

# MARIANNE

THE

## VIVANDIERE;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF TWENTY YEARS.

A Serious Drama,

IN THREE ACTS AND A PROLOGUE.

BY

L. PHILLIPS, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

"*The First of September*," "*Courier of Lyons*," "*The Two Dummies*," &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

## MARIANNE THE VIVANDIERE.

As performed at the Great National Standard Theatre, on Monday, 3rd of February, 1851.

### THE PROLOGUE—1797.

SERJEANT BERTRAND .....	Mr. LYON.
VICTOR ( <i>his Son, aged 3 years</i> ) .....	Miss HERBERT.
BELAVOINE .....	Mr. G. LYON.
CHRISTOPHER NEPTOLEMY BONBŒUF ( <i>Drum Major</i> ) .....	Mr. COWLE.
THE TRAVELLER .....	Mr. R. HONNER.
FRITZ ( <i>a Carrier</i> ) .....	Mr. H. LEWIS.
FRANÇOISE .....	Mr. LOOME.

Austrians, French Troops, *Domestics, &c.*

MARIANNE DUVAL ( <i>Vivandiere of the 32nd</i> ) .....	Mrs. R. HONNER.
MADAME BLUMM ( <i>the Hostess of "The Black Eagle"</i> ) .....	Mrs. GEORGE GALE.

French Peasants..... Misses PEARSON, BROCKS, and TERRY.

### A Lapse of 20 Years between the Prologue and the Drama—1817.

GENERAL ST. ANDRE ( <i>blinded by an explosion</i> ) .....	Mr. LYON.
VICTOR ( <i>his son, aged 20</i> ) .....	Mr. JOSEPH RAYNER.
VISCOUNT GASTON DE MONTCLAR ( <i>a young Courter</i> ) .....	Mr. J. LICKFOLD.
EDGAR DE BUSSIERES ( <i>a young Physician</i> ) .....	Mr. GEORGE NELSON.
BONBŒUF ( <i>Confidential Servant to the General</i> ) .....	Mr. COWLE.
COUNT DE TOURVILLE ( <i>a rich Financier</i> ) .....	Mr. R. HONNER.
BELAVOINE ( <i>an Invalid</i> ) .....	Mr. HERBERT.
HELENE ( <i>Countess St. André</i> ) .....	Mrs. COWLE.
MARIANNE ( <i>the Prisoner of 20 years</i> ) .....	Mrs. R. HONNER.

X6370525

Programme of Scenery and Incidents.

**PROLOGUE—1797.**

**SCENE I.—WOODY COUNTRY AND RUSTIC BRIDGE  
UPON THE AUSTRIAN FRONTIER.**

Encampment of the French Battalion—The Battle!

**SCENE II.—INTERIOR OF THE INN OF THE “BLACK EAGLE.”**

The Wounded Vivandiere—The Hidden Treasure.

**THE DRAMA—1817.**

**ACT I.—Court Yard and Garden of the Mansion of General Bertrand St. Andre.**

The Glove—The Blind Man's Bride—The Prisoner of Twenty Years.

**BEAUTIFUL ORNAMENTAL GARDENS AND SHRUBBERIES,  
BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED FOR THE FETE WITH VARIEGATED LAMPS.**

**ACTS II. & III.—*Qui démonte l'empereur démonte l'Allion.***

The Fatal Letter—The Intrigue—The Duel—Brand of Crime—The Poison—Expiation—Development of  
**THE MYSTERY OF TWENTY YEARS!**

*This Drama is the property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.*

## MARIANNE DUVAL.

---

### ACT I.

**SCENE FIRST.—A Wood, Distant Country, and Bridge.** A small encampment of a Battalion on its march—a party bivouacked at a fire—arms piled at back

BONBŒUF, BELAVOINE, and SOLDIERS in front.

BELAVOINE. Well, our drum-major is a very Cupid—a cormorant amongst the petticoats!

BONBŒUF. I never failed—I have my eye upon your vivandiere! I'm glad I found your regiment for her sake!

OMNES (*laugh*) Marianne!

BON. The same—she's the only female I ever fancied for a wife!

BELA. Indeed, I have already formed the same opinion!

BON. Then, egad, I shall go and propose to her.

BELA. You must first cross swords with me.

BON. A rival—well—I shall give you a dose of my *physique*—The first hit to decide—Prepare—I never make but one cut at a man of your age! Comrades prepare to stick him together, for he'll be clean in halves in the twinkling of a star! (*they prepare to fight*)

*Enter BERTRAND, R.—he has his knapsack on back and his gun on his arm—he places himself between the combatants, resting his gun on the earth.*

BERTRAND. Ah, what's this? what game are you playing here upon the German river of the Rhine? What?—fighting for the Emperor of Austria—cutting each other's throats; wait half an hour, the enemy will save you that trouble. What's this all about?

BON. } A woman!  
BELA. }

BERT. What, both love the same—

BON. Struck by the same beauty, serjeant. I am naturally of an amorous and inflammable disposition. I had heard of the

beauty of the vivandiere of the 32nd! I saw her a Venus! I swore to become her Mars! I joined your regiment, a willing sacrifice, and now I claim her as my right!

BERT. In two words, then, she's mine!

BOTH. Yours!

BERT. Yes, she's the mother of my child. Marianne was an orphan, she was brought up by her uncle, the curate of our village church, where I was a little innocent singing boy.

BON. A chanting cherubum! (*OMNES laugh*)

BERT. Listen, comrades! A decree of the Convention caused this good curate to be imprisoned; and on the night previous to his execution, nobly refusing to renounce his faith, he sent for us, my age then being twenty. "My boy," said the good old man, placing Marianne's hand in mine, "she will have no one in the world but thee to protect her. Watch incessantly over her; but promise me that, until matrimony becomes once more a sacred tie in France, you will not think of marriage. Gratify this, my last wish, and I shall die happy." I swore to obey him. We left him then for ever. A few days afterwards the banners of our country were unfurled. It was impossible to watch over Marianne and face the enemy. I knew well my country demanded my presence, and yet I knew not how to leave her. In this perplexity it was her angel voice whispered in my ears, "Courage, Bertrand, we will go together. I have strength to follow you, and heart to die with you!"—and since then, fatigue, privations, dangers, she has shared with me without regret—without a murmur!

BON. Noble girl!

BERT. We left our homes, she called me her brother; but love took possession of our hearts—the church was still closed against us—we joined our hands in the eye of heaven, and pledged our mutual faith to be ratified at the altar when circumstances would permit. Three years since, my boy was born; and now I demand for her that which she merits—respect, friendship, and protection! (*MARIANNE sings without, R.*) Ah! 'tis her voice!

BON. It warms one's heart to hear it. Comrades, I propose to receive the heroine with military honours.

(*the SOLDIERS fall in—salute her as she enters*)

*Enter MARIANNE, leading her CHILD over the bridge, R. to L.*

OMNES. Long live the Vivandiere of the 32nd!

MARIAN. (*salutes*) The Vivandiere returns the salute of her brave comrades!—

BON. My stars! she's a splendid creature; the fire of her eyes would boil a camp kettle!

MARIAN. Thanks, comrades, for your gallant reception—but it is not according to military discipline.

BON. Strictly—not. But soldiers, in regard to your sex, are not over particular as to rules. (*bowing*)

MARIAN. In return for your kindness, I invite you to *drink* to the glory of the Army of the Sambre and the Meuse!

(*OMNES drink*)

BON. That woman's eyes will blow up a powder magazine—cause some dreadful devastation.

BERT. Well, and what am I to have?

MARIAN. Here is your share. (*she brings the child from the carriole and places it in the arms of BERTRAND*)

BERT. (*kissing it eagerly and placing it on his knee*) Behold a grenadier in embryo!

BON. Your health, my little bantam Bombadier.

(*ALL drink—salute—the CHILD returns it*)

BERT. (*patting his cheek*) No, this child can never be the son of a simple serjeant.

MARIAN. What is that you say?

BON. Pardon me, if you please, if I interfere in your domestic arrangements; but you must marry.

MARIAN. But the promise made to my uncle—

BON. Shall be respected. A drumhead marriage has always been sacred. Here is the altar, and I will officiate. Marianne Duval, I have the honour to demand your hand for the brave Serjeant Bertrand; I promise you he will make a good husband.

(*MARIANNE giving her hand to BERTRAND, half smiling; it is accepted—he joins their hands over the drum—a cannonading is heard without*)

MARIAN. Listen! 'tis the sound of cannon.

BON. 'Tis in honour of the wedding—quite *apropos*. In the name of the Republic, and strictly in accordance with the rules of the regiment, I, Nepotolemy Christopher Bonboeuf, proclaim you man and wife, by land and sea, on earth, in air or water. Bless you, my children! (*he beats a solemn roll on the drum—the flag is waved over their heads—the ceremony is concluded—a discharge of musketry without*) And now the ball commences.

BERT. Comrades, the enemy have surprised our posts, and are upon us—fall in, and follow me!

MARIAN. Bertrand!—

BERT. To your care I entrust our boy. Comrades, march!

*Exeunt over bridge, L. to R.*

MARIAN. The enemy advance! Heaven shield thee, Bertrand! Brave heart—he nobly leads them on! Ha! they are beaten back—they approach this spot!—my child! Hah! the wood—the wood! (*she takes the child in her arms, is about to fly—a discharge of musketry and cannon—she falls wounded*)

Ah, I'm struck ! Bertrand, my child !—who will save him ?—fly, boy, fly, and conceal yourself ! The bridge ! I'll follow thee—fear not ! (*she falls senseless—the CHILD crosses the bridge to R.*)

*Enter BONBŒUF over bridge—he sees the CHILD—he has a drum slung at his back ; with his sabre he cuts the top out, and places the CHILD in the drum—at that moment an AUSTRIAN SOLDIER from R. attacks him—BONBŒUF kills him, kicks him over bridge—and exits, R.—cannonading and musketry increase.*  
*Enter FRITZ in consternation, with several VILLAGERS, over bridge, R.*

FRITZ. To the next outposts, and we are safe ! (*perceiving MARIANNE*) What's this—a woman ?—wounded—help, comrades, we must not leave her here to perish.

*They carry her off, L.*

*Enter BERTRAND, R., at the head of the FRENCH PARTY.*

BERT. They fly, they fly ! Victory !—victory ! But my wife, my child ! Marianne, Marianne ! Not here ! Heaven guard her and my boy !

*Enter BONBŒUF, R., over bridge.*

BON. Here he is, all safe and sound. (*takes him from the drum*) Have courage, man, Marianne was wounded—

BERT. Mercy, she is a prisoner ! (*clasps his hands, kneels, and embraces his CHILD—Tableau.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A Chamber at an Inn. A bedstead with curtains in an alcove, R.—a door, R. C.—a practicable window, L. C.—a fire place, L. 1 E.*

*Enter MADAME MULLER carrying a lamp, which she places on a small table, R. Enter a TRAVELLER, at door, R.*

TRAVELLER. (*in a low voice*) Madame, are you alone ?

MAD. M. Yes.

TRAV. Your patient ?—

MAD. M. Sleeps—pray enter.—

TRAV. My good dame, I have to thank you for the hospitality you have shown me. It shall not be long before I give you a proof of my gratitude ; the road is now free, I will depart to night, but I require the passport which you have promised to procure me.

MAD. M. The Burgomaster lives close by ; I will go to his house. During my absence, may I ask you to remain here ?

TRAV. With all my heart.

MAD. M. I will not lose a minute.

*Exit.*

TRAV. The worthy dame would not be so ready to aid my escape, did she but know me. She believes she is sheltering an illustrious Royalist—alas! I am a poor Fournisseur. The Republic were not satisfied with my accounts, and I believe my mode of addition was not in accordance with their system—by a miracle I escaped, crossed the frontier, and, if I could have secured my pocket-book, I could have carried out a grand enterprise—with a few thousand florins, I now could become a millionaire. But, where to find them?

*Enter FRITZ, R. D.*

FRITZ. Can I come in?

TRAV. Without doubt. Make no noise,

FRITZ. Quiet as a cat at a mouse hole—I'll walk on my toes, and speak in a pig's whisper—how's the poor creature?

TRAV. Better, I believe.

FRITZ. Yesterday, she had another historical fit—she did go on so—crying and screaming—she didn't know me from the frying-pan, although, I brought her from Wimpfern fifteen days ago.

MARIAN. Bertrand; Bertrand! save us! save our child!

FRITZ. She's waking up. I hope she won't go on as she did yesterday. She almost turned me topsy-turvy. (*he opens curtains*)

MARIANNE. (*rising in bed, and looking wildly around*) Where am I?—who art thou?

FRITZ. You're at Sielsberg, and I am Fritz. (*aside*) I hope she's not going to have any fits; her head's turned quite the wrong way, bless you—a lunatic-maniac.

TRAV. (*takes lamp and MARIANNE's hand*) The fever has left her—she is feeble—and seems endeavouring to collect her thoughts!

MARIAN. Bertrand—Victor! where are they!

FRITZ. (*to MARIANNE*) Look at me a little! don't you remember seeing me somewhere before?

MARIAN. I cannot tell—I cannot! (*she attempts to rise*)

FITZ. Now, don't, don't fatigue yourself; never mind me—I'm a married man—father of a family and the best lot of geese and pigs in the village! I've brought you one—I'll tell her her history; for I don't believe she remembers anything. She was a downright idiot yesterday. Do you know it's fifteen days since I picked you up at the battle of Wimpfein?

MARIAN. Wimpfein!—battle! (*wildly*)

FITZ. I was feeding the pigs, when all of a sudden I was scared by cannons and guns, and I know not what—the enemy

were coming—we ran for our lives—and, in crossing the bridge, I saw you on the ground; the neighbours assisted me, and we brought you here to the Black Eagle, Madame Muller sent for the doctor, who found you'd been shot in the shoulder. Your wound was not dangerous, but your fever made you maddish—rumbustical; you listened but you couldn't hear, you looked but you couldn't see, and that's the latter end of your history!

MARIAN. (*rising*) There is a cloud before me—I cannot remember—have my senses left me?

FRITZ. Altogether! but there's nothing now but weakness.  
(*he leads her to the fireplace—the TRAVELLER assists*)

TRAV. Calm yourself, good woman, the fever has left you.

MARIAN. I seem bewildered. I have no knowledge of you. I have some recollection of a good dame who came and sat beside my bed, who consoled me by her kind attentions.

FRITZ. Dame Muller—she has never left you.

MARIAN. Why has she left me? the last time I saw her she was kneeling in the middle of the chamber. (*she advances—the TRAVELLER leads her*)

FRITZ. Praying for you, perhaps. (*he goes up to fireplace, pokes the fire*)

MARIAN. She did not pray, but she counted gold from a bag, and took up a plank somewhere hereabout. Oh, I am cold, and my shoulder throbs with pain.

FRITZ. Come here, then! (*he takes her to the fire*)

TRAV. Gold—umph!—this plank? (*aside—looks about*) here-about?

FRITZ. Ah! that bullet wound in your shoulder, you should keep it wrapped up and rubbed with friction and with yellow bumsillycum.

MARIAN. Yes, I now remember. I was shot when the Austrians attacked us.

TRAV. This board is loose. I must examine more closely. (*aside, observing the plank*)

MARIAN. Yes, it was there I left my husband—my child—my Victor! I was flying with him in my arms when I fell, wounded. Where is he? You did not save the mother without her child?

FRITZ. I might have saved both, but you were all alone by yourself.

MARIAN. Alone!—impossible! Oh, why did I not die? Oh, memory! Ah! I told him to fly to the wood, and wait for me!—he will wait—he is there—he will stay till I come.

FRITZ. If he's waited fifteen days in that wood, he must be very hungry by this time. The wolves have swallowed him long ago.

MARIAN. Then he has perished! Oh, there is a hope!

Providence succours the innocent. I will fly—oh! (*sinks into chair*)

FRITZ. Talking about flying when you're shot in the wing.

*Enter MADAME MULLER, door, with passport.*

MAD. M. There is your passport, sir.

TRAV. Thanks, my good hostess.

MAD. M. The Austrians have retreated; the French are in the village of Kerbach, thirty leagues from here—

MARIAN. At Kerbach! thirty leagues!

FRITZ. Yes, they were, but the village has been attacked, and burned by the enemy yesterday—

MARIAN. Burned!

TRAV. I have a clear road. (*aside*) I must examine that plank before I leave.

MAD. M. To-morrow we shall hear more news—

MARIAN. To-morrow! I cannot wait a-day—another hour—I will go—

FRITZ. Impossible!

MARIAN. You will have pity on a dying woman—on a despairing mother—you will convey me to Kerbach?

FRITZ. Yes, and if I should lose my horse and cart, and risk being shot or taken prisoner? I wouldn't run the hazard for fifty florins, money down, nor double; besides, he's safe, Providence takes care of little birds and little children.

*Exit, door.*

MARIAN. And I have not a florin! Oh, madame, for a little gold that man would take me to Kerbach, where my child may be weeping for his lost mother—for a little gold I would give the last drop in my veins. You have saved my life—if I lose my Bertrand and my child, that life is valueless. Oh, let me have a little gold, and I engage my honour, and that of my husband, to return it—I swear, madam, by the memory of my mother, by the honour of a soldier, by the soul of my child, to repay you. (*on her knees*)

MAD. M. Poor soul, she raves—she must not go, she would die on the road—I know not what excuse to make. (*aside*) My poor young creature, I have no money; the last piece of gold I paid away yesterday.

MARIAN. (*in despair, then calmly—looking at the plank*) Ah!

MAD. M. Why do you look so earnestly on that spot?

MARIAN. You have gold, madam—there!

MAD. M. (*aside*) The cunning of these mad folks! I thought she was fast asleep last night when I hid it there. Silence, for your life—that money is not mine, it was entrusted to my care by an old friend who was flying from prosecution and the

guillotine—I cannot touch that gold. You will not betray my secret?

MARIAN. Oh, nothing but despair! (*kneels hiding her face in her hands*)

*Re-enter FRITZ, door.*

FRITZ. Here I am again. There's your traveller waits you; and your blind mare's been kicking my old grey grizzle, and there's the devil to pay.

*Exit, door.*

MAD. M. Wait a moment—I'll be back directly.

*She follows.*

MARIAN. Wait! to die—no—I will depart this night—this instant—spite of cold, famine, fatigue, in the face of death! They say I am feeble, but heaven will give me strength. I am dying—but I am a mother. I yet shall live to save him.

*Exit, door.*

*Re-enter TRAVELLER, cautiously, through the window.*

TRAV. Alone—I am alone! (*he fastens L. D.*) Now for this hidden treasure! (*he removes a plank in centre of stage and raises money, as the curtain slowly falls*)

END OF PROLOGUE.

*A lapse of 20 years occurs here.*

## ACT I.—TIME 1817.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Garden. Grass plots, R.—a pavilion elevated, steps to ascend to it, L. 3 E.—a window of the hotel at the back, looking into the garden—beneath it, R. C., some large shrubs in pots, lying half broken and upset by something heavy having fallen from the window upon them—an elegant white glove lying on the top of the broken shrub—the park of Monceau seen over the wall. Morning.*

*Enter VICTOR, L., he examines the broken shrubs.*

VICTOR. What disorder! these branches are fresh broken—one would think there had been a hurricane last night!

*Enter BONBOEUF, R.*

BON. (*as he enters*) Be quiet, and mind the signal. Ah, Monsieur Victor—what! you are looking at the damage done by somebody's jumping from that window last night!

VICTOR. That is the chamber of my mother-in-law.

BON. Be calm, sir, the visit was not for her; it is a young gardener who is making love to Fanchette, my lady's maid. He got locked in, I suppose, and so jumped from the window—*(aside)*—so they say. I don't believe all I hear, and I don't like to see what I have seen. The Countess is young, pretty, and fond of flirting. If that cursed explosion at Eylau hadn't burnt the eyes of the general, she wouldn't have been a countess. No! Poor Marianne, she would have had that title, and for twenty years, although we've made all search, we cannot find or hear of her—Poor Marianne!

VICTOR. (*who has been observing the broken shrubs, picks up the glove—the window suddenly shuts—aside*) A white glove!—a man's—dropt by last night's visitor when he jumped from that window—a gardener's glove—no, no! I will find the owner; this mystery must be cleared up! Ah, Edgar! good morning, learned physician!

*Enter EDGAR, L.*

EDGAR. I saw you as I passed. I have been called in to a friend of yours, Gaston de Montclar, whom I meet here so often; he has met with an accident last night; he has strained his leg—a fall—he did not tell me how it occurred.

VICTOR. (*aside*) Last night! a fall! Excuse me, I will see him—I will see your sister—this evening!

EDGAR. Yes, my dear brother-in-law, for so you will be soon.

VICTOR. I shall know no happiness until the day arrives. Come! Now to find a clue to this glove affair!

*Exit EDGAR and VICTOR, R.*

BON. Now, then comrades, attention! the General comes!

*Enter GENERAL BERTRAND from pavilion, L. 3 E., he is now blind—BONBŒUF guides him down.*

BERT. Thanks, Bonbœuf!

*Enter BELAVOINE and several SOLDIERS, R.—they form a line—some are wounded as below described.*

OMNES. Long live General Bertrand!

BERT. What is this I hear?

BON. Your old and brave comrades of the 32nd, General, who remember that this is your birthday, and they wish you to receive them. We hope you will not refuse them this little satisfaction?

BERT. It will be a blind review, then! (*he goes to them one by one*) Ah! my comrade, Pierre, wounded at Wagram. Simon, decorated at Moskwa. (*touches the cross on SIMON's breast*) Etienne, who lent me his cloak to sleep in the snow! Ah! (*laughs*) Andre—mad-headed Andre, who saved my life at

Austerlitz, (*touches his forehead*) there is the wound you received for me. I do not forget you, my friends! I have but one regret—that I may not be gratified by seeing you. I have no light in my eyes; but there is a bright pure light in my heart that distinctly shows you to me!

BELA. Bravo, General!

BERT. Ha! I should know that voice—March! (BELAVOINE marches forward a few paces—he has a wooden leg) ah! I know! Halt! Belavoine, who lost his leg the day I gained my lieutenancy! Excuse me, comrades; his presence recalls to me the most glorious, yet the most unfortunate day of my life. On that day I gained my first epaulette, and lost—Marianne! (*weeps—then shakes hands with them all*) But come, we will not separate until you have made my cellar bleed—its best blood!

*Enter EDGAR, R., who motions to BONBOEUF that the GENERAL must not.*

BON. Pardon me, General, you are under the doctor's hands. No wine for you—your health before everything!

BERT. Ah! well then, you must take my place at table, and drink for me and yourself too!

BON. Your orders shall be strictly obeyed—the review is ended—the General is satisfied—you know the order of the day—March!

*They march off, R., saluting the GENERAL.*

BERT. Oh, good young doctor, are you there? My spirits led me away.

EDGAR. I came to know whether you will give my patient, the Baron de Tourville, a short interview to-day; he is a man, rich and most charitable?

BERT. I remember him before he obtained his title or riches; he was a contractor for the army under Napoleon, and obliged to fly his country. Under the new system he has been received, and made a nobleman—his faults are between himself and heaven. I will meet him.

EDGAR. And now I wish to speak of your son. Victor loves my sister, and yesterday formally solicited her hand.

BERT. Without consulting me? And the answer he received from your parents?

EDGAR. Now—is favorable—

BERT. Now?—

EDGAR. I will use no dissimulation, General. My family belong to the Ancient Regime; they are of noble birth, and have not much warmth towards those who have risen to rank under Napoleon.

BERT. Yet they have consented.

EDGAR. They accept the legitimate heir of General Bertrand and his first wife.

BERT. (*aside*) Could I have foreseen this! There is the obstacle that has destroyed all my hopes—the birth of Victor!

EDGAR. His mother—

BERT. Before heaven she was my wife—but the law will not recognize our union! Twenty years since I lost her—all search has proved fruitless—had she lived, she would have been my Countess! I have no more to say—adieu! my young friend, adieu!

*Sits in garden chair, R.—Exit EDGAR, L.*

*Re-enter BONBŒUF, R.*

BERT. Could I find Marianne, Victor would be happy.

BON. I'm glad the doctor's gone. (*about to shut the gate*)

*Enter MARIANNE, L.*

MARIAN. Your pardon—is this the house of General Bertrand?

BON. Yes.

MARIAN. I wish to see him.

BON. (*aside*) And my comrades are waiting for me. Do you wish to see the General, or anybody else?

MARIAN. Another person also.

BON. His wife?

MARIAN. (*surprised*) His wife!

BERT. (R.) Who is that?

BON. (*who looks in MARIANNE'S face*) Eh? That voice—face—figure!

MARIAN. (*with emotion*) Tell me, have I been deceived? The General who lives here, was he formerly Serjeant Bertrand of the 32nd Regiment?

BERT. (*rises, listening*) Oh! do I dream!

BON. Thunder and bombshells! I am *not* deceived; it is herself!

BERT. (*with the utmost emotion*) Marianne!

MARIAN. (*with grief*) Bertrand!

BERT. Yes; my heart recognises you—it is Marianne—it is, indeed, Marianne!

MARIAN. Bertrand, tell me that my son exists, and I will pardon all! (*going to him*)

BERT. Yes, he lives!

MARIAN. Thanks, kind heaven!

BERT. My treasure!—my love!—my pride!

MARIAN. Oh, this is too much happiness! (*she sits*)

BERT. (*takes her hand with tenderness*) Poor Marianne!

(*SOLDIERS sing, without, a martial air, R.*)

BON. (weeps) Ah, General! those companions of ours and yours. (kisses MARIANNE's hand) I must go and quiet them. Besides, after twenty years, you want to say a great deal to each other. Be quiet, rebels! *Its bertrand and mme. Exit, R.*

BERT. Marianne near me once again!—my well-beloved Marianne! *Its jules—bertrand et marie—mais bonjour*

MARIAN. Bertrand—pardon—I forgot—you are now no more to me than the General Count de St. André. *Its bertrand et marie—mais bonjour*

BERT. Mention not my titles, but speak to me, of—of—

MARIAN. Of my son, tell me, does he ever question you respecting his mother? His eyes were like mine. Bertrand, have you ever gazed on them, and thought of me?

BERT. You, Marianne, have not yet looked at mine.

MARIAN. (with a cry of pain) Blind!—blind!—oh!

BERN. Yes, at the battle of Eylau! From that moment the world has been shut from me—eternal night is now before me. But for that misfortune, believe me, I should never have consented to my marriage—but the Emperor would not have one of his companions in arms reduced to a life of isolation—it was he who made me marry.

MARIAN. Do not reproach yourself—such happiness was not for me—it is fate!

BERT. Could I have known you still existed—why did you leave me in ignorance?

MARIAN. I was far from here—far from France.

BERT. What became of you? I had not the slightest indication of even your existence for twenty years.

MARIAN. I could not help it—for twenty years I have wept—have suffered—I dare not tell you more!

BERT. Marianne, a dreadful fate has clung to you through life—

MARIAN. A dreadful fate, indeed! but all is now forgotten in this happy moment—speak to me of my son only, whom you have saved—oh, let me see him!

BERT. He will be here directly—on his return you will judge whether you have occupied my thoughts—for at this moment he is employed on a mission for you—

MARIAN. For me?

BERT. When Victor appears before you—

MARIAN. Oh, then, what happiness to press him to my heart!

BERT. Marianne, restrain the emotions of your heart—your maternal feelings must be kept in subjection, for here I am not at liberty to permit you to be known as the mother of my son. The countess has the legal right as mistress here—I must respect those rights—the difficulty of my position is great, and yours painful in the extreme.

MARIAN. Am I then, Bertrand, for ever to be a stranger to my son?

BERT. Oh, no—the secret shall be divulged to him alone—I request this of you for the sake of our repose—in pity for my misfortune. (*points to his eyes*)

*Enter VICTOR, L.*

MARIAN. A young man! Should it be!—

BERT. (*who has her hand in his*) You are agitated!

VICTOR. Well, my dear father—

MARIAN. (*aside to BERTRAM—greatly agitated*) Father!—it is my son?

BERT. (*aside to her*) Yes! silence, I entreat!

VICTOR. You are engaged—I will return directly (*going*)

BERT. No, stay—you can speak, there are no strangers here.

MARIAN. (*aside—weeping with joy*) Be still my heart—

BERT. (*aside*) Be calm awhile—you soon shall say to him "I am your mother." Last night I gave you a commission, boy?

VICTOR. I have seen the minister—

BERT. And the lost register of the regiment?—

VICTOR. Was not burnt. I have seen it, and made this extract from it—"On the 23rd Sept., 1797, in the village of Seilsberg in Prussia, Marianne Duval, Vivandiere of the 32nd Regiment was condemned to perpetual imprisonment for theft." (*gives BERTRAM the papers*)

MARIAN. (*aside*) Ah!

BERT. Condemned for theft!—she!—Marianne!—it is false! (*gate bell rings, L.*) Ah! a carriage—

VICTOR. It is my mother-in-law—

BERT. The Countess! Should she ask for me, return and let me know.

VICTOR. Yes, father. (*aside—going up steps of pavilion*) He seems greatly agitated about this Marianne Duval.

*Exit, L. 3 E.*

MARIAN. (*aside to BERTRAND*) Oh, may I not speak one word to him?

BERT. Marianne, you are innocent, and you can prove it, can you not?

MARIAN. (*after a pause of anguish and despair*) No!

BERT. Branded as a thief?—

MARIAN. (*pause*) Yes!

BERT. You are no longer subject to the law?—

MARIAN. For ever. Still there is one who could prove my innocence.

BERT. Ah!

MARIAN. Yes—that person who assisted me in escaping from my dungeon—that person must have known my innocence, or have been the malefactor for whom I have so long suffered.

BERT. Have you no suspicion of the person who obtained your liberty?

MARIAN. None! Some days since my prison doors were opened—a letter, by an unknown hand, was placed within mine, it contained these words—“Marianne Duval, you are free, but not pardoned—hasten to the frontier—change your name—use all discretion—the eye of the law is still upon you.” The letter bears no signature—at the bottom was written “Hasten to Paris, to the Sacristy of St. Eustace, and enquire for the Abbe Savinien.”

BERT. And you have been there?

MARIAN. No—for I had a prior claim upon my duties. I had a husband and a son—I left them on the battle field, surrounded by death. I hastened first to the village where I left them. I heard indistinct tidings, that my husband and child were saved, but could obtain no trace of either, more than this, that the Serjeant Bertrand of that day of victory was made a General by Napoleon. The Emperor dead (*she bows her head—the GENERAL takes off his cap*) I knew not what to think or do—I came to Paris—I find Serjeant Bertrand of the 32nd is the General Count de Saint André—

*The COUNTESS HELENE and VICTOR are seen in the Pavilion, L.*

HELENE. (*in pavilion*) Yes, my dear Victor, I have been to the Tuilleries—the king was in a most charming humour to-day.

BERT. It is the countess!

MARIAN. Must I then depart?

(COUNTESS and VICTOR descend pavilion steps)

A SERVANT (*announces in the pavilion*) “Monsieur Gaston de Montclar!”

*Enter GASTON through Pavilion—he kisses the hand of the COUNTESS—VICTOR observes him.*

VICTOR. (c.) Monsieur de Montclar, your accident was not very serious, I perceive?

GASTON. Ah, you have heard?

VICTOR. Yes, a fall—ah, pardon me, would you oblige me with the name of your glover?

HELENE. (*aside*) Heavens!

GASTON. Wenzel, the court glover. (VICTOR goes up stage)

HELENE. (*aside to GASTON*) I fear Victor has some sus-

picion—he must quit this house, and shortly. (*aloud*) You will excuse me, General, the fête occupies my attention.

*Exit with GASTON, R. 1 E.—VICTOR follows, watching them.*

BERT. Marianne, you must depart, Bonbœuf will attend you, and make every arrangement for your welfare, but be silent for a time.

MARIAN. You shall be obeyed, but do not again banish me from your sight.

BONBŒUF enters, R. 1 E. BERTRAND whispers him—BONBŒUF returns to MARIANNE instantly, and takes her off, L. 1 E.  
*Re-enter VICTOR, R.*

VICTOR. My father, the countess is waiting for you.

BERT. Give me your arm. (*aside*) Poor Marianne!

*Exeunt, R. 1 E.*

SCENE SECOND.—*A view of a Terrace—(1st grooves).*

*Enter BONBŒUF, L.*

BON. Here's a rumpus! The countess has turned even the General and myself out of our quarters—she's flaring up in terrific style!—a regular illumination!

*Enter BERTRAND, R.*

BERT. Bonbœuf! Are we alone?

BON. Yes, quite, General.

BERT. The countess, in consequence of the advice of my physician, has excused, to our friends, my absence from this fête. We must see Marianne again, and instantly.

BON. (*aside*) Ha! but she may not be at home. I know she's not, for she is still here, and already one of the establishment.

BERT. We can wait, or go to the church of Saint Eustache. I would see a confessor there.

BON. What are you going to confess, General? If you confess everything, it would take a long time—to—

BERT. I would speak with the Abbe de Savinien. I must have justice for the innocent—if I cannot obtain it there I will at the foot of the throne. Order my carriage.

*Enter HELENE, R.*

HELENE. Going out? Remember the fête—besides, you must be present; it is an occasion when your son may profit by introductions of importance, that may assist him in his advancement in life—the first of the nobility will be present. Countermand the carriage, Bonbœuf.

BON. (*aside*) As I haven't ordered it, that's soon done.

*Exit BONBOEUF, L.*

HELENE. Our fête to-day will be a great event with your son. Should you not wish to see him following your successful steps in seeking a name in the world?

BERT. Having gained my name and title by fighting against our present Government, I have nothing to demand of them either for myself or son.

HELENE. But I have solicited some favours at Court, and have obtained them.

BERT. You!—in my name?

HELENE. No! in my own. A daughter of a royalist nobleman has used her credit to obtain the recognition at Court of a General of the Empire. I have obtained for Victor an appointment at the Russian Court.

BERT. I will not permit my son to accept of any appointment from the present Government; besides, he is my only child—I cannot part with him.

HELENE. (*aside, with anger*) He shall go!—he suspects—and I fear him. (*aloud*) This evening your presence for a short time will render me so happy. You will wear all your crosses and decorations of honour.

BERT. What vanity! No—no!

HELENE. Oh! not oblige me in so small a request? I am so proud of those distinctions. You must wear them to-night. (*coaxingly*)

BERT. Well, well! if you please.

HELENE. Mind,—*all!*—and the last new cross especially.

BERT. The new one?

HELENE. That of St. Louis.

BERT. I have it not.

HELENE. This morning's gazette announced that you were yesterday made a chevalier of the order of St. Louis. This moment when I came to you his majesty's page brought the decoration—and you have a greater right to wear it than many who have the honour. I will send it to you by the new maid Marie, whom Bonboeuf recommended to me.

BERT. Bonboeuf recommended!—

HELENE. The widow of one of his comrades, whom he just now introduced to me; and I have engaged her. She is intelligent, and agreeable. Adieu! mind, *all* your decorations.

*Enter EDGAR and TOURVILLE, who hesitates, L.*

BERT. Who is there?

HELENE. Edgar and his patient, whom he wishes to introduce to you, the Baron de Tourville.

BERT. Ah! the Government contractor!—umph!

HELENE. Edgar, I shall see you and your friend this evening at my little fête?

TOUR. (L.) A thousand thanks, Madame, but the state of my health will not permit me to mingle with society. I would exchange a few words with the General, and depart.

HELENE. Good day, count. Edgar, your arm. I want to show you my preparations. *Exeunt HELENE and EDGAR, R.*

BERT. Monsieur Tourville—Count de Tourville I should say. (*ironically*)

TOUR. (*in a canting tone*) I have a favour to ask of you.

BERT. Favour?

TOUR. I wish to purchase of you a small farm at Chavenay.

BERT. Another war coming. You rich contractors buy up all lands in time. Ah! your bad provisions thinned our armies quicker than our enemies—but, proceed.

TOUR. I wish to carry out a pious work I had commenced, for which I require the farm. A committee is formed at my house—the good fathers of Saint Eustache.

BERT. Saint Eustache! Do you know the Abbe Savinien?

TOUR. My esteemed friend, and head of our society.

*Enter MARIANNE, R., with the cross of St. Louis.*

BERT. I have a secret message—

TOUR. Some one is here—a female!

BERT. Ah! the countess's maid. If you would oblige me by naming to the Abbe that I wish to speak to him.

TOUR. Certainly, General.—(*aside*) What secret business can he have with Savinien?—Adieu, General—ah! (*recognizes her*)—that woman!—'tis she! She here!—I comprehend—the General knows all. One word from her, and I am lost!

*Exit hastily, L.*

BERT. The Baron's gone. Approach, Marie! so you are named, I believe?

MARIAN. (*in an under voice*) Yes, sir.

BERT. You are a widow of one of my brave comrades?

MARIAN. Yes, sir.

BERT. Honour to his memory! (*takes off his cap*) You bring me a cross from my wife?

MARIAN. 'Tis here. (*gives it trembling*)

BERT. Am I to carry the decoration in my hand? I cannot see. Will you place it on my breast? Come nearer; you seem to fear me.

MARIAN. Oh, no! (*she places it on his breast*)

BERT. Your hand trembles—this is strange! (*he takes her other hand—she endeavours to disengage herself*) Ah, I am not deceived—Marianne!

MARIAN. Be silent, Bertrand, should any one hear—

BERT. This is most imprudent!

MARIAN. Not so. I have kept my secret—I have never quitted the chateau—I must be near my son and you—he spoke to me and my look was calm—I answered him without emotion.

BERT. I doubt not your courage, but I cannot permit you to remain here in a servile situation.

MARIAN. What matters the title that I bear, so that I am near my son.

BERT. Noble heart—a day will come when this will be told our boy.

MARIAN. He will never know me to be his mother while I live.

BERT. The Abbe Savinien?—

MARIAN. I have seen him. He knew of my escape—he was instructed by an unknown person, who knew my innocence, to offer me an asylum for life, far from France. I asked him to give me some testimony of that innocence—he could not—I refused his offer—

BERT. Some one approaches—

MARIAN. Do not fear for me, I am here no more than the widow of a brave soldier.

*Enter VICTOR and EDGAR, R.*

EDGAR. I have news for you, General—ah, when we are alone. (*observes MARIANNE arranging flowers*)

VICTOR. Oh, Marie!—you can speak—the widow of an old friend of the General's.

BERT. Speak, she is no stranger.

EDGAR. My aristocratic parents have consented to your son's marriage, and the day will be fixed when the General has completed the last little formality, the register of the death of your mother, which the notary requires. (*BERTRAND, VICTOR, and MARIANNE are all emotion at this.*)

BERT. (*aside*) And she has heard him speak those fatal words.

*Enter BONBŒUF, L.*

BON. General—your father-in-law, the Marquis de Beau-ferrand, has arrived. (*whispers*) He don't want to see any, he says, but you. He looks as pale as a raw recruit at the first sound of a cannon, and trembles as if he had the ague.

"Tell the General," says he, "I would speak to him on the instant." I said, I'd fetch you in less time.

BERT. I will see you again, Edgar. (*aside to BONBŒUF*) Marianne weeps, does she not?

BON. No, General; she is standing fixed as our statue in the back garden.

BERT. What courage! Poor Marianne!

*He is lead off by BONBŒUF, L.*

EDGAR. You were too young, then, to remember your mother?

VICTOR. I was. I have felt the loss of her. Whenever I have heard my father speak of her, I have felt an emotion I could not suppress, I would see her—love her—have her blessing.

MARIAN. (*aside*) He regrets my loss. I am here and dare not say aloud—My son, I love you, I bless you!

VICTOR. Without Clotilde, I value not life. Edgar, a word with you. (*they retire, C.*)

MARIAN. (*aside*) At the price of my life, you shall be happy.

*Exit, L.*

*Enter HELENE, R.*

HELENE. I would speak with you, Victor. All the persons I have invited to my ball, of which of you have a list, are all present but one—that one, I fancy you must have forgotton.

VICTOR. The person I myself scratched from your list—Viscomte Gaston de Montclar—

HELENE. And by what right?

VICTOR. I did not wish to meet him here in the house of my father, madame, and so I destroyed the note of invitation.

HELENE. I regret you should have been so uselessly employed.

*Exeunt HELENE, R., VICTOR and EDGAR, L.*

SCENE THIRD.—*The Gardens beautifully illuminated—VISITORS dancing—after a few moments*

*Enter BERTRAND, HELENE, and VICTOR, R., when*

SERVANT (*announces from L. U. E.*) "The Viscomte Monclar!"

*Enter GASTON, L. U. E., HELENE joins him, L. C.*

VICTOR. (R., *aside*) Dares he come here?

BERT. (*to himself*) The marquis is more calm. I will repair his faults, but his honour I cannot restore.

HELENE. (*aside to GASTON*) Victor and myself have declared war—be on your guard—he knows all. General, my dear General! (*she introduces him to BERTRAND—they converse*)

VICTOR. (*aside*) The treachery of that woman—the audacity

of her lover, shall not remain unpunished. I cannot denounce them to my father—but I will avenge him !

BERT. I feel flattered by the distinction that the king has accorded me, still I feel I have done little to merit the felicitations with which you overpower me.

GASTON. For you, General, it was but justice—for me, without doubt, it was a favour—but we are equal, and the only thing that renders the gift agreeable to me is that I partake of the honour with you.

BERT. (c.) With me ?

HELENE. (l. c.) Yes, General—the Viscomte's name appears this morning with yours in the promotion.

VICTOR. (r., aside) Ah, thanks, Gaston de Montclar, you have given me the pretext that I sought. (aloud) It appears, the Viscomte de Montclar is a chevalier as well as yourself, General—he is twenty-five—you, double that age—a piece of ribbon decides the difference—he is a chevalier as well as you—you gain your promotion by long service, courage, and successes in battle—the Viscomte gains his by his success with the ladies—but his conquests are valued as highly as yours—for he is a chevalier as well as you.

BERT. Victor !

GASTON. (l.) Monsieur, such an insult !—

VICTOR. You gave the first insult to my father, there—how dared you say to that illustrious veteran, "We are equals?"—he obtained his honours by merit—you by intrigue !

HELENE. General, pray put an end to this scene of scandal.

BERT. Victor, I command your silence ! My friends, leave me for a few minutes with these youths—the feelings of the insulted shall be respected, and an apology rendered. (HELENE and GUESTS retire, R. and L.) Victor, you have unworthily, and without motive, attacked the Viscomte de Montclar—I order you to demand his pardon !

VICTOR. (goes over, and aside to GASTON) Monsieur de Montclar—you have basely betrayed and dishonoured that brave man—I order you to kneel to him—

GASTON. (with stupor) I !

BERT. The repentance that I cannot read in your eyes, I would hear in your voice.

VICTOR. (aside to GASTON) He cannot see you—would to heaven he could !

GASTON. (in a stifled voice) This violence !

*Re-enter HELENE, R. U. E., listening—MARIANNE, L. U. E.*

VICTOR. (aside to him) Obey ! (points to HELENE) or I will divulge all !

BERT. Victor, you hesitate—I wait !

VICTOR. Kneel! (*aside to GASTON, who reluctantly kneels, L. C.*) The culprit kneels to you, father—he avows that he has mistaken his duty to your house—that he has forgotten the respect due to you.

BERT. (R. C.) Victor, 'tis well—you have acted justly—the past is forgotten—accept the hand of my son.

GASTON. (*in a low voice to VICTOR, and holding his hand, L. C.,*) I am quits with your father, sir——

VICTOR. (*the same, C.*) To-morrow, I will be quits with you.

During this, HELENE and MARIANNE have watched with intense emotion, at back—Tableau.

END OF ACT FIRST.

---

## ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Saloon. A fireplace with mantel-piecee, R. doors R. 2 E. and L. U. E.*

HELENE seated near a window—candles burned out—she looks at a clock on the mantel-piece.

HELENE. Marie returns not—three hours of agony! Oh, Gaston! did you know my sufferings, you would pity me! The letter I sent by Marie to him was blotted with my tears; for Gaston's life is my life! To prevent this duel I have forgotten all else! Should he survive I will fly with him; he is all the world to me! Ah! a footstep on the private staircase—'tis he—'tis Marie! One word!

*Enter MARIANNE, L. U. E.*

Does he live? Is he wounded?

MARIAN. No, madame! Monsieur Victor is saved!

HELENE. I spoke to you of Monsieur de Montclar. Have you seen him? Have you given him my letter?

MARIAN. He was refused to me. I then urged his valet to admit me in your name—it acted as a talisman. I was introduced—delivered your letter. With greedy eye he devoured its contents, he turned pale, his breast seemed oppressed. "I cannot write a reply; but tell your mistress that she shall be obeyed—that Victor will be in no danger from me." At this news, which relieved my heart, I hastened back without a moment's pause.

HELENE. I thank you for your zeal—for the son of your husband's comrade; but they must not know of this mission

you have performed. I alone am indebted to you for that service.

MARIAN. The day advances; will you not seek repose?

HELENE. Repose!

MARIAN. The Count is an early riser; he will pass through this room to the garden.

HELENE. True—he must not find me here. My husband! (aside) When I think, I tremble at what I've done. *Exit, R.*

MARIAN. I know all! Bertrand, your noble lady has betrayed your honour. It was to the house of the lover of this woman I went this morning. I was humiliated before him—of what importance was that to me, since by so doing I have saved my child!

*Enter VICTOR, R., and BONBŒUF, L. U. E., rapidly.*

VICTOR. (*impatiently*) Well, you have seen him—Monsieur de Montclar?

BON. (*aside*) Caution, we are not alone.

VICTOR. Ah, Marie, you are an early riser!

MARIAN. Yes, Monsieur Victor—you also! Are you going out?

VICTOR. Marie, I have left my watch on the table; will you get it for me?

MARIAN. Directly. (*aside to BONBŒUF*) If it is for Monsieur de Montclar he is waiting, he will not come. *Exit, R.*

BON. (*aside*) Poor Marianne! to find her son, when perhaps—Oh, no! Providence will protect him!

VICTOR. You can speak now—Monsieur de Montclar?

BON. I have just left him. When I gave him your message that you were at his disposal, he looked as if he had a sudden spasmodic affection—he fidgetted about, till he gave me the fidgets too—when suddenly he seemed to have thought of something, he exclaimed—"The north gate of the wood—eight o'clock—swords!" I saluted, and hastened back to you.

VICTOR. Oh, my father! you shall be avenged! Thanks, Bonbœuf! (*takes his hand*) Your hand trembles!

BON. At this moment I should like to place him before the mouth of a cannon and blow him to blazes.

VICTOR. You forget that my hand can grasp a sword—that my father's wrongs are an outrage to me!

BON. He's not worthy your sword! I should like to have him here, the window open, to give him one thundering good kick, and send him flying out of it.

VICTOR. Wait for me in the grove; we can leave by the gate of which you have the key.

BON. There's one thing, yet; have you shaken hands with your father? Oh, if he only had a notion!

VICTOR. I have seen him, and in bidding him adieu, perhaps, for the last time—the tears started from my eyes. Alas! he could not see them! Ah, some one comes! Marie, no doubt.

BON. Keep all from her—she has the eye of an eagle! I leave you! You will find me in the grove—a window four stories high—only, one kick!

*Exit, L. U. E.*

*Enter MARIANNE, R., with a watch—she gives it to VICTOR.*

VICTOR. Many thanks for all the kindnesses you have done for me. I wish to acknowledge them before I leave here today, for I may never see you more!

MARIAN. (*troubled*) Heaven!

VICTOR. The minister of war has given me a mission to a foreign court, with an order for my instant departure.

MARIAN. (*aside*) I breathe again; and your marriage?

VICTOR. In serving my country I shall better deserve the love of Clotilde. I regret leaving my friends—my father—and you—for you watched and tended me with the care of a mother. The whole night through, you slept not—sleepless myself I well observed you; you prayed for me—you also prayed for your son.

MARIAN. (*hesitates*) Yes—whom I have lost!

VICTOR. Is he dead?

MARIAN. Thank providence, he exists! He is handsome, brave, but he is far, far from here, and may, perhaps—My child was of your age, and not unlike you; and when I gaze upon your face, I could almost imagine you were my own!

VICTOR. Good Marie, my father spoke of you so kindly this morning; he told me if I respected him I must respect you; if I loved him I must love you! Farewell! should I be compelled to leave Paris, promise me, that during my absence you will not leave my father! Accept this—it is my portrait. The Countess is coming this way. Adieu, Marie, adieu!

*Exit hastily, L. U. E.*

*Enter HELENE, R.*

MARIAN. (*weeps*) Again I shall lose him—he leaves me at the moment when I vainly hoped we never more should part!

HELENE. (*aside*) It is done! I will keep my promise to Gaston; in an hour I will quit Paris never to return. I have written to my father, to the General, but before they receive those letters I shall be beyond pursuit. Marie!

MARIAN. Madame!

HELENE. (*aside*) I can trust this woman. (*aloud*) This morning you accompanied me to my jeweller's. A serious affair obliges me to sell my diamonds.

MARIAN. You, my lady?

HELENE. Foreseeing what would happen, I asked the jeweller what was the amount he valued the jewels contained in this box. "To me they are worth 50,000 francs; and when my lady wishes to dispose of them, I will place that sum at her disposal." Marie, take this case, haste to Monsieur Bapot, give him this note, and bring back the sum which he will give you. Mention not this to a single soul. Go, Marie! (MARIANNE hesitates) Go—I wish it!

*During this last part the GENERAL enters, L. U. E. without being heard—he stops and listens; and MARIANNE meets him on her going off.*

BERT. Marie—

HELENE. (*aside*) The General!

BERT. Marie, take that jewel case into the apartment of the countess. Marie, do as I desire you! *Exit MARIANNE, R. 1 E.*

BERT. Where would you send Marie?

HELENE. (*aside*) He has listened.

BERT. You would wish to sell your diamonds; is that not so?

HELENE. Sir!

BERT. (*with mildness*) I know everything—

HELENE. (*hiding her face with her hands*) Ah!—

BERT. You would have had for your jewels only 60,000 francs; that would not have been sufficient. It is 200,000 francs which your father owes.

HELENE. (*aside*) My father!

BERT. I had hoped that, faithful to his word, which he gave me, Beauferrand would have been silent. I wished to have spared you even one moment's uneasiness or grief. For this reason, I had conceded the visit which he made me. "I am lost!" said he to me, with tears in his eyes—

HELENE. (*aside*) Lost!

BERT. "I have unhappily staked more than I possessed. A throw at dice has made me a debtor in a sum which I cannot pay. This debt I know cannot be recovered—no written vouchers—but there is my word—not to pay would be dishonor." I thanked him for his confidence in me. For the first time I have prayed to heaven that in depriving me of sight I was prevented from beholding the face of this old man. "Your debt shall be paid—the whole shall be paid"—and thanks to the zeal of my notary, De Beauferrand has saved his credit; for that I have given without hesitation is a part of my fortune. I would have given the whole. The honour of De Beauferrand is yours, my Helene; and I wished to preserve his honour as you would have saved mine.

HELENE. (*with tears*) Yes!—yes, sir, I swear! (*kneels*)

BERT. No oaths; it is not necessary between us. (*he raises her up*) You approve of what I have done? (*he kisses her forehead*) Behold! this is my receipt.

HELENE. (*aside*) Oh! what shall I do? Merciful providence! what am I to do?

BERT. This unhappy affair has disturbed me the whole night. Added to this, the ridiculous quarrel which Victor sought with Monsieur Montclar, I have not slept one second. (*he seats himself on L. side*) Now that everything appears reconciled, I feel that one hour of tranquil sleep would be refreshing. (*he draws a bottle from his pocket*) Helene, pour me out some drops of opium in a glass of water.

HELENE. Be careful; the use of this narcotic is dangerous.

BERT. Yes, too much would be death; but a small quantity brings repose.

(HELENE does as desired—upon a mantelpiece on the right a bottle and glass)

Enter MARIANNE, R., with a letter.

MARIAN. A letter for my lady.

HELENE. For me?

BERT. Take it, my child, read; Marie will attend upon me.

HELENE. (*R., looking at the writing on the letter, and taking it quickly—aside*) From him!

MARIAN. (*presenting the glass to BERTRAND, L. C.—in a low voice*) Oh, I am very happy.

BERT. (*after having drank—in a low voice*) Happy?

HELENE. (*aside*) My letters!

MARIAN. (*softly*) Victor has given me his portrait.

BERT. (*aside*) Peace, Marianne; you have promised me to be prudent.

MARIAN. (*aside*) Oh, yes, always.

BERT. Who has written to you, Helene? Your father, perhaps—

HELENE. (*occupied in reading*) Yes, yes, sir, it is from him.

BERT. (*half asleep*) He is happy now. I shall now repair my bad night's rest. (*he falls asleep*)

HELENE. (*reading*) "Dear Helene,—I was willing to deserve the great sacrifice which you propose to make to our love, but Victor has sent me a challenge, to which I can only reply with my sword. I will not forget that my adversary is the son of Monsieur Saint André. I shall only defend myself. I will send you back all your letters. If the issue of the combat should be fatal to me, nothing will be discovered that shall compromise her whom I love so much." Oh! (*she falls upon a chair in tears*)

MARIAN. (*going to HELENE*) What ails you, my lady?

HELENE. Ah, Marie ! Where is Victor ?

MARIAN. Monsieur Victor has this moment departed to go to Monsieur Bumere's.

HELENE. I doubt it. (*aside*) And Gaston does not wish to defend himself. Oh, if Victor should kill him !

MARIAN. Wherefore do you ask me of Mr. Victor ?

HELENE. He has deceived you, Marie. It is to a duel that he has gone.

MARIAN. (*with fright*) A duel !

HELENE. (*pointing to BERTRAND*) Speak low—speak low.

MARIAN. (*in despair*) Oh, but that is impossible, my lady !

HELENE, Monsieur Montclar, defied, provoked, could not refuse to fight. He writes to me—(*continuing to read*)—"It the fate of the duel is favourable to me, you will know by your fan being returned, forgotten by you at the chateau."

MARIAN. We ought to prevent this duel, my lady. Let us run in the midst of the combat—separate them by casting ourselves between them.

HELENE. I will instantly order a carriage to ascertain the place of meeting. I will pass again this saloon, and I will give you a sign to follow me. Until then, remain near the General, and then he will not suspect anything.

MARIAN. Oh, lady !—hasten !—hasten ! *Exit HELENE, R.*

MARIAN. (*to herself*) He is gone to combat—that farewell, when he left me with a sigh—that farewell was for ever—oh, no, no ! heaven will not permit it—and when he spoke to me, here, how he pressed my hand, when he gave me his portrait, I understood not a word—foresaw nothing—oh, I have not the heart of a mother.

BERT. (*awaking*) Marie !

MARIAN. Yes—yes—sir !

BERT. This short sleep was frightful. I felt something at my heart, as of a point of a sword—and just at this moment it appeared to me that I was covered with blood—

MARIAN. Blood ! (*aside*) It is perhaps an omen. What delays my lady ?—

BERT. The countess is not there ?

MARIAN. (*without answering, and to herself*) Where is she gone ?

BERT. Where is she ?

(*a noise of a coach*)

MARIAN. (*running to the window*) Ah ! gone, gone, without me !

BERT. (*rising and seizing hold of the hand of MARIANNE*) Marianne ! you weep—your hand trembles and is cold ! You wish to conceal something, Marianne.

MARIAN. Oh do not question me—do not detain me, Bertrand ; let me save him if there is still time !

A SERVANT enters, L. U. E.

SERVANT. For my lady the Countess, from Monsieur Gaston of Monclar. (*places a fan on a stand, near to the door, and exit, L. U. E.*)

MARIAN. (*aside*) Ah! the signal! (*she disengages herself from the hands of BERTRAND, runs to the stand, seizes the fan, rejects it with horror, then she says with a piercing cry*) Ah, my child! my child!

BERT. Victor, my son! where is he?

MARIAN. They deceive you, they have deceived us all! He fought this morning; a signal was to announce the triumph of Monsieur Montclar!

BERT. Ah!

MARIAN. Behold there the signal—De Montclar is conqueror; he has slain our child! (*she falls on her knees*)

BERT. Oh! thou art mad!

MARIAN. Yes, mad! for my child was here, and I did not keep him. Yes, I allowed him to depart, and he is dead!

BERT. Dead! he! (*after a pause*) Marianne, rise! Marianne, conduct me—

MARIAN. (*rising*) Where?

BERT. To Montclar!

MARIAN. What wouldest thou do?

BERT. Be revenged!

MARIAN. You, Bertrand?

BERT. Oh! I am old, blind—is it not so? and I cannot bestow on my son more than tears—oh! I do not want light of day to strike the murderer of Victor! Let them place me face to face with him, heart to heart, pistol to pistol, blood for blood, heaven my pledge and witness! Conduct me! Ho! my arms! my arms!

Enter VICTOR, L. U. E., with his arm in a sling—BONBOEUF follows him.

VICTOR. My father!

MARIAN. (*with delight*) Ah! Victor!

BERT. My son!—

VICTOR. My father!

BERT. (*sinks upon a chair, and holding his son's hands, who falls on his knees before him*) He lives! (*Tableau*)

END OF ACT SECOND.

## ACT III.

SCENE.—*Same as in Act II.*

**BERTRAND.** (*alone, standing close to the chimney-piece, his head supported by his hands*) Victor has deceived me—his reconciliation was but a ruse—wherefore have they fought? A rivalry? No. De Montclar does not know Mademoiselle de Bumeres. Oh! how I wish to know the motive of this duel—doubt is but an inquietude—for me who can see nothing, nothing read upon their countenances—doubt is a punishment. Marianne does not wish to speak; but Bonbœuf was a witness of the duel—he must know and he shall tell me all. (*he rings*)

*Enter BONBŒUF, L. U. E.***BON.** Attention! General.**BERT.** You went from this house with my son.**BON.** Yes, General.**BERT.** His wound.**BON.** A mere nothing.**BERT.** Wherefore has he fought?**BON.** (*aside*) Attention. I have promised—hush! Wherefore!—a lady. You know that as well as me.**BERT.** Thou liest.**BON.** Stand at ease!—that's not military or parliamentary—not polite; but you are my superior in rank—let that suffice.**BERT.** I never thought that you, an old soldier, who well understand affairs which touch the honour, would have consented to become a second in such an affair. No! thou shouldst never have allowed my son to have exposed his life for so childish an affair.**BON.** It may appear to you childish. As for myself, I have judged it seriously, and if your son had not have fought, Mr. Montclar would have been challenged by me—**BERT.** (*with surprise*) By you!**BON.** And without boasting, the one or the other would have been lying at ease by this time.**BERT.** You regret that this duel has not had a most fatal issue! But, if my son had fallen, you should have rendered unto me an account for his blood.**BON.** I?**BERT.** Yes, you, who suffered that a child should endanger his life and that of his father for so foolish a quarrel. Bonbœuf—if this duel had not another motive, if you do not justify yourself by telling me the truth, Bonbœuf—I will tell you that you art a false friend—a villain.**BON.** (*supporting himself*) Hallo!

BERT. (*brightening*) A scoundrel !

BON. (*forgetting himself*) Hear this ye drum-majors ! If you can tamely submit to this !—Bertrand !

BERT. Well—

BON. (*same voice*) Eh?—well. I will prove to you that I understand honour as well as yourself, and since you force me to it, I will tell you.

BERT. (*aside*) Let us hear then.

BON. That the General Bertrand, who is a brave man, should not keep in his house a scoundrel, and that in consequence I am discharged. Farewell, General.

BERT. Bonboeuf !—

BON. (*stopping*) Here !

BERT. Bonboeuf, I command you not to stir from here !

BON. You have no more orders to give me ?

BERT. Come here.

BON. I will come if it pleases me.—A scoundrel !

BERT. I wish it.

BON. Fortunately, too, that I wish it also.—A rascal !

BERT. Give me a bottle of wine, and two glasses.

BON. You wish to drink with two hands. (*he brings them upon a stand*)

BERT. (*seating himself, l.*) Now, bring a chair.

BON. There.

BERT. Place yourself there ; I have this moment ill-treated thee a little.

BON. (*seating himself, c.*) A little ? If another but you, I'd have knocked his drum-head in !

BERT. Serjeant Bertrand asks pardon from you.

BON. (*taking him by the hand*) Oh, General !

BERT. And more ; I beg of you to clink with me, as in the good olden time. You know well, that our quarrels always finish thus—Come—fill !

BON. (*aside*) Ah ! I understand. He wants to come the old soldier over me—he expects that the wine will make me blab.

BERT. Fill, then. Is it thus you will keep up rancour ?

BON. Not at all. (*aside*) He cannot see there. (*he takes a water bottle from the chimney piece, and pours out water after having poured out wine for BERTRAND*) I shall drink nothing but water !

BERT. Let us drink ! } (*they clink their glasses*

BON. Let us drink ! }

BERT. Tell me, then, is not this wine a little better than that we used to drink at the canteen ?

BON. Yes, yes ! (*aside*) Pooh, how insipid it is !

BERT. Let us replenish !

BON. Here, then ! (*he helps him*)

BERT. Thou does not forget thyself, I hope ?

BON. (*pouring out*) Never ! (*aside*) Half water, half wine—that will pass down better ! (*he drinks*) It is not yet the right thing !

BERT. Say, then, Bonboeuf—I fancy myself once more at Provence !

BON. The eve of Austerlitz—you remember that ?

BERT. Yes, yes ! I was then made the chief of a battalion !

BON. (*taking the bottle from him*) General, you begin to get warm—let us drink no more !

BERT. Well, let us talk.

BON. (*aside*) Sentinel, take care of yourself !

BERT. Whilst we are alone, tell me, Bonboeuf—there, upon the ground, were you satisfied with Victor ?

BON. Enchanted ! There went with him a heart ; and had it not been for a tuft of grass which caused him to slip—praised be to goodness—he would have sent this Montclar where he well deserved to go ! (*without intention, he pours a bumper out and drinks*)

BERT. What has he done, then, this young man ?

BON. What has he done ? the fop ! I do not wish to think of it ! (*drinks*)

BERT. But I wish to know it !

BON. (*still drinking*) General—it will astonish you much—but since yesterday I think that I have less love for the Emperor.

BERT. What !

BON. He is the cause of all. If your son had been killed this morning, it would have been the fault of that great man.

BERT. (*aside*) Ah ! the droll has drank too much.

BON. He has done very fine things it is true ; but he caused this marriage, and I will never pardon him for it. (*he drinks*) No—never !

BERT. My marriage ! what does this signify ?

BON. As if he had not the power to foresee that when you were fifty years, your wife would then be only twenty-two ; as if he did not know that a husband can never see too much, and that you, General, never could see anything. Also, that it has happened so : that others have seen for you. Monsieur Victor has not had his eyes destroyed by a cannon ; he has seen for his father ! Ah, well ! he has fought for him—got wounded for him !

BERT. Then it was for me that my son has risked his life ? It is against a lover of the Countess that Victor—

*Enter VICTOR, L. U. E.*

VICTOR. Did you call me, my father ?

BERT. Victor, my son ! (*he uncovers himself with respect before his son*)

VICTOR. (*running to him*) My father, what would you ? you weep !

BON. (*R., aside to BERTRAND*) Hush, General !

BERT. Oh, let me embrace thee ! The treasure which one had feared to lose becomes more precious still ; and thou art my treasure, my pride, my life—let me press your heart to mine ; let my feeble and trembling grasp press this young and firm hand which protects and which avenges ! Oh ! Bonbœuf has told me all !

BON. (*aside*) Hush, General, muffle your drum !

VICTOR. (*regarding BONBŒUF with reproach*) Will you pardon me, my father ?

BERT. (*again forgetting himself*) Pardon you ! Good and faithful guardian of our honour—it is for him thou hast shed thy blood !

BON. (*lively*) Here's a fuss for a scratch !

VICTOR. So slight, that I have come hither to offer you my arm, for it is the hour of your accustomed walk.

BERT. Thanks, my friend ; this morning Bonbœuf will fill thy place. (*softly, and taking him by the arm*) Thou hast not told me all ?

VICTOR. (*aside, looking towards the bottom*) The carriage of the Countess ! (*aloud*) Since you wish it, my father, I yield my place to Bonbœuf. (*in a low voice to BONBŒUF*) Be prudent !

BON. (*aside*) The recommendation is thankfully received.

BERT. Let me go !

BON. (*going and looking at the bottle of wine empty*) I drank nothing but water, so he'll find a dry pump.

*Exit with GENERAL, L. U. E.*

VICTOR. (*looking at him off stage*) Poor father ! Yes, this woman shall never deceive him more !

*A SERVANT appears at the L. U. E.*

Augustus, what do you want ?

AUG. To tell the Countess that the carriage is ready.

VICTOR. (*quietly*) Her ladyship has changed her mind ; she will not go out this morning.

(*At this moment HELENE appears, R. 1 E., and hears the last words—she is dressed in a pelisse and a hat*)

AUG. (*showing HELENE to VICTOR*) Sir, here is her ladyship.

VICTOR. (*sharply, after saluting HELENE*) I repeat to you that my lady the Countess will not go out.

HELENE. Augustus, retire, but be within hearing !

*Exit SERVANT, L. U. E.*

Since when, sir, have you given orders contrary to mine? By what right do you presume to constrain and control my actions? Am I not in my own house, and my people should, in that which concerns me, at least understand no other wish but mine?

VICTOR. Madam, I was wrong, I acknowledge, to have intimated in your presence to this domestic, an order, which, at my entreaty, I am quite certain, you would have yourself given!

HELENE. Me!

VICTOR. Yes, if my father's life was in danger, and if your absence above all would increase that danger, would you depart?

HELENE. Undoubtedly not! but the Count Saint André, whom I saw this moment walking in the garden, is not indisposed, and—

VICTOR. If the Count Saint André was acquainted with the reasons of your absence this morning, do you not believe that his life as well as his honour would be in danger?

HELENE. I do not understand you, sir!

VICTOR. For pity's sake, my lady, do not require from me an explanation, which, if more is spoken, would force at least one to blush; pray allow me not to lose for you that respect which ought to be shewn for the Countess Saint Andre! You are aware of the cause of my wound? (HELENE starts) My father is yet ignorant, and you wish he should remain so. Listen to me attentively! Wounded by my adversary, I was willing to continue the combat; if it has ceased, it was upon the faith of a gentleman. Gaston has promised to respect in future the name which we bear; in fact, he has sworn never to see you more! Do not cause him to break his promise, for then I should slay him or fall by his hand; and if the fate of arms should be fatal to me, I would reveal all to the noble parent who would still find in his indignation sufficient energy to revenge his wounded honour and his son! You now understand me, therefore you will not depart to visit Montclar. Speak I not true, your ladyship? (he rings a bell)

HELENE. What are you doing, sir?

VICTOR. (coolly) The domestic will attend, and shall obey none but you. Please give him then his directions!

HELENE. (taking off her hat, falls into an elbow chair) Ah! (the SERVANT appears, L. U. E.—with effort) Augustus, I shall not require the carriage! *Exit SERVANT, L. U. E.*

VICTOR. (with respect) I thank you, my lady! Banish from your thoughts Viscomte Montclar and I will forget all!

*He salutes and exits, L. U. E.*

HELENE. (alone—rising) Oh! this insolence is beyond bearing! I cannot suffer outrage and threats! For this kind old

man who has saved the honour of my father, I would also make the sacrifice of my love. Yes, I have asked of heaven to give me courage, and I will for the last time visit Gaston; but to compulsively obey this youth—henceforth bow to his word, acquiesce in his views, and yield to him my pleasure, in my own house receive his scrutiny and yield to his tyranny—no, never! (*with resolution*) Since I cannot banish Victor from this domain, I will quit it. To remain here is insupportable, nay, impossible! Let Gaston who has destroyed, now save me! (*she places herself at a table and writes*)

Enter MARIANNE, L.

MARIAN. What has happened between Victor and the Countess? he passed me so abruptly. (*perceiving HELENE*) See, she is writing!

HELENE. (*closing her letter, and without seeing MARIANNE*) Unhappy Gaston—this sudden departure, the end of his career, of his future prospects! If he should refuse—I can do no more than die! No, he cannot hesitate, but to whom shall I entrust this letter! (*perceiving MARIANNE*) Marie!

MARIAN. (*approaching*) Pardon! I am searching for the ring your ladyship lost this morning. I cannot find it.

HELENE. Marie, I have recently witnessed your zeal and discretion, I think I can depend on you; take this letter and carry it to its address. (*in half voice*) Should Montclar be not at home, wait for him—return not unanswered, and give it to no one but me. Go, Marie, and hasten.

MARIANNE. (*coldly*) This letter shall not be conveyed by me.

HELENE. (*with surprise*) Ah! I perceive you have already received your instructions. Marie, I alone reign mistress here, and when I command, you must either obey or quit my service. Give me back then this letter? (*MARIANNE, without replying, destroys the letter*) What audacity!

MARIANNE. This letter would have provoked further hostilities, and I am determined they shall not fight.

HELENE. Explain this strange conduct?

MARIAN. My resistance both astonishes and confounds you—you imagined me so quietly servile. Last night—

HELENE. Beware!—

MARIAN. Hold, madam! I do not wish to conceal my thoughts—what you have already done is wicked—to dishonor a worthy man, void of sight, it is infamous! and I will not be an accomplice in the crime.

HELENE. (*enraged*) Marie!—are you mad?

MARIAN. (*with energy*) No! I desire not that scandal should destroy your husband—or that your lover should slay Victor;—for this Gaston you would sacrifice all. Dishonor and death

await you both—Countess Saint André, heaven watches you and will punish guilt !

HELENE. Go, quit my service and this house.

MARIAN. (*half frenzied*) Discharged !—no !—no ! (*aside*) Who will watch over Victor ? (*aloud*) You will pardon me for what I have said—you will not drive me away—bear in memory that I am the friend of Sergeant Bertrand—the words I have uttered were in defence—yes, I trembled for the son of Count Saint André, for this youth whose blood has already flown, for this child whom I love—I, poor woman, who have no other child to adore—yes, for his sake, you will have pity for me—for him—for yourself—do not drive me away—have mercy !

(*she falls on her knees at HELENE's feet.*)

HELENE. Depart instantly, I tell you, or will call—

MARIAN. (*recovering herself*) And who will you call ? Who commands here, when they resist you—The Count Saint André !—yes, call the General—he will desire to know the cause of my departure. Yes, let him come—let him interrogate me—you dare not !

HELENE. What fiend is this ?—humbled, insulted by a menial. (*aside*) What, must I preserve silence to avoid an eclat ! (*as if struck with an idea*) Thief !

MARIAN. Madame !

HELENE. I am not surprised at your low cunning—you think I am in your power, and threaten me to disguise your crime. You have robbed me !

MARIAN. Tis false !

HELENE. My ring—where is it ?—instantly produce it !

MARIAN. I informed you, my lady, that I could not find it in your chamber.

HELENE. (*violently*) It is perhaps in yours. Give me the key—you hesitate !

MARIAN. (*calmly*) There it is, madam, and I hope your conscience is as tranquil as mine.

HELENE. (*aside*) She must quit this house or I am ruined.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

MARIAN. What humiliation ! but 'tis for Victor, that I must bear this woman's arrogance—yes, I will brave her taunts. I must remain here to defend the father's honour, and the son's life.

*Enter SERVANT with a letter, L. U. E.*

SERVANT. This letter has just arrived, they say it is of consequence.

MARIAN. Do you not think this letter comes from Viscomte Montclar ?

SERVANT. I think so.

MARIAN. I will give it to Monsieur Victor.

SERVANT *gives the letter and exit*, L. U. E.

Wherefore does my heart beat so?—yes, this is from Montclar—if I dare—it may perhaps save life—I am a mother and I hesitate—no! (*opens it—reads*) “Good news, all is arranged, my brother, I now can give you this title. My proud parents, conquered by my eloquence, and by my sister’s tears, have consented to the marriage, your mother living or dead, is no more an obstacle.” Gracious powers! “Your friend—your brother, Edgar”—living or dead—your mother will no longer be an obstacle—oh, I can now live, and live for my child—behold his happiness. Oh, heaven, you are good, and you repay me at this moment for all that I have suffered.

*Enter VICTOR, L. U. E.*

VICTOR. Ah, is that you, Marie?

MARIAN. (*quickly hiding the letter*) Sir!

VICTOR. Have you not a letter for me?

MARIAN. (*much embarrassed*) A letter?

VICTOR. Yes! perhaps it comes from Edgar, and I burn to read it. Give it me then?

MARIAN. (*timidly*) There it is, sir!

VICTOR. What do I see?—the seal broken. Who has dared to do this?—the Countess Saint Andre, no doubt!

MARIAN. No, sir, it was I—

VICTOR. You—Marie!—impossible!

MARIAN. I thought it came from Viscomte Montclar.

VICTOR. Well, even then?

MARIAN. Then I would have destroyed it.

VICTOR. Marie, you know not what you say—to my father alone would I acknowledge the right to open my letters.

MARIAN. (*with emotion*) And to your mother.

VICTOR. To my mother?—oh, did she only exist!—

MARIAN. Imagine that she does!—that she watches over you, and when she saw an arm raised against her beloved child she turned aside that danger. Yes! that which your mother would have done, I have ventured to do!

VICTOR. Marie, 'tis true you are a faithful and devoted friend; but you—

MARIAN. I am not your mother—I who am poor, a servant! However, she whom Serjeant Bertrand had proclaimed his wife in the sight of heaven—she, who confiding in his faith, in his honour, had granted unto him all that the love of a woman could bestow! Your mother was a simple peasant girl, reared by the charity of a priest; in order to follow Bertrand she sacrificed her happiness. Yes, it was upon her shoulders she carried you in your infancy—that was your mother!—and were she restored to your arms, you would perhaps blush for her—

VICTOR. Oh, Marie !

MARIAN. No ! for your mother was esteemed—honored by all—although not able to combat as a soldier, she possessed his courage, and amidst the fire of the enemy she administered relief to the poor wounded soldiers—many a brave man has owed his life to her, and in many a noble heart has her memory been engraved. No ! you would not blush for your mother ! Struck by a ball she was left for dead upon the battle field of Wimpfen !

VICTOR. Wimpfen ?—it was there that she fell ?

MARIAN. It was there at least they lost all trace of her, for the proof of her death was always wanting.

VICTOR. Yes, I have lived in hopes—

MARIAN. Even if, after twenty years of captivity and trials, she were to come to you, as I do now, you would be ashamed of her !—you, so noble, so rich !—and suppose in order to come near you, she should have walked day and night, poor woman ! and, to remain near you, she consented to humble herself before her who had taken from her the name and the heart of Bertrand !

VICTOR. Heavens ! what do I hear ?

MARIAN. She would have done all this to see again that son for whom she had wept for twenty years, to be near him, without being suspected—poor mother !—to be happy and proud of his good fortune, or to suffer for his sufferings ! No ! you would not have blushed—your heart would lead you to love her, your heart would recognise her !

VICTOR. (*running to her and embracing her*) My mother ?

MARIAN. Yes, Victor,—I forgot my promise made to Bertrand to preserve silence—one must have the virtues of an angel, and I am but a mortal. I have suffered for twenty years, and yet I could not die ! Yes, my beloved Victor, I am thy mother !

VICTOR. My mother !—I have found you—I embrace you—I have you, and I forget the world !

MARIAN. Have you not forgot Monsieur Edgar's letter ?

VICTOR. From him—that is now of no importance—rather let me tell you all my joy.

MARIAN. I beg of you to read it, my Victor ; it will discover to you unfeigned happiness.

VICTOR. Happiness ?

MARIAN. Yes ; read.

VICTOR. (*casting his eyes over letter*) Heavens ! no obstacle between Clotilde and myself.

MARIAN. Without this letter, Victor, I could not have proclaimed myself your mother.

VICTOR. Every one here shall respect and obey you.

MARIAN. Do you imagine that I could remain for one instant under the same roof as the Countess Saint Andre ? Do you

desire that we shall separate so soon? No! let us preserve in our breasts our holy secret. I am beloved by you, and when we are alone, then call me mother! (*listening*) Some one comes!—it is the Countess Saint Andre! I entreat of you, Victor, until we have consulted your father, not a single word which may lead her to suspect the truth—your agitation will betray us! I beg of you to leave me alone with her!

*Exit* VICTOR, L. U. E.—*kisses her hand.*

*Enter* HELENE, R. 1 E.

HELENE. Still here? Your audacity is incredible!

MARIAN. I shall not quit this apartment!

HELENE. What! dare you speak thus to me, who but this moment has quitted your room?

MARIAN. Well, my lady?

HELENE. Before you gave me the key why did you not destroy this evidence which I found in your box. (*showing letter*)

MARIAN. Oh, heavens, the letter of the Abbe Savinien!

HELENE. Ah! I have discovered who you are.

MARIAN. (*aside*) And Victor, who might hear it. (*aloud*) For pity's sake, my lady!—

HELENE. Ah! you are no longer brave!—your pride now stoops! And you were guilty!—condemned!

MARIAN. (c.) Speak low, my lady, speak low.

HELENE. (R.) Condemned as a thief!

*Enter* VICTOR, quick, L. U. E.

VICTOR. (L.) 'Tis false!

HELENE. Are you aware who is this woman?

VICTOR. Yes, that woman is my mother!

HELENE. His mother?—his mother?

MARIAN. (*in a low voice*) Oh, my lady, be silent.

HELENE. Ah! I must now call the General, and if he questions me, if he demands from me why I have discharged her, I will answer, because she is called Marianne Duval!

VICTOR. Marianne Duval my mother—oh, misery! (*weeping*)

MARIAN. (*running to VICTOR, and falling on her knees near him*) Ah, you have killed my son!

*Exit* VICTOR, L. 1 E., *in despair.*

HELENE. Now quit this house!

BERTRAND appearing, L. U. E.

BERT. No, *she* will remain—the Countess de Saint Andre alone shall depart!

HELENE. (*aside*) This peremptory dismissal from him! Can he have discovered? No, impossible! (*aloud*) Count, these threats will never be forgiven! Dismiss that culprit ere I deliver her into the hands of justice!

*Exit*, R.

BERT. Far from justifying herself, she accuses, she threatens—I deserve my shame !

MARIAN. This fatal revelation will destroy Victor. I alone have caused this; but I could not die without again beholding him! My fault is great, but it may be expiated! (*solemnly*) All will be at peace when they look upon the grave of Marianne Duval!

BERT. (*solemnly*) Thou wouldest die?

MARIAN. Yes! to save our son from infamy!

*Enter BONBŒUF, L. 1 E.*

BON. I have this moment come from Monsieur Victor! he desires to see you, General!

MARIAN. (*earnestly, to BERTRAND*) Pray, pray go to him!

BERT. Yes, instantly!

BON. I think it would be still more agreeable for him to see you together!

MARIANNE. That is impossible!

BON. Bah! on account of the other, perhaps!

BERT. (*interrupting him*) Silence, Bonbœuf! I forbid you to speak thus of the Countess of Saint Andre!

BON. How, after what I have told you!

BERT. You have said nothing to me! I do not wish to know anything!

BON. (*astonished*) Ah, that is quite another thing!

BERT. (*to MARIANNE*) I am going to seek Victor, but I expect to find you here on my return, Marianne! It is essential that I see you on this spot!

MARIAN. Yes, I will await your return. I promise so to do!

*Exeunt BERTRAND and BONBŒUF, L. 1 E.*

MARIAN. (*solas*) I understand! he wishes to conquer my resolution! What good is life, when by death one can assure the repose of others? Nobody will think of me! No one would regret the loss of poor Marianne Duval; yet I am certain that my son would weep for me!

EDGAR entering, L. U. E.

EDGAR. (*aside*) There she is! (*to MARIANNE*) Are you alone!

MARIANNE. (*with eagerness*) Ah, is it you! You would wish to speak to your friend, to Victor! I do not think at present it will be possible!

EDGAR. It is not him I wish to seek—it is you!

MARIANNE. (*troubled*) Me! What do wish to say to me, sir?

EDGAR. I understand that you are called—

MARIAN. (*interrupting him*) Marie!

EDGAR. You are Marianne Duval?

MARIAN. (*in despair*) Ah, heaven! I thought you would have spared me this last blow!

EDGAR. (*going up to her with interest*) Do not be alarmed, Marianne, but follow me!

MARIAN. (*with surprise*) Follow you—and where, sir?

EDGAR. To a dying man who knows you—who calls for you—wishes to see you before appearing in the presence of his Creator!

MARIAN. (*with emotion*) A dying man calls upon me—one word only! Do you know if this man has ever written to me?

EDGAR. I have heard him speak of a letter he addressed to you at Salsberg.

MARIAN. Then he is acquainted with the Abbe Savinien?

EDGAR. It is the name of the priest who is at this moment praying with him!

MARIAN. (*hastily taking EDGAR by his hand*) Let us hasten, sir, for this man might die! *Exeunt with EDGAR, L. U. E.*

*Enter BONBŒUF, L. 1 E.*

BON. A letter, for my lady. I know the writing well, and the perfume—it is muscadine. If I should carry it to the General; but after what he said to me—no, no! I will send the chick to his nest!

*Enter HELENE, R.*

HELENE. Where is the Count?

BON. With his son!

HELENE. And this woman, whom I took from your recommendation?

BON. Marie! she has this instant quitted here.

HELENE. Or rather, Marianne has departed. You see, sir, that I am acquainted with her true name; I have discharged her!

BON. Thunder and bombshells—what, discharged?

HELENE. She had forgot the respect due to me, and whosoever here thinks of imitating her may prepare to follow her!

BON. Heyday, here's a volley of grape shot!

HELENE. I do not wish spies and insolent valets near me!

BON. It shall be my fault if you tell me twice to march! What is bad for me is bad for the General, my lady Countess! Yet no! I won't go without telling her a bit of my mind—my heart is bursting to speak; but stay, there might be a most terrible explosion! (*twisting letter about*)

HELENE. That letter in your hand! To whom does it belong?

BON. I forgot—it is for you—it is from him.

HELENE. From him! (*easts her eyes on the letter, looks confused, then resumes with authority*) Depart, sir!

BON. Like a shot! (*aside*) Oh, these women, what tinder boxes ye are. *Exit, L. U. E.*

HELENE. (*solas—runs over the letter*) Oh, heavens, am I deceived, do my eyes see clear—it cannot be him who has written this. (*reads*) "Adieu, my lady, I depart; you will never hear again from me; guilty towards an illustrious veteran, guilty and repentant after having disarmed his noble son, the most loyal of adversaries, I promised him the sacrifice of a love, which was an error, and which if continued longer, will be a crime; forget me—that will be my chastisement and it is your duty." (*crumpling the letter*) My duty! he speaks of duty—oh, he loves me no more, and now he despises me—despised by him—unhappy woman—better I was dead! (*she hides her head in her hands, and weeps*)

*Enter BERTRAND, slowly, L. 1 E.*

BERT. (*to himself*) Victor is determined to leave, to break off his marriage. I have made him promise me to wait until tomorrow.

HELENE. (*weeping*) I have sacrificed all for this man—the quietude of life—my esteem—the honor of my husband—and he abandons me. (*sobs*)

BERT. Marianne!

HELENE. (*aside*) The General!

BERT. You weep; poor woman, at the moment of accomplishing the sacrifice, thy courage fails thee—is it not so?

HELENE. (*aside*) The sacrifice!

BERT. We cannot live in infamy, and as infamy is upon both our heads, I came to tell you, Marianne, we will die together.

HELENE. (*apart*) Gracious heavens!

BERT. When I speak thus to you, it is not to passion which I yield; no, it is an imperious necessity which I obey—to justify a death, reflect yourself, what will be my life?—(*he draws a small phial of opium from his pocket, and places it on the table*) To this beverage I am often indebted for calmness and sleep. (*sits, R. C.*)

HELENE. (*aside*) Ah! (*she goes towards the table—BERTRAND puts his hand upon the bottle—she falls back*)

BERT. Marianne, listen, our fate is now sealed, before we die, there remains a test to fulfil.

HELENE. (*aside*) What does he wish to say?

BERT. In early days, you remember, on the eve of a battle, we used to hold out the hand of reconciliation to those who had offended us before death might separate us; let us put in practice the example of the past, and let us pardon our enemies. (*with mildness*) Helene de Beauferrand, you cannot hear me, but before heaven, I pardon you. (HELENE, *who watches the*

*movement of BERTRAND, bends and falls on her knees—he extending his hands towards HELENE) Marianne, you will pray for her?*

HELENE. (*draws her knees towards BERTRAND, takes his hands, which she covers with kisses and tears*) Yes.

BERT. Marianne, wherefore these burning tears upon my hand. Ah, I understand thy motive, you would desire once more to embrace your son, and you dare not ask it of me—obey thy heart's request—go, bid him a last adieu.

HELENE. (*rises and says in a low tone*) Yes, adieu, adieu! (*she takes the bottle which BERTRAND has placed upon the table, and exits, R. 1 E.*)

BERT. Poor Marianne! If the sight of her son might prolong her life, ought I to wait till she returns? (*he goes to take the bottle off the table*) Ah! the phial, it was there! (*feeling about, eagerly*) 'Twas but this instant I placed it upon the table, and it is no longer there. (*with vehemence*) Ah! I guess we have had the same thought!—she rushes to die alone! —how to prevent it!—where can I find her? (*calling in despair*) Marianne!—Marianne!

*Enter MARIANNE, followed quickly by BONBŒUF, L. U. E.*

MARIAN. Bertrand!—

BERT. (*holding his hand to his heart, as for ease*) Ah!—

MARIAN. (*to BONBŒUF*) Conduct our son hither!

BON. Off like a rocket!

*Exit, L. 1 E.*

MARIAN. (*with joy*) You hear these words. I said *our son*. Ah! will he not now acknowledge me?

BERT. Have you not seen him? Were you not at this moment near him?

MARIAN. I come from the Baron de Tourville.

BERT. The Baron de Tourville?

MARIAN. Yes, conducted by Monsieur Edgar, who came here to seek me in his name, I was introduced to this unhappy man, who was approaching his dissolution; I flew to his pillow, called upon him to declare my innocence—death recoiled at the sound of my voice—the eyes which had closed were now open, the heart which had ceased to beat was reanimated—he avowed his own guilt and my innocence; and the next moment his expiring spirit fled to its everlasting judge!

BERT. Innocent, Marianne! innocent! Heaven be praised!

*Enter VICTOR and BONBŒUF, L. 1 E.—VICTOR going to MARIANNE, whom he embraces.*

BERT. (*as if waking from a dream*) But, how is this? I have spoken to a woman who wept at my feet, if it were not thee, Marianne, who then?

*Enter HELENE, appearing pale and tottering, R. 1 E.*

HELENE. My Lord—

MARIAN. How pale she is.

HELENE. Bertrand,—Marianne,—I am punished!

OMNES. Heavens !

HELENE. Silence, and pardon! (*falls upon a chair*) The poison *you* would have taken—is here. (*pressing her bosom*) I die! (*expires*)

VICTOR. Dead!

BERT. Silence—

MARIAN. And pardon. } (*Tableau.*)

*Curtain descends in perfect silence.*

### Costumes.

#### PROLOGUE.—PERIOD, 1797.

BERTRAND and SOLDIERS.—Uniforms of the time, blue with white facings, white breeches, long gaiters, and cocked hats.

PEASANTS.—Square-cut coats, breeches, and long waistcoats.

TRAVELLER.—Brown overcoat with cape, round hat, grey tights, and top boots.

MARIANNE.—Blue coat with white facings, brown full petticoat, half boots, undress infantry cap, hair in two braids. The Boy is dressed exactly similar.

HOSTESS.—Full pleated skirt, striped jacket and long sleeves, cap, long earrings, and apron with pockets.

#### DRAMA.—PERIOD, 1817.

BERTRAND.—Braided frock, grey tights, hessian boots, grey hair and moustache, his eyes are closed, but without bandage.

EDGAR.—Black suit—body coat, waistcoat, breeches and silk stockings, cocked hat.

MONTCLAR.—Blue body coat, white satin waistcoat, black velvet breeches and black stockings.

VICTOR.—Drab frock, black tights, hessian boots; 2nd—Blue body coat, and pumps.

BONBOUF.—Plain blue frock, red trousers, white gaiters, grey hair and moustache.

INVALIDS.—Soldiers undress.

BARON.—Blue body coat, white waistcoat, black breeches and stockings.

HELENE.—1st—Ball dress of the period, feathers and jewels; 2nd—Pink satin and scarf; 3rd—Pelisse, hat and feather.

MARIANNE.—Dark stiff petticoat and body, apron, gipsey hat and cloak; 2nd—White muslin kerchief and apron, hair plain.

DOMEStICS.—Livery.