintage is too weak—fit only for women and boys, Here, Hickman. (*to SERVANT*) Uncork a bottle of port or Madeira the best my cellar contains—'tis for a sentinel on duty. (*with significance, the SERVANT uncorks a bottle, pours out a glass of wine, produces phial, pours a very small quantity into the glass—all this done very rapidly, but so as to be seen by the audience, SERVANT standing by R. 1 E.*)

MAC. No, I won't drink, I tell you. The *dog* doesn't choose to allow himself to be *muzzled*.

LOVE. Nay, nay. What refuse your friend, Lovelace, and your old acquaintance, Madeira ? Come, I'll give you a toast, captain, here's to your *protege*, Miss Harlowe, and the triumph of her virtue !

MAC. Eh! well I will drink that—but only one glass. (*takes glass which SERVANT has filled.*)

LOVE. Only half a glass if you like. Come, gentlemen, fill. To Miss Harlowe—(*ALL fill*)—and the triumph of her virtue, (*all drink*) Ha ! ha ! ha !

ALL. To Miss Harlowe! Ha! ha ! ha ! (*all drink and laugh very loudly and vociferously, in the midst of which CLARISSA suddenly appears upon the staircase at back, pale and scarcely able to sustain herself, as if completely overcome, and unconscious of her situation. ALL start up in different positions, from their chairs, and gaze upon her. SHE descends slowly, as if in a dream.*)

MAC. Great heaven!

ALL. 'Tis she ! (*CLARISSA, in a feeble voice—dreaming*) No, Lucy ; no, no—I will sleep no longer—I will never sleep in this—(*her voice fails her.*)

LOVE. (*in a whisper*) Silence, all! Not a word—not a movement.

CLARIS. (*as they are about to approach her*) Lucy—come—come. Danger—shame—sin—dwells here, let us—let us fly. (*as if searching for some one, her hand meets that of MACDONALD.*)

MAC. (*with deep feeling*) My poor girl, (*she sinks back into his arms; all the GUESTS make a movement as if to approach*) Back, back sirs. Which of you will dare attempt to wrest her from me ? Back ! back, I say ! Give place. (*he pauses before them, goes cautiously round the front of stage, with CLARISSA sustained by his left arm, his sword in the other hand, slowly—LOVELACE remains alone, without making a single motion to stay MACDONALD. When MACDONALD arrives near the door, L. 1 E., he staggers, puts his hand to his forehead, and utters a cry*) Ha, my brain ! my eyes grow dim—my arm has lost its power—nerveless to sustain her. (*she suddenly falls from his arm, into an arm chair, L. C.—he leans upon his sword*) I—ha ! it is—it must be so. The wine! the accursed wine!—heaven, save her. (*he falls, his head resting upon her feet.*)

LOVE. (*with a reckless and sardonic smile*) I told you, Patrick Macdonald, that neither your presence nor your sword, would prove much hindrance to Lovelace.

Tableau, and

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The upper show room of a Mercer's shop, on the first floor — L. a staircase leading down to the ground floor. This is the only entrance to and from without. Door, R. 3. E. A counter extending across the first wing, L., chairs liere and there—a table with writing materials on it, R., chair beside it. MR. SMITH is discovered.*

SMITH. 'Pon my life, I don't know what to make of all this. I never was in such a fever in my life; here's a poor girl, of whom we know nothing, snugly ensconced in our best bed room, and likely to quit this blessed world, leaving me to bury her. There's the doctor sent for—who the deuce is to pay him, I wonder ?

Enter MRS. SMITH, from, the R. 3 E.

Well, wife, how is she ?

MRS. S. Poor thing ! still as silent as ever.

SMITH. A most extraordinary specimen of the softer sex, certainly.

MRS. S. Why so ?

SMITH. Won't talk ! a silent woman—a wonder in natural history—must be suffering under some malady unheard of among the faculty. What did the doctor say ?

MRS. S. He shook his head as he went out.

SMITH. Poor girl! poor girl! Hark ye, wife, you have a good heart—how it——but if we get into any unpleasant scrape about  business mind it's all your fault.

MRS. S. Mr. Smith, husband, I'm really ashamed of you. Would you have the poor thing die, without holding out a hand to relieve her ? Ah, if you had seen her three weeks since, as I did, when I found her fainting and senseless at the step of our door—I am very sure, John, that you would have acted just as I did.

SMITH. Well, well, I daresay I should; but you have such a soft heart.

MRS. S. And you have such a soft head.

SMITH. I had rather be celebrated for soft substances about my head, than *hard* ones, you may depend. I must confess, the poor girl has a winning way with her ; but then you know, appearances, wife, are sometimes deceitful.

MRS. S. But not with her, my dear, depend upon it.

SMITH. I'm sure I hope not; but when people have done nothing to be ashamed of they generally tell who they are, and where they come from, and what they are going to do—and then you know, this terrible illness, from which there's little hope of her recovery.

MRS. S. Oh, don't say that!

SMITH. Well, but the doctor shook his head, you say, and that's a very bad sign ; they generally tell you you are all right, to encourage you on to some more doses, while there's a chance left. Then, you know, she was quite delirious last night. Now, altogether, wife, it makes me quite melancholy to think of it. I haven't had a laugh these three weeks, and you know how fond I am of laughing—why, I am so dying for a laugh, I should even be glad if cousin Patrick were to drop in, and entertain us a bit with one of his droll stories. I should, upon my word.

MRS. S. What!

SMITH. I should, I give you my honour—I know he's a horrible scamp, and I never could bear to see him enter my door, but the rascal has the knack of making me laugh

in spite of myself, and I'd welcome one of his funny stories, with all the pleasure in life.

MACDONALD. (*calls without, down the stairs*) Oh, stuff, nonsense ! I tell you he's always at home to me.

SMITH. Eh! why, as I live, that's his voice! Talk of the devil, they say—ah! I'm so glad.

MRS. S. But he had better not come up here, (*points to R. door, significantly.*)

SMITH. Egad, that's true. When he laughs, its like the roar of a mad bull—he would disturb her—but here he is.

MRS. S. Don't say a word to him about it.

SMITH. I understand.

Enter MACDONALD, melancholy and very reserved, up the staircase.

Now for a hearty laugh to crack my sides with. Ha, my dear fellow, how do you find yourself, eh? Ha, ha, ha !

MAC. (*with a continued moody melancholy*) Good day, cousin. How do you do, Smith?

SMITH. (*appears rather surprised, but relapses into great merriment*) How are you, Patrick? Ha, ha, ha ! I'm glad to see you.

MAC. (*sighs*) Thank you. (*seats himself—SMITH looks at him with a long face, and then at his wife.*)

MRS. S. What's the matter, cousin. How solemn you look!

SMITH. He's thirsty. Cousin's always thirsty, (*goes up to bureau, brings down bottle of brandy and glass*) Here's a bottle of brandy, cousin.

MAC. I drink no more.

SMITH. (*incredulously*) Oh, pooh, pooh, nonsense. Come, drink.

MAC. Do you want to poison me, to?

SMITH. (*recoiling*) Lord bless the man !

MAC. Villain ! (*SMITH starts further*) Lovelace ! Lovelace !

SMITH. What the deuce does he say? My dear fellow, it isn't poison, its brandy—capital brandy.

MAC. (*rising, and striking his fist on the counter*) I'll drink no more, I tell you.

SMITH. Very well, very well—don't get into a rage—I only thought-----

MAC. (*reseating himself*) Oh, wretch ! (*SMITH again looks astonished*) I'll find you, villain—I'll hunt you down!

SMITH. What, and who, the devil he's talking about ?
(*to his wife.*)

MRS. S. Why, cousin Patrick, can this be really you?
You, always so gay and joyous ?

SMITH. You who always had so many droll tales, and
histories to tell us !

MAC.(*forcibly*) Histories! Well, I'll recount a story to
you. (*rises, and in moving his chair, places it heavily upon
the ground*) I'll recount a story to you, the newest and
strangest that London at present furnishes.

SMITH. (*seats himself by counter*) Ah, that's right; go
on, go on. (*rubbing his hands*) Now I shall have a laugh.
Ha, ha, ha ! (*laughs loudly*) I shall have a glorious laugh;
I laugh even before I hear it. Go on, go on ; ha, ha, ha !
(*pleased*) Its now all ready, go on, go on. (*slapping his
knees.*)

MAC. 'Tis now about three weeks, or a month since,
that a plot was laid by one of our London men of fashion,
for the ruin of a young girl. By series of deceptions, she
was lured to his bouse in town, and, during a Bacchanalian
midnight revel with his friends, the foul act was to have
been consummated. Well, this young girl—oh ! had you
seen her ! She was so good, lovely, virtuous—that even
I—Patrick Macdonald—I, one of the veriest rascals that
this city of giant crime produces—could but pity her. 'Tis
true, and though hired as agent in the accursed work, I
stood alone her defender against five, and drew my sword
in her defence; but what avails woman's virtue or
man's strength amongst the profligates of the present
day, who adopt other and more powerful weapons,
to rob their pure victims of all that gives them worth.
(*rising*) Oh, 'tis infamous, fearful and accursed ! (SMITH
has fallen from laughing, to an attitude of intense attention)

MRS. S. Go on. Proceed.

MAC. I was there, on guard before her door. She descen-
ded, overcome and powerless, utterly unable to think or act.
She turned to me for support—she called me " friend "—
her enemies were hovering round her, and he, the
ravenous kite, about to fix his talons on his powerless
victim. Nature descended at once into my heart—I drew
my sword in her defence—would have borne her from the
house, or lost my life in the attempt. When suddenly my
senses failed me—my limbs refused their office—drugged
as *she* had been, by some powerful narcotic; placed in a
glass of wine they had tempted me to drink, I fell sense-
less to the ground.

MRS. S. Oh, heaven! And the poor girl-----

MAC. When I recovered, all were gone, the house was empty, but it had been the scene of a most odious crime, a most infamous outrage.

MRS. S. Eh, what? That poor girl?

MAC. Oh, that I knew what had become of her, that I could but see her once again.

CLARISSA *appears at door of chamber, R. 3 E.*

CLARIS. I cannot be mistaken, it must be the voice of him who defended me. (*raising her hands feebly towards him*) My friend, my friend!

MAC. (*turns and sees her*) Ah! unless I madden, it is she! oh! speak again—say 'tis no phantom I behold, but-----

CLARIS. Clarissa Harlowe, your unhappy friend.

MAC. (*falls on his knees before her*) Oh, let me pay my homage here, at the shrine of Virtue and of Honour.

CLARIS. Oh! how my heart bounds to see you once again. Let me—let me bathe your hand with suffering tears of grateful thanks!

SMITH. What! is this the poor young lady of whom you were just talking?

MAC. It is, she stands before you. How did you escape their fiendish hands?

CLARIS. Explain to you—I cannot; delirium had possessed me—when, when I recovered my senses, it was to find myself flying madly through the streets of London. Oh! 'twas a dreadful night, and the cold, the wind, the rain! my agitation and fevered mind—all I had undergone, utterly took from me each particle of remaining energy. I wandered through the night—sick—chill, to death. Oh! what a night of lengthened watching! Day at last did come, I had wandered I knew not whither; I sank fainting at this door—where I must have perished, had it not been for the ministering, charitable hands of this good lady.

MAC. Thanks, cousin! thanks! (*shakes MR. and MRS. SMITH'S hands*) For me, when I could gain no tidings of you, I hastened to your father's house, determined to acquaint them with the whole, and infamous plot.

CLARIS. You went?

MAC. I did.

CLARIS. You saw my mother?

MAC. I did, and she was the only one who shed a single tear.

CLARIS. She alone ! My dear mother !

MAC. When I had related your story, a young man, your brother I think, rose from his chair, and said, " I wish for no other proof of Clarissa's guilt than this man's presence. He is no other than Captain Macdonald, the accomplice and agent of Lovelace." At his words, your father and sister rose with indignation. My fatal presence seemed to revive their hatred, and I was driven from their door, without the means of explanation.

CLARIS. Still then, inexorable ! But do not weep for me; and you, sir, you see I have found that asylum with your kind cousin, denied me by my own kindred. But my friends, I would profit by my present freedom from pain, to write a few lines.

MRS. S. We will leave you here, miss.

SMITH. Aye; here's plenty of writing materials, and then, we can have a funny story down stairs ! eh, cousin ?
(*aside to MACDONALD.*)

MAC. (*observing CLARISSA*) What's the matter, miss ? You are pale, can scarcely support yourself!

CLARIS. (*with a forced smile*) 'Tis nothing, nothing ! the joy of meeting you, my friend, the tidings you have brought me. I feel better now, much better. You will return, will you not ?

MAC. (*supports her to chair at table R.*) Oh, yes, yes !

CLARIS. Thanks !

MAC. (*aside*) She will die ! Death is stamped upon her every feature. I will seek the villain, Lovelace, and at hazard of my life, I will avenge her.

(*Exit MACDONALD down stairs.*)

MRS. S. Come, Mr. Smith.

SMITH. I'm here my dear Mrs. Smith, I'm coming. Poor dear girl! What a hard-hearted beast I must have been to have suspected her !

MRS. S. You'll suspect me next, I suppose ?

SMITH. You? never! You are a true specimen of worldly wisdom, and connubial responsibility.

(*Exeunt MR. and MRS. SMITH down stairs.*)

CLARIS. In this writing, shall they truly recognise Clarissa, in this last adieu to a family which repulses me, that I still love, and shall love until my last sigh ! (*she sits, draws from her bosom, the paper of which she has been speaking, and slowly reads aloud. Soft music.*) " My soul to Heaven ! My mortal remains—Oh, father ! listen to this earnest prayer—accord me a place in our family tomb,

place me at the feet of your father, who will not have waited very long for the child of his adoption, and of his fondest love ! " I bequeath to my dear father, Mr. James Harlowe, all those lands which my grandfather in his will, had left to me. My first intention was to offer them to my brother, and to my sister Arabella; but I have thought they would be glad to possess them, in a manner less direct than from my own remembrance. To my dear mother my truest friend, I bequeath my portrait; it was painted when I had just attained my eighteenth year. I give to you, mother, this portrait of your Clarissa. Accept it; be it's refuge. Alas! it is no longer in it's place. Ascend to the attic, there you will find it's face turned towards the wall, the exiled image of Clarissa, when she was yet but a child, and happy ! It is with you, my adored mother, with your name upon my lips, with your sacred image within my heart, that I would terminate. I weep, and sink upon my knees, to speak to you. (*kneels painfully*) My good, tender mother! May a merciful Heaven accept my humble prayer, that every happiness may surround you until the end of your long existence. Then, mother, you will return to your dear Clarissa. Oh ! if you were here beside me—bending over my dying couch, if I felt, with your tears, for you will weep for me, mother, the double benediction of my father and my mother upon my brow ; if your loved voices said to me : ' Farewell, daughter!' I should believe that, already the choir of immortal Angels had transported me to the sojourn of eternal repose." (*remains kneeling, overcome by her feelings. Noise of tumult and voices without—music—agitato, through following. CLARISSA, starting up.*) What means the tumult ? those voices ?

LOVE. (*speaks without*) Now, don't let me disturb you, I'll go up stairs to Miss Harlowe, myself.

CLARIS. Merciful powers ! that voice !

SMITH. (*without*) You can't go up, sir, nobody can go up. (*voices again heard, as if in dispute below.*)

LOVE. (*without*) Don't stay me, sir, I tell you I will go up!

CLARIS. Him again! (*with horror*) Oh, no — never! never! (*she rushes into chamber, R. 3 E., closing the door after her.*)

LOVE. (*on the stairs*) Don't stay me, sir.

SMITH. (*on the stairs*) But I tell you, sir-----

LOVE. Go to the devil, (*pushes MR. SMITH, who is heard*

rolling down the stairs.—Enter LOVELACE, throws himself into chair, near tabled Ha, ha, ha! What a confounded old fool! *(has carelessly taken the will from table as if to fan himself with it, it catches his eye, he starts)* Heavens! *(music, twelve bars agitato, during which, he clutches the will convulsively, reading it, he stands immovable, the paper drops from his hands — his countenance evinces the most profound horror—he falls back in his chair)* Dead! Clarissa, dead! *(falls, with his head upon the table, and sobs convulsively, then rises)* No, no, no! it is impossible!—impossible, do I say? and have not I, infamous villain that I am, have not I subjected her to treatment worse than a thousand deaths? Oh, yes—dead—she is dead! *(despairingly)* Clarissa, pardon me, Clarissa—Clarissa—Clarissa! *(CLARISSA suddenly appears at chamber-door.)*

CLARIS. *(feebly)* Who calls me?

LOVE. All powerful heaven! Is it her spirit that thus appears before me? *(the manner, the glare of her eyes, the strong fixedness of her features, all announce that CLARISSA has lost her reason. She sees LOVELACE, gazes on him fixedly for some time, then, suddenly, her countenance lights up with joy, and she goes to him.)*

CLARIS. Ah! it is you! Come, hasten, for more than an hour the whole family have been waiting your arrival. Yonder, near the end of the great avenue—my mother, too! oh! if you but knew how proud she was of her son-in-law! Oh! indeed, 'tis true, that now everybody loves you! *(taking his hand)* Come, come, *(stopping)* But no, no! not yet. Let us remain in the garden, see, there! there! both of us—in that grove, and they will come in search of us. *(she seats herself, LOVELACE kneels before her)* We have so many things to talk about, so much to say to each other, and, first of all, that word, which Clarissa Harlowe has never yet pronounced—that word which I had resolved eternally to confine within my heart—my Lovelace—my husband, *(expansively)* I love you! Oh yes, dearly do I love you. Long have I endeavoured to conceal it from myself, and terribly have I suffered. So many sorrows had driven me mad, and a dream *(shivering)* a horrible dream. Listen! I dreamed that you had borne me from this house, had snatched Clarissa Harlowe from beneath her father's roof! What frightful things we can sometimes dream. You carried me away to a loathsome den, and there—there—*(after a pause, passing her hand*

across her brow) I no longer know—no longer remember. Oh, the Lovelace of my dream was a wretch, an infamous coward! (*joyfully*) That was not my Lovelace! Come near to me—yet nearer—nearer still, (*kissing his hands in the delirium of her joy*) Dear, dear Lovelace, I am your wife. My father has pardoned me, and I am your wife! My dear mother has blessed me, and I am your wife! Oh, 'tis Heaven which opens to receive me!

LOVE. (*kneeling*) Yes, yes! that happiness shall be ours. I ask it from you on my knees, Clarissa—my wife! (CLARISSA *looks at him fixedly.*)

CLARIS. Who has spoken to me? What voice was that? What man is this? (*uttering a cry, and flying from him*) Ah! I recognize you! You are Lovelace! What would you with me, miserable wretch? You have torn me from my father, but you will not snatch me from death! Go from me, go from me! I hate, despise, I curse you!

LOVE. (*still kneeling*) Mercy! have pity on me! (*rising, and embracing her*) Mercy! Clarissa! Clarissa!

CLARIS. (*after having cast a look towards LOVELACE, raises her eyes towards Heaven*) Oh, Heaven! pardon me—pardon him! (*she falls and dies.*)

LOVE. (*rushing wildly up*) Help! She is dead! she is dead! (MACDONALD *rushes on, a pistol in his hand.*)

MAC. And thou, atrocious villain! shalt not survive her!

LOVE. You say truly, but not by your hand will I perish. (*he throws himself on MACDONALD, and attempts to wrest the pistol from him, in the struggle it explodes, LOVELACE gives a loud cry and falls dead. MACDONALD, with an expression of awe, gazes on CLARISSA. Tableau, and*

CURTAIN

[For Costumes, see next page 

CLARISSA HARLOWE..

COSTUMES.

LOVELACE.—*Act 1*: Gold laced green riding frock with cape, high top-boots, powder, gold laced hat. *Act 2*: Crimson velvet coat, and breeches, white satin vest, white silk stockings, ruffles, &c.

MR. HARLOWE.—Black suit of the time.

CAPTAIN.—Scarlet military suit of the time.

BELTON and Others.—Handsome suits of the time, powder, &c.

SMITH.—Square-cut cloth coat, silk waistcoat, black breeches, white stockings, shoes and buckles, brown George wig.

MRS. HARLOWE.—Black satin dress of the time, lace cap and powder.

ARABELLA.—Figured silk open dress of the time.

MRS. SMITH.—Figured chintz open dress, apron, cap.

CLARISSA.—*1st dress*: Puce silk open dress of the time.
2nd dress : White muslin.

LUCY.—Smart chintz dress, Pamela hat.