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The Secret  
or  
The Hole in the Wall  
A farce in one act.



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THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. XVII.

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# THE SECRET:

OR,

THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

A Farce

IN ONE ACT.

*By William Thomas Taylor*  
ALSO THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,  
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

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## EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THE plot of this amusing little piece is of some antiquity. It forms the basis of Calderon's comedy 'E Escandida y la Tapida,' and was used by Isaac Bickerstaff in his play of "'Tis Well It's no Worse," produced at Drury Lane in 1770. The celebrated John Philip Kemble embodied the story in his play of "The Panel," acted in the year 1788. Mr. King and Mrs. Abington were distinguished in their characters, and the piece was played several nights. Moncrieff again reduced the incidents, and formed the present agreeable farce of "The Secret" from the tragedian's comedy. Some fifteen years' since, a musical piece, under the title of "Hide and Seek," and containing the whole plot of "The Panel," was performed at the English Opera House, with some success. Mr. Poole was accused of using the principal incidents in his farce of "A Hole in the Wall," but the author of "Paul Pry" indignantly denied the plagiarism in question—but at the same time forgot to acknowledge his obligations to the "Braggart Captain" of Plautus, from which piece he borrowed the entire plot of "The Hole in the Wall."

■.



## CAST OF CHARACTERS

	<i>Chesnut, 1846.</i>	<i>Park, 1848.</i>	<i>Olympic, 1847.</i>
<i>M. Dupuis</i> .....	Mr. Murdoch.	Mr. Hield.	Mr. Chanfrau.
<i>Valare</i> .....	“ Davenport.	“ Pearson.	“ Levere.
<i>Thomas</i> .....	“ Burton.	“ W. Chapman.	“ Holland.
<i>Porter</i> .....	“ Eberle.	“ Gallot.	“ Conover.
<i>Cecile</i> .....	Miss A. Fisher.	Mrs. Abbott.	Miss Clark.
<i>Angelica</i> .....	Mrs. Walstein.	Miss Kate Horn.	Miss Roberts

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## COSTUMES.

**M. DUPUIS.**—Blue or black dress coat, white vest, and pants.

**VALARE.**—Frock coat, fashionable vest and pants.

**THOMAS.**—Full livery suit, blue stockings, shoes, and buckles.

**PORTER.**—Drab overcoat, breeches and top boots, hat with band

**MRS. DUPUIS.**—Fashionable morning dress.

**ANGELICA.**—Silk or barege walking dress, bonnet, &c.

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## EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;  
S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

## RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L., *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*;  
L. C., *Left of Centre*.





# THE SECRET.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The scene represents a Gothic apartment, with oak panels in third grooves—a sliding panel in R. F.—a Gothic door to match the scene, L. F. E.—the furniture to correspond—a table with red cloth, two Gothic chairs a lighted candle on the table. As the curtain rises, VALARE opens the secret panel, and comes down, with a lighted candle in his hand, which he places on the table. Key in L. D.*

*Val.* Hist! hist! Dupuis! [*Comes down.*] So! all is safe, all is safe, and I may now venture forth to enjoy the air of this apartment. Heavens! with what anxiety do I wait my friend's return! each minute seems an hour; while the dread of being discovered by the prying mistress of the house, renders my confinement here painful in the extreme. Ah! Angelica! what do I not suffer on your account! But for thee, that fatal duel which now exposes me to the punishment of the law, would never have taken place, and Valare might still be in the full enjoyment of his liberty. My friend Dupuis, too! what constant uneasiness he experiences on my account! His secret visits to me have so much the air of mystery, that his wife, naturally jealous, and unconscious of the true cause, conceives his love for her abated, and that another female, possessing superior charms, has gained his heart, and rendered her company odious to him. Poor Cecile, what pains dost thou take to render thyself miserable! [*Noise, L.*] Hark! Surely I heard some one. Yes—quick, Valare, quick, to your hiding place. [*Takes his candle, goes into the panel, and closes it after him.*]

CECILE peeps in at door, L., with a lighted candle in her hand, and then enters.

Cec. I thought I heard some one here. [*Looks about.*] I must have been mistaken. [*Places the candle on a table and sits down.*] Heigho! My husband not returned. I wonder what can take him from his home so. Every day, now, does he regularly go out, and when he returns, it is only to lock himself in his chamber. Where can he be gone to-night? Would I could find out, for I already suspect his visits are to the houses of such friends, that husbands wish their wives to be little acquainted with. Oh, man, man! but worst of all, ye married ones, how greatly are ye privileged; while woman, poor, weak woman, cannot even indulge in complaint. [*Noise, L.*] Hark! I hear the street door close. [*Goes to the door, L., and calls.*] Dupuis! is that you?

Thomas. [*Putting in his head.*] No, mistress, 'tis I, Thomas.

Cec. Where's your master?

Tho. I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. You followed him out?

Tho. Yes, mistress, into the street.

Cec. And where did he go?

Tho. Into a house across the way.

Cec. Into what house?

Tho. I can't tell, mistress.

Cec. You are deceiving me, sirrah!

Tho. What, I, mistress?

Cec. Yes; so answer me—are there any women in the house?

Tho. There are women every where.

Cec. Your master, then, is gone to a woman?

Tho. Very likely he is, mistress.

Cec. You know it, then? Thomas, you are deceiving me; like your master, you are deceiving me; he pays you for it.

Tho. I did not say that, mistress.

Cec. I believe, Thomas, you are more knave than fool.

Tho. You flatter me, madam.

Cec. Tell me, sir, why is it that this chamber has been locked at different periods during the last fortnight?

*Tho.* I can't tell, mistress.

*Cec.* Some mischief is brooding here, some mystery.

*Tho.* I have long thought so, but on entering this room I never see anybody, and everything appears in its proper place.

*Cec.* I think you know something about it.

*Tho.* Me! Lord! my master never tells me anything.

*Cec.* Nor me: he treats me like a servant.

*Tho.* And me as a woman: he never trusts me with a single secret.

*Cec.* Impudent fellow! but tell me, have you seen anybody come lately into the house with your master?

*Tho.* Yes, mistress: a fortnight back—a—

*Cec.* Well, Thomas, well.

*Tho.* A man came in with my master: but I confess, I don't think he went out again.

*Cec.* Come in, and not go out again?

*Tho.* No, mistress; I think I could swear to that, for being the porter, I must have seen him.

*Cec.* But are you sure it was a man?

*Tho.* Why, certainly, I did not examine very closely, but I'm sure he had breeches on.

*Cec.* 'Twas a woman in disguise.

*Tho.* That is possible, mistress.

*Cec.* But what can have become of her?

*Tho.* Faith, I can't tell, mistress.

*Cec.* Come here, Thomas. Dear Thomas, now tell me—tell me, I conjure you, do you think your master is in love with any other woman?

*Tho.* Mistress, I can't tell. But—

*Cec.* But what, Thomas?

*Tho.* Nothing, mistress.

*Cec.* Come, Thomas, I am sure of it; so here, good Thomas, take this. [*Offering a purse.*]

*Tho.* Oh, I can't take it, mistress.

*Cec.* You must, good Thomas; now, don't conceal anything from me, but let me know the worst. [*Weeping.*]

*Tho.* [*Weeping.*] Oh, mistress, your grief cuts me to the soul; my master certainly is in love.

*Cec.* [*Walking about, greatly agitated.*] I thought so! Oh, vile Dupuis! is it thus you treat me? But say, kind Thomas, who is the creature? what is she? where did she come from?

*Tho.* I can't tell, mistress.

*Cec.* What is her name, then?

*Tho.* I can't tell that neither.

*Cec.* How! what do you know of her, then?

*Tho.* Nothing, but I'll soon find out.

*Cec.* Will you, indeed, good Thomas?

*Tho.* Yes, I'll ask my master to tell me.

*Cec.* Pshaw, you are a fool.

*Tho.* I can't help that, mistress.

[*Knock at street door, L.*

*Cec.* See who knocks.

*Tho.* Yes, mistress. [*Goes to door, L.*] 'Tis my master; he's coming up.

*Enter DUPUIS, L., he crosses to c. Thomas goes up*

*Cec.* So, you are come home at last.

*Dup.* Yes, my dear, and dreadfully fatigued.

*Cec.* That's no fault of mine.

*Dup.* I did not say it was, my dear. Thomas, a chair.

[*He places his hat and cane on the table—Thomas brings down a chair.*

*Cec.* Thomas, a chair. [*Thomas brings her a chair on R. She sits.*] Pray, sir, may I ask where you have been?

*Dup.* Certainly, my dear; but you must expect not to be told.

*Cec.* That's as much as to say, that I shall never know anything of the mystery that has reigned within these walls for so many days past.

*Dup.* You shall know all about it, my dear—[*She draws her chair towards him*—some day or other.

*Cec.* You have a secret, then?

*Dup.* If I had, my dear, I should not scruple at confiding it to your keeping; but the fact is, the secret is my friend's, and not mine; so, of course, you cannot expect me to part with what is not belonging to me.

*Cec.* Very well, sir; but I know your secret.

*Dup.* Know it!

*Cec.* Yes, to my sorrow. You no longer love me, Dupuis, as you were used to do; the chains of Hymen hang heavily round your heart; another possesses your affections;—yes, Dupuis, I have your secret—it is not to be denied.

*Dup.* How is this, Cecile?—jealous!

*Cec.* Yes, I am; now you know it.

*Dup.* 'Pon my word, I never knew my merits before—  
ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Cec.* Ay, man, thou ungrateful man, it becomes you admirably. Oh, Heaven! what fools women are, to be treated thus! why do they not retaliate—but let me not say too much.

*Dup.* Don't check yourself, dear; there are many women who practice what you are about to preach.

*Tho.* [At table, c.] Good!

*Cec.* You no longer love me, then?

*Dup.* My dear Cecile, have but a little confidence in me, and I promise you, you shall know all; for the present, however, I must beg you to oblige me by leaving me alone; I have writing to do that requires study and privacy—when finished, I will join you in your apartment.

*Cec.* But why write here, Dupuis?

*Dup.* Still doubtful?

*Cec.* Oh, not at all; but this chamber—[*He shows displeasure.*] Well, I'm going; but don't stay long, or—  
[*Aside.*] Oh! who would be married! [Exit, L.

*Dup.* Now, then, let me lock the door, and release my prisoner. [*Goes to door, L., and is turning up stage, when he sees Thomas standing at the back of table—Thomas laughs on seeing his master—they eye each other for some time.*] What are you doing there, sir?

*Tho.* Waiting for your orders, sir.

*Dup.* Then have the goodness to wait for them on the outside of the door. [*Goes to door and unlocks it.*] But beware, sir: no peeping or listening—or by my soul—

*Tho.* I hope you don't suspect—

*Dup.* Away!

[Crosses to R.

*Tho.* I'm gone, sir.

[While Dupuis' back is turned, Thomas steals up, as if to get under the table—Dupuis turns round suddenly.

*Dup.* Begone, sir! [*Goes to table to get his cane.*] Begone, I say.

*Tho.* I'm off, sir—but I'll have my eyes about me, for all that. [*Exit, L., Dupuis watches him off, then locks the door, stands a little back—suddenly opens the door, and*

*catches Thomas, who has been peeping through the key-hole. He drags him in, canes him, then kicks him out, and locks the door.*

*Dup.* A prying scoundrel—but now we are safe. Valare must be warned of his danger, and put upon his guard. [*Goes to the panel and opens it.*] Valare, come forth; 'tis your friend.

*Val.* [*Comes out.*] Dupuis, my best of friends, say, what news have you for me?

*Dup.* Not such as I could wish; your duel, and the death of your rival, is the general topic of conversation throughout the city.

*Val.* Heaven is my witness, I sought not his life.

*Dup.* I know it well; but his parents, burning with revenge, search for you with the utmost anxiety; remain, then, here, till a fit opportunity presents itself for your escape. In the mean time, this retreat—this secret closet, which is known to none but myself and you, will afford you a safe asylum—one that can bid defiance to the law's scrutinizing eye. But, Valare, on you depends everything; you ought to act with the utmost caution—preserve a profound silence, nor dare to venture in this chamber, unless called by me.

*Val.* Oh, my friend, how shall I ever repay this kindness?

*Dup.* By following my advice, Valare, and preserving a life that is so dear to me.

*Val.* Generous man! but tell me, Dupuis, is your wife still ignorant of the place of my confinement?

*Dup.* Yes, Valare, the secret is of too much consequence to be trusted to the keeping of any woman; and, as I don't think my wife any better than the best of them, I shall keep the secret safely lodged in my own breast.

*Val.* But of Angelica—what news of her?

*Dup.* Behold, a letter; that will give you every information. 'Tis from your friend, Duval; but the contents, I fear, will give you much uneasiness.—Read it: in the mean time I will seek my wife. You may remain here till my return; the door being locked, you need not fear interruption. [*Exit, 1.*

*Val.* News from Angelica! news, too, that will afflict Heavens! I tremble to open the letter. [*Reads.*]

"My dear friend, I scarce know how to declare an affair that will cause you much uneasiness—but the truth must be told. Two days ago, Angelica quitted the city and fled, no one knows where. At the same time your rival disappeared, in the same sudden and mysterious manner. Would I had better news to tell you, but so it is. I shall only make one observation: that women are not worth half the pains that man takes to obtain them." Perfidious woman! to forsake and abandon me thus.—Oh, Angelica! have I deserved this of you? I who have exposed my life for your sake; I, who—But no, it cannot be—and yet, this letter—alas! I fear it is too true. Duval is too sincere—too good a friend—he would not write me thus, unless convinced of the truth of his assertions.

*Enter DUPUIS, L. F., hastily.*

*Dup.* Quick, Valare, quick, to your hiding place; my wife is coming up stairs.

*Val.* Oh, my friend, such news of Angelica!

*Dup.* Well, speak of that presently. In, I say.

*[Pushes him in, and closes the panel, then turns to the table, and pretends to write.*

*Enter CECILE, L. D. F. Looks about the room, and under the table.*

*Cec.* [*Suspiciously.*] You are not alone, Mr. Dupuis?

*Dup.* You are right, my dear, unless you reckon yourself nobody.

*Cec.* You were speaking to some one.

*Dup.* What! did you listen then?

*Cec.* Suppose I should say yes?

*Dup.* Then I should say you were doubly wrong; first, for having listened, and, second, for believing that I was speaking to any one.

*Cec.* I heard you talking, I'm sure.

*Dup.* Well, my dear, as to talking to any one, the thing speaks for itself; but surely, my dear Cecile, you would not prevent me from talking to myself.

*Cec.* Oh, you deceitful man!

*Dup.* What, are you going to begin again, my dear?

*Cec.* Yes, I shall begin again; I'll never leave you.

*Dup.* Delightful!

*Cec.* I'll torment you forever.

*Dup.* That's charming!

*Cec.* And if I cannot partake of your pleasures, your happiness, abroad—you shall share my ill humours at home.

*Dup.* [*Sings.*] "There was a little woman," &c.—  
Thomas! [*Calling*

*Enter THOMAS, L.*

My hat and gloves.

[*Thomas brings hat and gloves from table.*

*Cec.* What, are you going out again?

*Dup.* Only for a short time, my dear.

*Cec.* Very well, sir; it's very well, sir; but go, sir; go to your woman, you cruel, barbarous man.

*Dup.* My woman! ha! ha! ha!

[*Sings.*] "How happy could I be with either,  
Were t'other dear charmer away;  
But while you thus tease me together,  
To neither a word will I say."

Ha! ha!

[*Going, L.*

*Cec.* Provoking! but I'll find out where he goes—  
Thomas, follow your master, he may want you.

*Tho.* Yes, ma'am.

[*As Thomas is going, he is stopped by Dupuis.*

*Dup.* No, I order you to stay here. [*Dupuis goes to the table, takes a letter off it, and goes off, L. D. F. Thomas runs and peeps through the keyhole. Dupuis returns.*] If you attempt to follow me, I'll break every bone in your body! Good night, my dear—good night.

[*Exit ceremoniously, leaving the door open.*

*Cec.* I can scarce contain myself;—to be treated thus—without any cause, too. But I'll be revenged—that I will. If he has lost all love for me, and goes to another, I'll let him know that—yes, I'll let him know that—that, yes—that—that I will. [*She pushes Thomas, who has been standing near the door, L., down, and goes off in a violent rage, L.*

*Tho.* Behold the fruits of matrimony: happy state! how enviable must his lot be, who is blessed like my master.

[*Song.*] "Wedlock is a ticklish thing."

My master possesses a handsome, jealous, scolding wife.



Well, if ever I could be prevailed upon to take pity on the fair sex, and marry, let my wife beware of being jealous without a cause; for if she should, curse me if I wouldn't soon give her a cause to be jealous with cause. But, now I am alone, let me consider awhile. My mistress pays me to tell my master's secrets—good. Now, as I do not tell her what I know—why, I tell her what I do not know—so that's one and the same thing. On the other hand, my master pays me to keep his secrets—good again. Those that are useful to me, I tell, and those that are useless, I keep; so thus I deceive and cut fairly towards both parties. [*Goes to door.*] But what do I see below! a woman! and a stranger, too: if this should be master's flame, now! She's coming up stairs—I'll sift her a bit. Walk in, madam.

*Enter ANGELICA, L.*

*Ang.* Is Mr. Dupuis at home?

*Tho.* No, miss, but here is his servant, and your's, too, at the same time.

*Ang.* I am sorry I cannot see him.

*Tho.* He, I'm sure, will be doubly sorry at not seeing you.—[*Aside.*] She is very pretty.

*Ang.* It is on business of importance.

*Tho.* If you would wish to see my mistress, she, perhaps, would do as well.

*Ang.* Oh, no, 'tis Mr. Dupuis I wish to see.

*Tho.* Oh, Mr. is it? not Mrs.? Oh! true, I understand.

*Ang.* Will he return soon?

*Tho.* I don't know, miss; but if you would like to wait, I will call my mistress, and she will keep you company.

*Ang.* No, I'd rather not.

*Tho.* Oh! true, I understand.

*Ang.* What hour is he likely to be at home?

*Tho.* My mistress can tell you that, ma'am, better than I can, if you'll favour me with your name.

*Ang.* That is not necessary; I am not known to Madam Dupuis.

*Tho.* Ah! true, I understand; but how is master to know who called, if you do not leave your name?

*Ang.* I shall see him shortly.

*Tho.* But do let me call my mistress.

*Ang.* No, no, it is not necessary I'd rather not.

*Tho.* Ah! true, you said so just now.

*Ang.* As I am not fortunate enough to meet with Monsieur Dupuis, have the goodness to give him this packet.

[*Gives him a packet containing a miniature.*]

*Tho.* To my master, did you say?

*Ang.* Yes, you see it is addressed to him.

*Tho.* Ah! true, I understand. Is there any thing else I am to do for you?

*Ang.* Nothing—not anything but that. Good day.

[*Going.*]

*Tho.* It is a very dark staircase, miss, so I'll light you down. [*Takes a candle from the table.*] Now I hope you don't think I want any thing for my trouble, madam; for my master would be very angry if he thought I took any thing from any body.

*Ang.* I understand—here, take this.

[*Gives a piece of money—he turns his back and takes it.*]

*Tho.* Oh! madam, pray take care how you go down stairs—this way—pray, take care.

[*Exit, L., with candle, followed by Angelica.*]

*Val.* [*Comes forward from the panel, closing it after him by mistake.*] Surely I heard Angelica's voice. Yes, it was she; my heart tells me so—but what could bring her to this house? to search for me? why, then, quit so soon? No, I must be deceived—[*A noise, L.*] Hark! some one comes—in, in, Valare—confusion, I cannot find the spring! Here, then, let me conceal myself. [*Retires, R. U. E.*]

*Enter THOMAS with a candle, L. D. F.*

*Tho.* Ha! ha! ha! 'tis Mr. Dupuis I want, not mistress—your name, miss—oh! that's not necessary—ah! true, I understand—ha! ha! But she did not understand me, though—ha! ha! ha! Well, my master has certainly a very good taste. But let me see—what shall I do with this packet? My mistress ordered me to seize on all letters directed to my master; well, I have seized this, and since 'tis the first I have laid hold of, I see no reason why I should not be the first to read it; so, without scruple, here goes. [*Goes up to the table and sits on L. Opens the packet.*] Oh! what's here?—a miniature!

*Val.* [*Just appears, and says,*] Rascal!

[*Instantly retiring.*]

*Tho.* [*Greatly alarmed, starts down to front.*] I thought I heard my name. [*Takes the candle, and looks about.*] Oh! 'tis nothing. Bless me, my heart almost jumps into my mouth. What the devil am I afraid of? there's no one here. Now, then, what's this miniature? Ecod—tis her likeness. Angelica, too—a pretty name, truly, and a very pretty face. But you can see what she is by her eyes. [*Kisses it and puts it on the table. Valare comes out, and softly opens the panel, then retires, watching.*] Now, then, for the letter. "*Ever since your late misfortune*"—Misfortune! what misfortune!—"of meeting your rival,"—the devil! a duel!—here's a discovery—"I have taken refuge at my father's house."—An invitation! there's modesty for you. Heaven bless him, poor man, that gets her for a wife.

*Val.* Villain! [*Darts forward and seizes the miniature and letter—blows out the candle. Knocks Thomas down, and goes quickly through the panel.*]

*Tho.* Murder! murder! fire! thieves! murder! villain! the devil!

*Enter CECILE, L., with a candle and letter.*

*Cec.* Heaven! what—

*Tho.* Murder! murder!

*Cec.* Rise this instant.—Thomas, do you know who I am?

*Tho.* The devil! the devil! murder!

*Cec.* Be not alarmed, Thomas; 'tis I, your mistress.

*Tho.* [*Rising fearfully.*] Yes, so it is; oh, dear! I'm glad to see you. Oh, madam, such a thing!—it's all over with me.

*Cec.* What mean you?

*Tho.* Don't hurry me, I beg; let me just recover my fright.

*Cec.* What is it has alarmed you so?

*Tho.* Oh, dear, oh, dear! such a sight—did you ever see the devil? I beg pardon, I mean the black gentleman.

*Cec.* Seen who?

*Tho.* Just lend me the candle, will you? [*Takes the candle, and, still dreadfully alarmed, looks round the room. Not seeing anything, he gathers courage.*] As I'm alive, he's gone through the key-hole.

*Cec.* Whom do you mean?

*Tho.* Who, indeed! there's a pretty question. But I'll tell you, ma'am: you must first know, a young woman has been here! but, however, that's nothing.

*Cec.* A woman!

*Tho.* Yes, and she asked for my master; but, however, that's nothing.

*Cec.* How! sirrah, why did you not tell me?

*Tho.* Because, ma'am, the young lady did not wish it; but, however, that's nothing. She left a great many messages, but they were all for my master; and before she went away, she gave me a letter and a miniature to give him.

*Cec.* A letter, you say? and a miniature? very pretty.

*Tho.* Yes, ma'am, much prettier than you, I assure you.

*Cec.* Knave! where are they? produce them!

*Tho.* Don't be in a hurry, mistress—I am going to tell you. You see yonder chair—well, as I was sitting there, looking at the miniature, I was saying to myself—Thomas, says I, your master is not acting towards your mistress as he ought, in carrying on an intrigue with another woman, when he has got so kind, so sweet, so gentle a wife. On which Thomas answered and said—that is, I said to myself—Thomas, you are right: on which I made up my mind to disclose the whole affair to you, and for that purpose rose from my chair to bring you the letter; when just as I reached the door, I was seized round the body; when turning round, thus, I saw a tall figure all in black—who, pronouncing my name in a horrible voice, bade me give him the miniature. This I boldly refused, on which he snatched them from me, blew out the candle, dashed me to the ground, and then vanished in a blaze of fire. Lord, if you had but been here to have smelt the brimstone.

*Cec.* And do you think, sir, I am to be imposed upon by such a tale as this? out upon you, knave. My eyes are open; I see your tricks: instead of serving me, as I expected, you invent these tales to make me jealous of my husband, in order that I may keep paying you for the discovery of secrets that never existed. But there's an end to it now, the mask is off, and I know you for a cheat

*Tho.* Me, madam! I swear—

*Cec.* Hold your tongue, sir.—[*Aside.*] I'll no longer lis

ten to idle tales, but make a trial of my husband myself. This letter, which I have written, shall fall into his hands, he will read it—its contents are of a nature to inspire him with a jealousy, which, if he feel not, then must he be the most insensible of men, and I, convinced of his infidelity, the most miserable of women. There!

[*Throws the letter on the stage, near front, on R.*]

*Tho.* Ma'am, you've dropped something.

*Cec.* I know it, and wish it to remain there.

*Tho.* Oh, I understand.

*Cec.* Mind, sir, I forbid you touching it; you see I placed it there on purpose; so beware you speak not of it to your master, till I give you leave.

*Tho.* I understand. [*As Cecile is going off, Thomas is going towards the letter—she turns, and he pretends to be snuffing the candle, or some other business.*] I see how it is: she wants to make my master jealous of her—poor creature! but it won't do: my master is too cunning to be taken in. But, as luck will have it, here he comes.—now for it.

*Enter DUPUIS, L.*

*Dup.* Thomas, leave the room. [*Thomas seems unwilling to go—Dupuis pushes him out, and locks the door, and then goes to the panel.*]

*Enter VALARE from panel, with letter and miniature.*

My friend, I have news for you.

*Val.* And I for you.

*Dup.* Indeed!

*Val.* Angelica has been here.

*Dup.* How know you that?

*Val.* Behold her letter and miniature.

*Dup.* How came they in your possession?

*Val.* The story is too long to tell you now; suffice it to say, I took them from your servant, Thomas.

*Dup.* 'Twas imprudent, methinks; but no matter. Your rival, I am happy to tell you, is not dead, but in a fair way of recovery.

*Val.* Indeed! oh, happy tidings!

*Dup.* Moreover, a meeting has taken place between your father and his; and I have reason to believe, that

every thing will be happily arranged. Remain, therefore, in your retreat, till I have summoned the family together, disclosed the secret, and put an end to mystery and danger.

*Val.* Oh, my friend, you know not how happy I feel at this moment.

*Dup.* But I can conceive it, judging by the pleasure I feel at having contributed to it. But return, Valare; your confinement will not be long. [*Exit Valare through the panel.*] Now, then, to my jealous wife, and make her happy. [*Sees the letter.*] What's this? a letter! it has fallen from my pocket—no, 'tis to my wife. The devil! how it smells of musk. [*Unlocks the door.*] Thomas!

*Enter THOMAS, L.*

*Tho.* Sir.

*Dup.* Call my wife.

*Tho.* Here she is.

*Enter CECILE, L.—Thomas goes up.*

*Dup.* Cecile, my dear, I have just found a letter: it belongs to you.

*Cec.* [*Pretending embarrassment.*] A letter, sir—ah!—'tis—

*Dup.* A sweet one.

[*Smells it.*

*Cec.* Heavens! you haven't read it?

*Dup.* It is not addressed to me, my dear; you know I never take the liberty of reading your letters.

*Cec.* You were not, then, so curious?

*Dup.* Certainly not; if it contains nothing but chit-chat, it is not worth reading; and if it is full of disagreeables, I'd rather not read it.

*Cec.* You won't be jealous, then, Dupuis?

*Dup.* Jealous, my dear! not I, truly! I feel myself perfectly safe on that score. A man need not give himself uneasiness about his wife, when she has arrived at your years—so take the letter, my dear; and to prove how far I am from being jealous, [*Crosses to L.*] I shall leave you to read it by yourself. [*Exit, L.*

*Tho.* I say, ma'am, it won't do.

*Cec.* Silence, fellow! Was ever woman so treated as I am? 'tis plain, now, he loves me not. Oh, if I knew

who this minion of his was! Perhaps he has gone to her now! if so, I'll follow him, and if I catch her I'll tear her eyes out.

[Exit, L. D. F.]

*Tho.* Good! what a stew she's in! I thought my master would be too deep for her, ha! ha! ha! But they have left me by myself; and if my invisible friend should return, who knows but what he may walk off with me as well as the letter.

*Enter a drunken PORTER, L., with a small trunk.*

Oh, Lord! what's that?

*Porter.* I have brought this box for—for—Mr. Dupuis.

*Tho.* From whom?

*Porter.* A lady named Angelica.

*Tho.* Angelica! oh, true, I understand. Put it down, my friend. What do you demand?

*Porter.* It is paid for.

*Tho.* Then, good day. [Exit Porter, L. D. F.] A box from Angelica! what the deuce, she is not going to live here, surely! Ecod, I'm glad it's come, though, for now I shall have an opportunity of convincing my mistress that what I told her of Angelica was true; so lay you there, my friend, till I return; and if my mistress is not satisfied with the evidence of your outside—[Crosses to L.] sans ceremonie, I shall force you open, and search for better proof inside.

[Exit, L.]

*Enter VALARE from panel.*

*Val.* What did I hear! a box of Angelica's, and that rascal going to break it open—that, at all events, shall be prevented, so come you along with me.

[Takes the box, and exit into the panel.]

*Tho.* [Without.] Come along, madam!

*Enter CECILE and THOMAS, L.*

*Tho.* I'll convince you.

*Cec.* A box, said you?

*Tho.* A box, and from Angelica: now, say I am deceiving you, if you can, for here—

[Pointing to where the box was.]

*Cec.* Well, sir, the box—

*Tho.* Is it gone to the devil, after the miniature!

*Cec.* Do you dare, then, fellow, thus to trifle with me? hence, from my house! no longer will I keep in my service a man whose only study is to deceive me; hence, I say.

*Tho.* Well, ma'am, as you please; 'tis not very agreeable to be in the house with devils.

*Cec.* You play your part admirably, knave.

*Tho.* Play! egad, I'm in no playing humour. But you may kick me, beat me, discharge me, but still I will maintain, the box I left there—none but old Nick himself could have taken it; and firmly do I believe, if you stay here much longer, he will walk off with you also.

*Cec.* I know not what to think—[*Noise, L.*] Hark!—Some one is coming up the stairs. [*Exit Thomas, L.*] 'Tis very strange. That Thomas is a knave, is certain; but still I think he would not carry the jest so far unless there was some truth in it.

THOMAS runs in, L.

*Tho.* Now, madam, you shall be satisfied—the very woman! Angelica is below—hark! here she is.

Enter ANGELICA, L.

*Ang.* I beg pardon, but is Mr. Dupuis not returned?

*Cec.* And pray, miss, what do you want with Mr. Dupuis?

*Ang.* I came for an answer to a letter I left but now with his servant.

*Tho.* Mistress, what do you think of old Nick now?

*Cec.* A letter, say you, and to my husband?

*Ang.* Yes, madam; it contained the inquiries of an unfortunate female, to whom Mr. Dupuis could give such information as would administer comfort to her affliction.

*Cec.* But you sent a miniature also, did you not?

*Ang.* Miniature!

*Tho.* No, no miniature, I swear—I never said a miniature—a box, I told you.

*Ang.* I certainly did send a box.

*Cec.* It's very strange, young woman, that you, who I have not the least knowledge of, should be sending boxes here without my leave—'tis very suspicious.

*Ang.* I feel, madam, that appearances are against me;



but still there is nothing to give you uneasiness. Monsieur Dupuis is in possession of a secret, on which my happiness depends. Obligated to fly my friends, to avoid persecution, I had recourse to Mr. Dupuis, who alone can free me from my present load of misery.

*Cec.* But how came you acquainted with my husband?

*Ang.* I know but little of him; but he is the intimate friend of a person who is dearer to me than life. With respect to the box—when I fled from home, I took the liberty of sending it here; I knew it would be in safety.

*Tho.* Oh! yes, it is in perfect safety.

*Cec.* 'Pon my word, miss, your story would make an excellent subject for a romance.

*Ang.* How, madam! what mean you?

*Cec.* That you are known, miss.

*Ang.* Now I understand you, madam; but your suspicions are groundless, as they are cruel and unkind. But Mr. Dupuis will explain—so, madam, good day.

*Cec.* Oh! pray don't go, child; you'd better wait till your protector returns.

*Ang.* No, madam, I shall retire, to avoid further insult.

*Cec.* But you stir not hence. Thomas, call your master. [*Exit Thomas, L.*] Now, my gentle miss, I'll have you face to face. Ah! you may well blush—fie! fie on you! [*Goes to the door, L., and calls.*] Mr. Dupuis! Mr. Dupuis, I say!

*Ang.* Unfortunate Angelica!

[*While Cecile is calling off, L., Valare opens the panel, and, slipping softly forth, shows himself to Angelica, whom he leads into the panel and closes it.*

*Enter THOMAS, L.*

*Tho.* This way, master, this way.

*Enter DUPUIS, L.*

*Dup.* Now, Cecile, what would you?

*Cec.* Base man, I have detected you at last; well may you look pale. But look here, sir, look at this face—[*Turns, and, not seeing Angelica, screams violently*]—gone—the woman's gone!

*Tho.* Ay! old Nick has got her, too.

*Dup.* What does all this mean?

*Tho.* That this house is haunted, that my mistress is jealous, that you are found out, and that I am to lose my place.

*Dup.* Come, Cecile; it is time now to undeceive you. I promised you, you should know all, and thus I keep my word. [*Goes up to the panel.*] Valare, come forth.

[*Valare and Angelica come out.*]

*Cec.* How!

*Tho.* There's a Hole in the Wall!

*Dup.* Cecile, are you jealous now?

*Cec.* Oh, Dupuis, forgive me.

*Ang.* 'Tis I that should ask forgiveness, for having been the cause.

*Val.* And I also.

*Tho.* Ha! ha! ha! pray, sir, allow me to ask one question; was it you that stole the box?

*Val.* It was.

*Tho.* I am indebted, then, to you, for the thump on the head I got?

*Val.* You are; but your knavery deserved it.

*Tho.* Not a word about that. I forgive you.

*Dup.* Come, come; we are all forgiveness, all happy so, with our Secret, all danger now shall end.

*Tho.* I've saved my place.

*Dup.* And I preserved my friend.

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS AT THE FALL OF  
THE CURTAIN.

CECILE.	DUPUIS.	VALARE.	ANGELICA.	THOMAS.
[R.]				[L.]

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