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LYING WILL OUT.

A Comedy in Four Acts.

BY

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H. PELHAM CURTIS, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "UNCLE ROBERT," "NONE SO DEAF AS THOSE WHO
WON'T HEAR," ETC.

BOSTON:
GEORGE M. BAKER AND COMPANY,
41 FRANKLIN STREET.

1880.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTHONY QUAVER, A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.
EDWARD QUAVER, M.D., HIS BROTHER.
ARKWRIGHT, A PROFESSIONAL MUSICIAN.
TOM GROWL, HIS NEPHEW.
TOOKEM, CHIEF OF POLICE.
MONTAGUE SHARP, A LAWYER.
SOPHIA, WIFE OF ANTHONY QUAVER.
CAROLINE, HER SISTER, ENGAGED TO EDWARD.
FREDERIC, BROTHER OF CAROLINE AND SOPHIA.
ELEANOR, DAUGHTER OF ARKWRIGHT.

Scene — BOSTON AND LONGWOOD. *Costumes* — Modern and appropriate.

[*The actor taking the part of ARKWRIGHT should have some acquaintance with the piano.*]

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TMP 92-009005

LYING WILL OUT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.— *A parlor in ANTHONY QUAYER'S house, Boston; doors R. and L. and C.; table L. C., lounge R. C. Enter EDWARD QUAYER from door at L.; takes hat from table, and goes towards door in F.*

CAROLINE (*at door L.*). Edward! will you leave me thus in anger?

EDWARD (*returns*). Have I not ample cause, Caroline?

CAROLINE. What cause, pray?

EDWARD. Another untruth! Another falsehood!

(*Crosses.*)

CAROLINE. Falsehood! What an unkind expression!

EDWARD. Is it not the correct one?

CAROLINE. Goodness, Edward, a mere nothing! A trumpery white fib! Remember, I'm a woman.

EDWARD. And is that a sufficient justification for violating the truth?

CAROLINE. Of course not. But they say women must fib in self-defence, once in a while. Weaker vessels, you know. It's a part of our nature.

EDWARD. You wrong your sex, Caroline. Besides, those who begin with trumpery white fibs, generally end with big black lies.

CAROLINE. Gracious, Edward! What have I done, after all, to make you so portentously solemn over it?

EDWARD. I asked you, by mere chance, where you spent the afternoon yesterday, and you told me at Williams & Everett's; and now I find —

CAROLINE. Well, dear, there were ever so many reasons why I couldn't tell you the truth, — at least, why I didn't wish to. But I'll tell you now, really, if you insist.

EDWARD. No: I don't insist. Go where you like, do what you like: I shall never object. But do not, do not deceive me.

CAROLINE. I never will again, believe me.

EDWARD. But you've given me that promise so often before.

CAROLINE. You really make much more of it than you ought, Edward. I'm not so much to blame as you imagine. I could scarcely have avoided it, I assure you, for many reasons. Though I own there's a sort of pleasure, sometimes, in fibbing. It sharpens the wits ever so —

EDWARD. What possible pleasure is there in telling a lie? And how can it sharpen one's wits?

CAROLINE. Oh! you think it a very simple matter, no doubt. But you are much mistaken.

EDWARD. Surely, Caroline, the merest blockhead can tell a lie!

CAROLINE. Not by any means. It takes brains. Try it once, dearest, and you'll agree with me, I am sure.

EDWARD. I? Heaven forbid!

CAROLINE. Well, I promise solemnly to amend for the future. Is it peace once more?

EDWARD. Yes.

CAROLINE. And must you go out? Cannot you spare me another half-hour?

EDWARD. Indeed I cannot. I have half a dozen patients to visit.

CAROLINE. You'll come back in time for tea?

EDWARD. If I can. Farewell, darling. Remember your promise. (*Exit C.*)

CAROLINE. Phew! That *was* a breeze. He asks too much, on my word. What right has he to expect me to tell the absolute truth every day of my life? But I must make haste. That bracelet he gave me, I *must* find. What *could* I say, if he were to miss it! Another fib, sure, and another quarrel! (*Exit L.*)

(Enter EDWARD, C.)

EDWARD. Caroline!—gone! (*Walks rapidly towards door, L. Pauses, and comes back.*) So it sharpens the wits to tell a lie, she says! I feel amazingly disposed to show her her mistake. I might, just once. No, no! after all I've said, it would never do. And yet the temptation is great. By George, I believe I will!—just to refute her. Oh, pshaw! how ridiculous! Yet I don't know. Why not, just for once? The lesson would do her good. I've a great mind to put my pride in my pocket for once. Let me see—what should I say, supposing I decide to try the experiment? It ought to be something not incredible nor extravagant, but still rather unusual. Let me think. A thousand-dollar fee? No, no. She'd never believe it. A grand prize in the Louisiana lottery? No: she's goose enough to think that Secretary Key has made that impossible, and she'd cross-examine me into madness. Besides, she'd insist on seeing the money. No: some trifle. I have it! I'll mention carelessly, as it were, I took a ride a-horseback yesterday afternoon, and show her how easy it is to make a consistent story of it. Yes, that'll do. I'll have a hearty laugh on her; for she knows I hate riding, and haven't done it for years. Ha, ha, ha! (*Going C., meets FREDERIC, who enters C., and brings him down.*)

EDWARD. Well, Fred, where are you from?

FREDERIC. Guess, doctor.

EDWARD. A difficult matter. Some fresh folly, I warrant.

FREDERIC. Pooh! don't preach. Folly? What d'ye mean? What you call folly, I call fun. Why shouldn't I enjoy myself?

EDWARD. You are a capital fellow, Fred; but hadn't you better stick a little closer to your profession? I'm afraid your money will work your ruin yet.

FREDERIC. Stuff! Now, come, Edward. I want your advice. I'm in a dreadful funk just now.

EDWARD. In love again, of course.

FREDERIC. Again? For the first time in my life! But you've hit it. I'm chock full! so full I can hardly eat.

EDWARD. Well, go ahead.

FREDERIC. No. On second thoughts, I'll keep dark. You are too strait-laced, doctor.

EDWARD. Fred, Fred!

FREDERIC. Don't be uneasy, Ned. You shall dance at my wedding, and be my groomsman too.

EDWARD. Well, well. It's all right, no doubt. I hope so. But I can't be kept here by you for nothing: I have too much to do, especially as you won't divulge. So good-by. Don't delay me. (*Exit C.*)

FREDERIC. I was a fool to tell him as much as I did. He's sure to let the cat out of the bag. Carrie will pump him, of course. Hadn't I better go to her at once? I wonder where Tony is.

(*Enter ANTHONY, R., with hat and cane. Speaks off.*)

ANTHONY. I'll be back by tea-time, my dear. (*Comes down humming an air.*)

FREDERIC. Ah, ha, Tony! Dreaming as usual of the music of the spheres? Always at it. (*Slaps him on the back.*) Anthony! Wake up, I say!

ANTHONY. Eh? Oh, Fred! Glad to see you — glad to see you.

FREDERIC. Tony, if you've recovered your wits, I want to get your advice.

ANTHONY. Unless it's very important, I wish you'd postpone it, Fred. You'll bother me. I'm trying to recall an old tune I heard twenty years ago; and I'm afraid, if I don't catch it, I sha'n't sleep. You'll drive it out of my head.

FREDERIC. Stuff! Anthony, I say, I need your advice immensely. I do, indeed.

ANTHONY. Fred, you know you never take my advice when you get it. Another love-affair, of course?

FREDERIC. What do you mean by "of course"? Yes: it's a love-affair, I confess. You remember, don't you, I told you about Eleanor, and how I came to know her?

ANTHONY. No, I don't. Eleanor? Oh, yes! that girl that peeped at you over a wall in Longwood, I think. That's the last you told me of. Another one since?

FREDERIC. Another since? Of course not. That was only four days ago. Do you think I'm a gorilla? No, no! We saw each other over that wall I told you of, and fell mutually in love instantly — instantly!

ANTHONY. I'll answer for *your* part, Fred.

FREDERIC. But the deuce of it is, I can't get at her. She's kept in a regular prison.

ANTHONY. A prison?

FREDERIC. Yes. Her father is a misanthrope of the worst kind, she tells me, and hates everybody. He lives in what he calls his den; and Eleanor has never been outside of it since the old curmudgeon moved in. High wall all round the place, and a big ditch outside the wall.

ANTHONY. I say, Fred, this grows interesting. Good material for an opera. The father a basso profundo, of course.

FREDERIC. Well, we discussed our difficulties over the wall —

ANTHONY. Ay, a duet.

FREDERIC. Till she overcame her first timid scruples —

ANTHONY. Andante, changing to allegro.

FREDERIC. And then I tossed a note over, and she answered with another ditto; then I kissed her hand from a tree —

ANTHONY. Splendid stage effect!

FREDERIC. And yesterday I swore I would get over the wall, cost what it might. So I rode out to the place on horseback, tied my horse in a clump of trees, and commenced the assault. Eleanor wasn't there.

ANTHONY. Just the situation for a swell on the trombones, — solemn as possible.

FREDERIC. While I was scrambling across the infernal ditch, I heard voices inside shouting, "Thieves! robbers!" Then came a shot, and a bullet whistled close by my ear.

ANTHONY. The deuce! This is serious.

FREDERIC. Of course I took the back track, and ran to my horse. But, before I could get to him, came shouts in the other direction, — people attracted by the shot, I suppose.

ANTHONY. A chorus!

FREDERIC. And I hear more cries of "Stop thief!" and threats to shoot.

ANTHONY. Allegro assai!

FREDERIC. But I finally get mounted, and give my horse the spur; and, dashing through a cornfield, over a fence, back I ride like fury to town. Now, what shall I do next?

ANTHONY. Ay, ay! What we want is the grand finale.

FREDERIC. Pooh, Tony! Confound it all, you haven't heard a word I've been saying!

ANTHONY. I have, I have.

FREDERIC. Then give me the best advice you can. Shall I get her to elope?

ANTHONY. Elope? Yes, excellent! Elope by all means.

FREDERIC. Resign her I will not. Her father (old tyrant!) is inaccessible: he never admits even a postman. If I can only see her once more! Your suggestion, Tony, is admirable. Elope with her I will, I swear!

ANTHONY. Yes; and tell me all the details, — word for word, mind.

FREDERIC. I will. I'll furnish your finale, Tony, trust to me.

ANTHONY. Good! You'll stay to tea, of course? Well, I must run. (*Exit R. U. E.*)

FREDERIC. O Eleanor, poor pining prisoner! I'll release you from your captivity, if I have to cross swords with Satan himself. They fancy they've driven me off for good, no doubt. No better time than the present, then, to have another try at that wall. I'll pull down the house, but I'll see her this time. (*Looks at his watch.*) Ha! set off in an hour.

(*Enter CAROLINE, L.*)

CAROLINE. Why, Fred! you here? And thinking, too, — a miracle indeed!

FREDERIC. I was thinking of you, Carrie.

CAROLINE. Don't fib, sir. Shame on you! Of all the sins I hate the most, the most detestable — Say something more probable, at all events. But oh, Fred, I'm in the greatest distress! I've lost the emerald bracelet Edward gave me, and with it a bundle of letters I wouldn't have any one find for the world.

FREDERIC. Where did you lose them?

(*Enter SOPHIA, R.*)

SOPHIA. Ah, Fred! You here? Plotting some mischief, I dare say.

CAROLINE. Fred, never mind her. You know Sophia. She's a little put out, just now, — no wonder, poor soul! She always plagues us a little at such times. She don't mean any harm.

SOPHIA. So I plague you all, do I? Humph! I'm sure I've enough to drive me crazy.

FREDERIC. Sophia, you seem in a delicious temper, I must say. (*Picks up his hat.*)

SOPHIA. O Fred! don't go yet. Don't be angry. Stay to tea. We see so little of you.

FREDERIC. Very good! Any thing to oblige. But you'll have to be good-natured, then, not bite my head off.

SOPHIA (*aside to CAROLINE*). Where are the letters?

CAROLINE. O Sophia, can you ever forgive me?

SOPHIA. Speak! speak!

CAROLINE. I've lost them, and my bracelet too.

SOPHIA. Fiddlestick for your bracelet! Oh! why did I trust you with them? (*Wrings her hands.*)

FREDERIC. Sophie, what on earth is the matter?

SOPHIA (*crossly*). Nothing, nothing. Let me alone.

FREDERIC. P-r-r-r-r-r! Another storm brewing!

SOPHIA (*aside*). Hunt for them, hunt for them! Oh, if Anthony were to know of them! (*Exit R.*)

FREDERIC. Carrie, what the deuce is the matter with Sophie?

CAROLINE. She has good reason for being cross this time. I've a great mind to let you into the secret,—in confidence, mind.

FREDERIC. Of course. Go ahead. Hear me swear!

CAROLINE. Well, then, while Sophia was at school, she was silly enough to exchange a few sentimental letters with a young man named Perkins.

FREDERIC. Perkins? What! not—

CAROLINE. Pooh! Nothing of the sort. Well, she soon tired of the man, of course; for he was as stupid as possible, and didn't know how to love, even; and she has long wished and tried to get her letters out of his hands. * She has never dared to mention them to Anthony—as if he would care, poor dear! So she got me to write to Mr. Perkins to demand them. He agreed to give them up, but demanded a personal interview.

FREDERIC. Fair enough, too.

CAROLINE. We had to submit, at all events, and met him yesterday in a grove just beyond Longwood, where he finally surrendered them to me. I wrapped them up with my broken bracelet, in the same parcel; and, O Fred, I must have left them on the bench where we sat! She's crazy till she gets them again.

FREDERIC. I'll hunt for the package, Carrie. Near Longwood, you say. (*Aside.*) Very *apropos*.

(Enter ANTHONY, humming an air.)

CAROLINE (*pushing table to C.*). Mind, Fred, don't breathe a syllable of it to *him*.

FREDERIC. Oh, no! certainly not. He's in the clouds, as usual.

(Exit CAROLINE, R.)

FREDERIC (*slaps ANTHONY on shoulder*). A piece of our new opera, Tony?

ANTHONY (*starts*). Ah, Fred! it's the most extraordinary thing too. Do you know, try as hard as I can, I can't for the life of me catch it.

FREDERIC. Catch what?

ANTHONY. The air you heard me humming. It's a bit I heard a great many years ago, and it haunts me. It was part of a cantata, or some such thing,—no, an opera, I think,—written by my old music-master, which disappointed the public, and got hissed. But there were many good things in it; and this particular air always delighted me.

(Enter CAROLINE, R., with tablecloth, tray, and tea-things; sets table.)

FREDERIC. And what became of the old hissee?

ANTHONY. The who?

FREDERIC. The hissee, the composer, the author.

ANTHONY. Oh! Ah! I can't tell you. It soured him, and he disappeared. He left New York with a daughter, a year or two old; and went, nobody knew where. (*Aside.*) Fred, you've nothing more to tell me yet, about—you know? Eh? (FREDERIC draws him aside.)

(Enter SOPHIA, R., with basket of cake; sets it on table. CAROLINE sits, and makes the tea.)

SOPHIA. Caroline, what do you suppose those two wretches are plotting there? Some mischief. Anthony!

ANTHONY. Yes, dear, in a moment.

SOPHIA. Tea's ready. Take your seat. Humph! Fine doings, no doubt! Frederic, let my husband alone. I don't want him made any worse than he is.

FREDERIC (*comes forward*). Sister, you seem to think me a perfect scapegrace. (*All sit.*)

SOPHIA. You're a *man*. That's enough.

(Enter EDWARD, C.)

FREDERIC. Here's the doctor. Tell *him* so.

EDWARD. Tell me what? (*Sits at table, front R. corner.*)

FREDERIC. That you are a scapegrace, a rascal, *ex necessitate!*

CAROLINE. Fred, Sophia was only in jest.

SOPHIA. No, I was not. You'll find Edward out some day, too, I've no doubt.

CAROLINE. Sophia, how can you? Really, you go too far.

SOPHIA. Not a bit. Pray, Dr. Quaver, where were you all yesterday afternoon?

EDWARD (*aside*). A good opportunity to bring in my horse-story. Shall I?

SOPHIA. Well, why don't you tell us?

EDWARD. I—I— Where was I yesterday? Oh, yes! ah! out riding horseback.

ALL. Horseback! You!

EDWARD. Certainly. Why not?

CAROLINE. Edward, dear, I'm amazed. I never knew you to ride horseback in my life. Do you think it's quite safe?

EDWARD. Didn't you? Oh! because—because—oh! I'm not a bad rider, I assure you.

FREDERIC. Where did you learn it?

EDWARD. Oh!—hem—at college.

SOPHIA. Indeed! I always understood you were quite poor at college.

EDWARD. Yes, true. A friend used to lend me his horse.

FREDERIC. Where did you hire your horse yesterday, doctor? We'll ride together.

EDWARD. Well—I ride so rarely—

FREDERIC. Oh! we'll correct that. Where did you get him?

EDWARD. From—from—what's his name's. Down the street—oh! yes, Garcelon's.

FREDERIC. Garcelon's? What horse of his did you take?

EDWARD. His black.

FREDERIC. I didn't know he had a black saddle-horse. I thought I knew every horse in his stable too.

EDWARD. Did I say black? I meant white. White, of course.

FREDERIC. His white! You must be a better horseman than I took you for, to ride that horse.

EDWARD. I noticed nothing particular in him.

FREDERIC. But he shies so.

EDWARD. Oh! shies — yes, come to think of it, perhaps he did shy a little. A touch of the whip cured that, however.

FREDERIC. Whip! And he didn't have you over his head?

EDWARD. No, no, what am I thinking of? I remember now I had no whip yesterday.

FREDERIC. I *thought* Garcelon wouldn't have trusted you with a whip. Where did you ride?

EDWARD. Oh! round the country.

FREDERIC. What part?

EDWARD. What part? Oh! hem. Out over the Tremont road.

FREDERIC. Tremont road! Why, it's closed for repairs.

EDWARD. No, no, not the Tremont road, of course. I meant to say the Milldam.

ANTHONY. What time was this, brother?

EDWARD. Towards sunset, I think.

ANTHONY. Queer I didn't see you. I was walking there just about that time.

FREDERIC. And which of the branches did you take?

EDWARD. The — the middle one.

FREDERIC. Through Longwood?

EDWARD. Yes, I believe so.

FREDERIC. And did you see another person out there on horseback? On a white horse?

EDWARD (*wiping his forehead*). No, I think not. For heaven's sake, let's change the subject. Suppose we all go to the Handel and Haydn to-night.

CAROLINE (*rises*). Oh, charming! So we will.

SOPHIA (*rises*). Come, Anthony, dear, let's go too. I'll run up stairs for my things. (*Exit R.*)

ANTHONY. You a rider? Prodigious! Strange I never heard of it before. (*Exit R.*)

(*FRED rises; CAROLINE begins to put together the things.*)

FREDERIC. I'll walk with you only a part of the way, Carrie. I have an engagement. (*Takes hat.*)

EDWARD (*still sitting, aside*). Phew! I breathe once more. What an ordeal! Heavens! how many lies have I

told already? A dozen, at least. It's not so easy as I imagined. But where the pleasure comes in, I do not exactly see yet.

CAROLINE (*on EDWARD'S arm*). Come, Edward. I hear Sophia coming. We must get ready.

EDWARD. Certainly. Why, Caroline, where's your bracelet? Don't you wear it?

CAROLINE. Oh, of course! But it's injured a little, and I've left it at a jeweller's to be mended. (*EDWARD looks up at her quickly: she casts down her eyes.*) (*Aside.*) Oh dear, another fib!

(*Enter ANTHONY and SOPHIA, R.*)

(DROP.)

ACT II.

SCENE.— *The Den in Longwood; room; window C., backed by garden, with chair and work-basket; piano L.; ELEANOR at window, working; evening.*

ELEANOR. Oh, if they had shot him last evening! What will he think of me? Shall I go to father, and confess all? I dare not. He would separate us forever. *Is* the world so wicked a place as father says? It cannot be, with dear Frederic in it. He is *so* good, *so* noble! I saw he was, the moment he looked over the wall that first happy, happy afternoon. Ah, here is father!

(*Enter ARKWRIGHT and GROWL, R. I. E.*)

ARKWRIGHT. Aha! I knew we should have no more trouble. That thief will never dare to come here again.

GROWL. Perhaps not — if it *was* a thief.

ARKWRIGHT. If it *was* a thief? What else could it have been, Tom Growl?

GROWL. The gardener told me the fellow was handsomely dressed, and rode off on a fine white horse. Thieves don't usually ride fine white horses, I take it.

ARKWRIGHT. And who *do* you take him to be?

GROWL. Perhaps a lover.

ARKWRIGHT. A lover? Bah! Of whom? the cook?

GROWL. No; your daughter.

ARKWRIGHT. My daughter? Tom Growl, you are a fool. Not a living soul in trousers has set foot inside my wall for these ten years except you and old Doctor Brown. You're a blockhead.

GROWL. Perhaps I am, — hum!

ARKWRIGHT. What the devil do you mean with your "hum"? Are you drunk?

GROWL. No such luck! — Oh, nothing! She may have seen some one, notwithstanding.

ARKWRIGHT. How could she?

GROWL. Over the wall perhaps. I've seen her standing on the hillock pretty often lately.

ARKWRIGHT. And whom should she see? a peddler? Pshaw, Tom Growl! if Eleanor had seen anybody whatever, she'd have told me at once. She's candor itself. It's only out in the world that girls learn to conceal and deceive. A lover! pshaw! No, Tom: I've promised her to you, and have her you shall. Don't be an ass. Well, well, put those guns away, Tom: we sha'n't want them again.

GROWL. Shall I fire them off? They might be dangerous.

ARKWRIGHT. Dangerous? You don't mean to say they were loaded last night?

GROWL. Yes, I do.

ARKWRIGHT. What! not with bullets?

GROWL. Of course they were.

ARKWRIGHT. But you might have hit him, then.

GROWL. Well, what then? Ain't you a misanthrope?

ARKWRIGHT. Of course I am; but I don't want to be shooting people. Horrible! Yes, fire them off, by all means, but not over the wall.

GROWL. Very well, sir. (*Exit R. I. E.*)

ARKWRIGHT. Tut, tut! Here's a blockhead shooting real bullets at people. But what if Tom is right? Eleanor, Eleanor, I say!

(*ELEANOR rises, and comes down.*)

ELEANOR. Did you call me, papa?

ARKWRIGHT. Yes, child. Come here. My darling Eleanor, the world is full, full of wickedness.

ELEANOR. Is it, papa?

ARKWRIGHT. Yes. I know it by bitter experience. I composed an opera once, — a masterpiece, a divine, a glorious work, — and it was hissed; hissed off the stage; hissed, I tell you. Oh, fiends and furies!

ELEANOR. Poor papa!

ARKWRIGHT. I felt a profound loathing for a world so degraded, so vile, and fled from it forever. Eleanor, the thought that you, too, may one day writhe under its poisonous sting fills me with anguish.

ELEANOR. Oh, dreadful, papa!

ARKWRIGHT. I am sure, my darling, you have no desire to suffer as your father has suffered? To struggle and die in the folds of the social anaconda? To be crushed into a shapeless mass beneath the Juggernaut wheels of society?

To be roasted on the slanderous gridiron which the world keeps ever heated for its victims?

ELEANOR. No, indeed, papa.

ARKWRIGHT. Of course you don't. (*Aside.*) Tom Growl is an ass! Eleanor, you are my only child, and I would fain guard you from such a fate. The inexorable finger of Death already points me out. You will need a protector when I am gone.

ELEANOR. Don't, papa.

ARKWRIGHT. Eleanor, listen. Your cousin Tom Growl is a noble soul: without, an uncut diamond; a high-minded gentleman within. He alone, of all the world, appreciates my music. And he appreciates *you*, my darling. You shall marry him at once.

ELEANOR. Ah, papa, papa! (*Covers face with handkerchief.*)

ARKWRIGHT (*after a pause*). Well, child, do you not thank me? Why are you silent? (*Takes away handkerchief.*) Tears? Nay, nay, dear me! Blushes! Ha! He tells me he sees you often looking over the garden-wall. Is it true? (*A shot heard. Stage gradually darkens.*)

ELEANOR (*screams, and falls on her knees*). Father! O father!

ARKWRIGHT. Nonsense, child! It's only Tom emptying the guns. (*Raises her.*) Compose yourself, Eleanor. Be calm! Avoid the wall, my precious. You mean no harm, but the peril is enormous. Well, you know my intentions now. You shall be married in a week, and be as happy as the day is long,—yes, as the day is long. I'm going now to play my new symphony for Tom's opinion. Resume your sewing at the window, and listen to it.

ELEANOR (*goes to window*). Oh, me! What shall I do? I cannot marry Tom! I shall die! I shall die! O Fred-eric!

(*Enter GROWL, with candle; ARKWRIGHT sits at piano; GROWL stands by him, both with their backs to window.*)

ARKWRIGHT. Tom, attend. Eleanor, I have taught you, that, according to my system, there is nothing, nothing, which cannot be expressed as distinctly in music as in words. Listen to this. I'll explain to you as I go on. The subject is "A Whaling Voyage." (*Plays.*) This opening, Eleanor, represents the ship getting her anchor

up. Now a cow is going aboard. That dominant in C is her bellowing.

(*Moonlight in the garden.*)

FREDERIC (*outside the window*). Pst!—sh!—pst!

ELEANOR (*starts, and looks out*). Heavens! it's Frederic!

ARKWRIGHT (*plays*). Now the ship leaves her moorings. Up comes the anchor! See, Eleanor, that B-sharp is the creaking of the cable, to the life.

ELEANOR. Yes, papa: it's beautiful. (*Aside.*) Alas! I cannot get away.

ARKWRIGHT. Bang! That's the signal gun.

ELEANOR (*aside*). How rash of him! Thank Heaven, the guns are not loaded!

ARKWRIGHT (*playing*). The ship begins to move over the billows.

ELEANOR. Gracious! He's climbing up the trellis!

ARKWRIGHT. These movements depict the ship arriving at the whaling grounds.

FREDERIC (*appears at window*). Eleanor!

ELEANOR. Heavens, Frederic! father is here! Fly, fly!

FREDERIC. He can't see me.

ARKWRIGHT (*plays*). No whales in sight.

FREDERIC. At last, dearest, I see you face to face.

ARKWRIGHT. A whale is discovered at last.

FREDERIC. Put your sweet hand in mine, loved one. I swore to see you to-night, cost what it might.

ARKWRIGHT. Now the captain prepares to pursue the finny prey. Listen to this, Eleanor.

FREDERIC. Eleanor, do you love me?

ELEANOR. Yes, papa. I do, I do, dear Frederic,—too, too much.

FREDERIC. And will you be my wife?

ARKWRIGHT. The captain is now registering the usual oath to capture the monster, or die in the attempt.

ELEANOR. Alas, what shall I say? My father—

FREDERIC. He loves you. He will consent at last.

ARKWRIGHT. Now a harpoon goes hissing through the air.

ELEANOR. No, no: he is inexorable.

ARKWRIGHT. The whale is maddened. Eleanor, do you hear that boat smashed?

FREDERIC. Why should your father object? I adore you— I am rich—

ARKWRIGHT (*playing*). The whale is full of oil and blubber.

ELEANOR. Alas, Frederic, he has promised me to Cousin Tom!

FREDERIC. Cousin Tom! That scarecrow! that impostor! Eleanor!

ELEANOR. It will kill me!

ARKWRIGHT. The whale gives up the ghost.

ELEANOR. My heart will break!

ARKWRIGHT. Now they are cutting him up.

FREDERIC. Rather death than such a fate as that!

ARKWRIGHT. Eleanor, are you listening? Did you hear the blubber sizzle?

ELEANOR. What, oh what can I do? I shall die!

FREDERIC. Darling! Elope, fly with me.

ELEANOR. Elope! What, leave my father!

FREDERIC. Only for a day. We will return as soon as we are married.

ARKWRIGHT. The ship now prepares to return to port.

FREDERIC. Say you consent, dear one. Say you consent.

ELEANOR. I cannot — oh, I cannot!

FREDERIC. Will you marry Tom Grawl?

ELEANOR. Never! Alas! Frederic, the gate is always locked. I could not escape if I would.

FREDERIC. I'll carry you off to-morrow.

ELEANOR. To-morrow!

FREDERIC. Yes, your dressmaker is admitted here, you told me. Leave it to me.

ARKWRIGHT (*playing*). The ship enters her haven. These closing bars represent the joy of the villagers at her return.

ELEANOR. I faint with terror! Hush, the music is ending. Fly!

FREDERIC. Good-night, dearest, — to-morrow! (*Climbs down.*)

ARKWRIGHT (*closes piano*). As magnificent a composition as I ever wrote, I say it without vanity.

GRAWL. Very fine indeed, uncle. (*Yawns*). Superb. A masterpiece indeed. (*Yawns.*)

ARKWRIGHT. Tom, you are right; quite right. You're a whole-souled fellow, Tom. But I see you're exhausted,

TOM. Your delicate nervous system is suffering from excess of pleasure. You'd better get to bed at once.

GROWL (*yawns*). Thank you, uncle, perhaps I had. Good-night, sir. Good-night, Eleanor. (*Exit.*)

ARKWRIGHT. Eleanor, you'll be *very* happy with Tom, — *very* happy. He is a treasure. Good-night, child. Run to bed now. Don't sit up. (*Exit.*)

ELEANOR (*leans out of window*). He is climbing the wall! He is over. Safe! What shall I do? Fly? Deceive my father? Terrible! Marry Cousin Tom! Ugh! How sweetly he whispered, *Dear Eleanor!* No wicked person could have said it so like an angel! Good-night, dear, dear Frederic!

(*Stands at window kissing her hand.*)

(DROP.)

ACT III.

Room in DR. EDWARD QUAVER'S house, handsomely furnished; door C.; a piano at side of room, L. ANTHONY QUAVER discovered seated at piano; plays and pauses; plays again.

(Enter EDWARD, SOPHIA, and CAROLINE, C.)

EDWARD. Hallo! here's Anthony.

ANTHONY. Eh? Yes, Ned, I'm composing. It was so hot in my own study! What brings you three here together?

CAROLINE. We came to inspect the new furniture and things.

EDWARD. Caroline, shall we commence operations? This way. *(All three exeunt R.)*

ANTHONY *(plays a little)*. No, it's quite useless. I cannot recall that tormenting melody. I'll go take a long walk to freshen my brains. *(Exit R.)*

(Enter CAROLINE and SOPHIA C.)

SOPHIA. The curtains are lovely! Ah! my husband's gone. Where did you leave Edward?

CAROLINE. He's measuring for the large mirror.

SOPHIA. Caroline, doesn't that horseback-story alarm you? There's some mystery in it, you may depend.

CAROLINE. I'm sure there's nothing wrong.

SOPHIA. Did you observe how reluctant he was to mention where he went?

CAROLINE. Sophia, I won't hear another word about it. Why do you try to tease me?

SOPHIA. Very well: you'll see. You'll go to Longwood this afternoon for the letters?

CAROLINE. And my bracelet. Yes, certainly.

SOPHIA. We must hoodwink Edward about our disappearance somehow.

CAROLINE. Alas, yes! I suppose we must. I hate to do it, he is so frank, so truthful.

SOPHIA. It can't be helped for once; and, as for his being truthful and frank — Hoity, toity! Hush! here he comes.

(Enter EDWARD, R.)

EDWARD. I find there's plenty of room for the looking-glass, Carrie.

CAROLINE. How nice! Well, Sophia, we must really be going.

EDWARD. So soon?

CAROLINE. We have some calls to make this afternoon.

EDWARD. On whom?

CAROLINE. Oh, fiddlesticks, Edward dear! too many to mention. However, if you insist, — let me see —

EDWARD. No, no, I don't insist. Don't tax your dear little brain if you're tired. I called at your jeweller's this morning for your bracelet, Carrie, but he knew nothing of it.

CAROLINE. My bracelet? Oh, thank you! I left it at a new place, — not Shreve's, this time.

(A knock.)

EDWARD. Come in.

(Enter MONTACUTE SHARP, C.)

SHARP. Doctor, good afternoon! Ladies, your most obedient. Doctor, if you can spare me a moment —

EDWARD. Certainly.

CAROLINE. Shall we go away?

SHARP. No, no. Doctor, I have been instructed to bring a suit against you —

EDWARD. Against *me*? for what?

SHARP. An action of trespass.

EDWARD. Trespass? on whom? where?

SHARP. Oh! it's a small matter. You rode out horseback day before yesterday, I believe?

EDWARD. No, I didn't (*glances at CAROLINE*) — yes, that is — certainly.

SHARP. Towards or beyond Longwood? to a grove out there, and a Den?

EDWARD. Grove? Yes, yes! A grove, certainly; but I know nothing of a den.

SHARP. And did you cross a cornfield?

EDWARD. Certainly not; didn't leave the main road.

SHARP. A Mr. Furrow, a farmer out there, swears you did, and did him a good deal of damage.

EDWARD. The deuce he does!

SHARP. And that you rode as if you wanted to break your neck.

EDWARD. It's not so, I tell you.

SHARP. Furrow says so — on a splendid white horse.

SOPHIA. What a fearful hurry you must have been in, Edward!

EDWARD. I give you my honor — well, well.

SHARP. Furrow is as angry about it as a man can well be. Still, if you positively deny leaving the road —

EDWARD. No. It may be possible I did for a moment — a short distance.

CAROLINE. How dangerous, Edward! You might have killed yourself. A cornfield too!

EDWARD. Pooh! a gentle trot. Well, Sharp, what had I better do?

SHARP. Settle it, I suggest. Twenty dollars will do it, no doubt.

EDWARD. Good. Will you see to it?

SHARP. Certainly. Good-morning, ladies.

(*A knock.*)

EDWARD. I'm getting pretty deep in the mire. Come in.

(*Enter Chief of Police TOOKEM, door c.*)

TOOKEM. Dr. Quaver, I believe. Doctor, can I have a word or two with you?

SHARP. Ah, ha! if the police are interfering, I'd better vamose at once. (*Exit c.*)

TOOKEM. Doctor, I've received a very hot letter from a gentleman named Arkwright, of Longwood, who dates his note from his Den.

EDWARD. The Den again! This is insufferable. Well, sir?

SOPHIA (*aside*). Caroline! you see!

TOOKEM. He writes that a burglary has lately been attempted on his premises. A man tried, day before yesterday, to get across his ditch, and over his wall; that he fired on him, and he rode away across some cornfields, on a large white horse.

EDWARD. Good heavens! You don't believe me capable of a burglary?

TOOKEM. Certainly not. Your testimony may be important, however. Your brother tells me you were out there in that neighborhood.

EDWARD. Yes, I was near there (*glancing at CAROLINE*); but I saw nobody.

TOOKEM. What time?

EDWARD. About — about seven.

TOOKEM. Yes. Well, I shall probably call you as a witness —

EDWARD. In court?

TOOKEM. Of course. A mere trifle when you get used to it.

EDWARD. Great Jove! After all, I did dismount once, I remember now — to pick a — a *nymphæa alba*, or some such plant.

TOOKEM. Near a high brick wall?

EDWARD. Well, very probably.

TOOKEM. Ah, that explains it. He took you for a burglar, and got frightened.

EDWARD. You won't want my evidence now, eh?

TOOKEM. No, I think not. I shall caution the old gentleman to be a trifle less handy with his gun. Excuse my troubling you, sir. Good-day.

EDWARD. No trouble. Much obliged. (*Shows him out.*)

SOPHIA (*aside*). Caroline, what do you think now? How frightened he was at the thought of testifying!

CAROLINE. Of course. A most disagreeable duty.

SOPHIA. Bah! Edward, your ride seems to get you into unheard-of difficulties. The whole city seems to be talking of it.

EDWARD. Yes. It's the most extraordinary concatenation of circumstances I ever knew. However, it's all over now, and I trust I shall never hear the subject mentioned again.

SOPHIA. I hope so. Come, Caroline.

EDWARD. I won't ask you again where you are going.

CAROLINE. Goodness, Edward! we have a call to make on Mrs. Curtis of Mount Ver —

EDWARD. No, no: I won't listen.

CAROLINE. Edward, you said yesterday you had never heard of the Den; and yet it seems you went so near it that they took you for a thief.

EDWARD. Yes — oh — ah — I didn't notice the place.

SOPHIA. Ah! just like your poor brother, — always up in the clouds! Come, sister. (*Exeunt c.*)

EDWARD. Ugh! what an avalanche of troubles! I've

ridden a horse I never saw, to a grove I never heard of; paid twenty dollars I never owed; picked a flower that never grew; and been shot at for a burglar. If Caroline hadn't been here, I'd have made a clean breast of it. I've a leisure evening before me; I'll go out to that infernal Den, and study the ground, so as to make my story hang together. And, if I ever indulge in another fib, call me ass, and kick me on the spot. (*Exit R.*)

Scene changes to the grove; a bench with parcel lying on it, L. C. Enter FREDERIC, R., dressed in a woman's gown, mantilla, bonnet, and veil; a bundle in his hands, containing coat and soft hat.

FREDERIC. I make a sweet dressmaker, don't I? But to work! What if she refuses to elope? Bah! She won't. Now, how shall I get out again when I'm once inside? Over the wall, of course. Courage! (*Exit L.*)

EDWARD (*enters R.*). This must be the spot. Come, there is a sort of excitement in lying. I've done pretty well for a new hand, I think. That's the wall of the Den, no doubt, — ay, ay. Ah, a woman is going in at the gate! What a stride she has! (*Goes to bench.*) Ah, she's left a parcel! What's here? A bracelet! Caroline's! (*Tears open parcel.*) So, another falsehood! Letters "for Mrs. Quaver." Sophia! Indeed! Very fine! (*Pockets package.*) Let me look about here a little further. (*Exit L.*)

(*Enter CAROLINE and SOPHIA, L.*)

SOPHIA (*hunts about*). They are not here. I am ruined.

CAROLINE. This is the place, I'm certain. Oh! what shall I say to Edward about my bracelet?

SOPHIA. A fiddlestick for your bracelet! Tell him the truth. But my letters! Oh! if Anthony —

CAROLINE. Pshaw! Tell *him* the truth too.

SOPHIA (*at side, L.*). Caroline, come here, quick! Who's that?

CAROLINE. Edward! Is it possible?

SOPHIA. *Now* what do you say? *This* is why he was so ready to have us leave him. Ay, ay.

CAROLINE. Sophia, I hate you! Come, — the carriage! He mustn't see us here for the world. (*Exeunt R.*)

(Enter ANTHONY, L.)

ANTHONY. Ha, what a walk I've had! Where am I? Egad, I've not the faintest idea! (*Sits on bench, and hums an air.*) That's the first half of it, I'm certain. (*Continues to hum.*)

(Enter ELEANOR, L., in dress worn by FREDERIC.)

ELEANOR. Oh, heavens! what can detain Frederic? Oh, if he should have been detected by father! Ah-h-h-h! a man!

ANTHONY. Hallo! a girl — and alone! Why do you scream, my child? (*Comes down.*) What alarms you? (*ELEANOR weeps.*) Have you lost your way? Can I not help you?

ELEANOR. Oh, sir! — oh, oh!

ANTHONY. How did you get here? Do you live in the neighborhood? (*ELEANOR nods.*) I can be of no help to you till you tell me your grief.

ELEANOR. Oh, sir! take all I have, but spare my life. (*Aside.*) He don't look so *very* wicked.

ANTHONY. My child, I have no designs on your life. Ha, ha! Come, what's the matter?

ELEANOR. Oh, sir! I — I'm afraid you'll — (*sobs*) — you'll think me very naughty —

ANTHONY. Well, well, speak.

ELEANOR. I've run away.

ANTHONY. Indeed! and why?

ELEANOR. Because I had — (*sobs*) — to marry a man I hate.

ANTHONY. Oho! And you like some one else better, I dare say.

ELEANOR. Yes, sir. (*Sobs.*)

ANTHONY. And does your lover know of your running away?

ELEANOR. He asked me to do it.

ANTHONY. And where is he?

ELEANOR. He can't get out —

ANTHONY. From where?

ELEANOR (*points*). There. The Den: papa's house.

ANTHONY. What! And is his name Frederic?

ELEANOR. You know him, sir?

ANTHONY. The scamp! He's done it. Yes, dear: I know him very well.

ELEANOR. Oh, sir! what shall I do? He came to the house dressed in these clothes, and I put them on. He told me to wait for him here, and he don't come; and I'm afraid he can't get out, and is caught. (*Sobs.*) Oh, dear! oh, dear! They will kill him; and the world is so wicked — and I don't know where to go.

ANTHONY (*aside*). Now what shall I do? I have it! I'll take her to Ned's new house, and then hunt him up, and let him know. Come with me, my child. No harm shall happen to you.

ELEANOR. And Frederic?

ANTHONY. Have no fears about Frederic, dear. He'll take care of himself. Dry your tears, and come with me. Don't be frightened. I'll take care of you. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE. — *Next morning. EDWARD'S new house. Same as in Act III. On table the package of letters.*

ANTHONY (*enters hastily, c.*). Couldn't find Ned last night anywhere! I must calm the apprehensions of that dear child. (*Sees package.*) Ah! for my wife! I'll take charge of these. (*Pockets letters.*) Hallo! (*Knocks, door L. U. E.*) My darling! It's only I. Come out.

ELEANOR (*opens, and comes down*). Oh, sir! *have* you seen Frederic?

ANTHONY. No, not yet.

ELEANOR. Alas! Papa has killed him!

ANTHONY. Pooh, pooh, child! They told me at his lodgings that he came in about eleven, in a frenzy, and rushed out again directly.

ELEANOR. He is alive, then!

ANTHONY. Oh, yes! no fear. Trust to me, dear. All will go well, depend on it.

ELEANOR. And father? He'll hunt for me everywhere — find me here (*sobs*) — carry me home — marry me to cousin Tom instantly! Oh, dear! oh, dear!

ANTHONY. Stuff and nonsense! He can't find you here. I'll go again, and try to find my brother. Wait patiently till I return. (*Exit c.*)

ELEANOR. Heaven be praised, Frederic is still living! (*Exit into chamber.*)

(*Enter EDWARD and CAROLINE, R.*)

SOPHIA (*outside*). I'll take a look at the kitchen-range, Caroline. I have my doubts about the flue.

EDWARD. Caroline, let me return you your bracelet. I received it from your new jeweller.

CAROLINE. O Edward! have some indulgence for me. You don't know how I was situated when I told you that fib.

EDWARD (*turns to get it*). Why, it's gone! Perhaps I left it in one of the other rooms. Caroline, I hope you did not go alone to that grove?

CAROLINE. No. Sophia was with me. Don't ask why. The affair was hers. But, Edward, dear, may I ask what takes *you* to the grove so often? I saw you there yesterday myself, when we went to find the letters.

EDWARD. So that was your call on Mrs. Curtis!

CAROLINE. Why do you go to Longwood so often, I ask you?

EDWARD (*aside*). How infernally tedious this lying is becoming! I suppose I must keep it up. Oh, I — I — I was botanizing. A sort of heath-cabbage, the *erica*, grows there, and I wanted a few specimens. It's a favorite food with bees.

CAROLINE. Confess now, Edward. It sounds very improbable that you should go so far to get heath-cabbage.

EDWARD (*aside*). This is getting to be awful. I feel myself blushing all over.

CAROLINE (*aside*). Can Sophia be right? He blushes! No, he is too true, too noble —

SOPHIA (*enters c.*). Edward, your bosom-friend, the chief of police, is asking for you again.

EDWARD. Again? Furies! (*Goes to door.*)

CAROLINE (*aside*). The letters are here.

SOPHIA. You told him nothing?

CAROLINE. Certainly not.

EDWARD. Walk in, Mr. Tookem.

TOOKEM (*enters c.*). Ladies, good-morning! I regret that my errand is still a disagreeable one.

EDWARD. What now?

TOOKEM. Doctor, a fresh complaint. It seems a cow was shot that evening near the Den, and some laborers swear you did it. They heard a shot, and saw you rush away on a white horse.

EDWARD. Indeed! This is delicious indeed! I shall be accused of murder and arson next.

CAROLINE. O Edward! surely it was not you. Why did you kill that poor dear cow?

EDWARD. I never shot a cow in my life. Absurd! What should I go shooting cows for?

(*Enter ARKWRIGHT, c.*)

ARKWRIGHT. So, here is the villain. Let me at him! Let me kill him, I say!

CAROLINE. Edward, what does this mean? Who is this man?

EDWARD. I don't know in the least; some madman. Sir, your conduct is extremely offensive.

ARKWRIGHT. Is your name Quaver?

EDWARD. It is.

ARKWRIGHT. Then, sir, you are the infamous scoundrel I want. Policeman, seize this monster; arrest him.

EDWARD. Sir, are you mad?

ARKWRIGHT. Mad? Wretch, you have destroyed my happiness forever.

CAROLINE. Edward, explain, I implore, — I demand.

EDWARD. I can't. Sir, your shouting is monstrous. What is your business?

ARKWRIGHT. Robbing! theft! kidnapping!

EDWARD. Mad, mad!

SOPHIA. Caroline, what did I tell you?

ARKWRIGHT. Take down the charge, officer; arrest this villain.

TOOKEM. Go easy, sir; state the facts.

ARKWRIGHT. Very well, sir. (*Shouts.*) Yesterday I demanded your protection against burglars.

TOOKEM. Oho! you are Mr. Arkwright, I take it. Very well, Mr. Arkwright. Your fears of burglary were groundless.

ARKWRIGHT. Groundless? It's already committed. I've been robbed again, I tell you.

ALL. Robbed?

ARKWRIGHT. My treasure, my — my masterpiece, sir, — yes, my daughter, my only daughter, sir, has been stolen, — stolen.

SOPHIA. I see it all. Oh, the atrocious wretch!

ARKWRIGHT. And there stands the robber.

EDWARD. Take him away; he is mad, — stark mad.

ARKWRIGHT. Mad? Oh, I'll be revenged! A man lurking about my garden last night, a break in my wall, my daughter missing! She has been kidnapped, — kidnapped, kidnapped! Villain, where is my child?

EDWARD. This is monstrous, insufferable.

ARKWRIGHT. Wretch, you deny it? Officer, this monster has ridden out every day for months, on a white horse, to my place. My shame lies at his door. Oh, the fiend! the — the abductor! the — the desecrator!

EDWARD. I must confess the truth; I can lie no longer.

CAROLINE. What! lie? you?

SOPHIA. He confesses, he confesses. The wretch!

EDWARD. I was never at this wretched old man's place in my life.

TOOKEM. You told me only yesterday you had been.

EDWARD. I invented the whole story, to laugh at Caroline.

CAROLINE. But I saw you there, myself, only last evening.

EDWARD (*striking his forehead*). You did! You did!

SOPHIA. He confesses his guilt.

CAROLINE. Ah, me! (*Sinks into a chair.*)

EDWARD (*shouting*). I swear to you that was the first and only time. I never set eyes on this madman before in my life, nor his daughter.

(*Enter TOM GROWL, C.*)

GROWL. Mr. Arkwright, she's here! I saw her looking out of the window!

EDWARD. Another maniac! There's not a soul in this house, outside of this room.

ARKWRIGHT. 'Tis false! She's here!

EDWARD. She's not, I say.

GROWL. I saw her!

EDWARD. No, I say. No, no, no, no, no!

GROWL (*points*). That's the very room, I'll take my davy. (*Comes down L.*)

EDWARD. Caroline, satisfy this lunatic. Show him the room is empty. Go with them, Sophia.

(*CAROLINE and SOPHIA exeunt door L. U. E.*)

ARKWRIGHT (*striding about stage*). O villain! Revenge! revenge!

CAROLINE (*outside*). Oh, I am deceived! betrayed!

SOPHIA (*enters with ELEANOR, followed by CAROLINE*). Come along, you trollop!

ELEANOR. Oh, heavens! my father!

ARKWRIGHT (R. C.). Yes, your father, shameless hussy!

EDWARD (R.). Are all the fiends of the pit leagued to torment me?

CAROLINE (*comes down L.; weeps*). O Edward! have I deserved this?

SOPHIA (L. C.). It's too abominable! But I always predicted it.

EDWARD. I am utterly bewildered. I shall go mad!

SOPHIA. First, sir, you took a ride—

CAROLINE. And then you didn't—

SOPHIA. First, you'd never seen Longwood—

CAROLINE. And I saw you there, myself, only yesterday.

SOPHIA. You didn't know this poor man's daughter by sight—

CAROLINE. And I find her hidden in your own house.

EDWARD. Caroline, hear me!

CAROLINE. This is your heath-cabbage. (*Weeps.*)

EDWARD. Caroline, I implore you—

CAROLINE. That the bees like!

EDWARD. Would you see me a raving maniac before your eyes?

CAROLINE. Don't speak to me, sir. Go to your *erica*— your heath-cabbage!

ARKWRIGHT. Revenge! revenge!

EDWARD. These accusations are totally false, totally groundless.

ARKWRIGHT. This is too infamous! Villain! marry the hussy instantly. Growl, go find a clergyman.

EDWARD. Silence, old dotard! I can't marry her. I'm engaged to this lady.

CAROLINE. No, sir; no. I renounce you forever!

ARKWRIGHT. Engaged, and kidnap my daughter! Infamous dog! I'll have your worthless life!

SOPHIA. Wretch! And my husband may be doing it next!

EDWARD. Caroline, I beg, I entreat—hear me—

SOPHIA (*supporting* CAROLINE). I never felt any confidence in you, sir. I never do in any man. But such a depth of depravity as this, even I never imagined. Poor, dear, suffering thing!

EDWARD. Girl, how came you in my house? Speak. Tookem, attend. Did you ever see me before? (*A pause.*) Look at me. Answer.

ELEANOR (*faintly*). No.

ARKWRIGHT. No! Never saw him? Your kidnapper, your betrayer, your—your—

EDWARD. Did I kidnap you?

ELEANOR. No.

EDWARD. Silence! How came you in my house? Who brought you here?

ELEANOR (*faintly*). Your brother.

SOPHIA. My husband! Oh the deceitful monster!

ARKWRIGHT. Husband! This is fearful! Shameless hussy!

SOPHIA. My husband kidnap a girl, and not tell *me*! Oh, I am dying, I am dying! oh! oh!

(*Enter ANTHONY, C.*)

ANTHONY. O Ned! I've been hunting for you all over town. (*Starts back.*)

ARKWRIGHT. This is the scoundrel, then! Ha! Furies! (*Seizes him by collar, and brings him down stage.*)

SOPHIA (*seizes him on other side*). Traitor, behold your work! behold the ruin you have wrought!

ANTHONY. Bless my soul! what do you mean, Sophia?

SOPHIA. I didn't suppose you could be quite so abandoned! Oh, oh!

EDWARD. Explain, Anthony.

ANTHONY. Let go of my collar. Explain what?

SOPHIA. Unblushing woman-stealer! How dare you look me in the face?

EDWARD. Did you bring this young woman to my house, or not?

ANTHONY. I did.

ARKWRIGHT. He confesses!

SOPHIA. He's too ashamed of himself to lie. Oh, you'll repent this!

EDWARD. Why did you?

ANTHONY. I acted for the best — my goodness of heart —

ARKWRIGHT. Hang such goodness of heart! Stealing my daughter! Oh! I'll break every bone in your body.

ANTHONY. I found her.

ARKWRIGHT. Bah! liar.

ANTHONY. Young woman, did I find you, or not?

ELEANOR. Yes. (*Weeps.*)

ANTHONY. You were eloping with some one else. Wasn't it so?

ELEANOR. Yes.

ANTHONY. I found her in Longwood, by accident —

SOPHIA. Beautiful accident! Oh, you abandoned traitor!

ANTHONY. She begged me to help her: so I brought her here, meaning to tell Edward. But he couldn't be found. So, in my embarrassment, you see —

ARKWRIGHT. Zounds! I *will* know who is the villain!

ANTHONY. Ask your daughter herself.

ARKWRIGHT. Eleanor, who is it?

ELEANOR. I — I don't want to tell —

ARKWRIGHT. You must; you shall.

ELEANOR. Fr — Fr — Frederic.

ALL. Frederic!

ANTHONY. Yes, Frederic! He loves her to distraction. Old man, old man, see what your obstinacy has led to!

ARKWRIGHT. Would you drive me mad, sir? Who is this Frederic? Where is he?

(*Enter* FREDERIC, C.)

FREDERIC. Where is she? Eleanor, my darling, my treasure, do I find you once more! Oh, what a night of misery I have passed!

ANTHONY. Ah, all right now! I'm out of this scrape!

(*Retires up.*)

FREDERIC (*embraces* ELEANOR). But all my wretchedness is ended now!

ARKWRIGHT. This before my very eyes! So, sir, *you* stole my daughter? You shall hang for this. Why did you steal her?

FREDERIC. Because I love her, — adore her.

ARKWRIGHT. How did you get to know her?

FREDERIC. Over the wall.

ARKWRIGHT. When?

FREDERIC. A week ago, sir.

ARKWRIGHT. And she never told *me!* This is her boasted candor! Atrocious child!

ELEANOR. Oh, father! Pardon! Pardon!

ARKWRIGHT. Silence! Tom Growl, get me a carriage.

(*Exit* GROWL, C.)

FREDERIC. Oh, sir! will you, can you, be so cruel?

ARKWRIGHT. Useless! I'm inexorable! The fellow who runs away with a daughter of mine forfeits her from that moment.

FREDERIC. Would you doom both of us to a life of misery?

ARKWRIGHT. Fudge! Stuff! Out of my way!

(ANTHONY, *who has seated himself at the piano, now plays the forgotten air.* ARKWRIGHT *starts.*)

CAROLINE. Poor thing! my heart bleeds for her.

(ARKWRIGHT *begins to sob.*)

CAROLINE. What is this? Is the old wretch turning suddenly imbecile?

EDWARD. His mind has given way, I fear, indeed.

ARKWRIGHT (*rushing to ANTHONY*). Where did you learn that air? where, I say?

ANTHONY. This air? Oh! I had forgotten myself. From an old opera I heard once in New York.

ARKWRIGHT. And have remembered it so long? You loved it then; yet the opera was damned.

ANTHONY. Yes, but unjustly. Many parts of it are still great favorites.

ARKWRIGHT. Is it possible? Eleanor, the world is not so evil as I thought.

ANTHONY. Why, bless my soul! Now I see you nearer, you must be — you are my old teacher, Mr. Semitone.

ARKWRIGHT. I bore that name in happier times, till the world scorned it.

ANTHONY. Surely, sir, you remember me, — Anthony Quaver, your old pupil?

ARKWRIGHT. Quaver? I do, I do. (*Wiping his eyes.*) You still love your old master's music, then? Anthony, you have poured a flood of happiness through my darkened soul.

FREDERIC. Pour another through *our* souls, Mr. Arkwright.

ARKWRIGHT. Eleanor, the world looks brighter, brighter. I never felt so happy in my life.

ELEANOR. Dear papa! then grant me your forgiveness.

ARKWRIGHT. Nay, my child: forgive *me*, rather, for all my harshness, my cruelty. Be happy, my children; marry, and be happy.

ELEANOR *and* FREDERIC. Best, best of fathers!

SOPHIA (*wiping her eyes*). Anthony, I have done you an injustice.

ANTHONY. Pooh, pooh, wife! let it pass. Here's something belongs to you. (*Takes out package.*)

SOPHIA. And you haven't opened it? O Anthony, Anthony, what an angel you are! (*Retires up.*)

CAROLINE. Edward, I have wronged you. But what an escape you have had! Confess now, fibbing is not so easy as you fancied.

EDWARD. I do, Caroline, I do. It is tremendous. I own up.

GROWL (*opens door*). Carriage is here, uncle.

ARKWRIGHT. Get into it yourself, you dog! — ha, ha! — and get the Den ready for a wedding in the twinkling of a bedpost.

GROWL (*joyfully*). A wedding?

ARKWRIGHT. Not yours, you dog! don't hope it. I've changed my mind.

GROWL. Fiends and furies! (*Exit, slamming door.*)

ARKWRIGHT. Children, we'll have the wedding next week; and no such trash as Mendelssohn's march either. No. You shall march to the altar to the strains of "The Whaling Voyage," — a far finer composition, though I say it who shouldn't; and I'm sure the ladies and gentlemen present agree with me.

(*Disposition of characters at fall of curtain.*)

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