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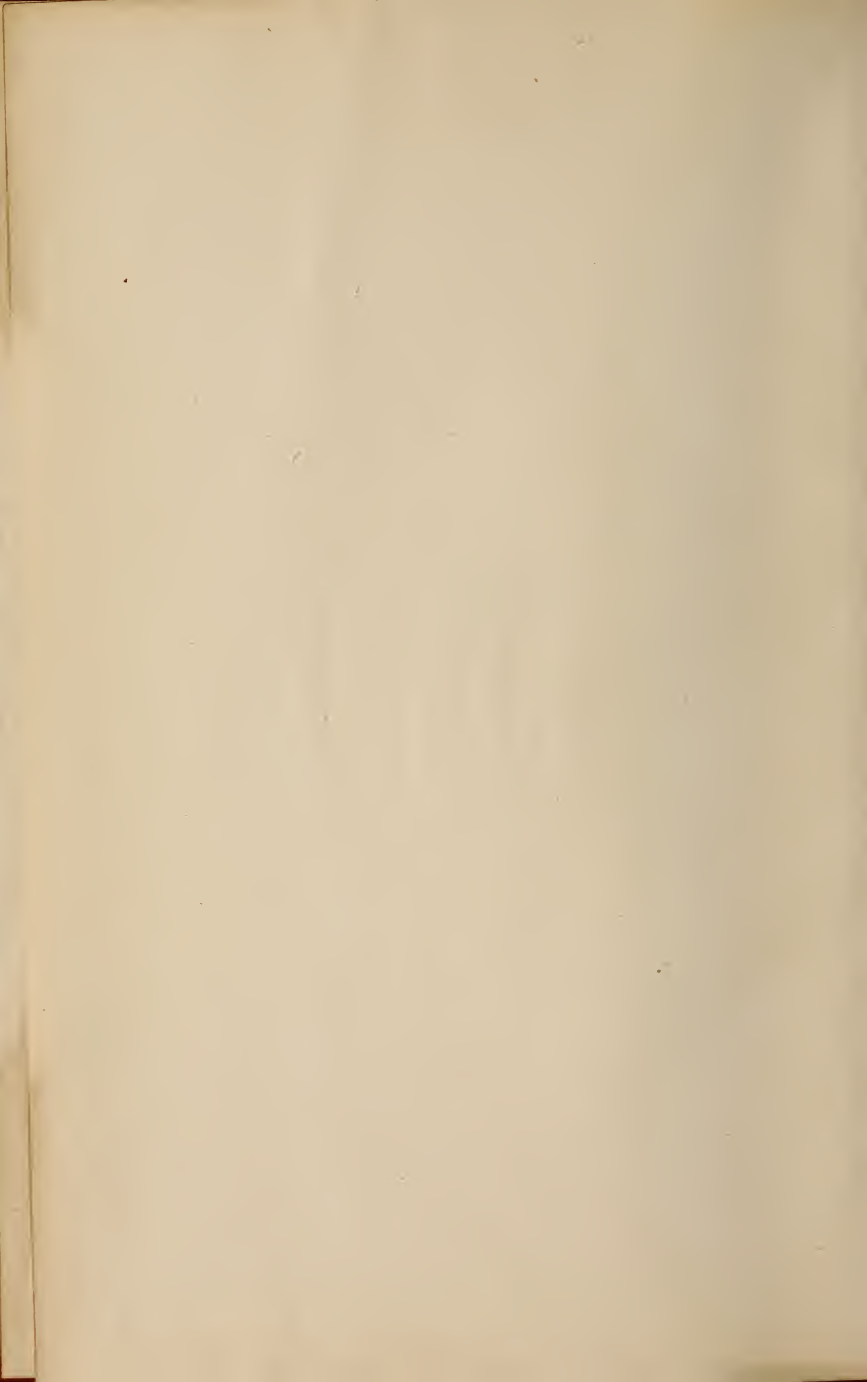
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*1884*

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.









# MADÉLAINE MOREL.

A PLAY,

IN FOUR ACTS.

*Salomon Mosenthal*  
(From the German of Mosenthal.)

BY

AUGUSTIN DALY.

AS ACTED BY DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE COMPANY AT THEIR  
TEMPORARY THEATRE (LATE THE "GLOBE"), FOR  
THE FIRST TIME MAY 20TH, 1873.



NEW YORK:  
PRINTED AS MANUSCRIPT ONLY, FOR THE AUTHOR.

1884.  
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**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AND ORIGINAL CAST.**

JULIAN, Count Dalberg, a Country Gentleman of the Olden German Manner . . . . . MR. GEORGE CLARKE  
 FREDERIC VON ARMIN, a Modern Alcibiades, who is giving his Last Feast "This side the Line" . . . MR. LOUIS JAMES  
 BARON OTTO VON REINWALD, one of the Happy Hearted, MR. HENRY CRISP  
 RIEDEL, another. . . . . MR. EDMUND PIERCE  
 LORD DURLEY, an English Pleasure Hunter, whose purse purchases both gladness and grief. . . . MR. J. W. LEMOYNE  
 THE ABBE VALMONT, the Gentle Pastor of Linz, MR. CHAS. FISHER  
 BLASWITZ, a Gentleman given to change, and who has but one sorrow—he won't stick! . . . . MR. JAMES LEWIS  
 STOBEL . . . . . MR. F. CHAPMAN  
 THE BEADLE . . . . . MR. J. H. BURNETT  
 COUNTESS OF DALBERG . . . . . MISS FANNY MORANT  
 LOTTE, her daughter . . . . . MISS SARA JEWETT  
 MARGUERITE . . . . . MISS NINA VARIAN  
 MEROPE, the Actress . . . . . MISS FANNY DAVENPORT  
 PHEBE of the Varieties . . . . . MISS ROSA ST. CLAIR  
 PERVENCHE . . . . . MISS CLARA MORRIS  
 MARGARETTA, the Widow of Philip and the Mother of Fredrika. . . . . Mrs. G. H. GILBERT  
 MADAM WILHELMINA . . . . . MISS NELLIE MORTIMER  
 MARTHA. . . . . MISS ROBERTA NORWOOD  
 DOROTHEA, }  
 FRANCISKA, } Marguerite's Bridesmaids . . . . . { MISS GRIFFITHS  
 CAROLINE, } { MISS CASSIDY  
 { MISS STEWART

\*\* The action passes at the present day. The scene of the first and second acts is Vienna; that of the third and fourth, Linz, in and about the Dalberg domain. After the third act a lapse of one year is to be supposed.

**FIRST ACT.**

SCENE: Parlors at Von Armin's city residence. (By DUFLOCQ.) A Bachelor Supper. A Comedy Within a Comedy, and how it was played!

**SECOND ACT.**

SCENE: The Boudoir of Pervenche (upholstered by ROBERT CUTLER).—The Morning after the Revel. The hand that is Held Out to the Miserable!

**THIRD ACT.**

SCENE: Apartment in the Old Castle of Dalberg (by DUFLOCQ). Madelaine Morel finds a Refuge, and Pervenche is Again Driven to the Abyss!

**FOURTH ACT.**

SCENE 1: (By ROBERTS.) The Boudoir of Marguerite. Preparing for the Bridal.

SCENE 2: (By ROBERTS.) The Cathedral at Linz. Two Ceremonies!



## ACT I.

SCENE.—*A bachelor's apartment. The lodging of VON ARMIN in the city. Doors R. and L. Arch doorway, C, leading to supper room. Elegantly lighted and set. Bookcases, R. Stand of rare plants, L. Rich furniture about. Curtains to doors, and over window in rear apartment, candelabras rich and lighted. MUSIC.*

RIEDEL enters in evening dress, preceded by STOBEL, C. L.

Riedel. Von Reinwald not yet come? I am first then. [*Leisurely taking off hat and coat, assisted by STOBEL, and then pulling off gloves.*]

Stobel. Yes, sir. The baron will be here in a moment, sir.

Rie. Very well. [STOBEL exits, C., with things. Returns to meet Rein.] Another supper. Another meeting with lovely creatures, whose acquaintance is the most expensive to maintain of any in Europe. I'm glad somebody can afford to give suppers. [*Languidly, sitting on sofa, L.*] And I'm glad I can afford to eat them without any responsibility as to returning them.

VON REINWALD enters, C. L., rapidly, followed by STOBEL, who receives his hat upon his head, his coat over his shoulders, and retires.

Reinwald. [R.] There! Hat—coat—gloves—no, keep them. Cane, eh? Oh, left it at last place. There, go; bless you and be happy. [*Pulls out watch.*] Ten! Early! Got to wait, eh! Hollo! Riedel!

Rie. That you?

Rein. [*Flippantly.*] I myself. Here long?

Rie. One minute.

Rein. Pleasant prospect. Delicious party.

Rie. If you don't absorb everything, as you usually do.

Rein. Aha! Don't be envious. There will be three ladies. You shall have one all to yourself. I'll be content with only two. [*Stage, R.*]

Rie. Generous man.

VON ARMIN enters, C. R.

*Von Armin.* [*To Rein.*] Ah! Otto! [*To Rie.*] Karl!  
[*All shake hands.*] Punctual, as becomes men who do a kindness.

*Rein.* [*Holding him off and looking at him.*] And so you are the victim of that insatiable deity—the god of marriage. [*Embraces.*]

*Von A.* I am. Behold me.

*Rein.* It is incredible.

*Rie.* [*Reclining on sofa.*] They say your mother-in-law that is to be—the Countess Dalberg—is so remarkable for her austerity and piety, that she is almost considered a saint in her part of the country.

*Rein.* And I hear that she intends to make a pious husband of you. You, the soul of the Jockey Club—the Alcibiades of the park. [*Leaning on Von A.'s shoulder.*]

*Rie.* Yes—and that your honeymoon is to be spent in a monastery.

*Rein.* And that you will be compelled to pay particular attention to devotional exercises.

*Rie.* In fact, that this marriage is to be more than an ordinary sacrifice.

*Von A.* And, therefore, I need all the support you can give me. [*Rein. goes to table.*] For this purpose I assemble my friends for the last time in these halls—so soon to be deserted; and Blaswitz has prepared for us a melancholy farewell repast. Behold him even now!

BLASWITZ is seen at the back giving directions to Stobel; he has on white tie, and is dressed primly. He turns and comes down.

*Von A.* Good evening.

*Blaswitz.* [R. C.] Ah, sir! Good evening.

*Von A.* Let me present you to these gentlemen. My friends—the best manager—the best factotum—the best cook in Europe.

*Rein.* Cook! How's that?

*Blas.* Ah, my dear Mr. Reinwald—you seem surprised. When I last saw you—

*Rein.* At Hamburg.

*Blas.* At Hamburg. I was assistant editor of a paper and special war correspondent.

*Rie.* Don't I remember you in Berlin?

*Blas.* Sir, you are very kind—and very correct. Those were my happy days. I was leader of the orchestra in the summer garden, and musical critic of the "Gazette."

*Von. A.* [*Next to Rie.*] And these before I found you at Very's—

*Blas.* Waiting on the guests. From which abyss—if I may dignify the position by such a name—you rescued me and installed me as major domo and steward of your bachelor establishment.

*Rein.* Why you're a jack of all trades. Editor, correspondent, musician, critic, cook, waiter—the deuce.

*Blas.* My dear sir, I expect to be the one man who, in his time, plays every part. And yet I don't succeed. No complaint is ever made as to my ability, but I don't stick.

*Rein.* Stick!

*Rie.* Stick!

*Von. A.* Stick!

*Blas.* Stick. Whatever I do, I do for. The newspapers I edited burst up. The summer garden whose orchestra I led went into bankruptcy. My musical criticism provoked an excoriated cornet soloist to horsewhip the publisher, and I was discharged. Why, would you believe it, a customer on whom I waited, when I served at Very's, got a bone in his throat and choked to death. Did you ever hear of so much misfortune?

*All.* [*Laughing.*] Never.

*Blas.* Now I am in the service of the Baron, I live in daily dread of one fatal event.

*Von. A.* And that is—

*Blas.* Marriage, sir! The destroyer of bachelor households. My sole enemy.

*Von. A.* [*Rises.*] Then it is with inexpressible regret, Mr. Blaswitz, that I have to announce to you—

*Blas.* Stop, sir. Pause for one moment, sir. You are about to break something to me. Give me a moment to collect myself.

*Rie.* A chair for his excellency.

*Rein.* [*Brings chair forward and forces Blas. into it.*] Compose yourself.

*Rie.* Have a glass of water.

*Blas.* Thanks. You are very kind, gentlemen. I knew it would come to this. But not so soon.

*Von. A.* This is my last bachelor entertainment. In three days I am to be married. In a month my lease here expires, till then—

*Blas.* [c.] I must look about. Very well.

*Von. A.* My friend [*indicating Rein.*] has considerable influence. I will endeavor to solicit it for you.

*Rein.* Certainly. What would you like to do, Blaswitz?

*Blas.* Everything.

*Rein.* Suppose I get you the place of porter in a bank.

*Blas.* I think I'd rather open a theatre.

*Rein.* [*Seated on table.*] But there are so few opportunities for indulging that pastime. And then your proverbial ill-luck, you know.

*Blas.* True. I did think of emigrating to America and getting a railroad. By the time it smashed up I might be rich enough to retire.

*Von A.* [*L. c., leaning on sofa.*] I'm afraid you are too ambitious.

*Rie.* [*R.*] You'd better marry an heiress. [*All laugh.*]

*Blas.* Ah, gentlemen, I'd descend to anything to earn an honest living. But in the meantime—a porter in a bank is a beginning. May I call on you to-morrow, sir? [*To Rein.*]

*Rein.* [*Laughing.*] At twelve. [*Goes up.*]

*Blas.* You are very kind, sir. [*To Von A.*] And if I have permission to retire. [*Bows profoundly and goes up.*] Porter in a bank—and I have been president of three. [*Aside, and exits, c. R.*]

*Von A.* [*To Rein.*] An original. I hope you may do something for him.

*Rie.* But my dear baron, let us return to the subject of your marriage. You kept it quite a secret.

*Von A.* [*Sits, L.*] When one marries in the country and settles down—

*Rein.* So you mean to settle down—with your sainted mother-in-law?

*Von A.* That is no jest. The countess is indeed a saint, if ever one lived on earth. She is no hypocrite.

*Rein.* So much the worse. One could manage a hypocrite—but a real saint is absolutely impracticable.

*Von A.* And her daughter—my intended—

*Rein.* Is an angel.

*Von A.* Yes.

*Rein.* So are all brides. After marriage the wings drop off.

*Von A.* That's the husband's fault. She changes only when he changes. I confess that the one thing which causes me uneasiness in entering this new life is the fate of so many couples I have seen.

*Rein.* [*Seated, R.*] The deuce! you don't mean me?

*Von A.* Certainly not. I allude to those married couples whom the world believes happy.

*Rein.* Oh, certainly!

*Von A.* This is my thought: when we buy a piece of land, we satisfy ourselves first, that it is worth what we give for it;

next, that the title is clear, the past satisfactory and the future without annoyance. But when a girl marries, she takes everything on trust. I am to wed the beautiful Lotte.

*Rein.* [*Laughing.*] Poor Lotte!

*Von A.* [*Look of surprise at his laugh, then turns away.*] She has never inquired as to the past, and has only my promise for the future. Now, what do men's promises amount to in our days. Does it restrain them? does it control their acts?

*Rie.* [*Laughing.*] I don't know. Ask Reinwald.

*Rein.* Don't ask me anything of the sort. What a sermon for a bachelor's supper—a supper where such delightful women are invited.

*Rie.* Delightful—that's the word! Merope, of the Theatre Royal, and Phœbe, of the Varieties—and then Pervenche.

*Rein.* Will Pervenche come?

*Von A.* I have a bet with Durley on it. I invited her—staked a hundred she would accept—and he took it.

*Rein.* He's an Englishman—and they don't make foolish wagers.

*Von A.* Oh! he's deeply smitten in that quarter. But, win or lose, to-night I put a dash through my past life and start a new set of books for the matrimonial venture. Yet, one last deep draught from the cup of youth—of independence. To-night I am still this side the line.

*Rein.* And you mean seriously to give all this up?

*Von A.* I shall adore my wife, educate my children—live like a steady citizen—and if, in the course of years, I come to town and chance to meet this delightful little Pervenche in the Park, I shall close my eyes.

*Rein.* One eye, you mean—in fact, wink at her. These sentiments do you honor. But you won't have a chance. Pervenche will go on the stage—make a hit—and be carried off to England by Durley.

*Von A.* How I should envy Durley—if I were not going to be married.

*Rein.* Not at all—envy him! You are still this side of the line.

*Rie.* [*L.*] I saw her driving in the Park with Merope. The group suggested Iphigenia being carried by Diana into the clouds.

*Von A.* Who knows where Pervenche came from?

*Rein.* Conundrum!

*Von A.* [*Rises and goes to Rein.*] I wish it were and I had the answer. What does Durley say?

*Rein.* Like all Englishman—nothing—not like us—we tell all we know.

Von A. And sometimes more.

STOBEL enters, C. L., and announces.

Stobel. Lord Durley!

Rein. The wolf in the fable! He comes!

DURLEY enters, C. L. STOBEL takes his hat and coat and exits, C. R.

Durley. [R. C.] Good evening, gentlemen!

Von A. [L. C.] Welcome, happy England! [*All advance and shake hands with him.*]

Dur. Happy? I lost a thousand last night at the Club.

Von A. [L. C.] And spent all the afternoon with the pretty little Pervenche!

Dur. Of course the account of the day is balanced. Ha! ha! ha!

Rein. [R.] Come, now, Arthur, how far have you got in that quarter?

Dur. As far as a skating party, to which I am to take her.

Rein. As you've got so far—don't slip up. Honestly, they say Pervenche is in love with you.

Dur. I always find her very amiable.

Rein. And she finds you the same—eh?

Dur. I am not vain enough to believe it—nor indiscreet enough to ask her.

Re. There's an example for you, Otto.

Rein. By jove, Arthur, you speak of these matters as if they were international treaties. I only ask, because if your diplomacy has not accomplished anything with her—we others, as allied powers, might help you.

Dur. I only ask a strict neutrality.

Rein. Neutrality? Peaceful?

Dur. [*Seriously.*] Or armed—just as you like. [*Crosses to R.*]

Von A. [*Between them.*] Peaceful, for gracious sake. [*Bell heard.*] Hark! the tidings of peace! The ladies are coming. My pulse quickens as it did on the occasion of my first adventure—and this is to be my last.

BLASWITZ appears, C. L., giving directions to Stobel.

Let us be merry to-night. [*To Blas.*] The ladies have come?

Blaswitz. Why, no sir! Not exactly. At present, it is only a trunk.

*Von A.* A trunk! [*All turn and look at Blas.*]

*Blas.* And a porter who plumps it down in the hall, with the statement that the gentlemen will soon be here.

*Von A.* The gentlemen! But no one was asked to bring his trunk.

*Blas.* Gentlemen from the country. I think he said Count Dalberg and the Abbe Valmont.

*Rein.* Aha! Your new relations.

*Von A.* Lotte's brother, and the old Abbe here, *now* of all times in the world. [*Stage, L. c.*]

*Dur.* Your future brother-in-law.

*Rein.* It'll spoil our fun. Send them back. I say, Blaswitz, send them off—invent some excuse.

*Blas.* But they've brought their trunk.

*Von A.* How can I send away the brother of my wife?

*Rein.* And the son of a saint. Oh, certainly, you can't send him off—nor the good old priest. Bring 'em in. Introduce them to Merope, the actress, and Pervenche, her companion.

*Von A.* No, no. His mother intends him to marry a noble lady in their part of the country.

*Rein.* So, of course, you can't tempt him.

*Von A.* The supper must be put off. The ladies must be told—

*Rein.* What?

*Von A.* Anything. Blaswitz, you must invent something.

*Blas.* Certainly, sir. What shall I invent?

*Von A.* The young count and his old friend must be received—the ladies must be dismissed.

*Rein.* [*Slapping his forehead.*] A brilliant idea—and a sure road to fortune, besides—

*All.* What is it?

*Rein.* Did not the father of Count Julian—this young man—declare in his will, that if his son contracted a marriage beneath his rank, you should inherit all the property? Very well—bring him in—let the ladies come up—introduce him to Merope. He falls in love, of course, as everyone does with her, they marry. She is only an actress—and there you are.

*Von A.* [*Crosses to him, then gets R.*] I don't like jests of this kind, Otto. In family matters, I am always serious.

*Rein.* Oh, very well—but I thought you were still on this side of the line.

*Von A.* Yes. But the line appears to be drawing pretty close. Confound it, how unfortunate. [*Bell rings.*]

*Blas.* There's the bell, sir. Owner of the trunk's come.

*Dur.* [*To Von A.*] I'll help you out of this. I'll take the

ladies to supper at Chevot's, and you can join us in an hour or so.

*Von A.* No—no—I may still manage to get out of this difficulty without looking like a fool.

*JULIAN speaks outside.*

*Julian.* The baron is at home?

*Blas.* There's only one coming, sir, and he's a young one.

*Von A.* If the Abbe would only call on some religious acquaintance in town to-night.

*Dur.* A young brother-in-law can be made to understand these things better.

*Von A.* You don't know him.

*Rein.* He's not another saint, is he? Oh!

*JULIAN enters, C. L.*

*Julian.* Oh! My dear cousin!

*Von A.* [*Crosses to him.*] Julian! [*They embrace.*]

*Jul.* That's from Lotte. [*Sees others.*] But I beg pardon. I'm making a family scene before strangers.

*Von A.* Strangers! Not at all! My best friends—Mr. Reinwald—Lord Durley—Mr. Riedel—Count Julian Von Dalberg. [*Introducing them.*]

*Rein.* [*Crosses to Jul. Delighted. Shakes him warmly by both hands, and then aside to Rie.*] Deuce take him for spoiling our supper. [*VON A. goes up to Blas., and gives directions. BLAS. exits.*]

*Jul.* [*Continuing.*] I am most happy to meet so many friends of my cousin. I already know Mr. Reinwald by name, although I come to the city so seldom. Your-mother-in-law is an old friend of our family.

*Von A.* [*Coming down.*] This is your first visit to town, isn't it? We must show you about.

*Jul.* You are very kind, but my stay will be occupied with business rather than pleasure. Ah! [*Throws himself in chair, c.*]

*Von A.* You are tired. You need rest.

*Rein.* [*Aside to Von A.*] Good idea—get him to bed.

*Dur.* The journey was very fatiguing, of course.

*Rie.* [*L.*] And one unaccustomed to traveling.

*Jul.* You are joking, gentlemen—if it were my old friend, the Abbe, now—but even he is fresh as a primrose after the cars. As for me, why I'm so used to roughing it in the country, that—don't I detect the odor of a delicious supper? If you are about



to sit down with your friends, cousin, without any ceremony, why— [*All exchange looks of consternation.*] and if you'll excuse my traveling dress—why, I'll join you, and show you what we call a country appetite.

*Rein.* [*Aside.*] Oh! by jove!

*Rie.* [*Same.*] We're dished.

*Dur.* [*Aside to Von A.*] Better let me carry the ladies off.

*Von A.* [*Aside to Dur.*] Stop, don't be in a hurry. Let me see. [*Aloud.*] Do you smoke, Julian. [*Offers cigarettes.*]

*Rein.* [*Aside to Von A.*] That's it. Make him sick.

*Jul.* Smoke—oh, yes—we've all the bad habits down there, too. Why, I've walked six hours at a time through fields accompanied only by my dog and my cigarette.

*Rein.* Gracious!

*Jul.* My mother says a man only loves his property when he knows it, and I know every tree on the estate. Ah, cousin, we'll take many a stroll together through our woodlands, and sometimes Lotte and the good Abbe will come with us.

*Rein.* [*Leaning back, mockingly.*] How delicious!

*Jul.* [*Looks at him comically for a moment.*] Indeed, but it is—then in the winter.

*Rie.* [*With curiosity.*] Ah, in the winter.

*Rein.* I'm anxious to hear what you make of your winters.

*Jul.* We spend our evenings reading aloud.

*Rein.* Intoxicating pastime.

*Jul.* Ha! ha! The outside world is given up to pleasures. At home we ought to seek for repose.

*Rein.* Ah, yes. Prayers, meditations, and all that.

*Jul.* Oh, well, we read some serious literature, you know—our last book was Lacordaire's Sermons. Mother gave us her comments as we went along.

*Rein.* [*Strolls over to where Von A. sits, and as he takes a cigarette, aside to him.*] How do you feel now? Lacordaire's Sermons! I congratulate you.

*Dur.* And you have never longed for the bright life in the city?

*Jul.* Certainly I have. As I love a strong man putting forth his strength—or a beautiful woman amid her triumphs.

*Rein.* Bravo! Count! Hold to that, and we'll show you life yet. [*Leaning over Von A.*]

*Von A.* [*Aside, impatiently nudging Rein.*] Don't!

*Jul.* I'm afraid I have much to see of the city, and that it's worst side.

*Von A.* What do you mean?

*Jul.* I forgot to tell you. You know I did not come up alone.

*Von A.* The Abbe Valmont?

*Jul.* He will be here at almost any moment.

*Von A.* [*Bites his lips and looks at Dur.* *REIN.* gets up and strolls up stage with *Rie.*] At any moment.

*Jul.* He has gone to the office of the Minister of Police. [*All turn toward Jul. interested.*]

*Von A.* And why?

*Jul.* To get certain information. For a month past all of us—mother included—have been prosecuting the most rigid inquiries through the medium of the different officers of justice.

*Rein.* [*Aside to Rie.*] Aha—into his past career—they mean to examine his titles.

*Von A.* You surprise me more and more. On what undertaking have you entered?

*Jul.* [*Rising.*] One you may call Quixotic, but which we call—an act of justice.

*Von A.* I should never laugh at the sentiment that inspired such an act. But why should the Abbe go about it so late at night?

*Jul.* Because he would not rest until the first steps were taken to right this wrong.

*Von A.* A wrong? Done by him?

*Jul.* Rather by our family.

*Von A.* It is a secret?

*Jul.* No, but it so nearly concerns us. [*Bell.*]

*Von A., Dur., Rein., Rie.* [*Clustering R. and L.*] The ladies! [*Whisper.*]

*BLASWITZ enters, C. L., and announces.*

*Blaswitz.* The Abbe Valmont.

*All.* Ah! [*Each gives different expression to this exclamation. JUL. one of joy, others of relief.*]

*Von A.* [*Hurriedly to Blas.*] If the ladies come—

*Blas.* [*Breathlessly.*] Yes, sir.

*Von A.* [*Same.*] Detain them at the door by any means.

*Blas.* [*Same.*] I will try, sir—but I think it will be a tough job for one. [*Exits, C. L.*]

*Jul.* Now, my dear cousin, here is one you will learn to love.

*The ABBE VALMONT enters, C. L., stops, C., with a gentle smile, salutes all. All bow respectfully.*

*Von A.* [*Advancing.*] Welcome, sir—and enter.

*Jul.* [*Introducing.*] My cousin, and brother that is to be.

*Abbe Valmont.* I am most happy to take your hand, sir. You are to become a member of the happiest home, I believe, that exists on earth.

*Von A.* [*R. C.*] Let me present my friends. Mr. Reinwald—Lord Durley—Mr. Riedel.

*Rein.* [*After shaking hands with the Abbe.*] Gad! I haven't the heart to wish the old boy away, now he's come.

*Jul.* But tell us quickly, my good sir, what your news is?

*Abbe.* None yet. But in an hour a message for you will be delivered here.

*Jul.* Then the police think they have a clue?

*Abbe.* They hope so. But these gentlemen seem surprised. Have you not told them?

*Von A.* As you came in—

*Jul.* I was about to say that you can best relate the story of our search. [*VON A. reaches a chair and places it C. ABBE sits. JUL. stands beside him. VON A. sits facing him, R., DUR. and REIN. on L. DUR. nearest Jul. RIE. on R.*]

*Abbe.* It is shortly done, gentlemen. The point is as soon reached in tales that are sad, as in those which set the circle in a roar.

*Jul.* [*To Von A.*] Have I never spoken to you, cousin, of a former secretary and steward of my father, who was called Jacques Morel?

*Von A.* Not that I remember.

*Abbe.* This M. Jacques Morel—for he was of good family—was a reserved and moody man. Although he was an excellent manager, the old count, Julian's father, quarrelled constantly with him. One day an error was discovered in Morel's accounts. The countess, who usually acted as peacemaker, was absent at the time. The count had Morel's books examined—and they were not only found in disorder—but, alas, a considerable deficit was discovered.

*Von A.* I remember now the circumstances.

*Jul.* It was the summer we were boys at Weimar. [*VON A. nods.*]

*Rein.* I hope the precious steward got his deserts.

*Abbe.* He was driven from the place covered with shame, and the news of his ignominy was published far and wide. He stole away, taking with him his daughter—a child four years of age.

*Von A.* And this was—

*Abbe.* Fourteen years ago—from that time Morel's name was never mentioned in the old Count's presence. The new steward,

a plausible fellow, pretended to find other evidences of embezzlement in searching the books. A year ago, as you remember, the Count died. Then the Countess, who never ceased to believe in Morel's honesty, called her son to her, and together they investigated the old accounts. The task was tedious, but sustained—she by hope—*he* by duty—was at length accomplished, and the result was—

*Dur., Von A., Rein., Ric.* [*Together.*] Well?

*Abbe.* The entire vindication of Morel. The discovery of accounts imperfectly kept, but not a florin abstracted.

*Rein.* So you sent for the steward and installed him again in his place.

*Abbe.* Sir, it was fourteen years since he and his little daughter had been driven from the door. Unjustly—unkindly driven—with shame so heaped upon him that he had to fly the country. The feelings of the Countess may be guessed. She said to me, "I hear the sobs of these poor outcasts sounding through the castle. I fancy the fruit of our fields are stained with their tears—where shall we find them to make reparation."

*Von A.* You made search, then, at the office of the Minister of Police.

*Abbe.* Yes, but up to this day in vain. We have offered rewards, but without result. No trace of Morel—no trace of Madelaine.

*Dur.* I can well understand the good lady's regret. But there was no fault on her part—nor yours.

*Jul.* I, sir! I inherit my father's wealth. I must undo his injustice and right those he has wronged.

*Rein.* [*Aside to Dur.*] A pretty good story—do very well for the theatre in a modified form.

*Abbe.* From the police we have learned that some three years ago there died in the public hospital a man whose appearance agrees with our description of Morel. He left a daughter—but all traces of her have been buried beneath the waves of life that break over great cities like this. And yet she must be found—we are here to exhaust every means in the power of men to discover some clue to this unfortunate girl—this poor Madelaine—so young—so helpless—alone—unfriended—exposed to every harm that can befall the body or attack the soul.

*Von A.* We will all aid in the search.

*Dur.* Command me as you think best.

*Ric.* And me!

*Rein.* [*Musing.*] Madelaine! eighteen years old—or thereabouts! It seems to me—

*Jul.* [*L. c.*] You believe that you know.

*Rein.* I know several Madelaines! All about that age. Perhaps I can assist a little.

*Von A.* [*Aside to Rein.*] Don't jest about it, Otto.

*Rein.* Jest! Pooh! [*Takes out note-book.*] I'll take down the name: "Madelaine Morel, 18 years." Blonde or brunette? It don't matter; they change so as they grow up. I'll make a little voyage of discovery. Let's see—the first place to inquire is in the ballet.

*Jul.* Is it possible you will find her there?

*Rein.* What? Afraid of the ballet? That comes of reading serious literature. I'll make the search. You may look in the schools—the workshops—the asylums. I'll roam through the ballet. Bet you fifty I find her first.

*Abbe.* I have always had a nameless fear for her fate, and I yet dread to think that when we find her— [*Covers his face with his hands.*]

*Jul.* [*Patting Abbe on shoulder.*] Let us rather hope for the best, good friend. I'm afraid, gentlemen, we have wearied you with our gloomy story—so important to us, but indifferent to others. But you will excuse me, I know. [*Laughs gently.*] It's all owing to the serious literature.

*Rein.* 'Pon my word, I'm in earnest about helping you.

*Jul.* [*To Abbe, after bowing thanks to Rein.*] In an hour, you said, the police are to send a message.

*Abbe.* Yes, in an hour. In an hour we must know everything.

*Rein.* [*To himself.*] Where shall we begin? There's a ballet at the Theatre Royal, one at the Volks, three or four gardens full of them all over town. [*Three or four sharp bells. All start.*] Aha! [*To Von A., Rie. and Dur.*] We forgot that we were standing on the brink of a precipice.

<i>These voices heard out- side quick and lively.</i>	{	<i>Merope.</i> Not at home. Ha! ha! ha!
		<i>Pervenche.</i> What did you say? Ha! ha!
		<i>Phæbe.</i> Nonsense! Never mind.
		<i>Stobel.</i> But, ladies—I tell you—
		<i>All.</i> Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Von A.* The ladies.

*Merope.* [*Outside.*] We'll see for ourselves.

*Rein.* [*To Dur.*] 'Tis the voice of Merope. I know her contralto among a thousand.

*Von A.* [*To Dur.*] There are three. Pervenche is among them.

*Dur.* They will force their way in. [*Ladies all heard laughing.*]

*Jul.* You are to have ladies?

*Von A.* [*To Rein.*] Get me out of this scrape and I'll forgive you every act of madness you ever committed.

*Jul.* [*After speaking to Abbe.*] If we are in the way—

*Von A.* [*Crossing to them.*] Oh! dear no. How could you think of it. [*Aside to Rein.*] Save me!

*Rein.* [*c., to all.*] Ladies—oh, yes—you see, it is my wife—Mrs. Reinwald—and her sister, and my niece, Blanche—that we expect this evening. Blanche, you must know, has just come from her convent.

*Dur.* [*To Von A.*] Ready fellow, that.

*Rein.* The ladies, you see, are going to sup with the Baron quite *en famille*.

*Abbe.* We can retire. I know the gentlemen and ladies will excuse me.

*Rein.* [*Aside to Von A.*] Good old man. [*Aloud.*] Not for worlds.

*Abbe.* I must plead the privilege of age—whose wishes cannot be gainsaid—and pray to be excused. But my young friend—

*Jul.* A supper party—with ladies—you can't expect me to meet them in this dress?

*Rein.* Oh! the ladies will not stand so much upon etiquette.

*Jul.* If you will give me five minutes to dress—

*Rein.* Certainly, take your own time.

*Von A.* [*Calling off.*] Stobel!

STOBEL enters, C. L.

*Stobel.* Sir!

*Von A.* Show the Count and the Abbe to their rooms.

*Rein.* [*Going to Abbe and shaking his hand.*] If you knew how much we shall miss you.

*Abbe.* [*To all.*] You are very kind. You have my earnest wishes for a pleasant evening. Once when I was a young man [*smiling*], I enjoyed a supper—but as we get on later in life we must eat earlier in the day. Good night, Baron—good night, gentlemen. [*Bows to all, who salute him respectfully, and he and JUL. exeunt, R. 2 E., followed by STOBEL, REIN. following them up.*]

*Rein.* Well! [*Leans against back of chair, while VON A. DUR. and RIE. stand off and shake their fingers at him.*] How' that? My wife, sister and niece—ha! ha!

*Von A.* Outrageous—he will discover the deception.

*Rein.* I'll take all the responsibility. After the second glass of wine he'll laugh at the joke as heartily as we do.

*Dur.* I don't like to have any share in this comedy.

*Rein.* You needn't take a speaking part, my lord. The joke is a superb one. The ladies will be in raptures—they like to act, and now they're cast in first-rate parts. It's the last good time for us—on this side the line. [*Ladies laugh outside.*]

*Von A.* Here they are!

PICTURE: REIN. and DUR. down R., VON A. and RIE. down L., MEROPE, PERVENCHE and PHŒBE peep in, heads in a line at c. door, laughing.

*Merope.* May we come in?

*Phæbe.* Enemy gone?

*Von A.* Yes, come along.

*Ladies enter, C. L., DUR. goes to PER., RIE. to PHŒ.*

*Mer.* What a precious bother about nothing. Call in that rascal, Blaswitz.

BLASWITZ enters, c.

*Blaswitz.* It's all very well to blame me, but I had my instructions.

*Mer.* Pretty instructions—invited to supper and then stopped in the doorway.

*Von A.* [*Advances to her.*] But, my dear Merope, there were reasons.

*Mer.* Reasons? Where are they?

*Von A.* They have just gone—fortunately for us all.

*Phæ.* [*Coming down with RIE.*] Have you been scolding them well?

*Mer.* Yes! but without effect. Let us punish them. Let us go home again.

*Phæ.* [*L.*] I would if I hadn't to take my appetite away with me. [*Sits on sofa with RIE.*]

*Rein.* [*R. c.*] Bravo! we conquer.

*Mer.* Conquer! Do you hear that, Pervenche?

*Per.* [*Turning.*] It was no trouble at all to wait, and Blaswitz was as polite as if he were receiving a deputation of ministers.

*Blas.* Thanks, mademoiselle. I flatter myself I am the only man in Europe who can stop the guests at the door when supper is on the table.

*Mer.* You are the only man that dares to. [*Exit BLAS., c.*]  
But, come, what was the reason?

*Von. A.* Did not Blaswitz explain?

*Mer.* He mumbled something about a young man from the country, and a Rabbi.

*Rein.* An Abbe, an Abbe.

*Mer.* Well, what was it all about?

*Rein.* Relations, family, very strict, propriety, and all that.

*Mer.* You talk about those things as if you understood them.

[*Throws herself into chair, c.*]

*Von A.* Oh, no battles. Lay down your arms.

*Rein.* Yes, and to business.

*Mer.* Ah! you mean supper.

*Rein.* No, before supper. We are about to play a little comedy. [*All come down.*]

*Mer.* Play a comedy? That is business, sure enough.

*Phœ.* [L. c.] How many characters in it?

*Rein.* Parts for all. You three are to assume for five minutes the characters of ladies of distinguished social position.

*Mer.* Five minutes? That's a long time, and very tiresome.

*Phœ.* Tell us the plot of the comedy. My line is the sou-brettes, you know.

*Rein.* The Baron's cousin has surprised us with a visit. As he is a rustic youth who never saw a play, and naturally has the most terrible ideas about actresses, we had to sacrifice him or you. We decided to sacrifice him. I told him you were my wife.

*Mer.* Do you call that sacrificing him? I'm the victim. What have I done to deserve this? [*Rises.*]

*Rein.* But it's only for five minutes.

*Mer.* Five minutes. Perhaps I can endure it for that period. But Phœbe?

*Rein.* Phœbe is your sister. And Pervenche—

*Mer.* I won't be her mother, now—

*Rein.* Oh, no. Pervenche is your niece—a little thing just from her convent.

*Mer.* [*To Per.*] How lucky, my dear, you came in that quiet dress.

*Phœ.* Am I supposed to be married or single? It makes a great difference, you know.

*Rein.* Married, of course.

*Mer.* [*To Phœ.*] In that case you had better let your hair down in side curls, my dear. [*Phœ. goes to glass and fixes hair.*]

*Dur.* [*To Per.*] How does the part suit you?

*Per.* What am I to do?



*Rein.* Nothing, except to cast down your eyes, instead of fixing them so often on Durley.

*Von. A.* [*Who has been passing up and down at back.*] Otto, I tell you nothing good can come of this trick.

*Rein.* O, very well, expose me. I'll go.

*Rie.* He is here.

JULIAN enters, R. 2 E., in evening dress.

*Rein.* [L. c.] Here at last, Count! The ladies have been waiting for you.

*Julian.* I must beg their pardon. [*To Mer., who has taken Rein.'s arm with aplomb.*] Mrs. Reinwald, I believe.

*Mer.* [L. c., bowing.] A cousin of the Baron.

*Jul.* I'm delighted to meet so agreeable a neighbor of—

*Rein.* [*Down to her, R., in a whisper.*] You used to live near his mother in the country.

*Mer.* I am charmed, in turn, to renew with the son my acquaintance with the mother. How is your mother? [*Assumed tone.*]

*Jul.* In the enjoyment of excellent health.

*Mer.* Otto! [*Imperiously to Rein., who has stepped aside.*] My fan.

*Rein.* [*Hurrying to get it from chair.*] Here it is, my angel. [*To Jul.*] Allow me to present to you Madame Schonberg. [*PHÆ. and JUL. bow.*]

*Phæ.* Very happy to meet you. I long so to hear about the country. You must tell me everything. [*Takes Jul.'s arm and goes up.*]

*Mer.* [*To Rein.*] It's a pity to play such a joke on him. He's so honest and manly.

*Von. A.* [*In her ear.*] Thanks for that, Merope.

*Dur.* [*As others go up.*] I wish you had not come.

*Per.* Merope insisted, and I waited in her carriage until the play was over.

*Dur.* I may call to-morrow?

*Per.* You are always welcome, of course.

*Mer.* Blanche! [*Calling to Per., who does not recognize the name. Goes to her with Jul., taking his arm.*] Blanche, my dear, [*PER. turns.*] I want to introduce you to the son of my old friend. [*PER. rises.*]

*Jul.* [*Bowing.*] Mademoiselle. [*Looks at her with ardent admiration.*]

*Mer.* She is quite timid. Just from the convent, you know. [*Takes Dur.'s arm.*]

*Jul.* From a convent? It seems to me I have seen her there.  
 [PER. turns away troubled. Presses her handkerchief to her lips and drops it.]

BLASWITZ enters at C.

*Blaswitz.* The supper is served. [Goes off, L. C.]

*Rein.* [To *Jul.*] Will you give your arm to mademoiselle.

[JUL. takes *Per.* up.]

*Mer.* [To *Von A.*] Baron, your arm! [To *Rein.*, who looks in dismay.] It is so old-fashioned, my love, for husband and wife to pair off. Come, Baron. [They go up.]

*Phæ.* [To *Rie.*] Come, my dear. [They go up.]

*Rein.* [To *Dur.*] Don't look so serious.

*Dur.* I had determined to get out of this scrape, but I can't go and leave *Pervenche* with the Count.

*Rein.* He is evidently smitten. [They go off, R. All go off, C. and R. Their voices and laughter are heard.]

All spoken together.	}	<i>Mer.</i> Next to me, Count!
		<i>Von A.</i> This is your seat.
		<i>Phæ. and Per.</i> Ha! ha! ha!
		<i>Rie.</i> I give up.
		<i>Rein. and Dur.</i> Don't quarrel—ha! ha! ha!

BLASWITZ enters from L. with a large official letter, which he turns over.

*Blaswitz.* Official! From the Minister of Police. It is singular what an unpleasant sensation the sight of such correspondence always causes a man who has been president of three banks. Addressed to the Abbe Valmont, or the Count Dalberg. As the Count is at supper, it had better go to the Abbe.

ABBE enters, R. D.

*Abbe.* It is useless to summon philosophy to my aid and wait composedly for news of poor *Madelaine*.

*Blas.* A letter for you, sir. Official.

*Abbe.* Thank you, thank you, my friend. The very thing I have been anxiously expecting. May I entreat you [As he is about to open packet.] to attend me a moment lest I may have to send a message in reply. [Goes L. and sits, nervously opening letter.]

*Blas.* [Aside.] Certainly, sir! certainly! The sight of this venerable ecclesiastic reminds me of the fact that in all my ex-

periments in getting on in the world, I never tried the church. How stupid of me. Years of precious time wasted and I might have been a bishop.

*Abbe.* [*Coming forward joyously, reading.*] Brief! very brief, but full of hope! Oh! if I could tell my dear boy this. [*Laughter from without.*] They are at supper. [*Goes up c. quietly.*] And all so happy. He sits besides a young girl on whom his looks are fixed. A modest creature, for she hardly speaks, and never lifts her eyes. I'm glad they bring them up so well even in the city. Heaven bless thee, fair child. [*Extending his hands.*] I must tell him. [*Comes down.*] My friend—

*Blas.* [*Aside.*] Nice old gentleman. But then at his age to be nothing but an Abbe—evidently a man of no push in his profession.

*Abbe.* Could you ask the Count to leave his friends for a moment for the sake of some good news?

*Blas.* Certainly, sir. [*Going.*] What a request! to take a man from his supper. Evidently a person of no tact. He'll never be a bishop. [*Off, c. R.*]

*Abbe.* His repast will have a better flavor when he knows we are so near the truth.

JULIAN enters, c. R.

Ah! my dear boy. I have news!

*Julian.* [*Abstracted a moment, looking off.*] News?

*Abbe.* Yes, from the Minister of Police.

*Jul.* Oh, yes! yes—pardon me.

*Abbe.* [*Reads.*] “Our agents have at last found the person whom they sought. A young girl eighteen years of age—formerly bearing the name of Morel.”

*Jul.* Formerly?

*Abbe.* Yes! [*Reading.*] “Formerly bearing the name of Morel.” I don't understand that myself, but they will tell us all to-morrow. [*Reads.*] “To-morrow at eleven her address will be sent you.”

*Jul.* Good news, indeed.

*Abbe.* And better than that! I have an omen of success; my heart that has been so heavy, suddenly frees itself from its burden and leaps in my breast. Depend upon it, my son, [*Reverently.*] He that bears the prayers of the fatherless now directs our steps. [*Then gaily.*] But go back to your companions. Go back to—aha! I watched you—a fair young face. [*Nods and points off.*]

*Jul.* You saw her?

*Abbe.* Only for a moment, and I was sorry to call you away. Run away—now—quickly—but keep your heart safe; remember that has been promised to another, my son, by your good mother. There—go—go—and I will return to my chamber with this—*[Showing packet.]* the companion of my pillow. Good night, my boy, good night. *[Exits, R. 2 E.]*

*Jul.* For a moment I had forgotten my mission here, gazing into Blanche's face. I felt a magic power obliterating every thought save of the present and of her. *[Sinks on chair.]*

PERVENCHE enters, C. R., quickly.

*Pervenche.* I can bear it no longer. His looks torture me, for they seem like my conscience.

*Jul.* *[Seeing her, rises.]* What are you looking for, Mademoiselle?

*Per.* *[Hesitating.]* My—my—handkerchief.

*Jul.* See, here it is. *[Picking it up.]*

*Per.* *[Not taking it.]* Sir—I—thank you.

*Jul.* You seem agitated—trembling. *[Places a chair.]* This close air—this life suits you as little as me—you in your convent—

*Per.* Sir—I beg—

*Jul.* And I in my country home knew nothing of such scenes. Ah, if you could only come to my house—my sister, who is only less beautiful than you, and my mother—you know how one loves a mother.

*Per.* *[Shaking her head.]* I do not know it.

*Jul.* You have no longer a mother then?

*Per.* *[Low.]* I have no one. *[Her eyes cast down.]*

*Jul.* Pardon me.

*Per.* I never saw my poor mother, and a few years ago my father—

*Jul.* There, it distresses you, do not speak of it. *[Presses her handkerchief to his lips as she sinks in chair.]* Forgive me for my awkwardness.

*Per.* I had not even a home.

*Jul.* True—a cold and gloomy convent.

*Per.* Say rather a cold and selfish world—pitiless—unloving—and unkind.

*Jul.* Not all the world. For one so young—so beautiful as you—the world has no unkindness. *[Putting the handkerchief in his bosom.]* Ah! Mademoiselle—*[Taking her hand.]* Blanche.

*Per.* *[Recoiling.]* Do not call me by that name. *[Turns away weeping.]* How can I tell him?

*Jul.* *[Going.]* You are ill. Let me call them.

*Per.* [*Hastily rising.*] No—no. [*Detaining him.*]

*Jul.* [*Tenderly taking her hand and leading her down.*] Speak to me as to a friend—a dear brother.

[*Loud and boisterous laughter and clinking of glasses heard, JUL. starts and listens, still holding her hand.*]

*Per.* I need tell you nothing, you hear it for yourself.

*Laughter.* REINWALD appears with champagne bottle, his head decorated with flowers, like a Bacchant, surrounded by MEROPE and PHEBE, DURLEY, VON ARMIN and RIEDEL following, all laughing and singing bacchanal song.

*Merope.* The five minutes are up. Come, ladies, we regain our freedom. Reinwald, I demand a separation. Where have you been hiding, Pervenche? Lord Durley has had spasms of jealousy.

*Jul.* [*Looking from group to Per., and dropping her hand.*] Pervenche!

*Mer.* Yes, my dear sir; it's too much trouble to keep up the deception. I have the honor to be Mademoiselle Merope, of the Theatre Royal. [*Down curtsey.*]

*Phæbe.* [*Same business.*] And I, Mademoiselle Phœbe, of the Gaieties.

*Per.* [*Tearfully.*] And I am Pervenche.

*Von Armin.* [*Crosses to him.*] Julian—let me explain.

*Jul.* [*Affecting mirth, after a painful struggle.*] A good—jest—ha—ha—ha!

*Reinwald.* Isn't it. A splendid joke. Invented by your humble servant. The Baron is merely giving his last entertainment this side of the line. [*Laughs.*]

*Jul.* [*Still in pain, but assuming gaiety.*] Ha—ha—ha!

*Von A.* My last—you understand, cousin—seriously!

*Jul.* Seriously—why seriously? It is only a jest, and I am the last man in the world to spoil it.

*Rein.* Bravo! bravo! I told you he was a splendid fellow. But the wine waits and the hours fly. [*Sings Offenbach's air.*] Come, girls, join me.

REIN. takes MER., RIE., PHÆ., and DUR. seizes PER. They take up the song and waltz out to the air; when near door MER. throws REIN. off, and seizes PER. from DUR., they continue the waltz wildly and laughing, while REIN. seizes DUR. and waltzes

him around, drinking from the bottle as he dances. VON A. dances with a chair, R. JUL. gazes after them; when they are off he takes Per.'s handkerchief from his bosom.

Jul. [*Near sofa, L.*] She! Such a thing? [*Wipes his forehead with handkerchief.*] So young!—so beautiful! [*Throws handkerchief down.*] It is pitiful!—pitiful!—pitiful!

CURTAIN.

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## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Balcony and apartments at Pervenche's. Balcony, c., doors to apartment, R. and L. Table, c., with service for breakfast upon it. DURLEY reading paper and sipping chocolate. PERVENCHE on the other side of the table sitting abstractedly.*

Durley. Skating at Weimar yesterday! reminds one of Goethe, doesn't it? Ha! ha! We must take a trip there. [*Looks up and notices her bury her head in her hands, lowers his paper.*] Why, my love! you look very sad; or is it weariness after the supper last night.

Pervenche. [*Sighing.*] Yes. It must be that.

Dur. I was afraid it would hurt you. You know if I had my will you should never see the city again. A quiet little nook in some romantic village—Italy is my choice. A rural life—early hours—rising with the sun and watching the dew ascend in its fragrant vapor: this should be your life. [*Rises and leans over her chair.*]

Per. Oh! why speak of all this? It is impossible.

Dur. [*Affectionately.*] Impossible as long as my pretty bird prefers its gilded cage to the free air.

Per. Is it not mockery to speak to me of freedom?

Dur. [*Sitting next to her.*] Oh! my darling, you positively have the blues. Haven't I threatened to pinch this little ear if I found its owner in such a state again. [*Caressing her. She rises.*]

Per. I am really ill to-day. [*More gently.*] Forgive me! But you know we cannot always command our nerves, and I feel as if I could fly from every one.

*Dur.* And I thought to have such a delightful morning, and to take you to the park.

*Per.* Not to-day—not to-day. I am really not well enough.

*Dur.* And this evening the opera of Semiramide!

*Per.* [*Carelessly.*] Perhaps! I don't know.

*Dur.* [*After a pause.*] I'll light a cigar and sit in the conservatory. I saw a bug in the orchard yesterday and I'll try to smoke him out. [*Lights a cigar.*] After that I'll go to Frédéric's. [*To PER., who has gone to piano and is leaning over it.*] Play something lively for me. I can hear you through the glass doors. [*PER. sits at piano.*] [*Aside.*] Hang that supper! There was something whispered me no good would come of it. [*Kisses her hand, which he takes from the keys, then with a sigh goes to balcony, looks at Per., and exits, R. She plays softly.*]

WILHELMINA enters and removes breakfast things.

*Wilhelmina.* Why, mademoiselle, you have not touched a morsel. Ah! that supper last night—I know how it is. When ladies are out late at suppers, they are nervous all day after.

*Per.* [*Absently.*] Nervous! Yes.

*Wil.* I'll be bound, Mademoiselle Merope will wake up in a horrid temper. You see, as I say to my husband, "It don't do for folks to cram all their gaiety into three hours, between eleven and two, and then to be sulky from two till eleven." But, begging your pardon, ladies on the stage do have to keep late hours, and I think in time it ruins their tempers. But I'm afraid you have a headache and my talking annoys.

*Per.* [*Rising from piano.*] If you would be so good. I wish so much for rest.

*Wil.* Certainly, mademoiselle. [*Going, and aside.*] These people order things about as if they were queens in earnest.

MEROPE enters, L., in an ermine walking suit.

Good morning mademoiselle. [*Exits, L. D.*]

*Merope.* [*Crosses to Per.*] How's baby? [*Pats Per.'s cheek.*]

*Per.* I don't know.

*Mer.* What a thin dress—you'll get the rheumatism. [*Sits beside Per.*] My love, you look as if you had lost all your friends.

*Per.* I have been thinking.

*Mer.* Of the past or the future?

*Per.* The past—of the other I dare not think.

*Mer.* [*Sitting near her.*] Who would suppose you could be so blue after the glorious time we had last night. [*PER. buries*

*her head in her hands.*] Why, you were the gayest, the wildest of us all.

*Per.* Oh, do not remind me of those scenes. Oh! that I could leave this place.

*Mer.* For what—for misery—destitution?

*Per.* No—no! I am afraid. I am too great a coward to brave hunger again. Better even death—the death from which you saved me on the bridge that dreadful night. And yet how glad I was to be warmed back to life in your arms, soothed by your voice, dressed in your garments, fed by your bounty, and sheltered by your roof.

*Mer.* But, my love, why recall all this?

*Per.* Because this morning the days of my life pass before me. I am suffering intolerable shame—such shame, as I felt that night when, destitute, starving—fleeing from a brutal insult, I trembled on the brink of the river. [*Low, but intensely, her eyes fixed as if gazing into the past.*] The river so deep—so black—so swiftly running—the distant lights twinkling in the sleeping city. It only needs one resolution—one prayer—one motion—one moment of pain, and my heart is forever hushed.

*Mer.* This is nightmare.

*Per.* 'Twas his face—his glance—shamed me to the soul.

*Mer.* Whose? Take care, *Pervenche*!

*Per.* Don't call me *Pervenche* now—please—it is a livery of deceit, like all the rest. When he looked at me the pearls round my neck strangled me. I was ashamed of my fine clothes, as the convict of his prison garb. I wanted to tell him all—to sink upon my knees and say, "Don't shun me—don't despise me—I am better than I seem, for I am unutterably miserable!"

*Mer.* You have left me helpless to comfort you in such moments as these, my love, for I am ignorant of your past life or of what drove you to that desperate attempt at suicide, from which I saved you a year ago—nor have I asked about either.

*Per.* [*Sits L. of table.*] Oh, forgive me—forgive me!

*Mer.* Then you scold me for calling you *Pervenche*. It was the name you gave yourself, and I know none other. Of course, I knew it was assumed, but—

*Per.* In everything you have been tender and kind. To you I owe everything—you have a right to my confidence.

*Mer.* But I do not wish it. My purpose is to make you forget the past—not to recall it. [*They sit.*] Now you are calmer. Let us talk over matters quietly. In the first place you are in love.

*Per.* [*Turning away.*] I?

*Mer.* Yes, with the young gentleman you met at *Frederic's*



last night. Considerable experience, coupled with close observation, has made me a judge in these matters, and I am not deceived in your case. I only wish to ask you whether you ought not to close your heart to such a passion? [PER. *holds down her head.*] Think, my dear, what have *we* to do with *love*? Two women who have not a being in the world to help them, who must earn their own living.

Per. Have such as we no souls?

Mer. Souls! what nonsense. [Taking a *bon-boniere* from table and eating.] Love and souls, and all that, are things of the old school—fit for Paul and Virginia, and that kind of people—boarding-school misses, and tradesmen's daughters. In the *haut monde* it is an old fashion, never mentioned except to laugh at—and with us—ha! ha!—baby! why, 'tis a folly.

Per. I feel your reproach—without you I am perfectly helpless. [Crosses to seat, R. H.]

Mer. Nonsense, the future will tell a different story, if you will listen to me.

Per. I will obey you in everything.

Mer. Here am I, a comedienne; other young women who are not actresses conduct themselves so as to captivate a good young fellow and get comfortably married—that is their *destiny*. But not ours: we must study to please the world, and get our bread and butter; our lovers must be our art; our drawing-room, the theatre; our visitors, the folks who engage seats three days in advance; our offers, those of good salaries from rival managers; our wedding contracts, those in writing, duly signed, sealed and delivered, by which, for playing queens, waiting-maids, fine ladies, and country lasses, we get comfortable pay for a long term and are found in our dresses.

Per. But the heart, are we not women?

Mer. We are, my dear, but it's not a heart we need so much as lungs—only a little anatomical difference. Now, this young man—the Baron's cousin—by the way, they didn't tell us his name. [Very lightly.]

Per. [Drawing back.] But you do not understand that—

Mer. [Smiling.] Oh! I understood it when you left the table.

Per. It was to get my handkerchief.

Mer. [Wringing her ear.] Ta! ta! To get your handkerchief, little goosey. To get your heart! Don't tell me fibs. I noticed the young man, too. Just from the country—impressionable, ardent, but not to be thought of. He will marry some respectable young lady his mother has, no doubt, already picked out for him, in their circle. I warn you of this because *I* have other views for you.

*Per.* You?

*Mer.* Yes. Drop folly—become a woman. There is one path open before you—one in which your heart may be filled to its utmost with gratified pride and ambition accomplished.

*Per.* And that is?

*Mer.* Act. Last night you played the novice. It was done to perfection.

*Per.* You mean, then?

*Mer.* That you are destined for the stage.

*Per.* If I dared. If I could forget the past.

*Mer.* For the successful artist there is no past. From the summit of the temple of fame no one can see our footprints at the base. [*Stage slowly, L.*]

*Per.* And the beginning of all this fame, this success?

*Mer.* I will manage it. I received yesterday an excellent offer from the Parisian theatres; you shall come with me. I will speak to the manager. By the way, that letter Wilhelmina said was for me?

*Per.* [*Reaching it.*] Here on the table.

*Mer.* [*Opening it.*] What's this? A request for an interview, signed Blaswitz, the Baron's steward. [*Looking at Per.*] Perhaps he comes from the young gentleman, eh?

WILHELMINA enters, L.

*Per.* [*Eagerly.*] Do you think—

*Wilhelmina.* A gentleman wishes to speak with Mademoiselle Merope or Mademoiselle Pervenche. [*Hands card.*]

*Mer.* "Blaswitz." [*Reading card.*] "Director of Amusements, general theatrical agent." I thought he was only a superior cook. Ask him to step this way. [*WIL. exits, L.*] There may be something in this, too.

BLASWITZ entering, L.

*Blaswitz.* Mademoiselle Merope, thanks. I throw myself at the feet of acknowledged genius.

*Mer.* Pick yourself up, my dear sir, and take a chair.

*Blas.* May I solicit the favor of a presentation to Mademoiselle Pervenche?

*Per.* Oh, I remember you, Mr. Blaswitz, I hope you are quite well.

*Blas.* [*L. of c., table.*] I am, ladies, as well as a man can be in whose head there are now maturing plans of unprecedented importance.

*Mer.* [*Back of table.*] Oh, you are inventing a new soup, I suppose.

*Blas.* I am cook no longer. I have left the service of the Baron. At seven this morning I hurried to a printer, who is a friend of mine, and had the cards struck off, of which you have one.

*Mer.* [*Reading.*] "Director of Amusements and General Theatrical Agent."

*Blas.* I do not at present direct any amusements, nor act as agent. Both are to come. But the idea is here—now can you guess what put the idea in my head? It was you.

*Mer.* I?

*Blas.* Both of you. Last night I watched you at the table—saw the parts you played in that little joke of Mr. Reinwald, and I said to myself, "what a team." The idea struck me to organize a company for a starring tour, to visit the principal cities of Europe, playing to enormous houses, full of people, of course. We go like a meteor from Paris to St. Petersburg, then to London. After we have swept Europe, we accept offers from America—terms fabulous—for the Americans pay like princes, and so we accumulate fortunes and retire.

*Per.* [*Laughs.*] What a brilliant prospect!

*Mer.* But how are we to set about it?

*Blas.* Get a play written for Mademoiselle Pervenche.

*Per.* For me? I never acted in my life.

*Blas.* Bless your heart, you have only to appear and speak, to be the rage. You can't do this in the standard plays, because the old dramatists wrote for *actors* and *actresses*. You get a new writer to prepare a piece, in which, without your having to show any talent, you are made the centre of interest, the victim of plots, the incarnation of virtue, suffering, fortitude and propriety; you come in on every scene, and stay on till the curtain goes down. The other subordinate, but clever artists, play other parts in the drama, and keep the critical public in a good humor, but you—you shine resplendent as the star of the evening. You make a furor, engagements pour in from all quarters, and we all accumulate fortunes and retire.

*Mer.* A splendid plan—I can see the first night, now. Tremendous excitement! Debut of Mademoiselle Pervenche! Ticket speculators wild with joy, and making five hundred per cent. on front seats.

*Per.* Do you think I would consent to such an imposition?

*Blas.* Imposition! On whom? On the managers? They grow rich. On the public? They like it, or they'd not come. Imposition! On whom?

*Per.* On every principle of art.

*Mer.* Good, my dear.

*Blas.* Principle of art? rubbish! Did a principle of art ever enable any one to accumulate a fortune and retire?

*Mer.* Oh!

*Blas.* I make the proposition. I am embarked in the venture. I call on you first, because I feel that you are the party to make the success. But there are other young ladies of no talent, who are equally destined for success, on whom I must call, if you refuse. [*Takes hat, as if to go.*]

*Per.* I fear I must decline. If I go on the stage, it must be under the guidance of Mademoiselle Merope. [*Going to Mer.*]

*Blas.* Not to commence at the foot of the ladder?

*Per.* [*Rises.*] Why not?

*Blas.* Because you will have to go up step by step, and your friends will get tired of watching you crawl to the top. I offer to tie you to the top, and then raise the ladder.

*Per.* [*Laughs.*] Really, I'd better think over that, but for the present my humility—

*Blas.* Don't be humble. Don't, I beg. Humility never yet enabled an actress to accumulate a fortune and retire. [*Clock strikes eleven.*]

*Mer.* Hullo! why it's eleven o'clock already. I forgot all about rehearsal. But then they can wait. It's only the little people of the theatre who ought to be punctual. We, in the leading ranks, can afford to be late—and if the manager dares to fine us—

*Blas.* Aha, what do you do then?

*Mer.* We threaten to leave the theatre.

*Blas.* [*Eagerly.*] Permit me to see you to your carriage.

*Mer.* With pleasure. Bye-bye, Pervenche. [*Kissing her.*] You are in such good spirits now I can leave you alone for a few hours. Remember—no love—it is not for us. If the blind god were to attack you, spank him with his own arrows and send him about his business.

*Blas.* [*To Per.*] Think over my proposition, mademoiselle, think over it. It's a certain plan by which you may accumulate a fortune and retire. [*Exeunt MER. and BLAS., L. 3 E.*]

*Per.* [*Who has paid no attention to Blas.*] She is right. Love is not for us. A thing to be affected only. A deceit like all my future life. [*Coming forward.*]

*Enter WILHELMINA, L.*

*Wilhelmina.* A woman has been waiting to see mademoiselle.

*Per.* A woman—who is she?

*Wil.* She seems like a sort of a respectable beggar and has a little child with her. These beggars always try and impose on ladies like Mademoiselle.

*Per.* Give her what you think is right. [*Stage, R.*]

*Wil.* But she insists on seeing you, and says her name is Margaretta.

*Per.* [*Rising, aside.*] Margaretta! with a little child. She kept the lodging in which my poor father died. [*To Wil.*] Let her come to me.

*Wil.* [*Aside.*] Relations, I suppose. These actresses come from no one knows where. [*Exits, L. 3 E.*]

*Per.* This poor woman's name recalls the miserable garret in which my poor father toiled to earn a living for us both, in which his strength decayed under the recollections of the shame he suffered. From that garret I stole forth with trembling limbs, covered with rags, to end my life, and now—! [*Looks at herself.*] These laces—I am ashamed to stand before this good woman whose bread is earned by her honest toil. [*About to steal away.*] No—no—I cannot see her.

WILHELMINA ushers in MARGARETTA and her child, L., then exits. PER. turns quickly away.

*Margaretta.* [*Seeing only Per.'s back.*] I beg pardon, Madame! I came to seek— [*Looking up.*] Why, it's you! It is Madelaine Morel. [*Embrace.*] Should never have recognized you; how fine you look; what a pretty dress. [*Releases child's hand, who runs about.*] But like mistress, like maid, I've no doubt. Don't touch anything, Frederika. The children are unmanageable, you know, especially when they have no father to keep them in order. [*Wipes her eyes.*] My poor Stephen! you know that he is dead, four weeks ago.

*Per.* Poor woman, and so you are helpless.

*Mar.* Of course the landlord took another janitor to keep the house, and we had to move into the attic; the same that you and your poor father used to occupy. I have to sew and wash night and day to keep the children. Come here, Frederika, and shake hands with our pretty Madelaine. [*Puts child c.*]

*Per.* Here are some sweetmeats, Freddie.

*Mar.* [*Puts child up R. and helps herself to candies.*] No! don't give sweetmeats, she isn't used to them, and poor folks should not taste what they cannot afford. Besides they belong to your mistress.

*Per.* And what can I do for you, my dear friend?

*Mar.* You are very kind, Madelaine, but I have come, perhaps, to do you a service. I have been very anxious about you.

*Per.* About me? Pray sit down.

*Mar.* Oh! no, no. The lady might come and not like to see a friend of her servant's sitting down in her parlor. But let me see—yes—you must know that day before yesterday a man came to our house and asked all about your father; his age; what he was like, and whether he had a daughter, and what she was like, and her age and her name.

*Per.* [*Breathlessly.*] Well?

*Mar.* I told him all I knew, and he went away. Then old Luzia—you remember her—she was the baker's wife—she came up and said, "What does that fellow from the police want with you?"

*Per.* [*Startling.*] From the police?

*Mar.* She said she recognized him at once. I was greatly troubled, and when he came again last night—

*Per.* He came last night?

*Mar.* At nine o'clock. I was very silent, and would tell him nothing, then he out and says: "Wouldn't you like to know where Madelaine is?" Alas, poor child, I said, we have long thought her dead. She stole out one night, and a friend told my husband he had seen her going to the river side. [*PER. lowers her head.*] "Psha!" says the spy, for it was what they call a police spy, "she is not dead, and if you wish to see her, go to this place," and he gave me this paper with the number of this house on it. "Go," said he, "and ask for a person called Mademoiselle Pervenche." [*PER. starts.*] She is in the service of Mademoiselle Pervenche, I said. Then, I am ashamed to tell you, he screwed up his mouth and says he: "Oh, Pervenche, ladies like Pervenche have servants of course." [*MAR. rises.*] Now, Madelaine, don't tell Mademoiselle Pervenche what I have said, for of course if she is kind to you, what have we servants to do with her character. [*PER. turns away.*] "Go," says the man to me, "for we should like you to identify the girl." But I came to warn you, not to trust him. He may mean well, but there are plenty of wicked people in the world.

*Per.* [*Not looking up.*] Thanks! Thanks! [*In low tone.*]

*Mar.* I must run home again—every moment is precious to us. Good-bye, Madelaine.

*Per.* [*Concealing her tears.*] Stay, my good friend. Take this. It may be some help to you. [*Empties pocket-book in her hand.*]

*Mar.* For us—oh! but—

*Per.* It is for Freddie.

*Mar.* All your earnings, I'll be bound—but if it's for Freddie.  
[*Child runs down.*]

*Per.* [*Embracing child.*] Happy child. You have a mother.

*DURLEY enters, with hat and coat over his arm.*

*Durley.* Well, Pervenche, I am going. [*Child runs to MAR., who draws back surprised.*]

*Per.* [*Confused, looks at Mar.*] Yes. Yes.

*Dur.* [*Crosss in front.*] Good-bye. Don't forget to-night. I will come for you at eight. [*Kisses her and exits.*]

*WILHELMINA enters.*

*Wilhelmina.* Your riding costume has come, Mademoiselle.

*Mar.* Eh? [*Clutching Wil.'s arm.*] Tell me, who is this?  
[*Pointing to Per.*]

*Wil.* Mademoiselle Pervenche—my mistress.

*Mar.* Your mistress, Pervenche—and he—[*Looks around in terror.*]

*Per.* Come to me, Freddie. [*Holds out her arms. Child about to run to her. MAR. draws child away.*] Why do you draw her from me? [*In tears.*]

*Mar.* [*Taking money and placing it on table.*] Madame, we are honest people. [*Exits with child, L. H.*]

*Per.* [*Huskily.*] Stay! listen to me for an instant. Gone!  
[*Totters.*]

*Wil.* [*Offering to support her.*] Mademoiselle!

*Per.* [*Huskily.*] Leave me! Heavens! Is it possible I infect the air which honest people breathe? This, then, is what they think of me! [*Exits, R. D.*]

*Wil.* Now we'll have a bad day of it. I felt it coming when she wouldn't eat any breakfast.

*MUSIC faint till end.*

*Enter JULIAN and the ABBE, L. 2 E. JULIAN has a letter in his hand.*

*Julian.* I begin to dread this meeting, already. After all, we may find she is not the one we seek.

*Abbe.* [L.] We can but make the inquiry.

*Jul.* Yet here is the memorandum from the Minister of Police. "When you enter the house, do not inquire for Madelaine Morel, by name; she is living there under an assumed title, and may

deny herself. When you are face to face with the young woman, you can surprise her into an admission of her identity." Very mysterious all this—what should we do first?

*Abbe.* Here is a person—I say, my good creature. [*To Wil.*]

*Wil.* I wonder what they want here—a subscription for some church, no doubt. These people take money even from actresses.

*Abbe.* [*Crosses to c.*] There is a young person—here—

*Wil.* I thought so. She shan't be bothered by them. No, sir, there is no young person here but myself.

*Jul.* [*Crosses to c.*] Let me negotiate with the lady. [*Giving money.*] There is a young girl here—I don't know her name—but if you would announce us—

*Wil.* [*Good naturedly.*] Oh! sir, perhaps you mean my young mistress. Of course, as you are a real gentleman, I'll tell her. [*Going.*]

*Jul.* Here is my card. [*Offering it.*]

*Abbe.* [*Interfering.*] No, no. Just say to her that it is two friends of her family.

*Wil.* Certainly, sir—more friends—well, she must have a very mixed family. [*Exits, R.*]

*Jul.* Why not send my card?

*Abbe.* Because I don't like the look of this place. Madelaine Morel, the poor orphan, with a house—impossible. It must be some adventuress, and if you announce your errand to her, she may take advantage of the situation to impose upon us. Remember, we cannot recognize in a woman, the child we last saw when she was but four years of age.

*Jul.* My heart is almost bursting with anxiety and dread. To stand face to face with the victim of my father's unjust anger—to make atonement so late—I feel like a criminal before his judge.

*Abbe.* Be calm, Julian.

*Jul.* I hear the rustling of a woman's dress. Stay, would it not be better that I speak with her alone, while you at a distance observe her closely, and if you suspect—

*Abbe.* A good thought. I will step into yonder balcony. But remember—let her speak first. [*Exits, c.*]

*Jul.* She is here!

PERVENCHE enters, R.

[*Starts.*] Pervenche!

*Pervenche.* It is you. [*After a pause.*] Oh, sir! Why have you come to seek me?

*Jul.* [*Bewildered.*] Can it be? No—no—I did not think to find Pervenche— [*Sorrowfully.*]



*Per.* You know, then, that I am not Blanche—that I am not she, to whom those words of kindness were spoken—to whom you said, “Speak to me as to a friend—a brother.”

*Jul.* [*With emotion.*] Speak now—I listen. My heart vibrates with emotion at every tone of your voice. Speak, if you will, of the past. Your future shall be happy—it shall be my care.

*Per.* My past!—’tis the history of thousands like me. A father suspected of wrong—dishonored and driven from his home—with me, his only child, his sole remaining treasure. We came to the cruel city; but the story of his guilt had traveled before us, and none would employ him. After months of search and struggle, he fell sick of despair and grief.

*Jul.* ’Tis she! ’tis Madelaine. [*Aside.*] Alas! Poor Morel.

*Per.* I grew up to labor for us both, yet I was not unhappy—it is only when the heart is stained that we become wholly miserable. When I carried home my work at night, I pushed through the thronged streets in timid haste, hiding my face and pressing my lips together, lest they should smile an involuntary encouragement to passers by. Then I soon hurried back to our little garret, with the bread I had earned in my hand and—for it was all I could afford—a tiny bunch of the humble plant whose name I bear.

*Jul.* And this was your girlhood!

*Per.* And yet it grew darker. My father’s malady grew worse—and they carried him to a hospital. I was allowed to stay by him until he died—and I followed his coffin to a nameless grave.

*Jul.* Poor child!

*Per.* [*Somewhat wildly, after a pause.*] Then I was alone! Who can fathom the meaning of that dreadful word but the utterly deserted. Alone! The wife of the hospital attendant gave me shelter. Her husband was a rude man, but his wife was honest, and I worked for both with all my strength. But my poor hands were not used to the rough task, and the man abused me. I bore all, till one night he came home frenzied with drink. Oh! the terrors of that moment! I fled, shrieking, from the house. I ran to the bridge—the river sang to me in a bewildering voice: “Come, come!” In a moment I was battling in its cold embrace—then the sound of many voices, the flashing of waters near my deadening ears—strong arms reaching forth to grasp me—and then the air—the stars in the sky—the city lights and sounds about me— [*Sinks in chair, L.*] I was saved!

*Jul.* Heaven be thanked!

*Per.* Presently came the noise of carriage wheels, and then a

kind woman, who alighted and came to see me; she knew me not, but pity nestled in her breast. She claimed me from the crowd of men, took me home, nursed me, loved me, until the past seemed to me all a fairy dream.

*Jul.* And this kind fairy, this friend—

*Per.* Was Merope. With her began a new life—bright, dazzling, intoxicating, a whirl of giddy pleasure. Rich, titled and distinguished men thronged to our side to bow, to speak, but always to flatter and to praise. At last came one whose tones were more tender—Lord Durley. They told me I should listen to him. New scenes of folly were open before me. [*More and more agitated; she rises.*] Last night you saw what they were, and all the rest you know. I speak to you as I would make a confession. It is for you to despise me, to crush me with your contempt. [*Falls on her knees before him.*]

*Jul.* [*Raising her.*] Crush you? No! on me alone lies the guilt.

*Per.* On you!

*Jul.* You have not guessed who I am. You do not recognize me, Madelaine!

*Per.* [*Starting back.*] Madelaine!

*Jul.* Madelaine Morel, daughter of an innocent and unfortunate man. I am the Count of Dalberg.

*Per.* You!

*Jul.* The son of him whose blind frenzy drove you from our door—your father to his death. I have come to kneel at your feet as you knelt at mine, and beseech your pardon!

*Per.* [*Clutching at back of chair.*] My brain reels! What do you say? My father proved innocent! I again Madelaine Morel—and you?

*Jul.* I come to make good the wrongs done you. My mother waits eager to clasp you in her arms. Heaven has, in its own time, righted you. 'Twas heaven directed our steps, it was heaven made me love you from the first moment I—

*Per.* [*Recoiling.*] No! no! I beg of you—forget! forget!

*Jul.* [*Clasping her around the waist, she gradually releasing herself.*] I forget everything if you will forget. Do not turn from me, Madelaine, nor hide those tearful eyes, but look on me with forgiveness, with love!

*Per.* [*Tearing herself away.*] No, I must not—I must not!

*Jul.* Do you then refuse to forgive, to accept our reparation? Oh, Madelaine! hasten with me! fly from this house, this life! And when I tell you that your happiness, your future is now mine, can you doubt me?

*Per.* But the past—the past—

*Jul.* [*Taking her in his embrace.*] As the summer cloud floats swiftly by the blue sky, so shall those memories pass away. To you no more regrets—to me no more fears. The veil of love shall cover all with its sweet and holy mystery.

*During the last words the ABBE has appeared at back, and, leaning on his stick, regards them sadly, but motionless and silent.*

CURTAIN.

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ACT III.

SCENE.—*The ancient castle of Dalberg. A hall of antique build and modern improvement. Door, L. C., communicating with drawing-room. Door, R. C., leading to lawn and grounds. Chimney-piece, C. Time, early evening. GAY MUSIC.*

MARTHA, *an old servant, enters at rise of curtain from C. L., with a lamp, which she places on a table, C. The ABBE enters from R. C.*

*Abbe.* [*Crossing at back to L.*] Where is the Countess, Martha?

*Martha.* Just coming down the staircase, your reverence. How happy she looks, and all because old Morel's daughter is found.

*Abbe.* Do you not share her delight?

*Mar.* Oh! I'm delighted enough, your reverence, but I can't help thinking there are many people just as deserving as she is in our village, who might be sought out. Why, she don't look a bit as if she were in want.

*Abbe.* It is none the less our duty to protect her.

*Mar.* I think it would have been more of a duty if she had been in rags. See now, your reverence, what good does it do to help a person who don't need it.

*Abbe.* It is a debt we discharge. You would not refuse to pay what you owe because your creditor is rich?

*Mar.* I can't agree with your reverence, of course, but I have always one merit—if I can't support my convictions, I can stick to 'em. [*Exits, L. C.*]

COUNTESS *enters, L. C.*

*Abbe.* [*Meeting Count.*] Ah, madame—your son will arrive by the next train.

*Countess.* [*Sits, L. c.*] My dear Abbe, I have prepared a little surprise for Julian. I have invited the Baron Von Armin down to the little festival we give for the happy restoration of poor Morel's daughter.

*Abbe.* [*Seated, R. c.*] Pray remember, madame, you are responsible for bringing Madelaine here. Julian, who was detained in Paris a few days longer, directed me to take her first—

*Count.* To the Inn. So you said. I will take all the responsibility. Julian will forgive me, I know, for depriving him of the pleasure of bringing her here himself. But I was so impatient to see her.

*Abbe.* Still it would have been better, perhaps, had you heard her story from his lips.

*Count.* No, no. It is better as it is. I can guess her history. The miserable have all *one* life—poor child. Do you know, I already think of her as my own daughter. Her simplicity—her charming manner. Were you not strangely attracted towards her?

*Abbe.* Yes. Her gratitude was the most touching I have ever beheld.

*Count.* As I showed her to her room, and left my daughter with her, I could not help saying, "See how justice, like goodness, brings its own reward." Another angel in what you, my dear Abbe, are pleased to call "the heaven of our home." [*Crosses to R. of table.*]

*Abbe.* Exactly, madame. [*COUNT. heightens the light and opens book as if to make an entry in her diary. ABBE continues, aside.*] I was never so embarrassed. I cannot aid in a deception; and yet I would not destroy an unoffending creature. Still, how can I permit this good mother to throw her son in the very jaws of temptation. [*Aloud, taking a seat at back of table.*] Madame, have you not told me that you had chosen for Julian a wife. Or have you renounced the idea of a union between him and Mademoiselle Lengfield?

*Count.* No; I am certain Julian will love her yet—though at present, he is wholly indifferent; so I will not press him on the subject. Why do you ask?

*Abbe.* [*Reflectively.*] Nothing—nothing—but I agree with you, it is better not to press him on the subject for the present. [*Rises and gets back of table.*]

*Count.* I hear Lotte.

LOTTE runs in from L. E.

Well, my daughter—what do you think of our little guest?  
[*Kisses her as she sits on her knee.*]

Lotte. Oh, dear mamma, she is charming! [*The ABBE snuffs violently and rises, going R.*]

Abbe. [*Aside, peevishly.*] There goes the daughter in love with her, too. The affinity of virtue for—for—for—what is not virtue is something astounding.

Lot. [*Sits on footstool.*] I have had such a long chat with Madelaine, and we have had so much to say to each other.

Abbe. [*L., eagerly and watchfully comes and sits between the two.*] Then she has told you—

Lot. No. I did most of the talking. You see there was so much that I couldn't tell anybody but her.

Count. [*Pretending to be vexed.*] And not me.

Lot. Oh, little things, mamma. Things you would call silly, but which we young girls understand perfectly. I had to show her my wedding trousseau—my dresses and laces, and all the nice things you have given me—she thought they were lovely, and she understood them all, too, and knew how rich and costly they were, and that is so nice when you show another girl your new things. You know, I was going to let her see Frederic's picture in my locket here.

Abbe. [*Eagerly.*] And what did she say of that?

Lot. Oh, but I didn't let her see it, for I remembered that to the unhappy the gladness of others gives new pain, and I showed her no more.

Count. You think then she is unhappy?

Lot. She did not say so. Yet one can tell. But, mamma, how different she is from what I expected. I thought, of course, she was going to be like other poor children, you know—all coarse and red and ignorant—but she is absolutely charming.

Count. [*To Abbe, smiling.*] My enthusiasm is nothing to this.

Abbe. [*Snuffing.*] Nothing indeed.

Lot. Now you are making fun of me. But I feel as if she were my sister. She is always to live with us, now, is she not, mamma?

Count. But you forget you are to be married so soon.

Lot. Oh! But Frederic will live here, too. I forgot Frederic. How odd I should forget him. But when he comes—

Count. To-night.

Lot. Is he coming to-night? [*Starts up, runs a step or two, as if looking for him, down again.*] That will be splendid.

Well, I will say to him, "Now, sir, be jealous. I forgot you a whole afternoon, and your rival is here." Then I'll draw Madelaine from behind the curtains—and won't he be surprised.

*Abbe.* [*Snuffing violently.*] Won't he.

*Lot.* What did you say?

*Abbe.* Oh, don't mind me. But, my little fly-a-way, take a bit of good advice: don't try too hard to surprise your intended. These young men—

*Lot.* [*Rises and goes to him.*] Don't they like it?

*Abbe.* Oh! very rarely—very.

*Count.* The Baron may wish you to live in the city with him.

*Lot.* Oh! if I insist, he will stay here.

*Count.* You must not insist. Do as he bids you.

*Lot.* Oh, I see how it is! You have Madelaine now, and you want to get rid of me. What a cruel mamma. Hark! is not that her step? [*Rising and running to door.*] It is she.

PERVENCHE enters, c. l., stands uncertain at door. COUNTESS rises.

Come, Madelaine, mamma is beginning to love *you* more than *me*. [*Drawing Per. forward.*]

*Count.* [*Going to Per., puts her arm about her waist and draws her to sofa, R. c., while LOT. sits on footstool.*] Come, let me look at you closely. Nearly fifteen years since I saw you last. How tall you have grown, and your guardian angel has at least watched over your beauty. Only your eyes tell that you have shed many tears. [*Kisses her.*] But you shall learn to smile again.

*Pervenche.* Madame! your kindness overpowers me.

*Count.* I wish to be your confidant, your friend—to know your heart and all your life.

*Per.* [*With averted head and shuddering.*] Oh, madame!

*Lot.* [*Innocently.*] Mamma! she is afraid of you. I saw it in her face whenever I spoke of you. Now *look*, Madelaine, is mamma so dreadful?

*Count.* Your father taught you to look upon us as cruel and unjust. He had cause, and it is right you should feel some bitterness. Ours shall be the task to chase it away. The reparation we shall make—

*Per.* [*Raising her eyes full of tears, but with icy voice.*] Reparation, madame!

*Count.* Yes, for all your years of misfortune.

*Per.* My father is dead. What can it avail him? And I—what can bring back to me— [*Shuddering and burying her face in her hands.*]

*Count.* Your reproaches are but just.

*Per.* Ah! Madame! when I see a life like yours I think how blessed is the memory which keeps each year of it fresh in your mind. And I think how blessed would be forgetfulness of mine. Fourteen years of misery—of battles with temptations, are marked by wounds, leaving their dreadful scars. Nothing can efface them. [*Turns away.*]

*Count.* [*Drawing her face around.*] You must not believe it, child. You, a Christian, and despair! For the unhappy there is religion. The chosen of Heaven are the sick at heart. You shall be my child—another daughter to me! [*COUNT. embraces her. LOT., kneeling at their feet, throws her arm about Per. ABBE raises his hands in benediction.*]

JULIAN enters, R. C., and pauses.

*Julian.* [*As he comes forward.*] Mother! Lotte! Madelaine, you here?

*Lot.* Oh, Julian! [*Runs and embraces him.*]

*Count.* [*Standing.*] My son! [*Kisses Julian.*]

*Lot.* We were so anxious to see you. Look how happy we are already with Madelaine!

*Jul.* Madelaine with you! [*Looks at ABBE, who has gone to rear and turns away, taking snuff.*]

*Count.* [*Going to Per.*] Do not blame our good Abbe. I insisted that Madelaine should come directly home.

*Jul.* [*To Abbe, aside.*] You have told how and where and what we found her?

*Abbe.* No. It's for you to make the best of it you can, now.

*Count.* Our joy is not less than yours, my son. Why should you send her to an inn? This is rightfully her home. [*Goes to Jul.*]

*Jul.* Mother! [*Troubled.*]

*Count.* Forgive me if I did wrong.

*Jul.* [*To Count.*] Then you know all? [*To Per.*] You have told her? [*COUNT. looks at both.*]

*Per.* Nothing.

*Count.* Oh, yes! enough to win my heart. But come, Lotte, our guests will soon be here. So make yourself and your friend as handsome as you can.

*Lot.* With all my heart, mamma. We will get some flowers from the conservatory. Come, Madelaine! [*Runs out, c. r.*]

*Jul.* [*To Per., who hesitates until he speaks.*] Follow her; everything is settled at your late home. Think no more of the past. Let us live only in the present.

*Per.* I have but one favor to ask of you; promise me that when I see her again [*pointing to Count.*] there shall no longer be a secret between her and me.

*Jul.* I promise.

*Per.* After she knows everything, you must in her presence call me to you.

*Jul.* It shall be the seal of our love.

LOTTE returning, R. C.

*Lotte.* I'm waiting for you, Madelaine. We've only a little while to make ourselves handsome. Come!

*Count.* [*Who has been watching Jul. and Per., while ABBE has been watching her.*] Go, my child.

*Per.* Oh, madame! [*Offering to kiss her hand.*]

*Count.* [*Embracing her and offering her cheek.*] No, this is Lotte's place and yours. [*PER. kisses Count., and is led away, L. C., by LOT.*]

*Abbe.* [*Aside, to Jul.*] You must tell your mother the truth instantly. Instantly, I say.

*Jul.* How will she endure it?

*Count.* [*Sitting at table at work.*] You two are plotting some mischief. What is it I hear about the "truth?"

*Abbe.* It is the truth I wish you to hear, madame, and that without delay.

*Jul.* Mother, I should have written to you, or seen you first.

*Count.* [*Working at flowers.*] It is about Madelaine, then. Oh! it was not necessary.

*Abbe.* How, madame?

*Count.* What if I can guess the facts about the poor girl's past life?

*Abbe.* You have suspected already?

*Count.* What if I have or not—what matters it?

*Abbe.* Then if the very worst were revealed to you— [*JUL. paces at back.*]

*Count.* It would make no difference. My resolution is taken.

*Abbe.* You would still receive her—protect her.

*Count.* Have I not called her my daughter?

*Abbe.* [*Going to Jul.*] A friend, indeed, is found for the outcast. Madame [*to Count.*] it is no wonder this home is happy—you bless whatever enters its doors. [*To Jul., taking his hand.*] I can leave you to speak of the poor child's past. You may do so safely. [*At door.*] I would never have believed. Heaven be with this happy household. [*Exits, R. C.*]



*Count.* I have never seen you so agitated, Julian. [JUL. comes towards her, takes her hand, then pauses.]

*Jul.* Mother—

*Count.* You have something to tell me.

*Jul.* [Sinking in seat beside *Count.*] Do you remember once, my mother, when I was not half so old as now, you pointed out to me a little girl who stood among a group of young children?

*Count.* Yes, perfectly—and I said—

*Jul.* You said “that little girl ought to be your wife one of these days, when you grow up.”

*Count.* It was Marguerite. And you answered, “I hate her.”

*Jul.* And I answered something else, mother, did I not? That when I grew up I would marry a fairy princess—none but a fairy princess—

*Count.* Whom you were to rescue from a dungeon after slaying her giant persecutor single handed.

*Jul.* It was a child’s fancy. But I made a promise to you as well, that when the time came, I would seek you first and say, “Mother, I have found my wife that is to be.” Did I not say so?

*Count.* [Kissing his forehead.] Bless you, my darling. It is the confidence every mother craves from her son—even if his choice be not her choice. [Lays her head on his shoulder.]

*Jul.* Don’t weep, mother. I only wish to make you happy.

*Count.* It is joy that brings these tears. And so—

*Jul.* You have guessed it—the time is come.

*Count.* The fairy princess is found, then; rescued from the dungeon?

*Jul.* Yes, it has all come to pass. I need not tell you when and where I found her, but the first moment I saw her, a new sense in my heart told me there was sympathy between us.

*Count.* [Tenderly.] My son. And she loves you in return?

*Jul.* The Abbe could not fail to see it.

*Count.* You have taken the Abbe into your confidence, too. This is well. How sure I was of your good heart—tell me the name of—my daughter.

*Jul.* All in a little while. But first—you know her.

*Count.* I know her! Then your choice is worthy of your name and rank.

*Jul.* It was not for that I chose her, mother; it was because the first glance of her eyes lit the sacred fire in my heart—it was because she created in me—love.

*Count.* My son, I have no wish but to see at your side a good girl who loves you.

*Jul.* It was your lessons—your teachings—that encouraged

me. How often you have said, "Rather marry the gentle girl who loves you, than the haughty beauty who suffers your adoration as her due."

*Count.* I long to see her—to love her.

*Jul.* You love her already. [*She looks at him wonderingly, then turns away thoughtfully.*] And you do not guess—you have not suspected? When we left home to seek her—[*COUNT. turns suddenly and looks into his eyes.*] How little did I dream the reparation we should make would be so sweet and so complete. And when we found her—

*Count.* [*Amazed and interrupting.*] Julian, you do not mean—

*Jul.* Yes. Madelaine.

*Count.* [*Rising.*] Madelaine. [*Pointing off where Per. went off.*]

*Jul.* Yes, she. The victim—the unhappy one—over whose tender years our cruelties—

*Count.* Stay, Julian—it is not possible. [*Sinking into her seat.*]

*Jul.* [*Not regarding his mother's emotion.*] You have seen her—have begun to love her. You, dear mother, can understand it all—that my whole life is bound up in one thought, to make Madelaine my wife.

*Count.* Julian, my son, listen to me—such a marriage is impossible.

*Jul.* Impossible! [*About to rise; she draws him back.*]

*Count.* Let us speak calmly. We owe this—[*Shudders, then at a gesture from Julian.*] We owe Madelaine a great debt, and we must pay it, but not with our honor—not with the honor of our race—we have a duty—

*Jul.* [*Rises.*] Duty, mother! you taught me there was no honor save honesty and good faith. No family but mankind.

*Count.* [*Rises.*] Your passion has conquered your reason.

*Jul.* It is not passion. My love flows unrestrained from my very heart. Oh, mother, in this very crisis of my life, do not let me think your teaching was an empty sound, and that when the time has come to test it, it must give place to a selfish and unworthy pride.

*Count.* I do not ask that. I only ask that you will not disgrace your family.

*Jul.* [*Indignantly.*] Mother!

*Count.* Let me finish. A word dropped from Madelaine has told me volumes—an indelible stain rests upon her name.

*Jul.* [*Intensely and taking her hand.*] Mother, who is the cause of it? Who drove them forth from these doors and left

her to the fate of the homeless and the fatherless—was it not we? [COUNT. *turns away.*] Now that she rises from her fatal past—rises to lean upon the pillar of a pure love—shall we thrust her back and once more take our fatal part in the work of ruin? [COUNT. *sinks in chair near table, JUL. kneels beside her.*] Have you not humbled yourself to Madelaine—asking to be forgiven? Have you not told her it was divine to forgive, and when she asks forgiveness, what do you say?

*Count.* My son you are better than I.

*Jul.* I am only what the best of mothers has made me. All I ask is that you regard her—study her. 'Tis all I beg to-day from my mother's love.

*Count.* [*Aside.*] What can I say? How gain time to reflect? [*Aloud.*] If you will but wait and leave all to me. If you will trust my judgment.

*Jul.* [*Rises.*] More implicitly than my own.

*Count.* And you will wait?

*Jul.* I promise it.

*Count.* And you will say nothing to Madelaine?

*Jul.* Not a word—neither to her, nor to any one till you yourself tell me she is worthy of you.

*Count.* [*Aside.*] If I have but time to speak with her. To tell her that she must—must what?—heaven forgive me. Is she again to be driven from our doors?

MARTHA *enters, C. R.*

*Martha.* The Baron and Mr. Reinwald, my lady. [*Exits, c.*]

*Jul.* Von Armin! Reinwald!

*Count.* I telegraphed for Frederic to come, and I see he has brought his friend, Mr. Reinwald. It was but proper, he so seldom comes to this part of the country.

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] Both here—what will come of this?

MARTHA *shows VON ARMIN and REINWALD in, C., and exits, L.*

*Von Armin.* Ah! my dear aunt. [*Kisses her hand.*] Have I not been prompt? Let me present my friend—you used to know him.

*Count.* Mr. Reinwald is resolved to make us forget him—he stays away so long; but I refuse to humor his fancy.

*Reinwald.* Madame, you are too good. [*They converse.*]

*Von A.* [*To Jul.*] Why, there he is! I wouldn't have believed it possible you'd leave Vienna without saying good-bye. [*Aside.*] No ill feeling I hope about that little joke.

*Jul.* None whatever. I had some business.

*Von A.* [*Presenting Rein., who comes forward.*] Here is the inventor of the little plot. [*VON A. goes up to Count.*]

*Rein.* [*Coming down to Jul.*] My dear Count, it was too bad of you to give us the slip.

*Count.* [*To Von A.*] Julian has brought us back Madelaine Morel.

*Von A.* [*To Jul.*] You have found her? [*To Rein.*] Why, Otto, you're out of business then.

*Rein.* [*Taking out memorandum from pocket.*] Yes! I had got a list of twenty-seven Madelaines for you—blondes, brunettes, pretty and homely. I made the most minute researches too into their past. I'll tell you all about it after dinner.

*Von A.* But where is Lotte?

*Count.* With her new friend, unless, indeed, hearing your voice—

*LOTTE enters, dressed newly with flowers and ribbons.*

*Lotte.* Oh! Frederic. [*He takes both hands.*] I thought I knew who was here.

*Von A.* [*Presenting Rein.*] Mr. Reinwald. But what a lovely dress. It looks like a dream of Summer.

*Lot.* I was sure you would like it. And Madelaine has one exactly like it. We dressed as if we were sisters. Mamma, won't you please call her down at once. She is so timid, and when I asked her to come, she said she would wait until you called her. [*COUNT. goes to door, L.*]

*Count.* Madelaine.

*After a pause PERVENCHE enters, dressed like Lot.; she does not notice the others at first and is trembling.*

*Pervenche.* You have called me, madame?

*Lot.* [*To Von A.*] You see her at last, Frederic. My friend, Mademoiselle Morel. [*Introducing them as she takes Per.'s hand.*]

*Von A.* [*Aside.*] By Jove! It is Pervenche.

*Lot.* [*To Per.*] This is my intended husband, the Baron Von Armin.

*Per.* [*Aside.*] Her intended?

*Rein.* [*Aside, looking over Von A.'s shoulder.*] The deuce, Frederic.

*Von A.* [*Aside to Rein.*] I am dumb with astonishment. This is a little too much of an outrage.

MARTHA enters, C. L.

*Martha.* The Count and Countess Kerouare and Mademoiselle Marguerite are in the drawing-room, madame.

*Count.* We will join them. [MARTHA exits, C. L.] Come, my children.

*Per.* Will you permit me to retire to my room, madame?

*Count.* No, no. You are one of us now. Come, Lotte. [Exits, L. C., escorted as far as the door by JUL. LOT. goes to door, C. L.]

*Von A.* [Going L., stops by Per. with all appearance of courtesy.] I don't know why you are here, but beware! Make no scandal, for this now is my family as well as his. [Goes up L. C.]

*Rein.* [Same as Von A.] Another capital piece of comedy. But don't play it longer than five minutes, or there'll be an explosion.

*Per.* [At bay and overcome.] Heaven help me!

*Lotte.* [Coming to her.] Oh, you men—you frighten her. She is not used to be flattered. I'll take her away myself.

*Von A.* [Offering his arm to Lot.] Lotte!

*Lot.* Not to-day. I'm going to take care of Madelaine, as I shall have her for so short a time. [Exits with Per., placing her arms about her, C. L.]

*Von A.* [To Jul., sternly.] What is the meaning of this? My intended and Pervenche together?

*Jul.* [Resenting the tone.] Frederic!

*Rein.* [Gaily.] Oh! I see how it is. This is your revenge for the joke we passed on you. But it's a bold play to bring her where your mother is. Oh, rustic innocence! Oh, disciple of Lacordaire! Ha, ha! How demoralizing is the influence of serious literature. This comes of reading sermons. [Goes out, L. C.]

*Von A.* [After seeing Rein. off.] Am I to look upon this in a serious or a comic light, Julian?

*Jul.* I do not understand you.

*Von A.* Well, at first it seemed as if you were about to offer me an insult—bringing this girl into the house with my future wife. You intend to have her at dinner, too. A good offset for my little supper.

*Jul.* I entreat you not to speak in that mocking vein.

*Von A.* Mocking? Oh, by Jove! which of us has the best right to reproach the other. You bring Pervenche here.

*Jul.* Do not repeat that name. I bring Madelaine Morel here.

*Von A.* As you please—Madelaine Morel. Is she any the

less Pervenche, the town talk, whose acquaintance you made at my supper? and is it any the less scandalous to conduct her into the bosom of your—in fact, *my* family.

*Jul.* Scandalous? when my duty imperatively demanded it.

*Von A.* Now don't. Don't let us argue about duty and morality, because it would sound odd for me, the man about town, to tell you, the son of my good aunt, that in bringing this—this Mademoiselle Morel here, you compromise your sister and me.

*Jul.* I am justified in everything I have done. Let us say no more; we cannot see the matter in the same light. Let us each go our way until your marriage. I beseech you to do nothing—say nothing, until you have taken Lotte away. [*VON A. turns angrily.*] Beware how you trifle with the happiness of my whole life.

*Von A.* Oh! I see it! You are in love, actually, seriously in love. [*Throws himself in chair, smiling.*]

*Jul.* Frederic!

*Von A.* Oh, come, be frank. Confess, now, if Madelaine Morel had not been the beautiful Pervenche, you would have had other ideas of duty respecting the poor orphan.

*Jul.* Frederic!

*Von A.* But, of course, since you are in love, that alters the case.

*Jul.* What do you mean?

*Von A.* [*Laughing.*] Why, that you are not responsible for your acts. Do you know what love is? What it can do? Shakespeare has given us an instance—Titania becomes enamored of a clown with an ass's head.

*Jul.* Peace, peace, I beg of you. [*Sinks in chair.*]

*Von A.* Oh, come, I'm a good-natured fellow, and when a man tells me his whole happiness hangs on thread and all that, why I've no more to say, of course. [*Rising.*] I won't interfere with your little matter. [*JUL. looks up.*] Instead of playing the part of the villain in the drama, I'll play that of the confidant in the comedy. I'll dissemble. I'll even suppress the indiscreet smile and the aside of the real stage confidant. Ha! ha! ha! I'll tell you how it shall be. My aunt is already consulting the Abbe about the date of my marriage with Lotte. We depart and leave the field to you. Your mamma can exercise upon the unfortunate Madelaine the virtue of Christian charity, and you can console her with the virtue of Christian love. [*Seriously and emphatically.*] But, mark me, in a month you will come to me and say: "Brother, you were right," while Pervenche will be again beside Merope driving through the park. Come, it's all arranged. Shall we go to the drawing-room and chat with Lotte?

*Jul.* [*Aside.*] Oh, to be forced to listen and say nothing. [*Aloud.*] Yes, I will go, and if your eyes are but opened, you will see how your thoughts wrong her and me.

*Von A.* My eyes opened? Didn't I promise to close them? Ha, ha, ha! In love, seriously in love! Julian, I have wronged you, there is still such a thing as rustic simplicity. [*Exeunt, L. c., up stairs. MUSIC.*]

*MARTHA enters, c., followed by MEROPE and BLASWITZ.*

*Martha.* The young lady must be in the drawing-room. I'll take your name, please.

*Merope.* Merely say an old friend wishes to see her.

*Mar.* [*Aside.*] That's strange, too. Won't give their names. The lady looks well enough, but the gentleman—

*Blaswitz.* Despatch, my good woman, we have important business. Come, be lively.

*Mar.* Lively, indeed, despatch! It's easy to see he's of a piece with this poor young Morel girl. A low set. We shall be disgraced. [*Exits, c. L.*]

*Blas.* An elegant place, superb, make a nice scene for the stage.

*PERVENCHE comes hastily to door, c. L., and stops on recognizing her visitors.*

*Mer.* [*Perceiving her.*] Why, Pervenche! [*As PER. draws back.*] Don't be offended, my dear.

*Blas.* [*L.*] What a house you have here, Mademoiselle. What surroundings, grand, colossal.

*Mer.* [*Drawing Per. forward.*] Only to think of my good fortune. I take the train to Dalberg on the slimmest possible clue, and find you merely by describing you to the guards at the station.

*Pervenche.* [*c.*] You have been seeking for me, then?

*Mer.* Of course I have. Did you think I would not be anxious about you?

*Per.* But the letter I left for you?

*Mer.* Oh, yes, of course. If things had been as they ought to be I should never have disturbed you. Yet it was a little shabby to run off and leave only a mean little letter. But I'm ever so glad of your good fortune, my dear. Of course your lover must be a good fellow—

*Per.* But I told you nothing—

*Mer.* Of course you told me nothing. You said: "You had

met kind friends, etc., etc. Good-bye, dear Merope, and if we never meet again, why then, etc., etc." Oh, but I'm not quite a goose, my dear. Did I not see the little bow and arrow of Cupid peep out from under his disguise.

*Blas.* [*On the sofa, L.*] He fell in love with you on the spot, eh?

*Mer.* Talk about the ingenuousness of these little girls. Eh, Blaswitz?

*Blas.* Ah! the younger they are, the slyer they are.

*Mer.* And there's poor Lord Durley. [*PER. turns away.*]

*Blas.* He's slowly fading away—that is, he's fading away as much as an Englishman can.

*Mer.* Ha! ha! I hear he does nothing but scribble your initials all over his books and walls, "P. P." It only wanted the "C" to be quite appropriate, "P. P. C.," after your unceremonious departure. [*Sits, L. C.*]

*Blas.* Oh, yes! You ought to have written to Durley. Honor, you know. He's a foreigner, to be sure, but he has feelings.

*Mer.* Psha! It serves him right. To fall in love with one of us. You remember what I said, my dear, "We have no business with love. It ruins us, it ruins those who love us." [*PER. moved.*] But, my dear, you don't inquire why I came.

*Per.* Forgive me! I am very ungrateful.

*Mer.* Oh, that's all right! You recollect the last morning I saw you. I went from you to rehearsal, and Blaswitz went with me.

*Blas.* To still further press my views as to the starring tour.

*Mer.* Wretched man, you did, and to such an extent, my dear, that he quite turned my head. I got to the theatre and met the company—we rehearsed. I got the idea somehow that I was indispensable to the theatre and the manager, and gave him some sharp answers in reply to his directions. Oh! I tell you I gave it to him hot as pepper, and right before all the company, too. But, my love, my illusions about being indispensable were dispelled in an instant. I was discharged on the spot. I flounced out of the theatre. I was frantic with rage. I abused everybody. I abused Blaswitz.

*Blas.* And then she listened to me. I modified my plan. I suggested we should open a theatre. I had opened three banks and the want of capital didn't annoy me.

*Mer.* And I consented. After that my first thought was for you. My dear, I want a novelty.

*Blas.* Yes, we want you. I guarantee all the success you can wish. No getting up the ladder step by step. Patent elevator—send you up to the fourth story of fame without an effort of your own. [*PER. turns away.*]



*Mer.* [After a pause.] You say nothing. I understand. You believe you are fixed here for life.

*Per.* I believe nothing. I hope nothing.

*Mer.* Well, dear, don't be down-hearted.

*Per.* I only wish to forget.

*Mer.* Your past—quite proper, if it were possible.

*Per.* If you but knew, but understood, what has happened.

[*MER. makes a sign to Blas. to retire.*]

*Blas.* All right. I'll wait for you. You can't make anything of her just yet. But after she's done playing "first lady" in this house, she'll come to us for a "varied round of characters."

[*Exits, C. R.*]

*Mer.* Now, my dear, we are alone. What do you wish me to believe?

*Per.* Oh! my friend, you are wrong—your suspicions—your surmises—all—all wrong. I am even now waiting to hear my fate decided. My life for good or evil, for hope or despair, is trembling in the scale held by the mother of Count Julian.

*Mer.* I comprehend, my dear. [*Rises, takes up shawl, etc.*] I had better go, I suppose. [*Takes a step and returns.*] Pervenche, whatever happens, remember my home was your home, and 'tis open to you still.

*PER. presses her hand. MER. goes up and is about to exit, but seeing VON ARMIN enter by door, R., she pauses.*

*Per.* [*Sinking in chair, c.*] I ask for a sign and it is shown me—my fate is sealed. I have but to wait—to wait.

*Von Armin.* [*Advancing.*] Pervenche! [*PER. starts and utters a cry.*] You have had a visitor—Merope, the actress. Are you so much at home here already that you receive such people in this house? [*PER. turns on him.*] It was an accident, I suppose you would say. Do you think I believe that?

*Per.* You may have the right to call me Pervenche, although you know me to be Madelaine Morel, but you have no right to accuse me of intending falsehood. Yet, I expect no mercy from you. You have already laughed at my tears—trampled on my name. May heaven forgive you!

*Von A.* My dear girl, if this family is blinded by a romantic enthusiasm, I am not. I cannot lose sight of the past. I am sorry to say this, because it was through the last of my follies that you became acquainted with my cousin. And I am, of course, a man who has no pretense to lecture anyone. But I have changed all that. I am about to marry. And to find you here—in the bosom of my family—at the side of my future wife—and not only you. but your friends, also, is a little too much. [*MER. comes forward*],

*Mer.* See here, my young friend, if you talk in that strain, as they say in the comedy, you'll have to count me in.

*Von A.* I beg a thousand pardons—I thought you were gone.

*Mer.* No, I waited to hear what an old friend had to say of me.

*Von A.* Well, then, Mademoiselle, if you, too, wish to take up your residence in this house—

*Mer.* Don't distress yourself—I only stay where I'm welcome. I merely wish to say that my coming was as much a surprise to Pervenche as to you, and if my acquaintance is contamination, it ends with to-night!

*Von A.* Perhaps not.

*Mer.* I think I may safely say, too, that Pervenche did not intrude here, and has accepted with embarrassment the kindness which has been thrust upon her.

*Von A.* And by accepting it she has laid herself open to certain reproaches.—

*Mer.* Which you should be the last to heap upon her.

*Von A.* [*Coldly*] I?

*Mer.* You! Dare you condemn a woman whom the follies of yourself, and those like you, have sacrificed without a thought?

*Von A.* A sermon from Merope, the actress.

*Mer.* I have spoken a few truths while acting—let me utter some in real life. You men, feel the sanctity of virtue in your own homes, in the persons of your wives, in the hearts of your daughters. But when your eyes rest upon the defenceless and unfortunate, you forget the sanctity of family. You are about to take leave of your past life—that is easy, is it not? But to forget *her* past is a different thing. You are fit to marry the daughter of this house, but for her to love the son, that is dishonor, is it not? I tell you, my pious young friend, these good people here may humiliate Pervenche by their generosity, but your disdain will raise her up again. That's my sermon. Think it over. Good-bye, Pervenche, and remember, if the day shall come when these fine folks shall close their doors upon you, mine are open. [*Exits, c. After a pause Von A.'s manner changes.*]

*Von A.* There is justice in what she says. Before I came here to speak with you, I had much the same thoughts. [*Holding out his hand.*] Let there be peace between us, Madelaïne. We will leave all as Julian has arranged it. I will go away immediately after my wedding, and will let fall no imprudent word about your love and his. The good Countess will still continue to believe that his interest in you arises solely from the fact that you are the daughter of the unfortunate Morel.

*Per.* Do you think me base enough to insult her by a decep-

tion so gross—of betraying her kindness—her confidence. The Countess already knows that her son has brought me here as his future wife.

*Von A.* [*Drawing back.*] His wife! And she?

*Per.* I await her decision. If it be a condemnation, she cannot accuse me of treachery. She may prevent our marriage—she cannot separate our hearts.

*Von A.* [*Sternly.*] So, then, these are the amends which this family is to make you—the son repays his father's fault, by laying the honor of his ancestors at your feet. Psh! It shall not be. [*With indignation.*]

*Per.* [*Aroused.*] What mean you?

*Von A.* This—that in me you find one who has a slight interest in your bargain. You are not aware that Julian's title and property revert to me in the event of his contracting a degrading alliance. These are the terms of his father's will. Judge for yourself, whether his marriage with you would be a degradation.

*Per.* You are deceiving me!

*Von A.* Satisfy yourself. [*More warmly.*] If I permit this, I shall be branded with shame, for it will be said that I enriched myself by my cousin's folly. It will be known that in my house he first met you—it will be thought that I threw you in his way, to rob him, knowing as I did his weakness, and what you were. But I will save him, by proclaiming in such words as *you* dare not use, the story of your life—tear the veil from your repentance, and expose you to their scorn! [*Going.*]

*Per.* [*Barring the way.*] No—No—you shall not!

*Von A.* Shall not?

*Per.* Since you are resolved to crush me, you shall find that I can battle for my life, and deal you blow for blow.

*Von A.* What do you mean?

*Per.* To denounce you as you would denounce me—to tell these people that if I am what you say, it is because the first tempter of my wretched heart stands before them.

*Von A.* [*Suppressed anger.*] You will not dare!

*Per.* [*Intensely and raising her arm as if in innovation.*] So help me heaven, breathe but a word as you have threatened, and I will tell them in my turn what your life has been.

*Von A.* [*Recovering his calmness.*] Why do I hesitate?

*Per.* Because you know that it will prevent your marriage—that from this house you will be driven—an outcast like me.

*Von A.* Be it so. I must do my duty. Honor is above every consideration. Rather than your marriage with Julian, my own happiness shall be sacrificed. If you will not stand from the door—call them all—for I must speak.

*Per.* [*Bewildered.*] Honor! Honor above all else! Oh, sir, that word casts me at your feet. If I cannot force you to be silent—[*Kneels.*] let my tears—my prayers entreat you. If you have ever felt despair and turned your eyes to heaven for its pity—if you hope for length of days—for home and friends—for happy children at your side—do not rob me of this, my only hope.

*Von A.* Unhappy girl, I must do my duty.

*Per.* [*L., kneeling.*] But it is not your duty to kill. Think of the time when age and infirmity creep upon you, when you will lie down to rise no more, and friends will come about your bed. How will it be with you, when your thoughts go back to this night and dwell upon the fate of Madelaine Morel? Of her whom your cruel words have killed, but whose memory your remorse will never permit to die.

*Von A.* [*Gently waving her from the door.*] I pity you from the bottom of my heart. But hope not against your reason, for that must tell you that even were my life to be the sacrifice, I must give it to save my honor and my friend. [*Exits, c. L. MUSIC.*]

*Per.* [*Sinking in chair, following him with her eyes, then fixing them on vacancy.*] Julian! Julian! dishonored, disgraced by me. I must leave this house. [*Looking again towards door by which Von A. went out.*] He was right. He must wake these good people from their dreams. And I—I— [*Buries her face in her hands.*] I must wake from mine.

*LOTTE looks in, then runs to Per., throws her arms about her and kisses her.*

*Lotte.* Oh, Madelaine! [*PER. starting and looks at her.*] Oh, I have such a secret—such a dear little secret—and I cannot keep it any longer, so I ran here to tell you. [*PER. remains with her look fixed before her. LOT. listens to hear if any one comes.*] I was in the drawing-room wondering why you left us so suddenly, when Martha brought mamma a letter—a letter from you. [*PER. starts.*] Don't deny it. Mamma excused herself to all and went into the library to read it. I was curious to know why you should write to her, and so I went in there, too, and sat at her feet, just so, you know, and looked up in her eyes watching her as she read. After a little while her hands trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and she said to me, "Call Julian, call the good Abbe," and when they came in she took Julian in her arms. "You shall be happy, my son," she said. Then I understood everything. He loves you as I do, as we all do. You will make him happy, will you not, darling Made-

laine? [*Clasps Per. in her arms. LOT. rising.*] And you will be my sister, only think of that, and we will have such rejoicing. Our old home will be like fairyland. But you musn't show them I have told you, oh, not for the world. I will go back first, then I know Julian and mamma will come to you and then— [*Kisses Per. several times.*] Then—but some one is coming. Not a word, now! Sh! [*She exits, c. L.*]

*Per.* Heavens! Love, happiness! open to me, and I must fly them all. Yes, now, indeed I have no choice. I may not be happy, but you shall be, Julian. [*Tears.*] Oh, beloved of my heart! first and last bright star of my hopes, you were my promise. To thee I owe the one happy never-to-be-forgotten dream of my life. I will make the sacrifice of my soul for thee. Farewell, my hope, my redemption. [*On her knees.*] I kiss the ground your feet have trodden. I bless the air that has fanned your cheek. I hide your image in my bleeding heart. [*Rises.*] I may not see thee more—nor say farewell—nor beg thee to remember me. I must say forget me—forget me and be happy. [*Staggering out, R. H., falls against balcony.*]

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The boudoir of Marguerite.* MARGUERITE is sitting to have her hair dressed by BLASWITZ, who stands at the back of her chair, putting the finishing touches. MARG. is in bridal dress. LOTTE and bridesmaids, CAROLINE, FRANCES and DOROTHEA, are having their dresses arranged by MARTHA. A buzz of conversation is heard as the curtain rises.

All spoken together at rise of curtain.

*Lotte.* I think my veil is altogether too short. It ought to be at least a quarter of a yard longer. Don't you think so, Marguerite?

*Caroline.* [*To Mar.*] Do pin me and make haste. I declare, I'm almost ready to drop. Who would suppose one could get so tired at such a time.

*Frances.* [*To Dor.*] I declare, if my waist isn't right after all! And I thought it was going to be spoiled. Don't you think it sets delightfully?

*Dorothea.* [*A brunette.*] Oh! I hope Paul won't have too bright a red in his roses. Mine are such a delicate pink. But these grooms men never think.

*All.* [*Laughing at their own confusion.*] Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Lot.* Aren't we the most punctual party of girls that ever dressed for a wedding? Frederic ought to be satisfied.

*All.* That he ought. Yes, indeed!

*Blaswitz.* [*Throws up his arms in despair.*] Ladies, ladies, ladies! I beg of you, less conversation. It is distracting! [*All laugh.*]

*Lot.* Why, Mr. Blaswitz, does it disturb you?

*Blas.* Madame, to put the finishing touches to such a work of art as the head-dress of a young bride, requires reflection. Reflection is impossible where there is noise.

*Marguerite.* Oh! then for my sake, girls, pray, do speak in whispers.

*Lot.* It would not do to ruin everything for want of self-denial. We must try to be quiet.

*Blas.* Oh! not altogether silent—a gentle hum of voices—a soft and, as it were, zephyr-like conversation in the silver tones of the feminine voice, accelerate rather than retard the flow of imagination necessary to my artistic labor. So if you would only—

*Lot.* Oh, we will! [*To the others.*] Won't we? [*To Blas.*] Something like this, I suppose. [*To the others.*] Let me unfold the precious fabric [*spreading veil and talking with affected tones*] designed to conceal your blushes from the curious gaze of the world. [*All laugh.*]

*Fran.* [*Same, R.*] Oh, charming! And tell me, breathes my coiffure a spirit of poetry sufficient to rouse the genius of the artist?

*Lot.* [*Same.*] Oh, delicious! I almost expire with the soft influences of this inspiring hairdresser. [*All burst into laughter.*]

*Marg.* Girls, girls! Don't, or you'll ruin my prospects. Remember, I am in the hands of Mr. Blaswitz. [*All laugh.*]

*Blas.* Ladies, this is treating with levity a very serious subject. What is the world coming to, when women are not afraid to make a hairdresser angry. [*All laugh.*]

*Enter VON ARMIN, L. E.*

*Von Armin.* What! laughing, and no time to spare?

*Marg.* What time is it, Frederic?

*Von A.* [*Consulting watch.*] Half-past nine—and the wedding fixed for ten.

*Together—* { *Lot.* I'd no idea it was so late.  
*Dor.* Hurry, and let me go.  
*Car.* I'm not half ready.  
*Fran.* I knew we'd be late. [*All exit, laughing, except Von A., Lot., Blas. and Marg.*]

Von A. [*To Blas., in surprise.*] What? It is not possible! Blaswitz—and a barber?

Blas. [*Industriously working.*] Blaswitz, Baron, but *not* a barber. Artist in hair! constructor of coiffures.

Von A. But this is a fall from being president of three banks and a manager!

Blas. On the contrary, Baron. This occupation demands a high order of genius. How many bank presidents do you know who are able to dress a lady's hair?

Von A. Except yourself—none.

Blas. I am one of those deities, sir, who preside over fashion. Fashion rules women, and women govern the world. One of my brother gods makes dresses, another pearl powder, another boots, and so on. Our Olympus is the boudoir and our thunderbolts are our bills.

Von A. Very destructive to the race of husbands.

Blas. Oh, we can ruin the peace of families by our simple nod. Just let us send a lady an ill-fitting dress, and where are the comforts of your home then?

Von A. Oh! we are at your mercy, I admit it.

Blas. And we enjoy the consciousness of absolute power. I have been in business five months. The greatest ladies bow their heads before me. [*Energetically.*]

Marg. Oh! don't pull my hair.

Blas. I beg ten thousand pardons. You see, Baron, poets rave about golden locks and raven tresses. [*Pulls out a bottle from his pocket and holds it up.*] We make them. Lovers sigh for a lock of hair. [*Pulls switch of hair from his pocket.*] We sell them.

Lot. Silence, slanderer! [*Advancing to him.*]

Blas. Ah! Baroness, he's a husband! Of course I never mention these matters to single men. [*Finishes and comes away.*] There! my lady, a triumph of art, and my work is done. [*Takes off apron and arranges himself. He is very elegantly dressed, evening costume; pulls on gloves, picks up opera hat and natty cane, places glass in eye.*] I have only to take my leave and ask permission to be present at church this morning at the ceremony.

Von A. [R.] Oh! certainly, come and contemplate the creatures whose destiny is in your hands.

Blas. Thanks, Baron. My secretary will call for my box of brushes, etcetera. [*Bowing very low.*] Ladies— [*Exits, L., all laugh.*]

Von A. A genius indeed! But come, come, only a quarter of an hour left.

Lot. Why, you horrid fellow! You are in as much of a hurry as if it were your own wedding.

*Von A.* [*Affectionately taking her hand and embracing her.*] Ah! that was the time you were nervous too.

*Lot.* [*Pretending to be annoyed, releasing herself.*] Don't, we're old married people now.

*Von A.* [*To Marg.*] Just listen to the old lady.

*Marg.* What does she say?

*Von A.* Calls us an old married couple.

*Marg.* And you've only been wed three months.

*Von A.* Don't you talk to Julian that way after you are married, Marguerite. We men love to think the honeymoon is never to end.

*Marg.* Where is Julian? cruel fellow. He has not even come to see how I look in my wedding dress. [*Stage, R.*]

*Von A.* Oh! but there is so much to think about.

*Marg.* And yet when I was Lotte's bridesmaid we could not keep you on the other side of the door. You were continually looking in to hurry us, you said; but I knew you couldn't bear to lose sight of her a moment.

*Von A.* But then I'm a different sort of a fellow. Now Julian—

*Marg.* Is an indifferent sort of a fellow, you mean.

*Von A.* Oh! by Jove! Jealous already? Take care, little lady.

*Marg.* [*Crosses to him.*] I was only in jest.

*Lot.* He is the most devoted bridegroom I ever saw—so serious, so gentle—not like you—rattle-brain. [*To Von A.*] You were laughing and singing all day long.

*Marg.* Because he was so happy.

*Lot.* And after we were married—

*Von A.* [*Crosses to c.*] I laughed and sang the more. You were the silent partner, Madame Baroness.

*Marg.* Silent. I wonder who wouldn't be silent when she's married.

*Von A.* Why?

*Marg.* Ah, why? What do you giddy men know of a young bride's hopes and fears?

*Von A.* [*Laughs.*] Well, I declare, and what, may I ask my little oracle, do you know of the thoughts of a young bride?

*Marg.* [*Taking his hand, gently.*] They are like those of the sailor who bids adieu to the shores he knows so well, and ventures in his frail bark upon the trackless seas. Many have gone before him, but left no path to guide his course. His trust is in his compass, his hope in the steady hand that directs his helm. So the young bride's compass is duty and her husband must guide her on the way.



Von A. But, my dear girl, this is not experience, it is poetry.

Lot. [*Going to him.*] Yes, and what a charming bride you will be, my dear, if you can speak in poetry after three months of marriage.

JULIAN enters, L. 1 E.

Von A. What, Julian?

Julian. [*Crosses to Marg. as she runs to him.*] Dear Marguerite, so soon to be my wife. [*LOT. and VON A. go up.*]

Marg. [*Pouting.*] I thought you were neglecting me.

Lot. Don't let her scold you, brother.

Von A. On the contrary. Let her scold as much as she likes before marriage. That was my plan. Remember only ten minutes. [*Exits with LOT., L. 1 E. SLOW MUSIC.*]

Marg. Do you know I sometimes think you do not love me.

Jul. Not love you; what makes you fear?

Marg. Oh! I am not afraid, for after we are married you cannot help loving me. I will be so gentle, so attentive, that in spite of yourself you will say: "Marguerite shall have all my heart, for she has given me all her soul."

Jul. Your future shall be as cloudless as this bright morning of our wedding. For your devotion, your unselfish constancy deserves all the gratitude of my life.

Marg. [*Leaning affectionately on his shoulder.*] I loved you since we were children, did I not? And you never knew it. How many times I cried in secret because you were so cold and strange. [*JUL. turns his face away.*] But then there came your sickness, that long fever from which I watched your recovery with a joyful heart.

Jul. [*Turning away to L.*] That fatal illness.

Marg. Only think, three whole months you knew not the faces of those that loved you. It was so sudden, too, and no one knew the cause, but I think I knew it.

Jul. [*Starting.*] You!

Marg. It was a little superstition of mine that heaven sent it, that you might learn how much I loved you; up to that time I had no hope. But when you became better, so that I could sit by your side and read and sing to you, and brought fresh flowers for your room, and you could see everywhere the tokens of my presence, then you began to think of me. [*Turns to him.*]

Jul. And the dreams that haunted me began to vanish in the sunlight of your smile and the hopeless passion which— [*Stops.*]

Marg. Hopeless passion? What passion?

Jul. It was but my dream.

COUNTESS enters, R. 1 E.

*Marg.* [*Runs to her.*] Oh, mother! I am happy at last, am I not? You have always been my confidant. See how all has happened for the best.

*Countess.* Dear child and Julian. [*He kisses her hand.*] Twice have you blessed me, my only son. The day on which your tiny form first rested on my bosom—and this day when you take to your arms the gentle creature that I destined for you. [*JUL. bows with his hand pressed to his eyes*] Come, daughter, they expect you. I will not keep Julian long from your side. [*Leads her to door. MARG. turns and kisses her and exits, R. MUSIC stops.*]

*Jul.* Oh, mother! could I but be sure that the love of this young creature were not misplaced—that I could be worthy of it, and that I carried to the altar no traitor's heart. [*Places her in chair.*]

*Count.* Be calm, my son. All before you is full of peace, the past forever blotted from your life.

*Jul.* But not from my remembrance. Do what I will, I cannot fly the thought of Madelaine Morel.

*Count.* Hush! You may be heard.

*Jul.* Yes—there it is. I bear a guilty secret with me, and must speak in whispers.

*Count.* A secret, Julian. But not a guilty one.

*Jul.* It is guilty—for I love her still.

*Count.* There is no wrong in cherishing a kind remembrance of the dead.

*Jul.* But if she be not dead—think of it, mother—what proof have we?

*Count.* What proof, my son? Fruitless yet incessant search since the night she disappeared. All traces lost after her return to the city. And then those lines from her, traced in a trembling hand, "Farewell! To-night I end my life!"

*Jul.* True, and her despair—her broken heart—her young life—flickering for a moment with a ray of hope—then plunged into a misery beyond redemption. All these would incite her to the deed.

*Count.* And did you not tell me that once before she attempted self-destruction?

*Jul.* Oh, mother! are you certain there is a blessing for us yet—here or hereafter? Twice was this poor creature driven from our doors. What hope have we of mercy, who pursue with hate a defenceless fellow-being.

*Count.* But you were not to blame, my son.

*Jul.* Was my passion of love less to blame than my father's passion of anger?

*Count.* Destiny, which is the hand of Providence, guided all. I believe her now to be happy with her father in that home where there is no exile. [*Crosses to R.*] Come, my son, think with me that she watches you with radiant eyes and blesses you, for the little happiness she knew on earth was your love. See how fair is the morning—how glad are your friends. [*Wedding chimes heard.*] And hark! those gladdening sounds. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Jul.* 'Tis a sound of peace and good will, indeed. [*More cheerful.*] Mother, I will try to think as you do, and this I promise—my life shall not be mine to spend—but her's, who will bless it evermore.

*Count.* Come, my son. [*Exeunt, L.*]

[“Amen” on organ heard before change of scene.]

SCENE II.—*A cathedral. Interior and view of nave and small shrine. The altar is supposed to be hidden behind a large monument which occupies C. Morning service is just about ended. The sun streams in from the stained glass windows on either side. At the change of scene, the choir are concluding the final chant of a mass. Robed acolytes are passing at back in procession to R. The congregation discovered kneeling, one or two aged ones are crossing from extreme R. U. E. to exits at L. 1 E. A Beadle, in gold lace and with staff, is at door, L., regulating the passing crowd. During the chant, the congregation all depart by twos and threes, leaving finally three nuns kneeling up stage near altar. Two rise and go off, R. 1 E., and as the ABBÉ VALMONT enters from R. U. E., the third nun, who is PERVENCHE, rises and is about to follow the others. He gently touches her on the shoulder. She looks up, and recognizing him, falls on her knees before him. He raises her and they come forward. MUSIC stops.*

*Abbe.* To-day, my daughter, your first noviciate expires, and new vows are to be assumed. Do you yet falter in your purpose?

*Pervenche.* No, my father.

*Abbe.* There is no lingering wish, no hope, no disquietude in your heart?

*Per.* I have asked myself all this, and the answer is—none.

*Abbe.* Ponder well, child, and as you hope for eternal mercy, hide nothing from me. A heavy responsibility rests upon my heart in this.

*Per.* Upon you?

*Abbe.* It was I that followed you that night you fled, and ere the desperate resolution you had taken could be affected, I made you my prisoner by gentle entreaty and gentler promises.

*Per.* You saved me from a dreadful crime.

*Abbe.* Dreadful, indeed, for the self-murdered must ever despair of forgiveness. By the side of the dark river, I spoke to you of the means by which you could efface the past, hide yourself from the world, and without a sin, be dead to earth forever.

*Per.* Yes, yes. I listened, and was convinced I had but one duty—to save *him*, to save them all from shame; to bury myself where neither love, nor hope, nor fear should come forevermore. I wished for the grave. You showed it to me in this cloister. I followed you.

*Abbe.* And thus on me falls the consequences of your act. If in your inmost soul you suffer one regret—you hesitate; if one thought of earthly things remain, turn back. This is the hour for deliberation, to-morrow it will be too late.

*Per.* [*Tremulously.*] Have no fear for me.

*Abbe.* The world is still beautiful, it tempts the young, and you have yet many years of dreadful solitude and pain before you.

*Per.* [*Moved.*] I welcome them all. Give me penances severe enough to blot from my memory the recollection of the past. Heap upon me tasks beneath whose weight the last blossom of my short spring-time may be crushed. I will bless you.

*Abbe.* You can surrender all, then?

*Per.* All. My happiness and my misery, for I was most happy even when I should have been most wretched.

*Abbe.* There is still left in your heart emotion at the thought of those days.

*Per.* Do what I may, pray as I will, the root of the vine is not killed; it struggles to put forth new leaves. Oh! my father, daily I commit a sin, daily my heart drags me down to earth, daily comes back the wish to know if they—if *he* be happy. [*ABBE starts back.*] Do not draw back, do not reproach me. But for this all of life and love would be dead within me.

*Abbe.* Let it suffice then. Julian is happy. He believes you dead.

*Per.* And he has forgotten me?

*Abbe.* [*After a struggle.*] Yes! [*PER. sways as if about to fall. He touches her on the arm as if to support her. She recovers.*]

*Per.* Forgotten me. [*Vacantly.*] Forgotten me. [*In tears.*] Ah, my heart, my heart!

*Abbe.* Is this your firmness, your courage, your resolution?

*Per.* Forgotten! and so soon. It is just. I fled from him, when he would have sacrificed everything for me. Love will be avenged, and I must be the victim.

*Abbe.* Forget him, daughter, or take not the sacrilegious vow.

*Per.* I will try! I will try. Solitude, prayer, a living death. These will help me. I must not draw back, for now that I am no more remembered, I have no right to live. [*Wedding chimes.*]

*Abbe.* Hark! You must not linger now. Hasten, daughter. Prepare for the ceremony that makes you one of that holy sisterhood in whose arms you must henceforth live and die.

*Per.* Those bells—

*Abbe.* A wedding ceremony is about to take place.

*Per.* A wedding here?

*Abbe.* How much more glorious will be the sound of those bells, when they announce that you have become the bride of Heaven. [*She buries her face in her hands.*]

*A nun approaches from the R. and takes her hand.*

See, they come for you.

*Per.* Ah! just Heaven, have pity on me, and bless the happy hearts that beat in gladness with those holy sounds. I bow to Thy will and accept the punishment Thou dost decree. [*Exit with nun, R.*]

*Abbe.* [*Following them to door.*] May the blessing of the penitent be thine now and forever. [*Goes up, c. MUSIC, wedding march.*]

*BEADLE enters, directing people to seats, MEROPE following in.*

*Merope.* As I live, I'm sure I saw the Baron Von Armin in one of those carriages with the bridal party. Goodness mercy on me. I said to myself, he's not going to be married again, and it's only three months since he—

*Beadle.* Madame—

*Mer.* Well, my good creature.

*Beadle.* If you are a friend of the family, you may go over to the left. The wedding will take place in the vestry.

*Mer.* And why not at the great altar?

*Beadle.* You see they have lit it for another ceremony. A novice is about to take her vows just after the wedding is over.

*Mer.* Then I'm very fortunate to happen here in time for both. Where can I get a good seat that commands a view of the whole performance—I mean ceremony?

*Beadle.* Over there, madame—at the left, as I said.

*BLASWITZ enters, L. E.*

*Mer.* Not Blaswitz?

*Blaswitz.* Mademoiselle Merope, here!

*Mer.* Why not?

*Blas.* It's the wedding of the young Count, you know—  
*Dalberg.*

*Mer.* Then the Baron is not going to commit bigamy?

*Beadle.* [*Coming down.*] Not so loud, madame.

*Blas.* Remember you're in church.

*Mer.* Poor Pervenche! and so he's forgotten her already. Well, she should have taken my advice.

*Blas.* And that was—

*Mer.* To leave love to those people who marry—we have no business with it. But the bride, who is she?

*Blas.* The one his mother always intended should be.

*Mer.* I must see her. She will not be so handsome as our poor Pervenche.

*Blas.* [*Laughs.*] I'm not so sure. I dressed her hair.

*Beadle.* [*Coming down.*] I must beg you to take your places.

*Mer.* Come, Blaswitz, let us bless the young people.

*They stand aside as the wedding party enters, L. Organ swells in tone; the wedding march. The procession: 1st. Bridesmaid and groomsmen; 2d. Bridesmaid and groomsmen; 3d. Bridesmaid and groomsmen; 4th. MARGUERITE and JULIAN; 5th. COUNTESS and old gentleman; 6th. LOTTE and VON ARMIN; 7th. REINWALD and RIEDEL. MARTHA and servants, with crowd, follow. All pass from L. E. to R. U. E., and off. MUSIC, low and soft, as they go off.*

*Mer.* [*Coming forward and down, R.*] He looks pale enough. They say he has been ill.

*Blas.* Yes. After Pervenche ran away; I heard it all from the servants.

*Mer.* I wonder if he ever thinks of her?

*Blas.* I'll warrant he does. He'd never look so guilty if he did not.

REINWALD enters, R.

*Mer.* Why, Otto!

*Reinwald.* Good morning, mademoiselle.

*Mer.* And so your young friend marries?

*Rein.* We all do. It's romantic at his age.

*Mer.* Poor fellow! He has had his romance. Do you know yesterday was the anniversary of—

*Rein.* Of Pervenche's death?

*Mer.* I felt so gloomy that I went—guess where—to a cemetery. Ha! ha! [*Her voice trembles, and her laugh dies away.*] There was one little grave with a plain headstone—of course it was not her's. But I said to myself, some poor forgotten one like her, lies here, and so I laid a little bouquet upon the grass.

*Rein.* Depend upon it, there is not one of us who knew her, but has a sad heart now and then. [*MUSIC changes.*]

*Blas.* The wedding is over.

*The wedding party enter at R. and down to L.*

*Rein.* And here comes another procession.

*Mer.* [*MUSIC louder.*] Yes. A young novice about to take the veil. Heigho!

*Rein.* Will you wait?

*Mer.* Yes!

*Rein.* *Au revoir*, then. I must join the wedding party.

*He goes to L. as MER. retires up C. ABBE comes from L. U. E., as the solemn chant grows louder, and then enter from R. 1 E.: 1st. A file of acolytes with censors. 2d. Two monks. 3d. Four nuns. 4th. Two novices. 5th. PERVENCHE. 6th. Four nuns. Both processions moving at the same time, and as JULIAN comes down, L., with Marguerite on his arm, he sees Pervenche. He makes a step from Marguerite's side, clutches the Abbe's arm, and in a whisper, cries:*

*Jul.* Father! father! Look there! Is it possible for death to surrender its victims. [*Aloud.*] 'Tis Madelaine. [*All stop.*]

*Abbe.* [*Coming forward.*] Forbear, my son! Interrupt not this holy ceremony. [*He restrains Jul.*]

*Jul.* In the name of Heaven, answer me! Is it not Madelaine Morel?

*Pervenche.* [*Slowly raising her veil.*] Yes!

*Jul.* Can the grave release its own? [*Looking round upon*

*the others.*] What trick—what falsehood have you practiced on me? Stand away! I will speak to her!

*Per.* I alone deceived you! Blame no one else.

*Jul.* You? You deceived me? *Me?* to whom you promised so much—to whom you swore eternal love!

*Abbe.* Do not assail her ears with vain remembrances. Think on what she is about to become: the bride of Heaven!

*Jul.* 'Tis false! Heaven will not accept a heart stained by treachery.

*Per.* Oh! spare me your reproaches!

*Jul.* What evil counsel tempted you to forsake me? In this sacred temple I charge you, speak the truth!

*Per.* It was my love for you.

*Jul.* [*Bitterly.*] You loved me?

*Per.* Too well to dishonor you.

*Jul.* And, no doubt, you love me still?

*Per.* Do not tempt me beyond my strength.

*Jul.* Go, then! take to the cloister, where so many stained with crime have sought repose, your own evil heart—and try what penitence there can wash out the memory of this hour.

*Per.* Julian! hear me. I would have died for you. To have given you happiness I would have yielded my blood, drop by drop. I learned the shame that you would suffer in wedding me—

*Jul.* And rather than share my shame—you fled.

*Per.* No, no! I swear! here in this holy place, I swear—it was to save you.

*Jul.* What signify your oaths! One act of fidelity would have been worth them all.

*Per.* What shall I say—what do to prove it? Julian! leave me not in anger! send me not to my living grave covered with your reproaches and borne down by your contempt! [*Lifting her arms to heaven.*] Merciful Heaven, spare me this last agony. Show me how to prove my love. See, for you I sacrifice my last hope of peace, and by a sacrilege at which all men will shudder, prove my faith! [*Tears her veil from her head.*] See, for your sake, I tear the veil that covers my sins with Heaven's mercy! I call down on my guilty soul the thunders of a curse that none can hear and live! [*All start back appalled.*] For you—for you I close the gate that opened for my redemption! With you I will fly from all hope, forever more! Julian! my heart's love! call me once more to your side. I will die, but it shall be in your arms. I cannot give thee up! [*Falls on her knees before him.*]

*Jul.* [*As MARG. runs to his side and clasps him round the neck; he gazes wildly at both.*] What have I done! Oh, Madelaine! rise! rise, I beseech you! It is too late!



*Per.* Too late! [*Rising and looking wildly round.*] Too late!

*Jul.* I believed you dead. I buried in your grave the love I had sworn to bear you all your life!

*Per.* Too late! And she! this woman in her bridal dress, this wedding—'twas yours! [*Utters a heart-broken cry and then a low, hysterical laugh.*] And you! who accuse me of betrayal! you who alone are false!

*Jul.* Forgive me! I knew it not.

*Per.* [*In uncontrollable agony.*] Forgive—and you are false! I loved you! For you I fled! And now—for you— [*shrinking back at sight of her veil on the ground*] I have insulted Heaven!

*Abbe.* [*Advancing gently.*] Unfortunate woman!

*Per.* [*Shrinking from him.*] Touch me not! Call me not! Already I hear a voice that condemns me to despair. Let me hide! [*Cowering.*] I am not fit to die! [*Suddenly throws up her arms. JUL. seizes her. She suddenly becomes calm.*]

*Jul.* Unhappy one! hope yet for forgiveness and life!

*Per.* [*Dreamily.*] For happiness and life! Who spoke those words? You—you, my Julian? You are here! then all is well! Did I not dream this horror? [*Shuddering and close to him, but looking away.*] I thought! but it is too dreadful to utter. Take me away. Speak to me in your fondest voice, then I will be happy. [*ORGAN low.*]

*Abbe.* Leave her to me. [*Takes her hand. She falls at his feet and presses her head against his hand.*]

*Jul.* What new terror is this?

*Abbe.* [*Beckons Mer. to Per. MER. goes and kneels by her.*] Heaven, whose mercy knows no bounds, has bereft her of reason. Come to her, for she is forgiven.

*Per.* [*Seeming to recognize Mer., as a glad smile lightens her face, and she says, in a happy, girlish tone of confidence, nestling to her friend's bosom.*] I hear his step coming and I am glad! 'Tis our wedding morning—did you forget it? Put the flowers in my bosom which he gave me, and clasp his jewels round my neck. Then leave me—for we must be alone together. Oh! love!—this makes amends for all—thy kiss is on my lips—and thy embrace stops the beating of my heart. [*Dying gently, with a smile, half uttering.*] Dear Julian! [*Cries out and dies.*]

ABBE puts out his hand and supports her. JULIAN turns away.  
MARGUERITE buries her head in his bosom.

CURTAIN.



# MADELAINE MOREL

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A PLAY,

IN FOUR ACTS.

*(From the German of Mosenthal.)*

BY

AUGUSTIN DALY.

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AS ACTED BY DALY'S FIFTH AVENUE COMPANY AT THEIR  
TEMPORARY THEATRE (LATE THE "GLOBE"), FOR  
THE FIRST TIME MAY 20<sup>TH</sup>, 1873.

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