

THE
CARPENTER OF ROUEN:

OR, THE
MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

A ROMANTIC DRAMA,

IN FOUR ACTS.

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PROPERTIES.

FIRST ACT.

Gong, bell, and drum, for Prompter. Torpedos L. Horn for Nykin. Tablets for Count. 2 large sealed packets, with ribbon to each, for Marteau and Antoine. 6 black cloaks. 2 large trunks, and small one with slip of paper round it, sealed. Purse with money in it, for Madelon. In the Carpenter's shop, L., is a bench, with tools; 2 trussells, with a coffin on them; carpenter's apron on bench; plenty of shavings in shop; a padlock on door, with key to unlock it. All these placed before Act.

SECOND ACT.

Scene 1.---Birch broom for Madame Grandier.

Scene 2.---Carpenter's Shop: same properties as in First Act, but differently arranged. Coffin on trussells. Clock in scene, with hands to work. See well-dressed Super lying behind boards L.C. Paper and lamp for Antoine. Axe stained with blood, sponge, and blood for Antoine's hands, L.C. by body. 12 torches. Cloaks and arms for Characters and Supers. Clock to strike. Blank despatch for Messenger. Banners with inscriptions---see end of Act.

THIRD ACT.

Scene 1.---Table, with cloth spread for breakfast. Sugar basin and bread cakes. Platters, knives, and spoons. 4 chairs. Tray, and 4 basins, two with dry flour or meal. Woman's gown and cap for Nykin.

Scene 2.---Set stage as in First Act. Two or three posts in stage, as if a fence was being built round the Cross. Timber and tools about the stage. 4 Partizans for Soldiers. Written paper for Officer. Beams for gibbet and rope ready L. Ropes, crosses, and beads, for Monks. Lighted censers for boys. A large gilt cross. 2 gilt relic boxes. Blank paper. Ladders and arms for Citizens. Beam for battering-ram. Reports off R. Portico, &c., to break and fall. Swords, guns, &c.

FOURTH ACT.

Scene 1.---Couch R.

Scene 2.---Pair of old-fashioned pistols. Dagger.

Scene 3.---Breaking scene. Profile gibbet. Coffin. Red fire.

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CHARACTERS.

De Saubigne (<i>Duke of Rouen, disguised as a Monk</i>)	Mr. HENKINS.
Antoine Bellard (<i>a young Nobleman, afterwards Apprentice to the Carpenter</i>)	Mr. LEMAN.
Marteau (<i>the Carpenter</i>)	Mr. E. L. DAVENPORT.
Nykin la Lieppe (<i>a young Peasant</i>)	Mr. HADAWAY.
Lournay (<i>a Retainer of the Duke</i>)	Mr. YOUNG.
Grander (<i>an aged Citizen of Rouen</i>)	Mr. D. ANDERSON.
Magistrate (<i>Chief of the Confrérie</i>)	Mr. S. JOHNSON.
Maroine (<i>a Member of the Confrérie</i>)	
Monk	
Driver	
Perot	
Officer	
Executioner	
St. Pierre (<i>a Drummer</i>)	
Citizens, Members of the Confrérie, Monks, and Priests, by numerous Auxiliaries.	
Madelon (<i>Daughter of the Carpenter</i>)	Miss A. FISHER.
Madame Grander (<i>a Scolding Wife</i>)	Miss THAYER.
Julie (<i>Betrothed to Nykin</i>)	Mrs. ROGERS.
Cecile	
Agnes	
Marie	
Lise	
Theresa	

COSTUMES

(OF THE ELIZABETHAN PERIOD).

DE SAUBIGNE—Ankle boots, tights, full trunks, doublet with hanging sleeves, small cap and feathers, hair cut close, moustache and imperial, monk's robes and cowl.

ANTOINE—Plain neat shape.

MARTEAU—Black leather shoes, buff tights, dark trunks and doublet, buff sleeves.

NYKIN—Comic shape.

LOURNAY—Shape same colour as Duke's, badge on left arm.

GRANDER—Plain shape, shoes.

MAGISTRATE—Black shoes, long black shirt, red official robe.

2nd Dress: Neat shape.

MAROINE, PEROT, &c.—Plain shapes.

EXECUTIONER—A close-fitting black suit.

MADOLON—Velvet dress, open in front, showing white satin skirt, cut square in the neck; tight sleeve, puffed at shoulder; small ruff; Marie Stuart cap.

MADAME GRANDER—Plain dress, white sleeves; black caul cap.

JULIE and FEMALE CITIZENS—Neat stuff dresses.

CHILD—Plain velvet shirt, small round cap.

Time of Representation, Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes.

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PROGRAMME OF SCENERY AND INCIDENTS.

PART I.

The MONK—The MECHANIC—The MYSTERY !

Scene—ROUEN. The Square of the Martyrs. The Carpenter's Shop. Ducal Palace. The Secret Cross and Convent of St. Jean.

Arrival of a Bridal Party. Mysterious Appearance of the Monk from the Secret Cross. Marteau appears—opens the Shop—Interview between him and the Monk—his defiance of Tyranny. Arrival of Madelon's Coach—She encounters De Saubigne, who is about to lead her to his Palace, when his villainous design is frustrated by the Carpenter Marteau. Preservation of Madelon's Child.

SPLENDID AND IMPOSING TABLEAU.

PART II.

The CARPENTER'S SHOP—The APPRENTICE.

TRIAL and DOOM! Antoine's Oath—his Discovery in the Shop of the Carpenter—Bloody Axe and Body of a Murdered Man!

Trial by Torchlight of Marteau & Antoine.

THE DOOM !

And Block prepared for Execution!

“BE JUST, AND FEAR NOT!”

GRAND TABLEAU of the CONFRERIE !

PART III.

The TRAITOR ! the GIBBET ! and the ROPE !

Attack of the Soldiers on the People. Capture of the Carpenter—The Rescue. Downfall of the Palace. Cry of Freedom.

TABLEAU OF VICTORY !

PART IV.

Interior of the Convent—Heroism of Madelon— The Husband.

SCENE LAST.

Convent on Fire! The Oath Fulfilled!

REVENGE AND RETRIBUTION!

Terrific and Imposing Tableau !!!

THE
CARPENTER OF ROUEN.

ACT I.

THE MONK—THE MECHANIC—THE MYSTERY.

SCENE I. [half dark]:—*The Square of Rouen. On R. 2 E., the Portico of a splendid Palace (to pull down). On L.H. 2 E., a Carpenter's Shop, with the doors next Audience (to slide off). In c., a large Cross on rough pedestal, bottom to open. Curtain rises to subdued music. Convent Bell heard. Sign over Shop, "Marteau, Carpenter."*

Enter GRANDER and MADAME GRANDER, arm-in-arm, as going to Mass, R.U.E.

GRAN. What a chilly morning. Come along, Madame Grander. Don't look behind you; remember the fate of Lot's wife.

MAD. G. Lot's wife! Compare me to that old frump, indeed! You may be Lot's likeness.

GRAN. But why do you look behind, when there is such a prospect before you?

MAD. G. You call yourself a prospect?

GRAN. Yes; you thought me so, and a good prospect too, before I married you. Now, you know I don't like your looking about so, particularly when we are going to mass; people will have their opinions. Now come, Madame G., or we shall be too late.

MAD. G. I'm fatigued! besides, what's the use of going to church, if nobody's to see me?

GRAN. Now, my dear, nothing I do pleases you. I am always at your elbow; I love you too well. Why, I declare we have gone no further than the Cross. Here's Marteau's shop, and not open yet; what a useful artizan that man is!—he makes the only suit of clothes husbands never begrudge their wives the expense of,—he's a coffin maker, my dear.

MAD. G. Husband, you're a brute!—but where's that rogue, Nykin?

GRAN. (U.R.C.) There, the people are coming from the chapel: we are too late. What will Father Vincent say to you?

MAD. G. Say! what all the town says: that I ought not to expect any good with such a lazy husband as you. If I go alone, I'm never

late at my devotions. (*drum, U.E.L.H.*) Why, what's that? As I live, it's our Nykin la Lieppe.

GRAN. Yes, so it is that stupid Nykin. You have put so much nonsense into his thick pate, that what little brain he had is pushed out. His upper story is to let, unfurnished.

MUSIC. *Enter a Bridal Party, with NYKIN at their head, U.E.R.: he carries a large drum and a horn at his side; PEASANTS follow.*

MAD. G. Why, Nykin, have you been to church?

NYK. No, I'm going to church to be married: I'm on the road to felicity quick march, and Julie de Vigne is to be the captain. She's a butcher's daughter, and I'm a sausage maker's apprentice, so you see our ideas are similar; eh, neighbours?

OMNES. Yes, yes, Nykin.

NYK. Now, I'm so happy that I can hardly keep on my legs. But how is it Father Grander, that you don't wish me joy?

GRAN. Yes, my lad, I wish you joy, but you must not expect to have it.

MAD. G. Why, Nykin, you never told us this before; besides, you agreed to work for us for the next three months.

NYK. Yes, but love alters the case. I wasn't in love when I made the bargain. You talked so much to me about the dangers of the soft infection, that I wanted to know all about it.

MAD. G. Why, Nykin, how came such a booby as you to engage the affections of pretty Julie?

NYK. There's a question! look at me. Why, first, I serenaded her by moonlight---you ought to see me making love, like a hero, by moonlight. I serenaded her with warlike instruments: none of your guitars or Jews-harps, but a flourish of drums and trumpets. To shew her I meant something, I beat the deville----

MAD. G. The what?

NYK. The deville, before her house, twice a day. I'm going now to have her name the hour, and we're all ready in case my music makes her say now. I'll be married in full regimentals, love and war always go together: that's like lean and fat in the sausages, eh, neighbours?

OMNES. Yes, Nykin.

NYK. You see they say "yes" to all I say. But come, my old friends, won't you be present when I'm married?

MAD. G. No, Nykin, you are too young: behave yourself well, and when you arrive at the age of discretion, it's time enough to get married.

GRAN. If he waits till then, he'll wait a long time.

NYK. Come, let's march—I feel as if I had wings. Now, Madame Grander, you have always behaved like a mother to me; what a grandmother you would make!

GRAN. My wife a grandmother?—you must make her a mother first.

NYK. Oh, I don't mean what you mean. In these times, when so many pretty girls are carried off nobody knows where, every pretty girl ought to have a protector: ain't you afraid of being carried off?

MAD. G. No, anybody that knows me wouldn't dare to do it.

GRAN. No, I'll be hanged if they would.

NYK. Now, come with me, do. (*PEASANT strikes drum*) Hold! don't you set the music agoing till I give the word. If she hears that drum, she'll know I'm coming. I declare I feel peculiar. Madame Grander, you have been married, how did you feel?

MAD. G. I didn't feel at all.

GRAN. She has forgotten all about it.

NYK. Well, it will soon be over. Neighbours, let me go between you. (*CLOCK strikes five*) Five o'clock! Come, make haste. (*takes MADAME G.'s arm*) I beg your pardon, Madame G. Here's a procession, and I'm the great man, the procession is all for me. Oh, how many pounds of sausages it will take to pay for all this! Come.

LIVELY MUSIC.---*They all exit U.E.L.H. Change of music. The pedestal opens, and DE SAUBIGNE (disguised as a Monk) enters through opening, which he closes after him.*

MONK (*SAUBIGNE*). I am late; the streets are filled with citizens returning from their devotions: the carpenter is not yet stirring; that's fortunate. Would he were gone! his hovel is too near the palace: it must be removed. No one observes me! now I may venture.

MUSIC.---*He goes to the pillar, touches spring; it opens; he is about to enter, when MARTEAU enters from shop; the MONK suddenly closes the opening, and falls on his knees before the Cross, in attitude of prayer.*

MAR. Good day, monk.

MONK. Son, be silent till I have said Amen!

MAR. Silent? not I! When I pray, it is beneath my own roof, not in the streets. Say you Amen when you will, I shall go on with my daily duty.

MUSIC.---*He removes the sliding shutter (full length of shop), which he pushes off L. 2 E., and discovers bench, tools, boards, and a coffin partly made.*

MONK. (*rising R.*) In spiritu sancta! Amen!

MAR. We have finished at the same time, monk. (*going*)

MONK. Stay, carpenter. (*comes down*)

MAR. Not at thy bidding, monk. What will it profit me? While I stand here, my tools are idle.

MONK. It may profit thee to be advised by me.

MAR. Be brief, and I will listen.

MONK. The Duke de Saubigne will soon return to Rouen, after ten years' absence.

MAR. So I have heard.

MONK. His agents have offered you gold to remove your shop from the Square?

MAR. They have, and I refused: no bargain can be made for such a job. I will not remove it. The Duke shall hear my hammer and my saw: if he likes it not, let him remove his palace.

MONK. Such words, if known, would awake his wrath.

MAR. Let it wake---I care not: 'twill sleep again.

MONK. His power is great in Rouen. Force may be used.

MAR. Force against Marteau, the poor carpenter? Would the proud De Saubigne—a knight, and a noble too—war with a mechanic?

MONK. He has servants—friends!

MAR. Creatures—villains—slaves! Hark'ee, monk! That dwelling's mine: by my daily toil there do I earn my daily bread. Let one of the minions of the Duke impede me in my work, and with the tools of my craft will I make weapons to destroy the aggressor! That is my palace—my castle; and until the timbers with which it is framed fall around me, I will defend it; so tell the Duke, if you know him. Force? I laugh at force! Marteau the carpenter defies the Duke de Saubigne! (*goes into shop*)

MONK. Your mind will change.

MAR. Never till it changes bodies! (*pause*)

MONK. Whom do you make that coffin for?

MAR. A villain!—Monk, canst thou interpret dreams?

MONK. 'Tis not my office: dreams are of the evil one—heed them not.

MAR. I had a dream; I do believe the devil was in it,—for 'twas of De Saubigne.

MONK. Indeed! Son, I will hear it.

MAR. Thus it is: There was a day of pomp; a day of triumph; it was the anniversary of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; kings and princes were rejoicing in that deed of blood, and mocking heaven with their proud array; banners floated in the wind, the plumed warrior on his mettled steed, the lady fair in chariot and car; the city rabble swelled the train, eager to view the pageant of the hour. The carpenter was at his work, I, Marteau!—the music struck upon my ear, and it seemed to be a dirge; a voice said—"Carpenter, build a gibbet and a coffin for the Duke de Saubigne." I have obeyed the voice: on yonder bench you see the coffin---in my yard is the gibbet framed and ready.

MONK. (*aside*) What means the villain? (*aloud*) And say'st thou, carpenter, that this was—

MAR. A dream, holy father---a dream!

MONK. The coffin is no dream, for there it is, and the gibbet and timber are before my eyes! the devil hath entered thee.

MAR. (*aside*) No, the spirit of revenge.

MONK. Should this reach his knowledge, son, he is bold of heart, death would be thy doom. Destroy the coffin and the gibbet, and forget the hour you constructed them.

MAR. Never! Hallowed be the hour! the deed was an inspired one! I must to my work.

MONK. The Duke returns to-morrow: he expects to see your hovel levelled with the earth; do it, son.

MAR. Never! Let him look to his own palace.

MUSIC. MONK *goes to Portico; rings bell*; SERVANT *appears, and MONK goes in, threatening MARTEAU, who suddenly turns towards him; the MONK exclaims "Benedicite," and exits.*

MAR. My dream did not seem to please the Monk ; 'twas a waking dream. Heaven, send the hour when it may be verified. My child, my fond one, thou art safe---thou hast escaped the ravisher! How changed since last we met! Freedom and thy love divide my thoughts!

Enter NYKIN U.E.L.H., crying.

MAR. What ails thee, boy?

NYK. I want you to do a job for me : Julie de Vigne has begun it---I am going to do a little more---and I want you to finish it.

MAR. What do you mean?

NYK. I want you to make me a coffin.

MAR. Boy, you had better wait till you are dead.

NYK. I shall be directly. Julie has told me to commit suicide, and I'm going to do it.

MAR. Nonsense! Go home to your work.

NYK. No, I won't go home any more. You make me my coffin, I'll pay for it. I'm five feet six inches ; you needn't measure me. I mean to jump off the top of the house where she lives opposite, and dash all my young brains over the side walk.

MAR. I knew your father, Sir ; he was an honest workman : if he were alive he'd flog this madness out of your head.

NYK. Out of my head ! that's a mistake : he used to hit me somewhere else. You don't know how she served me, before everybody, too.

MAR. Go home, Sir, or I shall do a father's duty, and----

NYK. Give me a good switching, eh?

MAR. Go home and follow my example (*goes into shop and commences work*).

NYK. That's pretty consolation. I wouldn't care so much, but all the people laughed at me. I'll murder Julie and myself too. I'll have a coffin made for two, five feet six by four feet four, with a partition in the middle. I am a widower! I'll starve myself to death ; they say that's a dreadful death. Oh dear, how hungry I am too! First I'll go and eat a good breakfast of macaroni and sausages, and then I'll be an anatomy of love--homicide, suicide, or whatever side I am to die of, I'll take care of the inside.

Exit L. 1 E.

MUSIC. *Enter ANTOINE, U.E.R.H.*

ANT. At length I am in Rouen ; this is the square (*looks at packet*). Let me see---"The Shop of Marteau the Carpenter, near the Palace of Saubigne;" there are the ducal arms and the cross. I cannot be mistaken. What ho, Marteau!

Enter MARTEAU from Shop.

MAR. What would you with me, Sir?

ANT. Are you called Marteau?

MAR. 'Tis my name, Sir. What would you with Marteau?

ANT. This paper will instruct you (*gives paper*).

MAR. (*opens and reads it*) When did you leave Paris?

ANT. A week since ; I came last from Versailles.

MAR. That was wrong. What sent you to Versailles, when you should have come direct to Rouen?

ANT. Important business. I went to meet a friend---we passed each other on the road without meeting.

MAR. The orders of your father are, to obey my instructions. Is it not so?

ANT. Such was his command.

MAR. Go into my shop---pass through that narrow door: you will find a workman's habit, an apron, and a rule. I will teach you how to handle the implements of my trade.

ANT. But, Sir, I am a nobleman's only son; shall I descend----

MAR. Descend? Am not I an artizan---a carpenter---or, as your nobles say, a mechanic? A mechanic, Sir, is one of God's noblemen. What have they not done under His fatherly providence! Who opens the secret chambers of the deep, and makes the trackless ocean a highway for nations?---The mechanic. Who holds the elements of fire and water in subjection, and at his command makes sea and air the playthings of his power?---*The mechanic*, Sir. At his bidding mountains are overcome, rocks are torn asunder, and all things in nature changed to do his command! The Supreme Ruler of the Universe is himself the Great Mechanic! Besides, here is your father's word, my warrant for the act---read. (*gives paper to ANTOINE, who reads and returns it*)

ANT. But thus to be debased.

MAR. Debased? Antoine Bellard, there is no debasement in honest labour. As you're a man, let no more such language fall from your lips. Your frame is a manly one---well built: such should be the figure for a mechanic. You have a soul---I see it in your eye. What would prevent you avenging a father's wrongs?

ANT. No power on earth!

MAR. Then hear me, and heed me well. A league is formed, and every town in France has its meetings of our order; the object---the fall of tyranny; the reward---freedom! No man may join the league who is not a mechanic. To aid such a cause you have a heart?

ANT. I have! do with me as you will!

MAR. Upon your truth depends the happiness of your heart. I have a daughter---for ten years I have not seen her. It is the will of your father, and it is mine, that you two should wed---if happily you see and love. This day she will arrive in Rouen,---our intent be secret, till your mutual wishes be known.

ANT. In Versailles---ten years away?---She may have loved another, and married!

MAR. Against her father's commands? No! Would you have so slightly heeded the injunction of a father?---for such, I know, was laid upon your conduct. But more of this at some future hour. You will abide my instructions while in Rouen?

ANT. I will.

MAR. I believe you. In that shop, men have made a compact, and pledged their lives for its fulfilment,---such men will be your companions. Such, in times like ours, is Freedom's cradle---there is she nursed,---not in the palace, but in the place of labour!---not by the lord, but by the mechanic!

ANT. Heart and soul, I am yours.

MAR. Think well. Let not the ardent spirit of youth misguide you ; let not the mystery that envelopes my acts cause in you distrust ; though I should seem to pronounce on you the doom of death, trust in me. Read that paper ! it contains the names and signs of our order. You are one of us. Swear never to betray us.

ANT. I swear !

MAR. Thou art then my apprentice. Go in, and let your dress bespeak your way of life.

ANT. Marteau, I was not prepared for this—but my faith is pledged, and I abide the result.

Exit into Shop.

MAR. 'Tis done ! One thing yet remains---my child ; ere this, she should have been here. Will she remember me ? When last I saw her she was but a child. Never shall I forget that night her mother fell ; shot dead by the murderers of St. Bartholomew—her child only saved from the same fate, by a dead mother's body. That night is yet to be atoned for—that murder is yet to be atoned for. Tremble, De Saubigne, for it was thy act.

MUSIC. *Enter DE SAUBIGNE, richly attired, from the Palace,*
R.H. 3 E.

DE S. (*advances to c.*) Let me pass.

MAR. (*c.*) What peacock's here ?

DE S. Why stop my way ?

MAR. There's room before me or behind me ; pass on !

DE S. (*drawing*) Give me way, or I'll strike you down.

MAR. Strike me ! I know not what you are : attempt it, and this arm shall find a passage through your ribs, large enough to drag thence your craven heart. Strike ! I stand for the blow.

DE S. The square is public, why stop me ?

MAR. 'Tis not public ! 'tis mine ! Four feet beyond that cross is mine ; 'twas lent, not given, for the public use. I shall enclose it, and keep it for my own purpose.

DE S. The cross ! that is not yours.

MAR. No, nor do I wish it ; the Duke placed it there, let the Duke remove it.

DE S. (*aside*) 'Tis my secret way. (*aloud*) The Duke will not allow it.

MAR. I shall not ask his Grace's licence.

DE S. Will nothing tempt you to part with the house and land ?

MAR. No. Yes ! Set me face to face with De Saubigne.

DE S. What would you do ?

MAR. Tear his heart out ! Were it at the altar---in heaven---or hell, I should have the traitor's blood.

DE S. You shall see him to-morrow.

MAR. Let him come. (*CLOCK strikes six*) Ah, so late ! 'tis time I should be at Victor's.

Exit into Shop.

DE S. Is he gone ? I breathe more freely. Who can he be, that hates me thus, and yet knows me not ? No matter ; he must be taken care of. Ere long, the gibbet that he framed shall be used to punish his audacity : the law shall aid me. Ho, Lournay !

Enter LOURNAY from Palace, R.H.

LOUR. What says my gracious Duke?

DE S. None but my trusty servants know me as I am. Mind well the orders that I gave you.

LOUR. I have taken care that no one suspects your Grace.

DE S. 'Tis now two months since, disguised, I visited my domain; 'tis time I made a public entry. I am expected soon, am I not?

LOUR. Within three days, by sea: and many, anxious to behold your Grace, have already started to meet you on the road from Havre.

DE S. A word with you.

they retire up in conversation, DE SAUBIGNY pointing occasionally to MARTEAU'S Shop.

Enter NYKIN, L. 1 E.

NYK. There, I have had my breakfast, and I don't think I shall kill myself to-day. I'm fond of shows, and I shall wait till the Duke arrives.

MUSIC. *A COACH enters at back, L.H.*

— Hallo! perhaps there's a job for me. (*goes up*) Drivers, dismount: I'll hold your horses. (*DRIVER whispers him*) Yes, this is the house—I'll help you. (*DRIVER takes off trunks, NYKIN opens door*) Oh, oh!—what a pretty baby!

MADELON *advances with NYKIN.*

DE S. Haste, Lournay, haste.

Exit LOURNAY, R.H.

MAD. Give me the child, young man.

NYK. No, let me hold it: I'm going to be married, and practice may be useful.

MAD. (*gives money*) Go help the driver with the trunk; pay him, and keep a livre for yourself.

NYK. Yes, Ma'am. (*goes up, as MADELON is entering Palace*) That's not the house, Ma'am—that's the Palace; there's the place—through the shop where the coffin is (*pays DRIVER*).

MAD. There must be some mistake—that's not my father's house.

NYK. Yes it is:—all's right, drive off, driver.

MUSIC. *COACH goes off.*

— Ma'am, I assure you there's no mistake. I know your—

DE S. (*aside.*) By heaven, she is a divinity, and shall be mine. (*aloud*) Fair lady, if you are in doubt, the hospitality due a stranger, and a fair one too, you shall receive at this mansion: please you to enter.

NYK. Don't you trouble yourself: all's right—this way.

MAD. Sir, I thank you. (*looks off*) What do I see? What face, what form is that? Am I deceived? 'Tis surely Antoine's face!

NYK. I wonder what's in these trunks: that's the baby's clothes I suppose.

DE S. Shall the servants take the trunks in, Madame, and will you allow me to conduct you? You must be fatigued, particularly if you have journeyed far.

MAD. From Versailles, Sir. I will accept, for the present, your kind offer.

DE S. (*aside R.*) She is mine. I must get rid of that boy.

NYK. (C.) Boy! Do you mean me? I'm no boy!—as times go, I pass for a man.

DE S. Likely. Just take the lady's trunks into the palace.

MAD. (L.C.) Sir, I hope I am not mistaken: let me look again at the direction—"The house opposite the Cross in the Square:" this is the square!

NYK. Yes, all fair and square—but that's the house where you ought to go: but do as you like.

DE S. You must be weary, dear Madam. It is easy to remove, if you are uncomfortable.

NYK. That's sensible. That'll be two jobs for me—so here goes into the palace. (*goes into palace with trunks.*)

DE S. Is your husband an inhabitant of Rouen?

MAD. He is not.

DE S. Shall I attend you?

MAD. After the trunks are secured: one contains papers of importance.

DE S. Would it were night—the secret passage might serve me now.

Re-enter NYKIN from Palace.

NYK. What a long entry. Ah, Ma'am, that palace is like a sausage—its beautiful outside—but its better in.

DE S. (*who has been writing.*) There, give this to the man at the end of the gallery. (*aside*) This will prevent his return.

NYK. Let me carry the baby, Ma'am.

MAD. No, I will take care of him.

NYK. Him! a "him" is it? Now, do tell me one thing.

DE S. Curse his lingering. I shall lose my prize. Go in, Sir, the lady waits.

NYK. In a minute. Tell me what that pretty baby's name is?

MAD. Antoine—the same as his father's.

NYK. Antoine—the same as his father's. When I get married, my boy's name shall be Nykin—the same as his father's—and if it's a girl it shall be Nyken too—the same as his—the same as its—no! the same as her—ay—the same as her father's.

Exit into Palace.

DE S. (*aside*) I hear a step!—a moment and I shall lose her. Come, lady!

MUSIC. *As they approach the Palace, MARTEAU enters, and places himself between them C.*

MAR. That is your way, if you be Madelon de Ligne.

DE S. What means this outrage?—stand off!

MAR. Stand you off! This way, lady. Is that your child?

MAD. It is.

MAR. Where is the father?

MAD. I know not—he—

MAR. You are married?

MAD. I am. What do you mean?—why gaze on me thus?

MAR. Give me that child! (*crossing L.C. takes it*) Those features!

MAD. Protect me, Sir, against this outrage!—Give me back my child.

MAR. (L.) No.

MAD. (C.) Make him restore my child, or—

DE S. Villain!—restore the child—

MAR. Peace! Madelon, you came to meet a father in Rouen—his child's shame would break his heart. You don't know me. I am thy father, Madelon.

MAD. My father!

MAR. 'Tis true, indeed—that picture is thy mother.

DE S. (R.) 'Tis false! He would deceive thee.

MAR. (C.) Villain! Madelon, know me—

MAD. Hold! Tell me—who is that? (*looking into shop.*)

MAR. My son, Antoine—my son.

MAD. Oh heavens!—he is my husband.

Enter ANTOINE in working dress.

ANT. Madelon—my wife! (*embrace.*)

MUSIC. ANTOINE leads MADELON towards shop—DE SAUBIGNY advances towards MARTEAU and half draws his sword—MARTEAU on one knee, raising the Child, sees DE SAUBIGNY, passes the Child to L., and raises his carpenter's axe—DE SAUBIGNE retires towards Palace, with gestures of vengeance—LOURNAY appears on the steps of the Palace—MARTEAU rises and turns to go into shop, L.H., looking at DE SAUBIGNY, who is on the steps, with sword half drawn.

LOURNAY at Door MARTEAU and Child. MADELON.

SAUBIGNE on Steps. ANTOINE.

ACT DROP DESCENDS.

ACT II.

THE OATH—THE TEST.

SCENE I.—A plain room, with window and door, R.H.—MUSIC.

Enter NYKIN and JULIE, L.H.

JULIE. Now, Mr. Nykin, it's no use to talk to me any more. You affronted me this morning, coming here disturbing the neighbours with that horrid big drum, and calling it music.

NYK. I did it to please you. If you don't like it, I won't do so any more. I thought you liked martial music, and I intended to marry you in regimentals.

JULIE. Marry me in regimentals did you? If you were not such a booby, I don't know what I might think of you; but you are a good-hearted fellow enough at the bottom.

NYK. To be sure I am, top and bottom too. Now, do let me tell you something—only tell me to do anything in the world, and I'll do it.

JULIE. Go home and go to bed.

NYK. That's too hard. Now tell me one thing, and I'll be easy.

JULIE. What is it?

NYK. If you don't love me, say you don't love any other man.

JULIE. Man! Why, to be sure, I don't love any other man; but you are only a boy.

NYK. Boy! I'm old enough to be a man; there's plenty of me.

JULIE. Now, Nykin, I'll tell you a secret—I'm going to court.

NYK. Court!—I am come to court you; let's settle the business now.

JULIE. You don't understand me; yesterday, I had a letter from a lady to be her maid, and the handsome officer that brought it, said it would be the making of my fortune.

NYK. Now, Julie, you know my father was a fisherman once, and the devil is like a fisherman.

JULIE. Well, Nykin, you don't claim relationship on that account.

NYK. No, but he is—and he goes about bobbing for men and women just as I used to bob for eels.

JULIE. Ridiculous! Your head is turned.

NYK. No, it's the truth; when he bobs for a pretty girl, he puts a handsome fellow on his hook; and after it they swim, a little shy at first, then they nibble, and last they come right up, take hold, and caught, they are.

JULIE. With a handsome young man?

NYK. Yes, to be sure.

JULIE. Then you will never be used for a bait.

NYK. Sometimes they bite at an ugly one; the devil cheats them;—sometime he hangs out a handsome dress with no handsome man in it at all, and they bite then.

JULIE. Then there may be some chance for you. Now, if you could only sing and dance, there might be some chance for you.

NYK. I can sing and dance too—only Madame Grandier won't let me. I play on the marrow bones and cleavers beautifully, and for you I'll learn to play the Jew's harp. Now, you teach me a song, and say if you will be my wife when I learn it, and see how fast I will improve.

JULIE. All the folks have gone to bed. Now, let me see what you can do;—how awkward you stand too—imitate me.

NYK. Well, I will!—there!

JULIE. Imagine me the object of your love.

NYK. Well you are!—Now.

JULIE. Now try, Nykin. (*introduced song.*)

Dances to the burthen; NYKIN tries to imitate her; JULIE shewing him.

NYK. Fal lal la!

MUSIC. *He dances with Julie; MADAME GRANDER enters R. H., with broom; NYKIN gets more spirited; JULIE dances off L. H.; he advances to MADAME G.; discovers her, and she beats him off R. H.*

SCENE II.—*Open end of the Carpenter's Shop. Bench discovered, tools. Coffin on two tressels, near the bench. A pile of Boards. The Shop occupies L. H. side of the Stage. The steeple and tower of a Church seen R. H. Dial, with hands to work; it points to a quarter to three at opening. Stage dark.*

MUSIC. ANTOINE enters from a door in the shop, the paper in his hand, and a light, which he places on bench.

ANT. The secret then is mine. I have sworn the oath: in so good a cause, what need of oaths? What a change since yesterday, to be forbidden to call Madelon, wife. The monk, too, is all a mystery. Here is the evidence of my knowledge, which I am to destroy. I am the master of its contents, and thus I fulfil my promise (*tears paper.*) I may as well begin my daily toil. I cannot sleep. A coffin!—strange that this should be my first essay—and here is the material ready. Ah, Madelon, who shall comfort thee? To work at midnight—well!

MUSIC. *He takes up axe and removes a board from pile; the body of a man is discovered beneath.*

— Oh heavens!—what is here? A man!—and dead—murdered! Let me hide it from my sight. There's blood upon my hands too. What sound was that? I feel as if I were myself the murderer. I will not hide it. Some one approaches—I see lights! Who has committed the deed? Marteau! No; yet should it be—I will conceal the body.

MUSIC. *He is about to do so, when MAROINE, PEROT, and two MEN, bearing torches, enter R.H.U.E.*

— 'Tis too late!

MARO. Who's there? Speak. Who are you? Answer.

ANT. A friend.

MARO. A stranger, most like.

ANT. Yes, I am an apprentice to the carpenter, Marteau.

MARO. Why here at this hour?

ANT. To commence my daily toil.

MARO. 'Tis the dead of night; a strange hour for a carpenter to begin work.

ANT. Yes, unusual—but necessity—

MARO. Oh, necessity! Well, master, I am sorry we disturbed you. Your light attracted our notice. Incendiaries are out in Rouen. We are a secret watch. Good night—your hand.

ANT. My hand!

MARO. Yes—good night. Let us part as we met—friends.

ANT. (*raises his hand*) I need not give my hand for that.

MARO. 'Tis blood-stained. (*chord.*)

ANT. Yes—an accident.

MARO. A deep wound, to bleed so freely. Let me look at it.

ANT. No, no!

MARO. Well, Sir, do as you please. Let us return to the square.

(*sees axe*) Your axe is bloody too.

ANT. Most likely—the wound was inflicted with the axe.

MARO. (c.) There has been murder done. Call up the carpenter—search the shop.

ANT. Hold! Search the shop if you will, but do not call the carpenter from his bed.

MARO. For the present you are a prisoner. Search the shop. (MEN *go into shop*) Know you not, young man, that a murder has been committed this night?

ANT. How should I know it? (MEN *return*.)

MARO. Do you find nothing?

PEROT. Nothing. (*sees body*) See—what is here?

MARO. (*removes boards*) The murdered man! (*chord*)—and there the murderer!

ANT. 'Tis false! I am no murderer.

MARO. Go for a magistrate. (MAN *exits R.H.*) Arrest the carpenter in his bed; let him not know what we have discovered. (PEROT *exits into shop*). Young man, confess your guilt—name your accomplices. Yours, then, will be the first chance for a pardon.

ANT. I am not guilty—I have no accomplices. (*crosses to R.*) What snare have I fallen into.

MARO. Do you know this corse? Here comes the magistrate, your master is in custody; he may confess, and thus will you be lost.

ANT. You have heard me, I am not guilty.

MUSIC. MAGISTRATE, *with a crowd, some bearing torches, enter*
U. E. R. H.; MARTEAU and OFFICERS *enter from shop*.

MAG. I am here to investigate a murder; that young man is charged with the deed. You are thought to be an accomplice.

MAR. A murder! Antoine, is this all true? Are you?

ANT. (L.C.) Name it not; 'tis false!

MAG. Of that I am to be the judge. Let me hear the particulars; here be the place of trial, and, if guilty, the place of punishment—the midnight assassin shall at midnight meet his doom. Death by the law. (PEROT *brings chair for* MAGISTRATE, *who sits R. C.*) In the name of the King, I here do form a court—Maroine you are the accuser; briefly state your grounds for charging the young man with the deed. Accuser, look upon the prisoner—prisoner, look upon your accuser.

MARO. A short time since, passing near this place, being upon my watch, I saw a light, and came up to it. I found the prisoner in confusion; about to leave him, I offered him my hand which he refused, and by our torch light I saw his hand was bloody.

MAG. Prisoner, you hear—is this true?

ANT. Thus far it is. I will not deny it.

MARO. (R.) I asked him the cause; he said he was wounded; we found an axe with which he said the wound was made.

MAG. Did he show the wound upon his hand?

MAR. He did not.

MAR. (L.) Antoine, shew the wound.

ANT. 'Tis useless, I have no wound.

MAR. We then discovered, even as it now lies, this bleeding corse, and accused him of the murder.

MAG. Prisoner, your name?

ANT. I will not tell it to be disgraced. My life is yours, take it, if you will—my name shall remain unsullied to the world.

MAG. Carpenter, he is your apprentice; what is his name?

ANT. Speak it not, I implore you.

MAR. I must; it is my duty;—if you are innocent, be of good heart, deliverance will come. His name is "Antoine Bellard."

MAG. A native of Rouen?

MAR. Of Paris.

MAG. Antoine Bellard, you have heard the testimony of this man; there is the silent proof, (*points to body*) of the atrocious act; dumb—yet powerful. Maroine, on your oath, what you have said is true?

MAR. The truth, so help me heaven.

MAG. And your followers, here, confirm it?

PEROT. We do.

MAG. On your oath. (*they bow.*) What have you to say in your defence?

ANT. But three words—"I am innocent."

MAG. Against this proof, words are of little value. Make full confession of the fact, and, if you have accomplices, name them, and a pardon will follow; if you persist in your present declaration, you have but few moments to live. Officers prepare a block.

MEN *get block from shop and places it c.* PEROT *gets axe, and stands near it.*

—The axe which was used to commit the crime, and which is now stained with its victim's blood, shall be the weapon of the law to punish.

MAR. Speak, Antoine, and save your life.

ANT. By falsehood? Never.

MAR. Let me plead for him. But yesterday he arrived from Paris. A man must have a motive to commit a murder. Who is the murdered man? A foe to Antoine? No, 'tis not proved he ever saw this man before. Again, I say, what motive could he have to kill a stranger?

MAG. True!—nor is it proved they did not meet. The object of his visit may have been to revenge some former insult: besides, the name of Bellard is well known to us. How comes the son of a Parisian noble in Rouen, apprenticed to a carpenter? The inference is, that the master is equally guilty—perhaps contrived the murder, for which he may suffer. (*MARTEAU crosses to L.*) On this ground, I offer a pardon to him, if he will give up his accomplices. Still silent?—then, prisoner, listen to your sentence.

ANT. On what authority am I condemned? How know I, by law, that you are a judge, with power to conduct a midnight trial—to pronounce a midnight doom?

MAG. I am in the performance of a sacred duty. You shall be satisfied I o'erstep not my power. Being adjudged guilty of murder, your doom—within the hour—to suffer by the axe. Officers, guard the prisoner, and see execution done (*chair is removed.*)

ANT. Am I so near death, then? I have a wife—a child! Let me say to them farewell. Then, as a man, will I meet my undeserved death.

MAG. Nay, that may not be: prepare a warrant for his death, and I will sign it. (*OFFICER goes to desk.*) In the mean time, to your master you may give directions for their disposition after you have suffered death (*all go up, but MARTEAU and ANTOINE.*)

MAR. (*crosses to ANTOINE*) Antoine, as your father I feel for you, confess and save your life; if you will but do so, time may be gained, and you may yet live to bless us; you are young.

ANT. Do you think me guilty? I am dumb. Yes—Madelon, let her not know my fate for some time after I am dead; deceive her with some excuse for my long absence. No, do not deceive her; tell her I am dead, at once: it will break her heart, and in heaven our meeting will be more speedy. Be a father to my child, and when he knows his father's death of shame, convince him of my innocence.

MAR. See that block! Save your neck from the axe, and live for your wife and child.

ANT. I will not lie, though death is certain. (*all advance.*)

MAR. The fatal paper is signed. Farewell, Antoine, you have but one more trial—I know you will meet it like a man. I cannot aid you. Farewell.

ANT. Do you not know who did commit the deed? Say you did not.

MAR. I did not.

ANT. Enough. Oh, Madelon and our little one; the thoughts of them will unman me. I should die like a man—as a soldier.

MUSIC. *All form a semicircle round the block—the EXECUTIONER throws off an outer cloak and goes to the block. ANTOINE comes in c., and kneels.*

MAG. The bell of the church will soon announce the hour of three. Ere the last sound has died upon the ear, let execution be done. Prisoner, prepare.

ANT. I am ready.

MAG. He is calm! for the last time, mercy is offered thee.

ANT. I will not lie.

CLOCK strikes three. ANTOINE is on the block—the axe is raised.

MAG. Stay! Who comes in such haste?

Enter an OFFICER, and gives paper to MAGISTRATE.

OFFICER. A despatch from Paris.

ANT. This suspense is torture.

MAG. I am here informed that there is cause to suspect the existence of a secret society in all the towns of France, whose object is to aid the Huguenots and destroy the power of the Church of Rome. Any criminal under sentence of death, who may have any knowledge of their secrets, or the names of their members, and who will divulge

it, shall receive a pardon and reward. Prisoner, are you a member of any such society.

ANT. I am.

MAG. Then here's a chance to save your life, and receive honour from the King. What say you?

ANT. That I scorn life at such a price. I shall not betray my friends, even for my life. My head is yours, for I am in your power. To punish the usurpations of tyrant powers—to stop unlawful murders such as these—I joined the order of the Confrieirie. Their secret is mine—it dies with me. Question me no more—I will not answer. Executioner, I surrender myself to you—do your duty.

MAG. Then, Executioner, be your duty done to a worthy member of our band.

PEROT *throws aside the axe, and places gold chain on ANTOINE'S neck.*

—The ordeal passed, we hail thee as a brother. Marteau, your apprentice is worthy of his master. President of our order, record his name. (MAROINE *goes to desk and writes.*) The friend of honour, virtue, and the champion of our cause.

ANT. What means all this? Who are you?

MAG. We are the Confrieirie! (*chord.*)

ANT. And the murdered man?

MAR. A brother! (*goes to pile and raises man, who comes down.*) You have firmly stood the test, that makes thee one of us; complete your oath—death to him who wrongs a brother; vengeance on the murderers of St. Bartholomew!

ANT. I swear!

MAR. Madelon now is thine. You have deserved her. Let tyrants tremble at the Confrieirie.

MUSIC.—*Marseillaise Hymn; the Members throw off their cloaks; a banner is raised c.; all kneel, each with a weapon pointing to banner.*

TABLEAU :—

Motto on Banner c. “Be just, and fear not,” on one side, and on the other “Huc Nos Venimus.”

R. H., *One Banner.* Arms of France—“Bare Arm and Banner.”

L. H., *One Banner.* Arms of Rouen—“Hammer and Saw.”

L. C., *One Banner.* Cross of Rome—“Plumb-line and Chisel.”

ACT III.

THE PEOPLE AND THE PLOT.

SCENE I.—*Room in MADAME GRANDER'S House. A table spread for breakfast. Enter GRANDER and MADAME G. R. H.*

MAD. G. What is the matter this morning, Mr. G.?

GRAN. Why, I cannot help thinking of my dream last night.

MAD. G. Well, what was it?

GRAN. I dreamt you were dumb, and then I had the nightmare. But come, let's have breakfast.

MAD. G. I'll get it directly. Wait till Julie comes down. I invited her to breakfast with us; she set the table last night before she went away.

GRAN. Julie's a nice girl; what a pity she will get married.

MAD. G. Yes, poor girl! the crime carries the punishment along with it:—these young girls will never believe what we say. Ah, when I was a young, handsome girl.

GRAN. Ah, my dear, I don't recollect such a time, do you?

MAD. G. Yes, I do!

GRAN. What a memory you must have. I don't remember any such thing.

MAD. G. I hear Julie's step; now for the breakfast; now don't get things out of place as you usually do.

Exit R.H.

GRAN. No, my dear. My wife's afraid to leave me alone, for fear I should steal the sugar, I suppose. Where is the little Julie? I might have a little chat with her before the coffee's settled. (*JULIE speaks outside*) There's her voice.

Enter JULIE, R.

GRAN. Good morning, dear—sit down.

JULIE. Thank you—I'm rather tired.

GRAN. Well, we will have breakfast presently—my wife will be back directly.

JULIE. Has Nykin been here this morning?—he promised to meet me at church, and come with me to you, so I put four cups on the table—we shall make quite a little family.

GRAN. But, my dear, Madame G. forbid Nykin coming here, this morning.

JULIE. Did she? Then I sha'n't stay to breakfast. I snub him myself, but I don't allow any one else to do so.

GRAN. Stop, stop!—don't be in such a hurry; maybe he will come, for all that—he has impudence enough for anything.

JULIE. He is not impudent, though I tell him so when he is a little boisterous.

GRAN. Boisterous, the young rascal! Well, he has lived with me for some time, and I've found he wasn't so great a fool as he looks to be.

Re-enter MADAME GRANDER, with breakfast.

GRAN. Come, Julie, sit down.

MAD. G. Why, where's the sugar? I gave it to you last night, Julie.

JULIE. And I put it on the table, I'm sure.

MAD. G. No wonder you had the nightmare, Mr. G., when you eat all the sugar! Why, there was a pound at least—Heaven keep your stomach!

GRAN. Me eat the sugar?—why, you know I don't like the sugar—I never eat sugar.

MAD. G. Yes, I know there's no trusting you. Julie, dear, go to the cupboard, and get another bowl.

JULIE. Yes, in the little cupboard. *Runs off, R.H.*

MAD. G. What are you doing, Mr. G.? Let my feet alone.

GRAN. I didn't touch you, dear. Give me that cup: thank you, dear.

Re-enter JULIE with sugar, R. H.

JULIE. (*sits*) You are treading on my toe, Mr. Grander.

GRAN. No, I didn't.

MAD. G. What do you tread on the girl's toe for? You are always at your tricks.

GRAN. So are you.

MAD. G. Don't mind him, Julie. Oh, Mr. G., if you do that again, I'll throw the porridge in your face.

GRAN. If you play that game, I'll follow suit.

JULIE. Now, don't quarrel, or you'll spoil my appetite.

MAD. G. What did you do it again for? (*both throw porridge at each other, and come down, JULIE interfering.*)

GRANDER and MADAME G. *sit in opposite corners. JULIE clears the table—is about to remove the cloth—screams—and runs to R.H.*

GRAN and MAD. G. What's the matter?

JULIE. Oh dear!—something touched me.

MAD. G. Where?

JULIE. On my ankle—oh dear!

GRAN. What does this mean? Look, Mrs. Grander, under the table: it wasn't me then.

MUSIC. MADAME G. *lifts the cloth, and NYKIN is discovered in woman's clothes.*

MAD. G. (*to GRANDER*) Oh, you old wretch, look here!—that's where the sugar is gone (*seizes him.*) Oh, you feed your mistress on sugar, do you? Fetch her out.

GRAN. I swear, Madame G., I know nothing about it.

JULIE. Oh, Mr. Grander!

MAD. G. Come out, you hussey. Come along. (*drags GRANDER up to table.*) Lift up the cloth, Julie.

JULIE. Yes, Ma'am. (*she does so, and discovers NYKIN with sugar.*)

GRAN. Nykin!

NYK. Yes, I've been under the table all night. It was an artificial stratagem of mine, to see my dear Julie. You know you said you would not let me in, so that's the way I did it;—hard sleeping on the floor. That's your gown and cap. I forgive you all; and you in particular, because you said I wasn't such a fool as I looked to be.

MAD. G. Out of the house, both of you.

GRAN. Things ain't quite so clear. I shall have the matter looked into.

NYK. Oh, its all right enough: you see, if I were caught in the

night, I meant to get off in a petticoat: you see I am a good fellow for a trick.

JULIE. You will always be so foolish.

NYK. Come, let's all be friends (*all embrace*). Now, let's go and hear the news. Nobody will know anything about this little quarrel.

GRAN. The idea of my wife saying I eat the sugar.

MAD. G. Well, hush!—there's no knowing what these men do. Come, now, look sweet at me.

Exeunt with GRANDER, L.H.

NYK. Only hear the old man.

JULIE. Yes, he says true: you know, Nykin, you did steal the sugar.

NYK. So I did, because it was sweet. If you know of anything sweeter than sugar, double refined, wouldn't you steal it?

JULIE. No, indeed.

NYK. I would. So here—

Kisses her, and exits L.H.

JULIE. Oh, dear! Well, it didn't hurt much; at any rate, he might have had it for asking.

Introduced Song.

Exit L.H.

SCENE II.—[Same as ACT I.]—*Timber and tools about Stage. Two or three posts in Stage, as if a fence was being built around the Cross—MARTEAU and ANTOINE discovered at work.*

ANT. Shall we not be prevented?

MAR. Fear not. Be careful how you swing the axe, or you may get an ugly wound. Isn't that line a straight one? No, my eye is wrong.

Enter OFFICERS and four SOLDIERS, R. H. U. E.

OFF. Are you Marteau, the carpenter?

ANT. No, that is he! (*OFFICER gives MARTEAU a paper.*)

MAR. The regal arms—an order of state. Read it, Antoine.

ANT. (*takes paper from MARTEAU and reads.*) "To the Citizen Marteau:—The service of the state requires a gibbet; you have one, as we hear, ready for use; deliver it to the bearer hereof, who is authorised to pay you its value in gold.—Dalmond, Mayor."

MAR. Who dies on it? His crime?

OFF. I know not the felon's name. Treason, as I'm informed, is his crime.

MAR. I have a gibbet. I cannot part with it for gold. I will lend it to the state for a day; see it returned again, 'tis at your disposal—yonder it lies. Antoine, deliver it to the men.

ANTOINE and MEN Exit into Shop.

—Is the man arrested, and know you not his name? The betrayer of his country deserves not a name; it should be struck from the world's knowledge with his crime.

The MEN Re-enter, bearing Timbers.

OFF. Have you at hand a coffin and a rope!

MAR. I have not.

OFF. What is that upon your bench?

MAR. A coffin, but not complete; nor will it be, until De Saubigne's body festers within its narrow walls. (*aside*) 'Tis spoken! For a rope, I can supply you with. (*enters shop.*) Here is a halter, the proper decoration for a traitor's neck—the collar of disgrace.

OFF. I may need thy aid in the erection of the gibbet.

MAR. I cannot go with you, nor can I spare my apprentice; yet, I wish that he may see a traitor die. Go, Antoine. (*aside to him.*) You may need these, before you see me again. (*gives pistols.*)

ANT. I understand. Let me first see Madelon.

MAR. No, it may not be, until to-morrow; you remember your oath; she shall know you are well; stay no longer than necessary, but do not return till the work is done. Remember the words of the Confrerie.

ANT. Never doubt me. (*to officer.*) I attend you, Sir.

Exeunt all but MARTEAU, R.H.U.E.

MAR. (*at work*) How dull this axe is. What has Antoine been doing—cutting through iron? Ah, I see, thinking of anything but work—thinking of his love. No tidings yet from Conde.

Enter the MAGISTRATE disguised, R.U.E.

MAG. Marteau!

MAR. Brother, what news?

MAG. I have intelligence of De Saubigne. A paper found in the street, and newly signed, to stop you in your work.

MAR. In Rouen? Is he in Rouen?

MAG. 'Tis said for two months he has been disguised, and daily visits the Convent of St. Jean. That cannot be, for our spies have watched the gates both day and night; still I believe he is near.

MAR. Prevent me in my work! Let him try it: we are ready, are we not?

MAG. To a man—and all resolved.

MAR. His presence here will be the signal for some new outrage: the people then may be ours. Let there be no show of resistance, no array of numbers, unless action is inevitable.

MAG. A thousand of our order are now in Rouen. In the tower of yonder church a man can overlook the Square: if you are in danger, the sound of the bell will gather them to your defence.

MAR. Well done!

MAG. I cannot stay longer—the hour of freedom will come.

Exit R.U.E.

MAR. Madelon must be removed—but whither? Back to Versailles—and at once.

Exit into Shop, L.H.

Enter GRANDER, NYKIN, and PEASANTS, L.H.U.E.

NYK. Now let me do the business, and tell the story as it is. I say she's gone, and nobody knows where—that makes two since last Sunday.

GRAN. I wish somebody would run away with my wife.

NYK. Now, to-day, there's to be a meeting in the Square of all the fathers in the town, to do something about it.

GRAN. Nonsense. They are to meet to make arrangements to receive the Duke, who hasn't been here for ten years.

NYK. Well, then, I know what I would do.

GRAN. Well, what would you do, Mr. Wisdom?

NYK. I would ask Marteau—he is a sensible fellow, and gave me good advice. I went to him for a coffin, and he told me if I didn't mind my work he'd beat all the love out of me. Now, Julie and I are the best friends in the world. Anybody else would have been glad of the job, and wouldn't have cared whether he was dead or alive.

GRAN. And you are going to make a fool of yourself, and get married after all!

NYK. Yes; a man ought to leave his apprenticeship behind him—then I shall be one of the fathers of the town.

GRAN. What is Marteau about here?

NYK. Building a new house. His daughter is a pretty girl—almost as pretty as Julie.

VOICES *heard outside*

GRAN. What is that—an earthquake? No, it's my wife that is, and yours that is to be.

Enter MADAME G. and JULIE, L.U.E.

MAD. G. Mr. G., why did you come out without me?

GRAN. Why, my dear, because—

MAD. G. "Why, my dear, because"—You had better be at home.

JULIE. Nykin, my dear, why didn't you stay at home?

NYK. Why, you see, unfortunately, business—town affairs—all the fathers of the town—

JULIE. But you are not a father, Nykin.

NYK. Well, we don't know what may happen. I'm going to make a speech in favour of the young ladies.

JULIE. What right have you to make speeches in favour of young ladies, when you're going to be married to me?

NYK. Well, don't cry then, and I won't make a speech.

JULIE. That's a dear man, Nykin.

NYK. The women always come over me somehow.

MAD. G. I will speak—I can—

GRAN. Nobody doubts it in Rouen.

MUSIC. Enter MARTEAU, L.H.

MAR. (c.) My child—Madelon—she is gone! Have you seen her, boy!

NYK. No, not since the time when she was going into the palace.

MAR. The palace!—what would she do in the palace? I am her father—I told her so.

MUSIC. Rushes up to Palace and knocks loudly—OFFICER appears.

OFF. What would you?

MAR. I would go in.

OFF. Whom would you see?

MAR. My child.

OFF. She is not here.

MAR. I must be sure.

OFF. You cannot enter.

MAR. Cannot enter! Stop not my way, or I shall do you harm.

OFF. You shall not enter. A mechanic enter a palace through its portico!—begone.

MAR. Bid the lightning not strike, or the thunder hold its peace;—thou might'st as well.

MUSIC. *He hurls the OFFICER down steps, and rushes in; the MOB seize OFFICER and force him off, L.U.E.*

NYK. My friend, you are in a hurry.

JULIE. Where is the dear girl, do you suppose?

NYK. Let's go and help him find her. Oh, Julie, such a pretty little baby as she has got. I told you that his name is the same as his father's.

MAD. G. Come, husband, let's go back. If women are to be run away with in this way, I'm not safe. Come, Julie.

GRAN. Don't be alarmed—nobody will harm you.

JULIE. Take care of me, Nykin.

NYK. Antoine—the same as his father's.

MUSIC. MADAME G., JULIE, and NYKIN *exit* L.H.

Re-enter MARTEAU from Palace.

GRAN. Have you found your child?

MAR. No, she is gone—I bid her stay.

GRAN. Murdered, perhaps. There's been two or three mysterious disappearances of young girls lately—here's another!

MAR. Can she have been taken by force from me. 'Tis cruel, Madelon, if you have left your husband and your father. She deceived me in marrying Antoine, can she be false to him? No, the fires of heaven descend on him who dares to think of it. A father!—and give birth to such a thought! Friends, go search for her—she may have strayed and lost her way. (*music*) What's that?

GARN. 'Tis a feast day; they go to the Chapel of the Convent: we must kneel. Let us clear the street that they may pass. (*BELL heard.*)

MUSIC. *Four MONKS enter U.R.E., cross, and exit U.E.L. People all kneel. Then enter two BOYS, with Censors—a PRIEST, with large gilt Cross—BOY, with Censor—two PRIESTS—two PRIESTS with Relics—MONKS—two BOYS, with Censors.—They cross, and exit L.U.E.*

DE SAUBIGNE (*disguised as a Monk*) *follows the Procession, remaining on the Stage.*

MAR. Oh men debased—fit for your yokes! Shame on ye, men of Rouen. Not men! slaves to a power ignoble; slaves to superstition,—thus, on your bended knees, to rob the Deity of the honour due to Him alone, giving it to a creature. (*bell.*) Shame on ye, thus to teach your innocent children the lesson of a slave! Rather pour

out their blood on the pavement here, an offering to freedom. Ere my own child had thus been taught, my own hand should take the life I gave. (*all rise.*) Shame on ye! shame! (*bell.*)

DE S. Heed not this heretic! Children, you have done your homage, which is the Church's due;—to your homes, and let not this worse than pagan heretic mislead you.

GRAN. Come, let us go now. We can come again after he's gone.

DE S. Disperse, children, to your homes; be ready to receive your Duke, the chosen of the Church.

CITIZENS *all exit* L. H.

— There stands the only man I dread;—why does he live?

MAR. Poor Madelon!

DE S. If he would but leave this place, his guilt would then be believed by all. One effort more. (*aloud.*) Son, you think me your enemy—you hate me. I can give you intelligence of your child.

MAR. Where is she?

DE S. In heaven—or with the Duke.

MAR. Dead? No! better dead than pollution.

DE S. Fly while you have the power; you will be accused of the murder by De Saubigne's agents; the gibbet sent here is for you.

MAR. I murder Madelon? Wherefore murder my child that I loved as my heart's blood?

DE S. The mercy of our order hastened me to you ere the officers of the law had made you their prey. Fly!

MAR. Guilt flie! I am innocent. I will not move.

DE S. The streets are clear—I must return. Hear my words, escape while you are free—an hour passed, you die.

MAR. It may be—but I stir not!

DE SAUBIGNE *exits through Cross, unseen by MARTEAU.*

— I will not leave this spot;—that Monk knows more than he has spoken; where is he gone?

Enter MAGISTRATE *hastily*, R. U. E.

MAG. Marteau!

MAR. Brother!

MAG. Great tidings for thee—De Saubigne.

MAR. De Saubigne! Where is he?

MAG. We have traced him since last night; within an hour he has been seen in this very street.

MAR. How know you this?

MAG. One of his early victims has just escaped from prison; a Monk accosted him; 'twas De Saubigne's self.

MAR. A Monk! Have I then been so near the villain, and has he escaped me. The palace—he must be in the palace. Then my hour of revenge is come.

MAG. I heard from the crowd, as I passed along, that your child had left you.

MAR. True—too true.

MAG. Where is Antoine?

MAR. Gone to erect a gibbet for the state; there is the order from the Mayor. (*gives it.*)

MAG. A forgery, brother—he is ensnared.

MAR. If the Monk I told thee of, be the Duke, he has by some hellish plot my Madelon betrayed.

MAG. Then he shall no longer escape us; spies are at the convent gates, and on the road that leads hither. I will prepare our friends. To work—to work! I'll be near with succour!

Exit R.U.E.

MAR. I am bewildered with the events of the day. The order a forged one!

Enter GRANDER, CITIZENS, and a CHILD, L.H.

GRAN. Now, my wife has gone home, Marteau, I should like to talk with you.

MAR. I have no time to talk. Assist me to take hence this wood; we will then remove the cross.

Enter LOURNAY, with two SOLDIERS, R.H.

LOU. Mechanic, attend!

MAR. Lordling, speak!

LOU. Stop your work; in the Duke's name I command ye! Citizens, be witness that I have warned this rash man. Here is my authority.

MAR. Let me see it. (*takes paper, reads, and tramples on it.*) Thus would I trample on the Duke, were the Duke here—I shall not obey it.

LOU. Then, there are those at hand who shall force obedience! Seize him.

MAR. Approach who dares! (*seizes the axe.*) I'll cleave him in two who dares assail me. People, stand firm.

LOU. He is a murderer!

MAR. Liar!

LOU. I have here an order to arrest him. 'Tis well I am provided. What ho! Guard! What ho!

Exit with SOLDIERS R.H. PEOPLE shout.

MAR. Citizens of Rouen, this is what ye may all expect. Shall these lords in power choose for you the time and place of labour; and, as they do their cattle, work ye when they will? Yours is the strength of France, and, if a foe invades the land, on you they call to shield them. Do for yourselves the work of war, if war it must be. Let rulers know that they are not the masters of the people: strike for your rights. I will not stay my work at the bidding of the Duke De Saubigne. Strike for your country! Strike for your altars and your homes! As you would deserve heaven's grace, and man's name, strike!

MUSIC. LOURNAY and SOLDIERS re-enter, seize MARTEAU, and force him into the Palace—PEOPLE and SOLDIERS fight off and across the Stage—One of the SOLDIERS is thrown down; they are about to dispatch him. BELL rings.—Drums, &c.—MAGISTRATE, GRANDER, and CONFRERIE rush on.

MAG. Where is the Carpenter?

GRAN. In the Palace!

MAG. Enter, and rescue your brother!

GRAN. The doors are fast.

MAG. Enter through the walls! Ladders, there! Mount! Let our brother hear the voice of succour!

MUSIC. *Ladders and a large beam are brought on—the doors are forced—the Portico and Pillars are torn down—Crash, Bell, &c.—SOLDIERS rush on—General fight—MARTEAU re-enters, and fights with axe—PICTURE is formed—Red Fire, and the Act Drop descends—Shouts till the*

ACT DROP DESCENDS.

ACT IV.

RETRIBUTION!—THE AVENGER!

SCENE I.—*Interior of a Convent. A Practical Window in flat. Couch on R. H.*

MUSIC.—MADELON *discovered.*

MAD. Where am I? They have taken my child from me while I slept. It was no natural sleep, but seemed the sleep of the grave! Where is that monk? How came I here?

Enter DE SAUBIGNE as the MONK, L. H.

—Ah, holy father! where is my child?

DE S. Daughter, with the Sisters of St. John, devoted to Heaven's service: no harm can reach it while under their pious keeping.

MAD. Bring it to me!—why was it taken from me?—'tis young! Why am I here? Where's my husband and my child? Monk, you do not answer!

DE S. Is my kindness to be repaid with distrust? You forget—I must remind you: your memory must indeed be weak, if a few short hours can blot out the memory of obligations.

MAD. It seems indeed an age since first I saw you. Give me my child, and then I will listen to aught you have to say.

DE S. Your child still sleeps—the Sisters are at vespers,—the hour of devotion past, it shall be brought you.

MAD. Why was I brought here?

DE S. A few hours ago, I saw a woman in tears at the window. I bore a message from a man, separated, by a cruel father's word, from his wife—that wife was you, lady. I dried your tears, and brought you here to meet the man who loves you.

MAD. True—it seemed a dream! But why comes he not?

DE S. Is it not happiness to love, and in return to be beloved?

MAD. Oh yes! What words have power to speak the rich warm feelings of mutual love! My heart now glows with the thought of the absent ones—my husband and my child!—their presence would change a dungeon to a paradise!

DE S. And this is wedded love!—such has never been my lot. I loved!—you shall hear the story, daughter. Travelling some years ago in Italy, I saw a lovely girl---a charm in every look, and like yours her face and form. Years passed away---we met again: she was a wife---a mother; and from her own lips I heard her tale of happiness. As I gaze on thee, my brain turns---my eyes are swimming in hot tears!---thou art the object of my passion!

MAD. Thou art mistaken, father--I never saw you till yesternight.

DE S. Mistaken?---be it so! She was cruel---in you I see all the beauties that were hers, ripened into the perfect fruit of womanhood. If not the same---so like, my passion is the same!

MAD. Let me begone. Your looks and speech are not for me to behold and hear.

DE S. You must hear me. I love you.

MAD. Gracious heaven! Father, you do not mean it! I am a mother---a wife!

DE S. I know it, and curses on the man that made thee so. The past is forgotten---the present only claims my thoughts.

MAD. Was it for this I trusted you, and did Antoine trust thee too?

DE S. From my lips ye shall now hear but the truth. I deceived you. I never saw your husband. I knew you were alone. Spies, in my pay, were watching your husband's, and your father's steps. I seized the lucky moment, invented the tale that drew you from your window, and placed within my grasp an angel for my love.

MAD. Though betrayed by your accursed arts---approach me not, sacrilegious monster, thus, under religion's cloak, to commit such outrage.

DE S. Right---under religion's cloak---then know me as I am! No Monk---but Rouen's Duke, de Saubigne. (*throws off cloak.*) Though you see me here in convent walls enclosed, I am the Duke de Saubigne!--as Duke or Monk I am master here. But yesterday, I heard from your father's lips, that he had built a gibbet for me---that gibbet stands in the convent yard; from this window you may see it, with the rope fastened to the beam. My agents, ere this, have accused your father of your murder, which, until you be produced, will be believed. He dies on that gibbet---your husband, too, shall perish. My word alone can save them. Give me thy love; there shall be no life lost---no blood be spilt---your child shall cheer thee with its smiles. Again shall you see your husband; he shall not know---

MAD. Stop, or my cries shall drown thy voice. Is there no arm that for me will strike thee dead? Antoine!---father!---where art thou?

DE S. Not near thee---nor can thy cries reach them. Let their names remind thee of their danger---a father---a husband---a dear child's life will depend upon thy word. Be wise, and their lives are spared. Comply, and you are again restored to a husband's arms.

MAD. Restored! Disgraced---dishonoured! My child, too! My corse is thine, but not my honour.

DE S. There are those about me who will do my bidding, though it were to murder the child thou lovest so well, before thy face. Reflect!

MAD. I will reflect! I do reflect. (*seems lost in thought.*)

DE S. I would not harm thee, for I love thee.

MAD. Where is my child?

DE S. I told thee; in the chapel, with the Sisters.

MAD. I have reflected. Are we alone?

DE S. Quite alone.

MAD. The men you spoke of—are they near?

DE S. None near. That was told to increase thy terror.

MAD. If I yield—thou wilt comply with one request?

DE S. Blessed with thy love, I will refuse nothing.

MAD. I cannot speak it. If you have a weapon, kill me!

DE S. I have a weapon—a sword—not to be stained by a woman's blood, least of all the blood of one I love—be mine, and I will lead thee to thy child. (*crosses to R.H.*)

MAD. Yes, let me first embrace my child—Antoine's dear likeness—and then, I'm thine. (*aside*) If thou darest take me then.

DE S. I have succeeded! Woman, thou art still the same—weak, changing woman!

MAD. Send for the child—let me see it here.

DE S. Yes. Ho! Anselm, bring hither the child I gave thee. Command me, and let my apt obedience prove thy power over me.

Enter LOURNAY as a Monk; brings on Child, R., and exits.

MAD. You will find me grateful. (*aside.*) My child! Oh, what an hour is this! Little innocent, will not heaven hear thee? Canst thou not move thy destroyer to remorse? (*aloud*) Duke, let us depart!

DE S. (R.) You know our compact: when it is fulfilled!

MAD. I do! life for honour. Let this child be the witness of your triumph. Look at him Duke. See, he smiles upon you—yes, like his father, Duke—thus would he smile, were he here now. Kiss him, Duke.

MUSIC. *As the Duke kisses Child, MADELON snatches sword from his side and points it at his breast. CHILD on L. H.*

MAD. Now, take me, if you dare!

DE S. Confusion!—am I foiled, and by a woman? Hear me, Madelon.

MAD. Back, Duke! Approach me, and this weapon is in your heart! Come not near me. Death is in my hand! Antoine!—Father! I come!—I come!

MUSIC. *She rushes out L.H., followed by DUKE.*

SCENE II.—*Gothic Chamber; Arch, &c.*

Enter DUKE DE SAUBIGNE, L. H.

DE S. This way she must pass to escape! I'll force the sword from her, and then she is surely mine! (*retires*)

MUSIC. *Enter MADELON and CHILD, R. H.*

MAD. My child preserved!—safe—safe!—thank Heaven! How to escape this horrid place! Where shall I find refuge?

MUSIC. DE SAUBIGNE comes forward, and forces the sword from her.

DE S. In these arms! Now art thou mine for ever!

MAD. Thou art not such a monster! Help! help!--unhand me. My shrieks shall rend the walls. Help! husband! Antoine!

MUSIC. They struggle; ANTOINE rushes on L. with pistols; he presents them at the DUKE.

ANT. Antoine is here; death is in either hand. Approach, and perish!--back---back.

Exit with MADELON and CHILD, L. 1 E.

DE S. Foiled again! (*crash heard, and LOURNAY rushes in R.*)

LOU. The convent is struck by lightning!

DE S. Fly! Save yourself--you by the chapel---I by the secret pass.

MUSIC. *Exeunt R. 1 E.*

SCENE III.—The Crypt.

Enter DE SAUBIGNE as a Monk, R.H.

DE S. While death is everywhere around me, still am I unhurt. The Convent is in flames, and falling as if an earthquake's power was in it! The passage has been covered by the fallen walls--escape has been shut from me! What shall I do?

Enter MARTEAU L.H.

MAR. Monk, let me see thy face! Ah, we have met again in flames and ruin; tell me thy name?

DE S. Ambrose. Stay me not! I would fly the danger of this hour.

MAD. I am here, the avenger, to punish guilt. I believe you the guilty one. I seek De Saubigne; if you are not he, shew him to me, or else we part not.

DE S. I am not he, nor do I know him. Let go your hold. Look to your own safety--death awaits us here.

MAR. Think not to escape this grasp!--'tis like death. (*DUKE strikes at him with dagger. MARTEAU wrests it from him, and gazes on it.*)

MAR. Ah, villain, here is your name--"De Saubigne;" need I tell you mine?--I am Marteau, the Carpenter of Rouen! You must die!

DE S. Not without defence! I am De Saubigne. A soldier's weapon is in a soldier's hand.

MAR. It cannot save thee from my fury.

MUSIC. They fight. MARTEAU disarms the Duke, and stands over him.

DE S. Mercy, mercy!

MAR. Mercy--yes--my child?

DE S. Is safe.

MAR. I know it; but her mother!

DE S. Is safe in her husband's arms. How have I wronged thee?

MAR. Wronged me! to attempt the ruin of my child: that is the

wrong. Remember St. Bartholomew! How have you wronged the people? Ask the streets of France, that run with human blood—and thou a leader of the base and bloody hounds of slaughter, I am a Huguenot. To the people's cry you turn an ear of stone; the people's vengeance reaches you through me; the avenging arm is bare—the victim, here!

DE. S. Spare my life; I dare not die!

MAR. The gibbet is ready—brought here for me! Thy hour is come! Said I not right? My dream is out! No struggling! A murdered wife, one of the sinless victims of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, beckons the way! Blood for blood! Come!

MUSIC. *Exit, dragging DE SAUBIGNE, R.H.*

SCENE IV.—A Gallery.

MUSIC. *Enter MAGISTRATE, L.H.—the CONFRIERIE, R.H. Red Fire.*

MAG. Not yet found! Disperse again through the galleries; the flames are raging still: spare all life---assist the inmates to escape. Here will I wait the coming of Marteau!

CONFRIERIE *exit R. and L. Shout heard.*

Enter MARTEAU, L.H.

MAG. Where is De Saubigne?

MUSIC. *Crash—the whole Scene at back falls, and discovers the Convent Yard, with Gibbet, upon which hangs a profile figure of DE SAUBIGNE as dead; Coffin at the foot.—General Tableau.*

MAR. Look there!

ANTOINE, MADELON, and the CONFRIERIE *rush on.*

MAG. Who has done this?

MAR. I—the avenger of a murdered wife—Marteau, the Carpenter of Rouen!

General Shout.—*Enter ANTOINE and MADELON—Red Fire—Alarms, &c.*

PICTURE AND CURTAIN.