

**EDITH: A PLAY
IN FIVE ACTS**

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Edith: A Play in Five Acts by Francis Copcutt

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FRANCIS COPCUTT

**EDITH: A PLAY
IN FIVE ACTS**

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A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

By FRANCIS COPCUTT.



NEW-YORK:

JOHN A. GRAY, PRINTER, 16 AND 18 JACOB STREET,
FIRE-PROOF BUILDINGS.

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the Southern District of New-York.

EDITH.

CHARACTERS.

ERNEST EGERTON.

HECTOR ALDINI.

DR. LAWRENCE.

MR. SIMPSON.

CHILD.

JOHN GRANT.

First and Second Officers.

First and Second Players.

BANKER.

Servants, Clergyman, Boys, Messengers, etc.

EDITH CARLTON.

MARIA.

MRS. ALBERTON.

DINAH.

MRS. SMITH.

BRIDGET, Sewing Girls, Poor People, etc.

SCENE.—Country Seat near New-York, afterwards
New-York City.

EDITH: A PLAY.

ACT I.

S C E N E I.

A Library opening on a Garden.

MARIA, (*Solus.*)

Or all the gentlemen who visit here, which is to be the happy man, and carry off dear Miss Edith? It puzzles me to death. I can't get the least clue. I thought it was Mr. Egerton, but he has not been here these ten days, and he used to drive out three times a week at least. That looks suspicious. I do hope Miss Edith has not declined the honor, and sent him off, for he is the only man worthy of her that I ever saw. Mr. Aldini comes every day, since he returned from Europe, but then he lives at the next villa, and his fine old Italian father comes almost as often. I do hope he is not the happy man. Poor Miss Carlton, in that case, I fear, would not be the happy woman. Asks, too, always for *my mistress*, and she is my dear, dear mistress; but then every body else knows that I am her foster sister, and has eyes enough to see that I am her companion. Always leading Mr. Grant off too, shooting, trotting horses, or some such stuff, when he knows that John is head-groom, head-farmer, and head every thing here outside of the house.

He ought to know better, and I am afraid he will spoil John. But he can't do that, no, for John is such a nice man, and makes me such pretty presents. Oh! I do like him so well. I wish, however, he wouldn't talk to me as if I was a horse. He calls me his pretty filly, and says I feel my oats. I am sure, I don't *feel* any thing of the sort. He said, when I boxed his ears the other day for attempting to kiss me, I ought to be put in traces with a kicking-strap. I wonder what a "kicking-strap" is. I told him he was already in the traces—of impudence. In spite of all, I am afraid I like him too well—but—does he like me—*well*? He looks at me so strangely at times that the blood mounts into my face, and I feel a tremor all over.—Oh! here comes Mr. Aldini: he has looked these two days as if all his friends were in heaven, and he was going to—the other place. If he was born here, he is no American. He has enough hot blood from his father and mother, to make half a dozen Italians. His face looks as if he had been in a cholera hospital for a month, or seen a ghost. Talk about the volcanoes in his own country, as I have heard him; why, he carries one in himself, smoke, fire, flame, lava, and all.—I don't like him a bit, he was saucy to me when he first returned, before he got the Edith mania, as I call it, and I had to keep out of his way. He is a bad man, and—he is *so* handsome.

[*Enter Hector.*]

HECTOR.

Good morning, Maria! Is your mistress—is Miss Edith at home?

MARIA.

Yes, sir. She is in the conservatory. Shall I call her?

HECTOR.

Yes, if you please. Tell her I await her leisure.

MARIA.

You are looking quite ill, sir: can I do any thing for you?

HECTOR.

Nothing.

MARIA, (*Aside.*)

Poor fellow!—I know what medicine he wants, bride's cake. He could digest a whole one and feel better for it. [*Exit.*]

HECTOR, (*Solus.*)

I would not pass another such a night for half a universe. Furies and fiends were fighting for my soul. It seemed as if scorpions were crawling over my flesh to sting me into madness, and yet (*Draws pistol*) I dared not end it. I had this beneath my pillow. The pressure of an ounce, and all would have been well, and yet I dared not. Fearful shapes came and glared on me, and grinned their horrid laughter. Her form came too, and—torment!—pressed to the bosom of another, and yet I dared not. My life is useless. I am borne down with torture, and yet this coward hand refused its office. These passion-flames are scorching up life like chaff. It seemed, the whole night long, as if the torments of that place about which fools prate and preach, were coursing through my being. I can not live so—I can not die—*so*, (*Holds up pistol.*) The daybreak came at last, after a year-long night, and hope came with it.

She has admirers, men who esteem her, and she lends a willing ear to each, to some a close attention, but they are the older and graver ones. With all she has a frank simplicity of manner, which disarms even suspicion itself. Her color never heightens when they come, nor fades as either leaves. There