

THE
DEAD HEART.

An Historical and Original Drama,

IN THREE ACTS, WITH A PROLOGUE.

BY

WATTS PHILLIPS, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF

The Poor Strollers, Camilla's Husband, His Last Victory, A Ticket of Leave,
Paul's Return, Huguenot Captain, Nobody's Child, Land Rats and Water
Rats, Theodora, Lost in London, Woman in Mauve, Paper Wings, Maud's
Peril, Story of the '45, Fettered, Not Guilty, &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
THEATRICAL PUBLISHER,
LONDON.

TO

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq.,

THIS Drama, which owes so much to him as an
Actor, is dedicated with every feeling of affectionate
regard, by

The Author.

✓ x7909647

First performed at the New Adelphi Theatre (under the management of Mr. J. M. W. B.), on Thursday, November 10th, 1859.

DEAD HEART.

The New and extensive Scenery by Messrs. T. PITT, THOMPSON, and Assistants. The elaborate Appointments by Mr. T. IRELAND and Assistants. The Costumes by Mr. TAYLOR and Miss RAYNER. The Music selected and composed by Mr. CHARLES HALL. The Groupings and Incidental Dances arranged by Mr. WILLIAM SMITH and Mr. C. J. SMITH. The Piece produced under the sole direction of Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

PROLOGUE—PARIS, 1771.

THE LETTERE DE CACHET,

Character's.

TOUPET	(Perruquier and Coiffeur)	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
JOCRISSE	(owner of the Cabaret, "Les Trois Ecus")	Mr. C. J. SMITH.
BAPTISTE	DUVAL	Mr. PAGE.
MARTINET	(Officer of Gendarmes)	Mr. HOWARD.
CATHERINE	DUVAL	Miss KATE KELLY.
CERISETTE	Citizens, Gendarmes, &c.

GARDEN OF THE CAFE DE LA BELLE JARDINIERE,

And View of Paris.

Glee.—“THE NIGHT IS FALLING.”

CABARET OFF THREE TRoIS ECUS.

Song and Chorus.—“GAY VERSAILLES.”

HOUSE OF BAPTISTE DUVAL.

THE DRAMA—ACT I.—THE BASTILLE, 1789.

“When the people of 1789 had, in their play, overthrown, with one heave, these walls, which had been undermined by the deeds of darkness committed within them, they returned home singing.”—*Jules Janin.*

“*La Ville de Paris, livrée tour entière aux divertissements du Carnaval,*”

“*La population se porta d'enthousiasme,*”—Histoire de Napoleon, par NORVINS.

THE DEAD HEART.

THE ABBE DE LATOUR
ARTHUR DE ST. VALERIE (*Son of the Count de St. Valerie*) ...
JACQUES LEGRAND
REBOUL
BRUTUS TOUPET
ROBERT LANDRY
JEAN
FERBRAS
BLAIREAU
COUNTESS DE ST. VALERIE
ROSE
CERISSETTE
Leaders of the Insurrection, Prisoners of the Bastile, &c., &c.

THE DEAD HEART.

5

THE TAKING OF THE BASTILLE.

RELEASE OF THE PRISONERS.

REVOLUTIONARY DANCE, WITH NOVEL NATIONAL EFFECT

ANTE CHAMBER IN THE HOTEL DE ST. VALERIE.

SALOON IN THE HOTEL DE ST. VALERIE.

STREET NEAR THE PALAIS ROYAL.

CAFE JOCRISSE IN THE PALAIS ROYAL.

ACT II.—1794.

THE DUEL TO THE DEATH.

THE ABBE DE LATOUR	Mr. DAVID FISHER.
ARTHUR DE ST. VALERIE	Mr. BILLINGTON.
ROBERT LANDRY	...	(Representative of the Convention)	Mr. BENJAMIN WEBSTER.
JACQUES LEGRAND	...	(Captain of Gendarmes)	Mr. STUART.
REBOUL	(a Corporal in the National Guard)	Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.
JEAN	...	(a Spy)	Mr. R. ROMER.
MR. MORELAND.
TOUPET	(Jailor of the "Conciergerie")	(Crier) ...
COUNTESS DE ST. VALERIE	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
MARIE Mrs. A. MELLON.
								... Mrs. STOKER.

Exterior of the Prison of the Conciergerie.

ROBERT LANDRY'S APARTMENT IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

ACT III.

THE GUILLOTINE.

REBOUL	Mr. PAUL BEDFORD.
TOUPET	Mr. J. L. TOOLE.
COUNTESS DE ST. VALERIE	Mrs. ALFRED MELLON.
CERISSETTE	(No. 55 of <i>the Sectionnaires</i>)	Miss KATE KELLY.
										Sectionnaires, &c., &c.

THE GUILLOTINE AND TREE OF LIBERTY.

ASSEMBLAGE OF THE SECTIONNAIRES.

PREPARATION FOR THE EXECUTION.

INTERIOR OF THE CONCIERGERIE.

GRAND FINAL TABLEAU.

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"So long covered with scaffolds and blood."—*Jules Janin.*

Destiny of the Dead Heart.

 An unauthorized edition of this Play is printed in New York,
which will be found deficient in very important particulars.

THE D E A D H E A R T.

P R O L O G U E.

TIME—*That of Louis XV. (A.D., 1771.)*

SCENE FIRST.—*Paris. The Garden of the Café de la Belle Jardinière; arbours on each side, steps leading to a terrace at back; statues, vases, and flowers for a fête in L. arbour.*

LEGRAND, JEAN, MICHEL, TOUPET and others, discovered seated round the table, R.—All the other arbours are occupied; the scene full of LADIES and GENTLEMEN walking; the COUNT DE ST. VALERIE and the ABBE DE LATOUR in conversation, seated at table, L., both dressed with much elegance; all very animated at rising of curtain; LEGRAND, MICHEL, and others, stand up and clink their glasses; all exclaim, “Robert Landry and Catherine Duval!”—they then come forward to c. of stage.

LEGRAND. Where is he?

REBOUL. I saw him with Catherine Duval and her father as we entered.

LEGRAND. Ha! he's always tied to her apron-string—would he were as devoted to la Belle France; the country needs such hearts.

REBOUL. Peace, Legrand!

LEGRAND. Peace? War to our tyrants! War to the knife!

REBOUL. Your tongue outruns your reason, Jacques.

LEGRAND. When the heel is on the worm it will turn, and what are we but worms for noble heels—Robert Landry has head as well as heart, and if the nation would but know itself, he would be one of the master-spirits—But this love! Garçon! (to a Waiter) seek Robert Landry, and say his friends await him.

WAITER. (on steps, c.) I see him coming up the avenue.

LEGRAND. That's some comfort at last.

REBOUL. Robert Landry is like a soothing ointment to the bear's sore head. (*all laugh*)

LEGRAND. Because he talks sense, and you can't.

LANDRY. (*without*, R. U. E.) I will not be a moment, dear Catherine.

Enter LANDRY, on terrace, R. U. E.

Where are my friends ?

WAITER. There, sir.

All the STUDENTS. Hurrah ! Robert for ever.

LEGRAND. Aye ; Robert for ever, and a day if need be. Another bumper to him and his intended bride.

STUDENTS. (drink) Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

LANDRY. (R. C., *shakes their hands*) Thanks, friends and fellow students, for your good wishes ; they are in a fair way to be realized, for, in less than a month, unless fortune plays me a slippery trick, I shall be the happiest fellow in Paris.

LEGRAND. (R.) You are always lucky ; as for me, though willing enough to be happy, somehow I am denied the opportunity.

LANDRY. Grumbling again, old Bruin ! for shame. He who is for ever on the look-out for the black clouds will never properly enjoy the sunshine.

MICHEL. (R.) Legrand was born with a growl in his throat, like a bear. (*all laugh*)

LEGRAND. (*sulkily*) You may find that I have inherited the *hug* as well.

LANDRY. So you have—a rough one for your enemies and a kind one for your friends, and we are all friends here—six good men and true.

TOUPET comes forward from R. C.

TOUPET. (*coming down*) Seven.

LANDRY. (*with mock respect*) Pardon, Monsieur Anatole Toupet ; seven good men and true, and all, with the exception of Toupet, artists and students of Paris.

MICHEL. But Toupet also represents the fine arts, as coiffeur and perruquier to the Court of Versailles. (*all laugh*)

TOUPET. You may laugh, messieurs ; true greatness can make allowance for the attacks of envy. You profess to copy nature—I to assist and improve her.

LANDRY. Toupet is in the right ; he is the artist of the age.

LEGRAND. Artist—bah !

LANDRY. And why not ? Who but Toupet can make defects the fashion, covering the face of beauty with as many patches as a beggar's garment ?

TOUPET. Go on, messieurs ; it is the penalty I pay for the enjoyment of court favour.

LANDRY. All honour to Anatole Toupet, who, did he add dancing to his other avocations, might be taken as the epitome of the Court of Versailles.

ST. VALERIE. (*L., aside, to LATOUR*) You hear these canaille?

LATOUR. (*L. C.*) Yes; the eels wriggle while the cook skins.

TOUPET. To-morrow we have a great fête in honour of the Dauphine; there is to be a ballet composed for the occasion, and the dresses will be magnificent.

LEGRAND. (*abruptly*) Robert, you know Pierre Bastin, the carpenter?

LANDRY. Of the Faubourg St. Antoine—yes.

LEGRAND. His wife and child died last night, and but for prompt assistance he would have followed them this morning.

LANDRY. Died!—of what?

LEGRAND. The prevailing epidemic—*hunger*. (*laugh outside c., all look gloomily at each other*)

TOUPET. Come, the parting glass, for those musical voices among the trees announce the ladies. (*all fill*) The King!

LANDRY. France!

LEGRAND. Pooh! France is dead.

LANDRY. I drink, then, to her resurrection. (*drinks*) Bacchus having been duly honoured, Venus claims our homage—we are forgetting the ladies. (*ALL drink except TOUPET, who retires to arbour, R.*)

ALL. The Ladies! (*ALL enter arbour, confusedly, upsetting TOUPET, who is drinking from bottle*)

LATOUR. (*aside, to VALERIE*) That young fellow with the velvet cap is the sculptor or painter I warned you of; he is the Apelles who would rival Alexander.

ST. VALERIE. A brave fellow.

LATOUR. A foolish one; and, moreover, your rival, *mon cher*, in the affections of Catherine Duval.

ST. VALERIE. Hush! we shall hear more.

(*LANDRY and others come forward R.*)

LEGRAND, (*R. C.*) Is Catherine here, Robert?

LANDRY. Yes, with her father. I left them, to drink a glass with you here, and to wish you what you all have so heartily wished me, good fortune.

LEGRAND. Fortune is a lass that seldom knocks at the people's doors. Why, if it rained gold and silver it would all lodge on the tops of the trees, while we who sit about the roots might whistle for a windfall. The nobles get the sunshine—we the shade.

LANDRY. But escape the storms—eh, Jacques?

LEGRAND. Bah! a storm's our only hope. It is only when the branches are well shaken that we may hope for some of the fruit.

TOUPET. (*comes down, c.*) Gentlemen, gentlemen, for mercy's sake change the conversation. Long live the King is my motto.

MICHEL. Because you can't live without him. (*general laugh*)

TOUPET. We are all loyal, I should hope. (*takes out paper*) Here is the programme of to-morrow's fête. What magnificence! Ah! shew me another king like ours!

LANDRY. (*glancing at paper*) It's the old story : hungry Paris, but gay Versailles! (*laugh outside at back—they gather around TOUPET*)—CATHERINE and CERISETTE come down steps; they are stopped by ST. VALERIE and LATOUR, and engage in conversation—ST. VALERIE offers CATHERINE a note, which she refuses, gives her arm to CERISETTE, and advances toward STUDENTS—ST. VALERIE and LATOUR laugh and enter arbour, where they are served with wine)

CATHERINE. (*touching LANDRY on his arm*) Truant! (*they all start, laugh, and salute her*.)

MICHEL. The fair Catherine—the Lily of Paris! Welcome—all welcome!

CATHERINE. (C.) Thanks, messieurs; you at least have not forgotten your politeness. (to LANDRY) Is friendship, then, more powerful than love, that you steal away from the dance to talk scandal among the trees?

LANDRY. (R. C.) I deserted the battle-field to take breath, the better to renew the attack.

CATHERINE. To return when the battle is over, is but a poor sign of valour.

LANDRY. Over!

CATHERINE. My father is impatient; it is growing dark, and his fears magnify the dangers of the streets of Paris.

LANDRY. I will accompany you.

ALL. We'll all accompany you!

CATHERINE. (*laughs*) I thank you; my father is sufficient protection. Let us enjoy the few minutes we have left. (*places her hand in LANDRY's*) I know Cerisette is dying for a dance with Monsieur Toupet.

CERISETTE. Monsieur Toupet indeed! My cradle was rocked to the music of the bells of Notre Dame, and I stick to Paris. (*gives her hand to MICHEL*)

TOUPET. Cruel Cerisette. (*aside*) They are all alike jealous of Versailles. (*laugh outside*)

Enter GIRLS at back.

LANDRY. Here come more of our Paris flowers; the trees begin to blossom, messieurs. (*GIRLS come down steps*) Welcome, ladies. (*claps LEGRAND on shoulder*) Away with melancholy: what say you, Jacques, to a dance. (*LEGRAND has been reading programme*)

LEGRAND. (*throws away paper*) After the fashion of Versailles?—no; but as long as mirth and honesty go hand in hand, *à la mode de Paris*—yes. (*takes a partner*)

ALL. Bravo! bravo! a dance. (*after which all go off, R. and L., up steps*.—WAITERS *remove tables, R. and L., and after dance replace table, L.*—ST. VALERIE and LATOUR *rise and come forward*)

LATOUR. (R.) Well, Arthur, Count de St. Valerie, what think you of all this? Arcadian, is it not?

VALERIE. (L.) And yet they say the people suffer. True happiness is here, and these people—

LATOUR. I know but of two with whom we have at present need to occupy ourselves—Catherine Duval and Robert Landry, her lover.

VALERIE. (R.) Her lover—yes; her husband—never!

LATOUR. *Foi de gentilhomme!* I scarcely see why not. The assiduous lover is at all times a dangerous rival, while the husband—*parbleu!*

VALERIE. Peace, Bertrand de Latour. Have you lived so long in an atmosphere of courtly vice that you have lost the power to recognise the innocent and good?

LATOUR. Whew!—heroics! It is a pity, then, the Count de St. Valerie should seek to undermine an edifice so imposing, or can it be that he would himself aspire to the conjugal title? It would, indeed, be news at Versailles that Arthur, Count of St. Valerie, had entered into the bonds of matrimony with Catherine Duval, daughter of a dealer in wines, of the Rue Dauphine; or rather that he had proposed, and—(*pauses*)

VALERIE. And what?

LATOUR. Been refused. (*gradually lower lights*)

VALERIE. Refused?

LATOUR. Thus stands the case: her father is proud of belonging to the people; his word has been pledged to this young sculptor; Catherine, like all girls of her age and beauty, is vain, and a coquette, or she would not have given ear to your protestations—nay, do not interrupt me, for I believe that under this flimsy structure lies a strong foundation of good.

VALERIE. I love her.

LATOUR. As a child desires the toy he breaks immediately it is placed in his hands. Marriage is out of the question. (*reflectively*) There is a way to win her.

VALERIE. And that?—speak, Latour!

LATOUR. By stratagem.

VALERIE. You cannot mean by violence?

LATOUR. Not exactly. I was not educated among the Jesuits for nothing, and the first step toward defeating a virtue is to compromise it.

? VALERIE. I do not understand.

LATOUR. It is a maxim of mine, that a woman, unjustly condemned, is in a fair way, in time, to merit the condemnation.

VALERIE. Bertrand de Latour!

LATOUR. Arthur de St. Valerie, you love Catherine Duval—that is to say, you have a *penchant* which you dignify by that name; it is for you to make your choice, to gain her or to resign her.

VALERIE. Resign her?—impossible!

LATOUR. To-night, as I understand from my rascal Jocrisse, the Pere Duval will remain late from home, being engaged to sup with some brother wine-dealers; the daughter, will consequently be alone; by means of a ladder, you gain admission to her chamber—

VALERIE. I?

LATOUR. When once there, you will use all your eloquence to induce her to elope with you; offer her anything; promises cost nothing, it is only their fulfilment that's to be avoided.

VALERIE. She will refuse—I would answer for her refusal with my life.

LATOUR. She refuses, then, and, at the worst, calls for assistance; her cries will be drowned by mine and Jocrisse's, who happen to be passing in the street. (*laughs*) I will take care that the denouement of the scene has plenty of spectators.

VALERIE. Still I do not see—

LATOUR. It is easy enough: you are in her chamber—brought there by an assignation, given by *herself*, of which Jocrisse was the bearer;—that scoundrel will swear anything; some people in the street have seen the ladder, and raise the alarm; terror wrings the confession from Jocrisse; the world, ever ready to condemn upon suspicion, believes everything; Catherine is compromised beyond redress, and, or I have studied men for nothing, will be discarded with contempt by her lover.

VALERIE. And then?

LATOUR. She is yours. Have you decided?

VALERIE. I have! the scheme is too base for—

LATOUR. For the end you have in view;—that is so pure and innocent. Arthur, I have no patience with you.

VALERIE. But an act so mean, so unworthy—

LATOUR. Tut! you forget we live in France—in the France of Pompadour and Du Barry. To thrive, you must go with the times, *mon ami*.

VALERIE. But the sculptor—this Robert Landry?

LATOUR. Oh, if he should prove restive, we can banish him from the face of the earth for a time.

VALERIE. You must answer your own enigma.

LATOUR. All this by means of a *lettre de cachet*. There is no speedier cure for a hot head or heart than a month's sojourn within the walls of the Bastille.

VALERIE. But the King will never—

LATOUR. King! have I not said we live under the reign of Du Barry? and in his court the Abbé de Latour is a power. (*produces a paper*) I was at Versailles this morning, and bethought me to do a service to a friend; you perceive it is all duly signed.

VALERIE. But the Bastille—for a week, you say?

LATOUR. Or a month, at furthest. You will have a month to light the flame of love in the heart of Catherine, and the same time to extinguish it in the heart of the other. Come, and drown that conscience of yours in a bottle of Burgundy.

(*goes to table, L., and drinks*)

VALERIE. I think you are my evil genius, Latour.

LATOUR. What! moralizing again? Take example by the times. Enjoy the pleasures of the day, and leave repentance for the morrow.

Chorus: (outside R. U. E.)

Night is falling,
Homeward calling,
Hark, our friends.
A joyful day
Has passed away;
Thus life ends.

LATOUR. (*laughing*) Do you hear? these brutes actually moralize. King Pepin must look to himself; Orson is endowed with reason. (*laughs*)

VALERIE. Stop that grating laugh of yours, Latour. Why do you listen? Come. (*goes up, L.*)

Enter STUDENTS, R. U. E., down steps—CERISETTE takes a wreath, and places it on CATHERINE's head.

CERISETTE AND ALL THE COMPANY. Health and happiness to the betrothed! (*they form a group around LANDRY and CATHERINE, as scene closes*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Street in Paris. Door in flat, L. Lights down.*

Enter JOCRISSE, door in flat, L., closing door after him.

JOCRISSE. Nobody awake but old Jaquette, who is as deaf

as a post, the landlord, who is judiciously dumb, and a cattle dealer, who is drinking himself blind. What is it detains my master? No man knows the value of time better than the Abbé de Latour. (*clocks strikes ten*) Ten o'Clock—and punctual to the moment, here comes my master.

Enter LATOUR, l. 1 E.

LATOUR. (l. c.) At your post, as usual, Jocrisse; very good. Any mishap? (*JOCRISSE shakes his head*) Is everything prepared? (*JOCRISSE nods*) Quite right, most discreet of valets; still tongue and wise head. But unlock the floodgates of thy speech, that I may know what has been doing in my absence.

JOCRISSE. (R. C.—*very rapidly*) Went to the house in Rue St. Jacques, inhabited by young sculptor; invited the porter to drink; took him to wine-shop, left him there, hurried back to Rue St. Jacques, borrowed key from lodge, gained admission to Monsieur Landry's apartment; compared papers found there with those affixed to palace gates yesterday morning; same hand-writing. Found also other papers reflecting on Majesty and Du Barry; replaced them after making copies; rejoined porter, still drunk and unsuspecting. Went to Pere Duval's; saw his confidential servant; found her devoted to our interests (*taps his pocket*); left her still more so; arranged with Jean to be in waiting with ladder and to have carriage stationed at corner; gave police orders not to interfere. And now, if I may venture to remind Monsieur l'Abbe of his promise to—

LATOUR. Enough; be dumb. I shall not forget you; you are invaluable, Jocrisse. Deliver this paper (*gives one*) to Captain Gauthier; he will act upon the instructions therein contained; them rejoin me in the Rue Dauphine.

Exit JOCRISSE, R.

A very clever fellow, that; but he knows too much, and presumes upon his knowledge—a bad sign. I must one of these days find him just such another lodging as this I am about to provide for Robert Landry. (*VOICES heard singing chorus*) Here come the canaille. Foi de gentilhomme! when the wine's in, the wit's out, or they'd find other songs to sing!

Exit into cabaret, door in flat, l. closing door after him.

Enter LANDRY, LEGRAND, and MICHEL, arm in-arm, followed by others in same manner, singing, l. 1 E.

LANDRY. Again, Legrand; it stirs the heart. Would France but join the chorus, the reign of corruption and Du Barry would be at an end.

MICHEL. A wonderful song.

LEGRAND. Take care, or they'll cage the birds that sing it so prettily.

REBOUL. I should like to see the cage for such a piping bullfinch as I am. (ALL laugh) Hang fear!

ALL. Hang fear.

REBOUL. Here goes. And let your melodious voices chime in with the chorus.

Song.

Who is this in gaudy guise,
Paint and patches on her face—
Vice sits sparkling in her eyes,
Corruption lurks beneath her lace ?

Chorus.

Gay Versailles.

At her gates the Lazarus dies ;
Vultures gorged, they spurn his bones :
“ Give us bread,” poor Paris cries,
And our rulers give us stones.

Chorus.

Gay Versailles.

If our hearts beat brave and true,
On shaking threads our rulers dance ;
There's hope for me, there's hope for you,
There's hope for man and woman too.

Chorus.

There's hope for France !

ALL. Vive la France ! Vive la France !

LANDRY. And now, good night.

MICHEL. Are you going to serenade your mistress, Robert ?
to hymn her praises to the rising moon ?

LANDRY. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,

That makes the world go round, &c. *Exit*, R.

MICHEL. There goes one of the lightest hearts that beats
this night in Paris. Come.

ALL. (singing) 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis love,

That makes the world go round, &c. *Exeunt*, R.

(as they go off, LATOUR comes from door, watches them and
exits opposite side, L.)

SCENE THIRD.—*Bedchamber of CATHERINE, furnished—a
window, R.—door, C.—on table lighted candles, L.C.*

She is discovered trying on a scarf before a glass, L.C.

CATHERINE. What a beautiful scarf ! I found it here when I entered. Ah ! my dear, good father ; always some new surprise for his little Catherine. Where does Charlotte

loiter? (*as she turns she sees bouquet on chair by door*) Flowers! who could have placed them here? It must have been Robert or Charlotte. (*takes them*) No, it was not Charlotte who chose such flowers as these; it must be Robert, and—ha! (*screams, as note falls from it*) St. Valerrie! (*throws bouquet on table*) This persecution must cease. Yet it may be from Robert; a copy of verses, perhaps, to enhance his gift. (*picks up note, and as she does so, ST. VALERIE appears at window, R., enters room, and approaches her softly*) How my heart beats. It is from Valerrie, the insolent—the—ha! (*utters a cry*) I have broken the seal; but I need not read it, for all that. (*throws it down*) There let it lie: and for its writer— (*rises and turning, meets VALERIE*)

VALERIE. And for its writer—dearest Catherine, he is here.

CATHERINE. (*astonished*) The Count de St. Valerrie, and here!

VALERIE. Where else should he be? My heart is always here, Catherine; I came to seek it.

CATHERINE. The Count St. Valerrie—and in my chamber! (*is about to fall; he steps forward to assist her; she, by an effort recovers herself, and points to door, C.*)

CATHERINE. Not a step nearer. Touch me—approach me, even, and I alarm the house; my father's house, which you have entered like a thief; which you dishonour by your presence.

VALERIE. A thief, Catherine?

CATHERINE. (*points to window, R.*) Is that the entrance for an honest man? This house has a door; and none but the knave who would steal that house's honour would enter it otherwise than over its threshold.

VALERIE. I love you, Catherine. I will share my fortune, my—

CATHERINE. Everything—but your name. Enough, monsieur; I am the affianced bride of another. Your proffer is an insult, your love is a disgrace.

VALERIE. This is madness—folly.

CATHERINE. It is both in you: madness to risk my father's anger by this intrusion, and folly to hope by such an act to win his daughter's love.

VALERIE. Catherine—nay, you shall hear me. I seek to do you no wrong; I would—yes, I will make you my wife. You are my first, my only love: I have no life without you. (*covers his face with his hands.*)

CATHERINE. (*more gently*) Leave me, I entreat you. What you desire can never be: I am far too high to be your mistress—too humble to be your wife.

VALERIE. Say my love is returned, and all obstacles shall be removed. I will find my world in your heart, its sunshine

in your smile. Catherine, my love unmans me; there are tears in my eyes. Catherine, there are tears in my heart.

CATHERINE. Alas! alas!

VALERIE. You return my love? Oh yes, you return it.

CATHERINE. No.

VALERIE. No?

CATHERINE. I pity—I sincerely pity; but I cannot love.

VALERIE. Catherine—

CATHERINE. For the past, I ask your forgiveness. If, from girlish vanity, I was weak enough to listen to the protestations with which you have pursued me, my eyes are now opened, and I see the wrong I have done, for—*(hesitates, then with firmness)* I love another.

VALERIE. *(with despair)* Love another—and you tell me this!

CATHERINE. I tell it you. Now you must leave me, Count de St. Valerie, for from this time we never meet again.

VALERIE. *(R.)* Never?

CATHERINE. *(L.)* Never.

VALERIE. *(passionately)* And you reject me for one whom a word of mine can crush—this base-born sculptor of the Rue St. Jacques.

CATHERINE. Robert Landry base-born! He is a man to ennable any birth, while arts like yours would bring the noblest into contempt. Begone! You entered this house by the window, be thankful for my father's absence, that you are able safely to leave it by the door.

VALERIE. I will go—but not alone.

CATHERINE. *(recoiling)* Would you dare!

VALERIE. Everything. *(advances suddenly, and seizes her wrist)* I am resolved! *(aside)* Latour was in the right. *(aloud, and pointing to note)* There is the note—*my note*, with the seal broken—making an assignation for this night. The assignation is kept—I am here.

CATHERINE. *(struggling)* Release me, or I call for assistance!

VALERIE. Assistance is useless! *(LANDRY'S voice heard singing in the distance, R.)*

CATHERINE. Robert Landry's voice! Leave me, I entreat you! Your presence here at this hour—Oh! I implore you, go!

VALERIE. I leave with you, but upon no other terms! You shall be my wife, Catherine—I swear it. Quick, Jocrisse!

ROBERT LANDRY appears at window and enters. VALERIE releases CATHERINE and draws his sword.

LANDRY. *(R.—looking from one to the other)* Who is this man, Catherine? Tell me, how came he here, in your chamber?

VALERIE. (C.) Stand aside, fellow! (*calls*) Jocrisse!

LANDRY. If it is your valet you are summoning, you must call louder, for by this time he must be clear of the street. (*cries heard and drum*) Listen! they are calling the guard!

CATHERINE. (L.) Robert, let this man go; be sure he will not trouble us again. I implore you, let him go!

LANDRY. Who are you? What is your purpose here? (*stands before window*) I recognise you now. You are the Count de St. Valerie, the friend and companion of that notorious man, the Abbé de Latour! My first question is answered—let us, now deal with the second: How came you here?

VALERIE. I am the Count de St. Valerie. As you know me, stand aside, and let me pass!

LANDRY. (*still before window*) Moderate your tone. You are beneath the roof of the man whom I hold as a father: you are in the chamber of one whom, but an hour ago, I looked upon as my wife. (*laughs scornfully*) You are in Paris, not Versailles, Monsieur le Comte, and it were wise to moderate your tone a little.

VALERIE. Dare you threaten me? Stand aside! or—

LANDRY. Dare! Answer man, how came you here? Did she—(*hesitates—looks at her—then turns away*) could she have known of your coming! Ah! you hesitate; your eyes seek the ground. (*loses all his calmness*) Mon Dieu! she knew it, then! Catherine, you are false! (*advances toward her—then turns to hide his emotion*)

CATHERINE. (*crossing R. and catching his arm*) No, Robert, on my soul, I am true. (*to VALERIE*) As you are a man, a gentleman, remove this heavy slander from me! Oh! why do you hesitate to speak the truth?

LANDRY. (C., *pushes her away, and turns fiercely on VALERIE*) How came you here?

VALERIE. (L.) By the window—a road you have travelled, doubtless, many a time before.

LANDRY. Liar!

VALERIE. How, canaille! (*makes a lunge at LANDRY; he avoids it, wrests sword from VALERIE, breaks it into pieces, and throws it on floor*. CATHERINE screams and rushes to window—*drum, R.*)

LANDRY. Now, Count of St. de Valerie, we are upon equal terms. Answer! Your purpose here?

The door is thrown open, and the ABBE DE LATOUR, followed by an OFFICER and a file of SOLDIERS, enters, C:

LATOURE. (*pointing to LANDRY*) Gentlemen, there is your prisoner.

CATHERINE. (*with terror*) Robert Landry, a prisoner! He is not Robert! it is false!

LANDRY. This is a trick—some guilty plot of that arch fiend! (*points to LATOUR*) Is it permitted me, Monsieur, to know the the nature of my crime? (*to OFFICER*)

LATOUR. Treason!

CATHERINE. Treason!

LATOUR. We have the proofs, Messieurs! remove your prisoner to the Bastille.

LANDRY. Catherine, I am innocent! Would I could believe you so. Farewell! (*stretches out his hands toward her, and is about to advance, when, on a sign from LATOUR, the soldiers cross their muskets before him—he turns proudly away*)

SOLDIERS.

LANDRY.

LATOUR.

CATHERINE.

ST. VALERIE.

R.

L.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Open Space, filled with a great concourse of People—all armed—dressed in various costumes. SOLDIERS in uniform of Gardes Francaise, around pieces of cannon. WOMEN and CHILDREN, also armed. A WOMAN engaged binding up the arm of a SOLDIER, who is drinking from a bottle. This scene is carried back the whole depth of the stage, and by mechanical and artistical effects, to give the idea of a vast multitude, extending to the moat and drawbridges of the Bastille, whose walls and turrets are seen in the extreme distance. R. and L. of scene are openings to several streets, all barricaded. In front of crowd CERISETTE is serving out drink from a barrel, which is slung by her side. Around her are LEGRAND, REBOUL, TOUPET, &c., much altered. Curtain rises to clash of weapons; bells ringing and cannon—then joyous “Hurrah!”*

LEGRAND. (c.) Vive la Liberté! We have taken the Bastille!—the Bastille is no more.

ALL. Vive la Liberté!

LEGRAND. (c.) Give me some drink, Cerisette. I can scarcely stand on my legs, though my heart is dancing for joy. (*drinks*) Good! (*pulls a grimace*)—that is, it might be better!

CERISETTE. (L. c.) And so might you be; you're always finding fault, Legrand.

LEGRAND. If no one found fault, there'd be no amendment. We began by grumbling and finished by taking the Bastille!

ALL. Bravo, Legrand !

LEGRAND. Here, Cerisette. (*extends his arm*) Leave off tickling those fellows' throats for a time, and just tie up this.

CERISETTE. Wounded ?

LEGRAND. Only a scratch ! When a man's blood is at fever heat, bleeding does him good. (*she ties up his arm*) Where's Michel ?

REBOUL. (R. C.) Dead ! He was shot down at the second drawbridge. (*CERISETTE turns away*)

LEGRAND. Um ! that bullet touched two hearts. Poor Cerisette.

TOUPET. (L.) But, I'm alive.

LEGRAND. Yes, there's the mistake. Poor Cerisette !

REBOUL. Don't be hard upon Toupet ; he's a patriot proved.

LEGRAND. Since the King's found another perruquier ;—but we'll have no unpleasant memories to-day. *Vive la Liberté !* The Bastille is taken !

ALL. The Bastille is taken ; hurrah !

REBOUL. Here, Cerisette ; fill the cups, and Legrand will give us a song.

LEGRAND. No. I haven't sang for these seventeen years ; never since one sad night I parted for the last time from a loved friend. I remember it well. It was after the fête of the Belle Jardinière : we parted in the Rue de Seine.

CERISETTE. You mean poor Robert Landry ?

LEGRAND. I do. I lost both my friend and my voice on the same night. (*murmurs at back*) What's that ? (*unslings his musket.*)

CROWD. The prisoners ! the prisoners !

MEN are led out, or carried by others, from R. U. E. and off at side, L. 1 E. PRISONERS wave their hands, and cry faintly, " Vive la Liberté ! "

ALL. *Vive la Liberté !*

LEGRAND. It's like opening the jaws of a grave.

CERISETTE. See ! here comes another !

(again a commotion among crowd ; it opens, and four MEN slowly carry down between them a MAN heavily ironed. His appearance is one of extreme debility ; his hair thick and tangled, and large beard—PEOPLE gather round him, as they place him in a sitting posture on cannon, c.)

LEGRAND. (*pushing crowd back*) Stand away, and let the man breathe ! It's long enough since he had a mouthful of fresh air ; you needn't begrudge it him now.

CERISETTE. Ah ! he is fainting ! (*putting flask to man's mouth, kneeling*)—the MAN pushes aside the bottle, and rising, gazes wildly around—then shakes his head, and relapses into stupor)

CERISETTE. (L. C.) Ah ! mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! It is impossible ! (*rising and seizes LEGRAND by arm*)

LEGRAND. (L. C.) What is impossible ? Thunder ! Cerisette ; let go my arm ! Your grip is as sharp as your tongue !

CERISETTE. (*pointing*) Look there, Legrand ! look there !

LEGRAND. Well, and it's not a pleasant sight, I can tell you, to see a fellow-creature crushed to the level of the brute.

CERISETTE. Do you not know him ? Oh, Legrand ! Legrand !

LEGRAND. Know him ? Is the woman mad ? Know who ? (*kneels down, glancing in MAN'S face, and shakes his head*)

CERISETTE. Recall the past, Jacques Legrand—the past you were brooding upon just now. Recall it, and then look there !

LEGRAND. (*looking intently—he utters a cry of astonishment*) Robert !—Robert Landry ! (*falls upon the MAN'S neck, who looks stupidly around*)

REBOUL. Robert Landry !

ONE OF THE MOB. I never heard the name before.

SEVERAL. Nor I ! nor I.

LEGRAND. (*half-rising—half-laughing*) Who is Robert Landry ? They don't know ; they never heard the name ; but you—you know, Cerisette : seventeen years ago—and yet it seems but yesterday—that light-hearted, clever Robert Landry, was by my side, and now—(*shakes his head in sorrow*)

A SMITH enters from R. with basket of tools and commences filing Landry's chains.

REBOUL. Speak to him, Legrand.

LEGRAND. (R. C.) Robert Landry !—Robert ! Arouse thee, man ! See, it is Jacques Legrand—old Bruin, as thou wert wont to call him. Look up, Robert ; canst thou not recognize an old friend ? (*places hand on Landry's shoulder*)

LANDRY. Friends ; friends ! (*looks up again for a moment, and again relapses into stupor*)

LEGRAND. His wits are clean gone ! Look, Robert : here is Cerisette—somewhat fatter than she was.

TOUPET. And a shade older. (*CERISETTE boxes his ear*)

LEGRAND. Do you not remember our parting on that fatal night ?

LANDRY. (*raises himself with difficulty*) What night ! It's all night—dark—dark—dark !

REBOUL. He's in his second childhood.

CERISETTE. But children answer to their names. Robert—Robert Landry ! (*bends over him*)

LANDRY. (*to himself*) Yes, yes ; Robert Landry—Landry.

LEGRAND. (*to a Smith, who is unriveting Landry's chain*) How goes thy work, friend ?

SMITH. But slowly. These rivets have not been touched for years. (*to his man*) Give me the pincers; there—a few more turns, and he is free.

LEGRAND. (*to CERISETTE*) A brave sight this to the Countess de St. Valerie. (*start from LANDRY*)

CERISETTE. Hush! did you mark him, how he started at THAT name?

LANDRY. (*to himself*) St. Valerie—St. Valerie!—they are all coming now!

CERISETTE. (*to LEGRAND*) Speak to him—HER name—that name he loved so well. Speak to him of Catherine! (*she makes a sign to crowd, of silence. LANDRY turns quickly round*)—of Catherine Duval, of the Rue Dauphine.

LANDRY. Ha! (*gazing wildly round*)

SMITH. (*giving last knock on chains*) At last! (*throws down hammer*)

LEGRAND. Robert—have you forgotten Catherine Duval—the Queen of the Faubourg—Catherine, the Lily of St. Jacques?

LANDRY. The Lily of St. Jacques? (*starts to his feet, his irons fall off*) Catherine! Who spoke of Catherine Duval?

LEGRAND. I spoke of her—I—look on me, Robert—I am Jacques Legrand.

LANDRY. Catherine—Catherine!—Oh, yes!—I hear the name and see the face—I always see her face—it has been the one bright spot throughout the night of years! Catherine! (*shakes his head sadly*) Where is she now?

CERISETTE (*L., aside sadly*) Where indeed?

LEGRAND. (*R.*) Do you know me now? I am Jacques Legrand.

LANDRY. Does she live! does she live?

CERISETTE. She does.

LEGRAND. (*aside*) Better for you that she was dead.

LANDRY. (*C., on cannon*) Take me to her! Let me see her! (*raises his arms*) Everything is clear to me now. This is Legrand, and this Cerisette—the past comes back to me! I am strong—I am well—but where is Catherine? Let me see her, that I may be sure I am alive!

CERISETTE. (*aside*) Humour him, Jacques, but keep the truth from him.

LEGRAND. Come, lean on me, it's Bruin, the bear, you know! Ha! ha!—Morbleu!—he knows me now!

LANDRY. (*abstractedly*) I know you all—that is—I have seen your faces before—it was in a dream, I think—it must have been a dream.

LEGRAND. Come. (*helping him*)

LANDRY. To Catherine—yes. (*puts LEGRAND away gently*) I need no support—I am strong—strong as iron. (*looks down at*

his limbs and laughs in a childish manner) Iron, iron, they have taken them off, and I am free ! (*walks a few steps—stammers and faints—LEGRA*ND *catches him*)

CERISETTE. He has swooned !

LEGRAND. Lend a hand, Reboul, and carry him gently. He only wants rest. *They carry him off, L.*

CERISETTE. (*giving barrel from her side*) Here ! never mind the pay—drink, mes braves—and vive la liberté !

ALL. Vive la liberté !

(*they throw up hats, clash their arms, and press round*

CERISETTE, who stands laughing, as scene closes on dance and tableau)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in the Hotel de St. Valerie.*

Enter ROSE, followed by ABBE LATOUR, L. 1 E.

LATOUR. Rose, Rose, Rose ! preserve the purity of thy youth, and beware of lying.

ROSE. Monsieur L'Abbé de Latour—my mistress is *not* at home—to you.

LATOUR. Candid innocence ; nevertheless, most blushing of the flowers—your mistress *is* at home, and, to me.

ROSE. My orders are positive.

LATOUR. But I have news for your mistress.

ROSE. She desires none.

LATOUR. Hold out your hand and I will tell your fortune.

ROSE. (*holds hand out*) You had better help to make it.

LATOUR. (*giving money*) You are resolved ?

ROSE. Women are prone to change.

LATOUR. (*giving more*) Alas !

ROSE. And flesh is weak.

LATOUR. I bring news from her son.

ROSE. From her son ! Oh, that alters the case ! Had you said so at first, it would have been my loss and your gain. (*curtsseys*) I hasten to announce the Abbé de Latour. *Exit, R.*

LATOUR. So the Countess persists in denying herself to me ! Umph. Since entreaties are of no avail, we'll try what threats will do ! Her son is in my hands—a piece of pliable stuff, to be moulded into any shape I please. Well, it all depends upon the mother ! And yet, I love this woman ! I wonder if she knows of this Landry's release—after believing him dead for so many years, the surprise can be no light one ! Can this man be dangerous ? In times like these, when the pot boils so fast—that the *scum* is rising—possibly yes ! Heigho ! Bertrand de Latour, I fear this is but a will-o'-the-wisp

you are pursuing! No matter—I have followed it for seventeen years, and will make another grasp at it yet! Ma foi! and they call me inconstant! (*laughs*)

Re-enter ROSE, R.

ROSE. Madame the Countess will see the Abbé de Latour.

LATOUR. Rose, my pretty Rose! (*chucks her under the chin*) How did Madame the Countess receive the announcement of my visit?—pleased or angry, eh?

ROSE. Neither.

LATOUR. Neither!—what, then?

ROSE. Contemptuous.

LATOUR. Parbleu!

Exit, following ROSE, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*An Apartment in the Hotel de St. Valerie, richly furnished.*

The COUNTESS DE ST. VALERIE discovered seated near table, R. C., her dress plain, but elegant; her demeanour sad, but resigned.

COUNTESS. The Abbé de Latour here again! If it were in my nature to hate, I could hate that man; a false friend to my husband—now an enemy—a bitter enemy to my son—my son! (*clasps her hands*) Oh, Arthur! Arthur! who shall defend thy youth against an enemy who hides his evil purpose under a mask of kindness, and sweetens with the honey of vice the edge of the poisoned cup? If I can but draw from this man my son's places of resort, I will visit them, disguised, and then resolve on my future course.

Enter ROSE, door, L.

ROSE. The Abbé de Latour!

Enter LATOUR, door, L. 3 E.

LATOUR. (*bows profoundly*) I must beg Madame la Comtesse to pardon this intrusion; but—

COUNTESS. (*door, L., to ROSE*) You may go. (*ROSE places chair, L. C., takes LATOUR'S hat and cane, and exits door, L.*) Be seated, Monsieur.

LATOUR. (*sits*) Madame la Comtesse looks charming this morning.

COUNTESS. Your business? If it were to compliment, our interview is at an end. (*rises*)

LATOUR. Unfortunately, the business is none of mine, Madame; it concerns that unhappy young man, my friend—and (*pauses*) your son.

COUNTESS. Tell your errand.

LATOUR. Believe me, my dear Madame, it was upon his

entreaty alone that I ventured to disobey commands, which to me (*bows*) will ever be law; but, I regret to say, his need is pressing.

COUNTESS. (*R., seated at table—turning towards him*) His need is pressing of what?

LATOUE. (*bows, L., seated*) Of money.

COUNTESS. For shame, Monsieur, to treat me thus! (*puts handkerchief to her eyes*)

LATOUE. (*changing his manner*) Pardon me if I have offended—if I have given you pain. I would be your son's friend—would be yours. (*rises and goes towards her*)

COUNTESS. Not a step nearer, Monsieur l'Abbé—not a step! We can converse as we are. (*suddenly*) Where did you leave Arthur?

LATOUE. (*leaning on back of chair*) In the Palais Royal.

COUNTESS. In the Palais Royal there are many houses—in which of them did you leave my unhappy son, who has sunk so low that he needs a mediator with me? You left him—

LATOUE. (*smiling*) At the Cafe Jocrisse. (*aside*) Diable! why did I say that?

COUNTESS. A gaming-house, and one of the *worst* of its kind! The keeper of this house was once a valet of yours—and my son owes this man money?

LATOUE. I am sorry to be obliged to say, yes.

COUNTESS. The amount?

LATOUE. (*giving paper*) It is there specified. You will recognize Arthur's hand. (*aside*) What does she mean?—this will never do!

COUNTESS. (*writing and giving paper*) He owes it no longer.

LATOUE. (*glances at paper*) You have doubled the amount required! (*pauses and laughs*) The sum is a large one. You have, then, faith in me, Madame?

COUNTESS. (*haughtily*) My son has chosen the messenger, not I. (*rises*) Our interview is at an end.

LATOUE. As you will. (*retires L.; then turns with a change in his manner—threatening*) Stay Catherine? (*she turns with a look of indignation*) Countess de St. Valerie, our interview is not yet at an end! I will speak, and to the purpose. Your husband was weak, and, perhaps, never more so than in making me tutor to his son.

COUNTESS. Against my wish.

LATOUE. Granted. Yet, I became Arthur's tutor. It is a nature capable of much good or of much evil. Catherine de St. Valerie, your son's future is in your hands.

COUNTESS. In mine?

LATOUE. In yours. You say you know me. That knowledge then will tell you that I am not the man to overrate the power

I possess, nor to hesitate to *use* it when necessity requires.
Upon you, then, depends the future of your son.

COUNTESS. Upon me?

LATOUR. (*fixing his eyes on her face*) I love you!

COUNTESS. Again you dare to insult me! No more—
forbear, at least, further to outrage the feelings of the mother,
you, who boast your power to ruin the son!

LATOUR. You refuse me?

COUNTESS. I have said that you insult me!

LATOUR. Reflect! The influence I possess is not the short-lived produce of an hour's growth, but the slowly-ripened fruit of years. Do not answer hastily, but *reflect*. As yet, he but treads upon the brink of the precipice, toying with the flowers; it is, then, for you—and you alone—to save him, or to thrust him into the gulf that yawns below.

COUNTESS. (*after a pause*) Go! If what you say be true—

LATOUR. (*triumphantly*) What then?

COUNTESS. (*clasping her hands and looking upward*) Into other hands than yours I entrust the fate of my misguided boy!

LATOUR. (*going with a menace*) Madame, I depart. You will reflect upon what I have said, and I leave the result to time! (*aside*) Pardieu! I had forgotten. I have still an arrow left—a barbed one: (*aloud*) Madame, a word—

COUNTESS. (*indignantly*) Not one: I have listened too long. Begone, or—(*crosses to bell-rope, R.*) Fortune has given me servants, though it has denied me friends.

LATOUR. One word, nay, three!—Robert Landry lives!

COUNTESS. (*lets fall bell-rope, and stands for a moment as one transfixed, then draws herself up proudly, and points to door, L.*) Go! he is unworthy even of contempt—who blasphemeth the memory of the dead!

LATOUR. (*at door, L.—thrown open*) Robert Landry *lives*, notwithstanding! (*laughs mockingly*) This is an age of wonders! He *was* dead, to you, to the world, but they untombed him this morning from the dungeons of the Bastille.

Exit, closing door, L.—COUNTESS throws up her hands, with a low, agonized cry, totters, gazes helplessly round, and with another low, moaning cry, sinks into chair, covering her face with her hands, as scene closes.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Lane near the Palais Royal.* CERISETTE enters, laughing, followed by TOUPET, L., who has a flag and large knife.

CERISETTE. (R. C.) Love you! Ha, ha!—it must be bad indeed with me, when it comes to that—

TOUPET. (L. C.) But listen, Cerisette—

CERISETTE. So I do—I wouldn't lose it for the world—it is as good as a play! Ha, ha, ha!

TOUPET. Now you are angry—

CERISETTE. Ha, ha, ha!

TOUPET. Well, you might do worse.

CERISETTE. I might, but I won't, nor near so bad, if I can help it!

TOUPET. You know that I left Versailles for you.

CERISETTE. I know no such thing; you were kicked out of the palace for falling asleep over your work, and powdering the nose and eyes, instead of the hair of majesty.

TOUPET. It was thinking of you. I confess I touched the royal face lightly—

CERISETTE. And in return felt the royal foot heavily! Ha, ha, ha! poor Toupet!

TOUPET. (*with dignity*) I was dismissed, so was Monsieur Necker, the Controller-General, upon the same day. The King is privileged to change his ministers and his barbers when he pleases.

CERISETTE. So Frisette has your place?

TOUPET. He has!—he has!—Alas! I put my faith in princes, and see the result: Frisette, a man of yesterday, is the King's barber! (*solemnly*) Cerisette! I am with you to the death!

CERISETTE. Thank you; but I desire a better companion!

TOUPET. I have sworn eternal enmity to the house of Bourbon! A new era has arrived—everything has changed, I have changed.

CERISETTE. Your habits, I hope.

TOUPET. My name.

CERISETTE. Your name; and into what?

TOUPET. I am no longer Anatole; but Brutus.

CERISETTE. Brutus! what's that?

TOUPET. (*proudly*) Brutus Toupet, the Terror of Kings!

CERISETTE. Take my advice, Brutus. Stick to your brushes and pomatum pots. Where's Robert Landry?

TOUPET. In the Café Jocrisse. I have made a new man of him. He looked a year younger at every clip of the scissors! I left him asleep on a bench, a Sampson shorn of his locks.

CERISETTE. A Sampson; poor Robert Landry!

TOUPET. You should have seen his eyes flash when I told him of Catherine Duval's great marriage!

CERISETTE. So you told him, did you?

TOUPET. Oh! anything to amuse him—yes, I told him all about her son's going on after the Count's death, and when I mentioned his tutor, the Abbé de Latour, he seized me by the arm till—ugh!

CERISETTE. And he said—

TOUPET. Not a word, but his eyes ! Do you know, Cerisette, I think he can see in the dark.

CERISETTE. You're an ass, Brutus ; you say Legrand is with him ?

TOUPET. He is.

CERISETTE. I have news for him ; are you coming ?

TOUPET. I am your shadow, divine Cerisette ! (*tries to take her hand*) but give me this hand, and I am happy !

CERISETTE. There, be happy. (*gives him a box on ears and exits, R. 1 E.*)

TOUPET. Oh ! (*rubs his ear*) A pretty hand, but heavy !

Exit, R. 1. E.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Interior of Café Jocrisse. Same as Paris Cafés, except that at back there is a door with a glass window closely screened on the other side by a red curtain, behind which, occasionally, are heard sounds of dice and quarrelling. A door, L., 2 E.*

The Café is filled with MEN and WOMEN still armed. ROBERT LANDRY asleep on bench, R., his hair and beard has been trimmed, and his appearance much improved. LEGRAND and REBOUL at table, L. C., drinking. A bar fitted up, R., and BARMAIDS, WAITERS, &c. A clock on wall.

LEGRAND. (*knocking empty bottle on table*) Hollo ! Jocrisse ! Jocrisse ! Come here !

JOCRISSE. (*comes from room, c.*) Your pleasure, Monsieur Legrand ?

LEGRAND. More wine, morbleu ! We don't take a Bastille every day, and patriots are thirsty.

JOCRISSE. (*with a quiet laugh, c.*) And hungry, I have heard.

LEGRAND. Take care ! You're a known man, Master Jocrisse !

JOCRISSE. I should hope so. I keep a house of public entertainment, and live by popularity. (*shouts and quarrelling in room, and voices, "Jocrisse ! Jocrisse !" he goes to them, c., WAITER brings bottle*)

Enter CERISETTE and TOUPET.

ALL. Cerisette ! Cerisette !

LEGRAND. Welcome ! Queen of the Amazons !

CERISETTE ! (*sits at table, L.*) Thank you for nothing, Legrand. I'm Cerisette, and Cerisette I mean to remain. I haven't changed my name yet, like Brutus.

TOUPET. (*with dignity*) Brutus Toupet ! The Terror of Kings !

REBOUL. But which Brutus? there were two.

LEGRAND. Lucius Junius, of course. He began by being a fool, and Toupet is anxious to sustain the character. Fill, Cerisette, and you, too, Toupet. (*he fills a cup and rises*) This for Robert Landry—there's nothing like wine to pour fresh blood into the veins! (*crosses to LANDRY and places hand on his shoulder—LANDRY rises slowly in a sitting posture*) Come, Robert, wine soothes many troubles! (*offers cup, which LANDRY refuses*) Well, good wine never goes a begging—if it misses one road, it travels another. (*small clock strikes ten*)

LANDRY. You told me the young Count de St. Valerie would be here when the clock marked ten—you lied—it's past that hour!

LEGRAND. You are not polite, comrade; but a man is not expected to pick up the usages of society in the Bastille.

LANDRY. A man speaks either true or false—you say one thing—that clock proves another.

LEGRAND. (*aside*) His wits are clean gone! (*aloud*) You're too fast, friend Robert, and so is the clock. (*a bell heard at a distance striking the hour of ten*) There sounds the hour, and here comes the Count.

Enter noisily at door, L., ARTHUR DE ST. VALERIE, the ABBE LATOUR, and others. They disperse about stage. ARTHUR and LATOUR go to bar and drink.

LANDRY. That then is the young Count de St. Valerie?

LEGRAND. The stouter one, and a wild slip it is! He's breaking his mother's heart.

LANDRY. (*half rising with emotion*) Ah! (*controls himself and takes LEGRAND's hand*) Your pardon, Jacques—I was hasty just now! It is long since time was aught to me, or that I have cared to mark the progress of the hours.

CERISETTE. (*from table*) Come here, Legrand, and help us to chain this tiger! Brutus is getting valorous in his cups.

(*LEGRAND crosses to them—LANDRY goes to back, watching ARTHUR*)

TOUPET. (*holding up cup, c.*) Citizens! The Bastille has fallen! Versailles must follow. The King has been false to France! The King has been false to me!

LATOUR. (*seizing him by ear, r.*) How, varlet! would you dare? (*brings him down, takes cup from him and forces him on his knees*) Down! and drink the King's health on your knees. (*a great commotion—the CITIZENS spring from tables, crying, "Down with the aristocrats!" while ARTHUR and his companions cry, "Long live the King!"—LATOUR, sword in one hand, and cup in the other, menaces TOUPET, who is on his knees*) Drink, and quickly, ere I shave off one of those huge ears,

which stand out like the wings of Mercury from your rascally head! Drink!

TOUPET. (*holding cup, R. C.*) Oh! my country! what do I not suffer for thy sake!

LATOUR. (*half laughing*) Drink!

(TOUPET *about to drink, when LANDRY snatches cup from his hand, having approached from behind, and now stands between them*)

LANDRY. (*R. C.*) May the lips wither that drink to a toast the heart cannot feel. Comrades, what men are these that forget in the evening the lessons of the day? That the Bastille has fallen, and France is no longer theirs!

LATOUR. (*R.*) What madman is this?

LANDRY. (*not appearing to notice him, and holding cup*) A toast—the first I have carried to my lips for seventeen years!—my deliverers—The People!

LEGRAND, &c. (*L.*) The People.

LATOUR. Curs! do you yelp because your leader howls! Close the door, St. Valérie! Gentlemen, stand to your weapons! Long live the King! (*as LATOUR has been speaking, LANDRY has been regarding him, and, as if struck by some painful recollection, dashes cup down—TOUPET crawls under table, L. C.*)

LANDRY. You are the Abbé Latour!

LATOUR. Again I ask, what madman is this? Jocrisse must look to his guests, if he would be patronized by gentlemen!

LANDRY. You are the man! Were you a better one you would not deny your name.

LATOUR. Deny my name! I am the Abbé de Latour!

LANDRY. And I—Robert Landry! For seventeen years I have waited for this meeting. (*going close to him, and with bitter hate*) Coward!

LATOUR. Dog!

LANDRY. A dog that has broken his chain, and will bite.

(*strikes LATOUR across face*)

LATOUR. A blow! Die! (*makes a lunge at LANDRY, who wards it off, and laughs*)

LANDRY. I have but just risen from my grave, and he talks to me of death.

ARTHUR. (*R.*) To the rescue, gentlemen! Long live the King! (*a movement on both sides*)

LEGRAND. (*L., unslinging his gun*) Thunder! If any man moves hand or foot, I'll make that move his last!

LANDRY. (*has avoided another thrust from LATOUR, and wrenches sword from his grasp*) I pay a debt of long standing, Abbé de Latour! (*he is about to strike him when his eye falls upon face of CATHERINE, who is behind LATOUR, R.—he stands*)

paralyzed, then looks quickly from LATOUR to ARTHUR—aside)
 Here, in this place ! She comes to save her son ! and I would
 have killed this man ! (*aloud to LATOUR, as he drops sword
 from his hand*) Live, serpent ! live, and sting—but remember !
 I bide the time ! *Motions LEGRAND and exit, L.*

CERISETTE. (*tapping her musket, c.*) Now, Messieurs, shall
 we take up the game ?

LATOUR. (R.) No ! Whenever a petticoat leads the attack,
 I take no shame to own myself defeated. (*turns to ARTHUR*) I
 owe you a revenge. Jocrisse ! Rascal, lead the way !

JOCRISSE. Welcome, gentlemen, to the Temple of Fortune !
*(opens door of a room, c., through which several persons are
 seen playing cards and dice—the COUNTESS has seated herself
 at back of stage, L.)*

CERISETTE. The enemy has retreated ! (*looks round*) But
 where's Brutus ?

TOUPET. (*under table, L. C.*) Here ! (*all laugh*)

CERISETTE. Were you looking for your dagger, Monsieur
 Brutus ?

TOUPET. I stooped to pick up the cup that Robert Landry
 dropped in his fight.

COUNTESS. (*aside*) It was he then ! Alas ! alas !

*(Cries heard without, proclaiming, “The taking of the
 Bastille ! and news from Versailles”)*

CERISETTE. Hark ! there's the crier !

TOUPET. (*going to door*) Follow me, citizens ! let's hear the
 news ! (*all laugh, and crowd out of door, the voice of CRIER,
 continuing—the noise of players in room heard distinctly*)

COUNTESS. (*comes slowly forward, sighing heavily*) And that
 room contains my son—the son for whose sake I struggle
 onward with the burden of a life that oppresses me. That my
 son should have become the instrument by which this bad man
 would work out his selfish ends ! (*clasps her hands*). LANDRY
enters unseen by COUNTESS, L.) If I can but induce Arthur to
 leave his side, but for a day, I might prevail upon him to
 listen to a mother's prayers ! Yes, on my knees, I would
 entreat him to return to Picardy, and bid farewell to this cruel
 city for ever ! (*noise of voices heard within, c.*) They are
 quarrelling ! that was Arthur's voice ! A mother's ear could
 not mistake the sound.

ARTHUR. (*within*) It is false ! the dice were just !

LATOUR. (*within*) No disputing, gentlemen ! Throw again !

COUNTESS. His life may be in danger. I can refrain no
 longer. (*going towards door, c.*)

LANDRY. (*steps between it and her*) Stay—you may not cross
 the threshold of that room.

COUNTESS. (*starts back as if some vision had passed before*

her—conquers her emotion and faces him) May not. By whose orders?

LANDRY. Mine!

COUNTESS. (R. C.) And by what right?

LANDRY. (*grasping her arm, and with a sad smile, L. C.*) By the right of the strongest—silence. A cry will ruin you—may injure him. I know your errand. This is a gaming house, and a mother seeks her son.

COUNTESS. (*shrinking back*) I would have avoided this. You know me then?

LANDRY. (*sorrowfully*) Know you—know you, Catherine? (*leads her down stage, then lifts his cap*) Do you know me?

COUNTESS. (*hangs head*) I do—you are Robert Landry.

LANDRY. It is long since we met, Catherine; but longer to me than to you, for I have counted each heavy footfall, as time plodded heavily by. Oh, how heavily! (*looks in her face—shakes his head*) Of all the mighty changes of this world, but one has had power to move me—the change that has made Catherine Duval Countess of St. Valerie.

COUNTESS. (*not looking up*) They told me you had escaped and fled from Paris after that fatal night—fled, believing every harm of me; that you had died abroad. Robert Landry, on my soul, I believed you dead.

LANDRY. A wise belief, and hope gave its ready credence to the lies they told.

COUNTESS. You wrong me, Robert Landry! but words are useless now, we must forget the past.

LANDRY. (*with sudden passion*) Forget it? Never! The past you speak of is my yesterday—with but one long night between.

COUNTESS. Alas! alas!

LANDRY. Have you forgotten that we were affianced, that you were my world, my heaven, for when you were by I could look no higher.

COUNTESS. (*tenderly*) Robert, why dwell on this? It is useless.

LANDRY. Time has not passed so happily with you, Catherine, that you can have forgotten this. Think, then of what I was, reflect on what I might have been, and now (*lovers voice*)—see what I am.

COUNTESS. (*imploringly*) Robert Landry!

LANDRY. A word from a King's mistress, a scratch from a King's pen, and I, a living man was snatched away and plunged into the stagnation of a tomb.

COUNTESS. Horrible!

LANDRY. The world, busy, with its million occupations, soon forgot, or, rather, never bestowed a thought upon the poor

sculptor. Men strove and thrived, or strove and failed. Sought the sweet companionship of women, the poetry of life—married, and gazed on the pleasant faces of children as they peopled the paradise of home. Life rolled on, ever changing to all but me. I, and I alone, sat in the darkness, a part of, yet apart from the world around—days, weeks, months, years passed, and still I crouched, nursing my wrongs—a cannibal devouring my own heart !

COUNTESS. A cruel fate !

LANDRY. It was ; I had scarcely dared to hope, that in this, my living grave, a resurrection would come ; but—(*laughs*) it has come. The hands of the people were about me. Yes, Catherine, they plucked me from the tomb, a living man, but with a *dead heart* ! Do you mark me, Catherine, the body was still living—but the heart—the *heart was dead* !

COUNTESS. Robert, Robert Landry ! I pity you—you have suffered much—but the world, Robert—

LANDRY. The world ! but for *one object* I would long ago have dashed my brains out against my dungeon wall, and, but for the same object I would have crawled back again to my prison to curse the world and die !

COUNTESS. Unhappy man ! And that one object was—

LANDRY. Revenge !

COUNTESS. (*alarmed, throws up her hands*) Your heart is dead, indeed.

LANDRY. (*laughs scornfully*) Yes ! Revenge ! a poisonous plant, I know, but my only prison flower ; it struck its root deep in my dungeon floor, and I nourished it ! Oh, how I have nourished it—ripening it with hate, and watering it with tears. Its growth was slow but certain, till at last I sat beneath the shadow of its branches.

COUNTESS. (*covers face with her hands*) Ah ? you have suffered much.

LANDRY. I would not trust to memory, but for many a month I worked upon the solid stone, till whichever way the thin streak of light that formed my day fell upon the walls of the narrow tomb, it fell upon the two names—St. Valerie and Latour.

COUNTESS. (*with a sudden start*) St. Valerie ! Robert, that is *my name*.

LANDRY. To the world—to *me*—you are, and ever *will be*, Catherine Duval. (*with deep feeling—CATHERINE utters a stifled sob*)

ARTHUR. (*within*) We are partners, Latour, share and share alike. Double or quits.

COUNTESS. My son ! (*covers her face*)

LANDRY. (*points with an exulting look towards the door, then*

takes her hands, and slowly withdrawing them, looks into her face) You are in the right, Catherine. St. Valerie is the name of your son!

COUNTESS. (*with strong entreaty*) And—

LANDRY. I have written it upon my dungeon wall! (*dropping her hands and speaking boldly*)

COUNTESS. You would revenge yourself upon *him*!—upon Arthur. (*proudly*) And you dare speak this to me, his mother.

(ARTHUR heard disputing with others, c.)

LANDRY. Hush! (*draws her into shade*)

COUNTESS. (*wildly*) My son! Where is he!

LANDRY. There! a son to be proud of.

(LATOUR and ARTHUR come from room—ARTHUR intoxicated and leaning upon LATOUR'S arm—LATOUR laughing)

ARTHUR. (*from c.*) Sixes! by St. Denis, always sixes. The dice must be loaded! Foi de gentilhomme! loaded!

LATOUR. Foi de gentilhomme! they were nothing of the kind, you are drunk, Arthur. Arthur, my son, you are drunk.

ARTHUR. Drunk! a calumny, you are tinged with republican principles, and see everything through a false medium. (*stumbles*) So they have taken the Bastille! Well, the people having beaten the King's troops, we'll go and beat the people. (*hic*) Will you never stop waltzing round me, Latour? Walk steady, like a gentleman!

LATOUR. (*laughing*) Left foot forward, march! Vive le Roi!

Both exit, L.

LANDRY. A son likely to maintain the hereditary character of his house. (*suddenly changes his tone*) Catherine, the Abbé de Latour is a dangerous tutor—he is leading your son to ruin.

COUNTESS. I know it—too well. I know it. Oh, how I dread that man—YOU can save Arthur! (*seizes him by arm*) Oh! yes, you WILL save him, Robert!

LANDRY. (*releases his arm and bows respectfully*) No! You are alone, are you not? The streets are dangerous as they were seventeen years ago, and I fear the world has not grown better.

COUNTESS. My coach is waiting but a few steps from here. But, you will save my son? Answer, Robert Landry.

LANDRY. (*opening café door*) You have my answer—No.

COUNTESS. Ah! think—you are the man who once I—

LANDRY. Spare me the remembrance. (*smiles sadly*) My heart is dead (*he motions towards the door, and again inclines himself as she passes out, L.—he then shakes his head, and follows her, repeating sorrowfully*)—DEAD—DEAD! (*L. door*)

ACT II.

TIME—1794.

SCENE FIRST.—*The Entrance to the Prison of the Conciergerie.*

A crowd of PEOPLE gather around gateway, which is guarded by two GENDARMES, who are perfectly at ease with the MOB; one of them smoking, the other resting upon his musket, and laughing with some WOMEN. The whole scene wears an aspect of gaiety and carelessness, which is in strong contrast with the gloomy gateway of the prison—some few of the CROWD shew much anxiety and distress, especially a WOMAN who, her face shrouded in her cloak, is leaning against one of the walls, and suffering apparently from some strong emotion. As Scene opens CERISETTE, who is dressed in a somewhat Amazonian fashion, offers a bottle to REBOUL, who is in the costume of the National Guard—he laughs, takes it, and prepares to drink—while curtain is rising the conclusion of the Revolutionary Chorus is chanted by the MOB.

“ Ca ira, ça ira, ça ira !
Les aristocrats à la lanterne ! ”

ALL. Vive la Republique !

REBOUL. (to CERISETTE) Thy health, citizen ! and Vive la Republique ! (drinks)

ONE OF THE CROWD. Vive la Guillotine ! without la Mere Guillotine we should be in a bad plight, citizens.

REBOUL. Umph.

THE MAN. (*suspiciously*) What didst thou say ?

REBOUL. Nothing at all, citizen ; but now I say, la Mere Guillotine is doing her work. Twelve heads fell to-day, I believe.

THE MAN. We shall have twenty to-morrow. These aristocrats will never see clear till they've one and all peeped through the little window.

REBOUL. Umph.

THE MAN. (*with increased suspicion*) Thou hast a cold, citizen ? It is to be hoped that it was not caught from a wind that blows from the frontiers.

CERISETTE. In my turn, let me give thee a bit of advice, citizen—never join in a conversation till asked—he who meddles uninvited with another's soup, may burn both tongue and fingers.

THE MAN. Exclusiveness savours of the aristocrat. To be exclusive is to be suspect, and to be suspect, is to be denounced by all good citizens.

CERISETTE. Suspect ! Me ! Go and denounce at once, citizen sneak, and take that (*boxes his ear*) to warm thy memory.

THE MAN. Beware ! the Citizen Jocrisse says—

CERISETTE. (*snapping her fingers*) That for the Citizen Jocrisse. There's not a Jacobin of the Club but knows me to be as good a sansculotte as himself—and better, for I'm a woman. Bah ! Citizen Robespierre praised my complexion and pinched my chin this morning.

THE MAN. (*rubbing his ear*) A sure sign that he means to pinch thy neck to-morrow.

CERISETTE. Bear witness, he accuses the Citizen Robespierre.

THE MAN. (*alarmed*) Who, I ? Heaven forbid !

CERISETTE. (*to CROWD*) He swears by Heaven, like an aristocrat. He is suspect.

CROWD. A la lanterne ! à la lanterne ! (*the MAN hastily disappears, L.*)

CERISETTE. (*to REBOUL*) That's Guiscard, one of Jocrisse's jackals.

REBOUL. (*in an alarmed whisper*) Hush ! hush ! Cerisette ! the Citizen Jocrisse is now the citizen's President's most trusted agent ?

CERISETTE. All Paris knows that, and when he last cast his net, he caught that very slippery fish, his late master, the Abbé de Latour.

REBOUL. Impossible ! Rumour said he was with the emigrants at Coblenz.

CERISETTE. Then rumour lied as usual ! He was caught in a cellar near the Pantheon, playing cards with a ci-devant Marquis.

REBOUL. Then he is now before the Tribunal ?

CERISETTE. Yes—and as a proved agent of Pitt, will figure, I suppose, in the batch to-morrow. (*voice of CRIER heard without, L. U. E.—great emotion among CROWD, who rush to side from whence sound proceeds*)

REBOUL. Here comes the Crier ; we shall hear the list of the condemned.

CERISETTE. (*to CROWD*) Silence, citizens ! and let us listen to the Evening Gazette.

Enter CRIER, L. 2 E. ALL surround him.

CRIER. Citizens ! Citizens ! have patience ! La Mere Guillotine cannot provide for you all at once—you'll each have your turn in time.

WOMAN. He is an aristocrat. The Crier is suspect. (*all laugh*)

CERISETTE. Stand away, and let the Crier speak.

ALL. Silence for the Evening Gazette.

CRIER. (c., reads) "This day—by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal, for conspiring against the safety of the Republic—"

ALL. Vive la Republique !

CRIER. (reads) "Hector de Laval, known as the Marquis de Forges—Dominique de Marigny, Stipendiary of Pitt—and Jacques Desfontaines, once called Marquis de la Touche."

ALL. A bas les aristocrats !

CRIER. Paul Romme, shoemaker—Pierre Lefour, water carrier." (PEOPLE are silent and look at one another)

CERISETTE. (aside to REBOUL) La Mere Guillotine begins to devour her children.

CRIER. "Victor Fleuret, known as the Count de Chateau Fleuret—Guillaume Noailles, known as the Duc de Noailles—and Bertrand Latour, ex Abbé de Latour."

ALL. A bas les Aristocrats !

WOMAN. (peeping over shoulder of CRIER) There's another ! A, R,—yes—I can see the first letters of the name !

CRIER. (looking again at paper) Pardon, citizens ! there is yet another ! "Arthur Frederic, lately known as Count de St. Valerie." (a shriek heard and the cloaked figure falls back suddenly into the arms of CERISETTE—a movement in CROWD)

CERISETTE. (supporting her) Alas ! some poor wife, or mother—help me, Reboul ! (uncovers her face) Oh ! look, Reboul ! It is the Countess—I mean the citizen, St. Valerie !

ONE OF CROWD. (roughly) Take care, citizen, the Saints are abolished.

CERISETTE. (angrily) So may you be ! Every dog has his day, and thou wilt have thine, mon ami ! Poor Catherine ! (bends over COUNTESS and kisses her forehead) I will claim the long-forgotten friendship—now she is in sorrow !

REBOUL. (shrinking back with CROWD) Beware what thou art doing, Cerisette ! The Countess Valerie is suspect ! (all shrink back)

CERISETTE. For shame, Reboul ! Come, man, and help me. Think of thy own mother who is lying in her quiet grave at Montmartre ! (REBOUL comes forward and assists CERISETTE, reluctantly, in carrying COUNTESS up stage—they rest her on a kind of bourne or stone, by a gate, c.—the CROWD look sullenly on)

CRIER. (glancing at paper) "All condemned to suffer the penalty of death to-morrow morning, at one hour after day-break, by sentence of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Vive la Republique !"

ALL. Vive la Republique !

Exit CRIER, R.

WOMAN. Well, if the aristocrats rise early for once, they'll be sure of a long sleep afterwards !

REBOUL. (*pointing to COUNTESS*) Silence, citizen! one of them is her son.

CERISETTE. Catherine—forgive me, if in your misfortune, I claim you as a friend! Come with me—do not stay here. There is insult to be feared—nay, there is danger. Come—

COUNTESS. (*incoherently*) Come—where? to the guillotine! Gladly, if I can save him! (*rests her head upon CERISETTE'S shoulder—partially raises herself and looks anxiously round*) I will wait—wait—I have not left this place since morning—when I saw him depart! I am his mother, and I am content to wait. (*sound drum, L.—CROWD rush to side of stage, L.*)

CROWD. Here they come! here they come! A bas les aristocrats! (*at these words the COUNTESS gently repulses CERISETTE, rises to her feet, and stands eagerly watching the side at which the PRISONERS are to enter*)

CROWD. Here they come! Here they come! (*they fall back as LEGRAND, wearing the uniform of a Captain of Gendarmes, enters with SOLDIERS, escorting the PRISONERS, L.—the two GENDARMES on duty at gates present arms, while the gates themselves are thrown open, and another company of SOLDIERS is seen drawn up within—the CROWD is forced back, as the PRISONERS pass through the gateway, R.—the ABBE DE LATOUR and ARTHUR DE ST. VALERIE come last in the procession—the former is received with a groan from CROWD—he takes off his hat and bows several times, and then is about to pass on with ARTHUR, when COUNTESS suddenly breaks through the line of SOLDIERS and falls upon ARTHUR's neck*)

COUNTESS. My son! my son! (*sensation among the CROWD*)

A PORTION OF CROWD. A bas les aristocrats! (*they press upon GENDARMES and threaten PRISONERS*)

LEGRAND. Fall back! You won't! Advance! (*to GENDARMES*) and sweep the gateway clear. (*the CROWD is driven off, L., COUNTESS alone remaining with her son, and clinging to him*)

COUNTESS. (*R. C.*) My boy! my Arthur! you are to die! Yes, I know all—but I will die with you—they will not refuse me that boon—the wolves will once be merciful, and we shall be separated no more!

ARTHUR. (*placing hand on her mouth, C.*) Oh! Silence! silence! my mother! (*looks imploringly round*) She is mad with grief. She knows not what she says!

LEGRAND. (*L. C.*) Parbleu! we are blind and deaf—fear nothing, citizens! We are soldiers, not assassins!

ARTHUR. (*gratefully*) Your name, friend?

LEGRAND. Jacques Legrand, Captain in the Gendarmerie.

ARTHUR. I will carry its remembrance with me to the grave!

LEGRAND. My duty is a harsh one—but it is my duty.

ARTHUR. I understand you. (*gently unclasps his mother's arms from around his neck, kisses her, motions to GENDARMES to remove her*) Farewell! mother! (*passes his hand hurriedly across his eyes, draws himself up proudly, and passes under gateway, followed by LATOUR—as they disappear, the COUNTESS tears herself from GENDARMES, and rushes towards door, but is intercepted by LEGRAND, who, lowering the point of his sabre, salutes her respectfully—ALL off, R.*)

COUNTESS. Man! there is still a higher law to which you owe obedience! Would you deny a mother access to her son? (*LEGRAND shrugs his shoulders, but still stands between COUNTESS and gates, always with the point of sabre depressed*) He is mine! He was all their cruelty left me—my last hope upon earth!

LEGRAND. None can enter here without an order. (*at door, R.*)

COUNTESS. Give that order then—you have the power? Oh! yes—say that you have the power to grant me this?

LEGRAND. (*shakes head*) Thou must apply to Citizen Tinville, the Public Accuser, or to the Citizen President Dumas.

COUNTESS. (*in accents of despair*) As well ask mercy from tigers whose claws are already buried in their prey! (*advances to LEGRAND*) Your heart is kind, though your manner is rough—indeed, I think I know your face, and yet—(*shakes her head*) But listen, I have no money, none, but I have a few trinkets which—(*LEGRAND steps back hastily*)

LEGRAND. Useless! (*waves his hand to GENDARMES, they pass through, closing gates behind them—in one of the doors is a small wicket with a barred aperture*) Citizen, thy offer, at any other time, would be an insult—but as thou sayest, I have a heart, and can excuse. None can enter here without an order signed by a Representative at least. (*hesitates*) There is one even now within the prison, and if thou wilt wait till he comes forth, thou canst ask for thyself. (*she seizes his hand and kisses it—he withdraws it in much confusion*) Poor mother! thou art as anxious to get into yon gloomy cage as those already in are to get out!

COUNTESS. I will wait, seated upon that stone! I cannot miss him then! Oh! never fear but I will wait.

LEGRAND. A cold seat, citizen, and the evening is drawing on. (*takes her cloak and adjusts it carefully around her*) I don't know whether as a true sansculotte, I ought; but as a man, I pity you. (*going towards wicket door, when she catches him by arm*)

COUNTESS. His name? How shall I know this Representative? Tell me his name?

LEGRAND. (*turns half round*) Cato, the Censor, they call him in the Convention, because though cold as marble, he's true

as steel ! (*looks at her pityingly, then shakes his head*) He's hard as a flint though, and it must be a skilful hand that strikes a spark of tenderness from him, but the attempt costs nothing ! (*aside*) May *thine* succeed—poor Catherine Duval !

COUNTESS. His name ? His name ?

LEGRAND. Citizen Robert Landry.

COUNTESS. (*starts, and clasps her hands in despair*) Robert Landry ! Oh ! have pity—heaven ! (*falls forward and is caught by LEGRAND*)

LEGRAND. Come inside the wicket, there is a fire in the guard-room ; it is against the orders, but—

COUNTESS. (*gently drawing herself from his support*) No, no ; you shall run no risk for me, kind friend. (*draws cloak around her, and again seats herself on stone*)

LEGRAND. May heaven prosper you in your suit ! (*aside*) and in more than that. (*knocks at wicket which is opened—turns once more to look at her—shakes his head sorrowfully, and passes into prison as scene closes*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A narrow corridor in the prison of the Conciergerie—the grated doors of several cells open upon it—all closed.*

Enter TOUPET with bunch of keys, and a three-legged stool, R.— he wears a red cap of liberty, preposterously large tri-coloured waistcoat, black, loose shag trowsers, and a cormagnole cloak over his shoulders—he advances to c. of stage, places stool, seats himself, and sighs deeply.

TOUPET. Ah ! Cerisette ! hard-hearted Cerisette ? I hope I've sufficiently sunk the gentleman now. Is this the dress of an aristocrat ? (*sighs*) What a change from chief perruquier to the Court of Versailles, to under goaler to the prison of the Conciergerie ! Many are the gallants, whose first toilettes it was my joy to make, who now, with tears in their eyes entreat me to perform their last, and do I refuse them ? No ! there's not a head that leaves this place, but is a credit to the barber ! Ah ! it must be a great comfort to them, for they never cared what became of their heads as long as the outside was well attended to ! (*sighs and looks at keys*) It's not a lively occupation this—far from it—but if I hadn't got permission to turn a key here, they'd soon have turned a key on me elsewhere. Once a gentleman always a gentleman, dress how you will you cannot hide that ! What a many of my old customers I see here, to be sure ; one after another they come dropping in to drop out again as quickly. I call this the great National Hotel—we've such a constant change of guests.

What a rum place this is—all sorts of persons, and all sorts of humours. Some are melancholy and some are merry! Now that's a merry one; (*points to one of doors on left*) but I can't say his merriment is at all to my fancy—it grates upon the ear like a key in a rusty lock. He takes things so coolly, too, and persists in recognizing me as an old friend, till I feel my legs tremble under me, and my head begins to loosen on my shoulders! Ah! (*he sniffs*) I thought so. (*sniffs again*) He's smoking; now that's clean against the regulation.

LATOUR. (*sings from door on left*)

Rogues have the upper hand,
Knavery makes the law,
Rags have overrun the land,
Still, Vive le Roi!

Vive le Roi!

(VOICES from other cells join chorus—PRISONERS appear at grating of doors)

Vive le Roi!

TOUPET (*in great alarm, knocking with keys upon the ground*) Against the rules! Clean against the rules! Hold! these cages weren't made for singing birds!

LATOUR (*sings*)—

Brunswick's Duke is arming fast,
Pitt will purse-strings draw;
Austria takes the field at last,
Then, Vive le Roi! Vive le Roi!

VOICES. (*in chorus*)

Vive le Roi!

TOUPET. (*rising indignantly*) Silence! this is rebellion.

LATOUR. (*appears at grating of door, r.*) We are using the "Sacred Rights of Insurrection." Oh, Toupet the Terrible!

TOUPET. It is a song of the ci-devant! of the aristocrats! it is treason set to music!

LATOUR. (*laughs*) I had no thought of pleasing you when I sung it! I sing to please myself. Each has his own fashion of dying—I adopt that of the—

TOUPET. Can't you choose another song, Citizen Latour?

LATOUR. Pah! don't Citizen ME, Brutus the Barber! I am the Abbé de Latour! when a man is as good as dead, let him have all his titles—we write them in full on a tombstone!

TOUPET. (*pompously*) We have abolished titles.

LATOUR. You're an ass. Abolish that title, if you can! Come, I will sing you a ditty I have just composed upon your master, Robespierre! You should be an enemy to tyrants, Brutus, so join the chorus.

TOUPET. (*frantic with terror*) Stop! Stop! if you do! if you dare! Oh, I feel my head is already off my shoulders!

LATOUR. (*sings*)

Great Robespierre, he rules in France,
Parlons bas—Parlons bas—

TOUPET. How to drown his voice? Ah! I have it! (*seats himself on stool jingles his keys, and sings in a loud and discordant voice*)—

“Mourir pour la patrie,
Mourir pour la patrie;

C'est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie!”

(*he is interrupted by a perfect tempest of malediction and groans from the PRISONERS, mingled with the laughter and applause of LATOUR—TOUPET rises furious with anger, seizes the stool and hurls it at furthest door on right—it strikes LEGRAND over the legs, as he enters suddenly, followed by two GENDARMES, R. 1 E.—PRISONERS retire*)

LEGRAND. (*rubbing legs*) Morbleu! What devil's uproar is this? Art going mad, Citizen Gaoler, that thou bowlest at a man's legs as if they were nine-pins?

TOUPET. Is it thou, Citizen Captain? I am rejoiced to see thee?

LEGRAND. So it appeared. Another time express thy pleasure in a less forcible manner, and now shew me the cell which contains the ci-devant Abbé Latour.

TOUPET. That's the one, and I shan't be sorry when it's empty.

*LEGRAND. Then open the door; his presence is required by the Citizen Representative Landry.

TOUPET *opens door, enters cell, and returns followed by LATOUR.*

LATOUR. (L. C., *haughtily*) Give me a reason for this intrusion? Cannot a gentleman die quietly without all the canaille of the Conciergerie coming to howl at his funeral?

LEGRAND. (*respectfully*) I recognise the position of Citizen Latour—he may speak without fear.

LATOUR (*contemptuously*) The Abbé de Latour knows no fear! I have played hide and seek with death these last twelve months, and shall not shrink when I meet him to-morrow.

LEGRAND. The Citizen Representative Landry, President of the Section, and one of the Inspectors of Prisons, desires to have speech with the Citizen Latour.

LATOUR. When I quitted your tribunal of assassins, I believed that the farce of judgment was over, and that I should be permitted, without interruption, to prepare for another world.

LEGRAND. (*respectfully*) I am sorry, but—

LATOUR. Pooh! there's small preparation required for another world by a man who has spent his time laughing at this! May I ask the worthy Representative's business with me?

LEGRAND. It is for me to obey, not to question.

LATOUR. Pardieu! (*turns to TOUPET*) Brutus, mon ami! Sink the gaoler and resume the barber—arrange my necktie, and smooth my hair. (*TOUPET obeys mechanically*) It is always becoming in a gentleman to be careful of his toilette. Thanks. Your honest fellow-citizens have deprived me of my purse; so, for once, virtue must be its own reward. (*to LEGRAND*) I am ready. (*he motions to LEGRAND to lead the way, and exits murmuring an air, TOUPET and GENDARMES following, the former jingling his keys to tune, R.*)

SCENE THIRD.—*A room in the Conciergerie—door, L.—windows at back, L. C., room meagrely furnished—a wardrobe, a writing table, and few chairs—over door of wardrobe is painted in large letters, “Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité.”*

At table ROBERT LANDRY is seated writing—he wears costume—tri-coloured scarf, &c.—of a National Representative. The evening far advanced, moon is rising—the room is partially lighted by an iron lamp upon table, beside it a large riding cloak, hat, &c.

LANDRY. (*throws down pen*) My task is finished, and I await the result. (*goes to window*) That woman there still? Still seated upon the same stone? Some poor unfortunate, the whole of whose little world these sombre walls contain. (*pause*) She has not changed her posture since first I marked her an hour ago. Ah! the weary, weary watching, when love sits sorrowing at the prison gate. She turns her face this way; perhaps the light attracts her, poor woman. No beacon of hope can shine from such a place as this. A sad night, yet a fitting one to see the commencement, as to-morrow shall see the fulfilment of my vow. (*paces stage, hand over his heart*) No, not a throb; all is still and calm, inflexible as death. Why does Legrand linger! Poor Legrand, my only friend, rough but honest. Ah! world! world! world! who forkest thy judgment from the shell alone, never pausing to test the sweetness that may rest beneath. Well, Jacques—

Enter LEGRAND, L. door.

LEGRAND. (*advances a few steps into room, then points to door*) He is without.

LANDRY. You know my orders.

LEGRAND. And will obey them—it is my duty. (*hesitates*)
But yet—

LANDRY. Jacques, thou wert the only friend in whose memory I had not found a grave, there are few matters that at your request I would not forego; but in this I entreat thee speak no further—I am stone.

LEGRAND. Robert, it is for thee to command; I obey.

LANDRY. (*motioning towards door*) Let him enter; but, on no account, until summoned by me, allow another foot to cross that threshold.

LEGRAND. I have said it is thine to command.

Turns abruptly, and exits, L. door.

LANDRY. An honest upright man. How much of suffering would it take to destroy such a nature. (*sighs*) Let no man boast until he has been sorely tempted. (*walks to table*)

Enter LEGRAND, L. door.

LEGRAND. Bertrand Latour!

LATOUR enters L., bows slightly to LANDRY, who returns his salute in same manner—LATOUR then advances with a jaunty step, but with a certain air of hauteur.

LATOUR. (L. C.) I request the reason of this unlooked-for summons.

LANDRY. (R. C.) In good time. (*to LEGRAND*) Leave us, Citizen Captain—(*then with a meaning gesture*) And see that our interview is without interruption. *Exit LEGRAND, L.*
You know me, Bertrand Latour?

LATOUR. (*calmly*) We have met, and, I believe, spoken twice before.

LANDRY. You have a good memory—we have both good memories, Citizen Latour.

LATOUR. (*contemptuously*) Citizen! Away with such folly. I am Bertrand, the Abbé de Latour.

LANDRY. Be it so—as the Abbé de Latour I first knew you—it is well you remind me of the title.

LATOUR. (*haughtily*) Your purpose in summoning me here? The sands of time run quickly—(*laughs*) and I have few to waste.

LANDRY. (*walks to window, L. C.*) You have a good memory; you have also a good eye-sight, Abbé de Latour; mine is peculiar, for I have almost acquired—*how* you may guess—the cat-like faculty of seeing in the dark. Here you will have the moonlight to assist you.

LATOUR. (*approaching window*) Do you wish me to admire the prospect?

LANDRY. Most prospects appear pleasant when viewed from a prison window. *This I confess to be a sad one, even though seen from such a place as this.*

LATOUR. (*looks out of window*) I can see into the place below; nothing amusing there, or living either—yes, there is a cloaked figure seated on a stone. Ma foi! a cold night for a vigil.

LANDRY. (*aside*) That woman still there!

LATOUR. Beyond her is the Seine; beyond that Notre Dame; a forest of roofs, and—(*stops abruptly*) Truly, a pleasant prospect.

LANDRY. (*watching him*) Your eye has rested on—

LATOUR. (*carelessly*) The assassin's red right hand—the guillotine.

LANDRY. Would you escape its stroke? You *may!*

LATOUR. (*turning sharply round*) Eh?

LANDRY. One hour after daybreak you are condemned to die. Would you escape such a fate?

LATOUR. Few men would seek it. But you must speak plainer for me to answer. I am a Daniel in the den; but—(*laughs*) I have no faith in miracles. (*they come down stage*)

LANDRY. (R.) You know the man who discovered your retreat?

LATOUR. (L., *laughs*) That rascal Jocrisse.

LANDRY. It was—the fox knew the fox's holes, and stopped them one by one—

LATOUR. Bah! I have never wasted a thought on the scoundrel; he was but an instrument in the hands of others.

LANDRY. He was an instrument in mine.

LATOUR. (*coolly*) I guessed as much. You are a good hater, Robert Landry—a bloodhound that has never faltered upon the trail.

LANDRY. You wrong me. I am not by nature either fierce or cruel. Mine were the feelings which makes the lion forget all fear, and follow though unseen the hunter's camp, till, by one fatal spring, he strikes the marked man down.

LATOUR. (*coolly*) Well, you have run me down at last.

LANDRY. The axe has long been hanging over your head; it was my hand alone that kept it immovable. It descends at last. (*attentively regards LATOUR—a pause—LATOUR appears lost in thought—he suddenly looks up*)

LATOUR. It is strange. Why this indecision? Why not, since the power was in your hands, have struck at once.

LANDRY. Because Jocrisse did not suffice. Another instrument was necessary to the accomplishment of my plans.

LANDRY. And that?

LANDRY. (*quietly*) Yourself.

LATOUR. Myself!

LANDRY. The young Count de St. Valerie—through you alone could I strike at him.

LATOEUR. (*surprised*) Arthur! He has never injured you.

LANDRY. (*fiercely*) Not injured me? Whose son is he?

LATOEUR. You hate her then?

LANDRY. Hate her? Hate the dove for having fallen into the hands of the fowler? No.

LATOEUR. The husband may have injured you, but how the son?

LANDRY. Bertrand de Latour, I know you for a hard, cruel man. A man courtly in phrase, but rough in action. The glove of silk covering the hand of iron.

LATOEUR. (*bows*) Well?

LANDRY. Since, when, then, have you learnt to strike the wolf, and spare the cubs?

LATOEUR. And my share in the righteous act?

LANDRY. Dare you ask? False friend of the father; corrupter of the son, and would-be seducer of the mother, but that the keen perception of the woman saw through the duplicity of the man. *She knew you, Bertrand de Latour, and to know was to despise!*

LATOEUR. (*fiercely*) How! (*shrugs his shoulders*) But the gaoler may insult his prisoner in safety, yet it is the act of a coward. Do you mark me?—a coward—to strike a fettered man.

LANDRY. (*smiles*) Was it the act of a brave man, Abbé de Latour, to inflict upon one who had done you no wrong, such a punishment as was inflicted upon me?

LATOEUR. (*carelessly*) It is usual for a dying man to select his own confessor. I will use the privilege, Citizen Landry, and you shall not be mine.

LANDRY. You speak of death somewhat lightly. Has the Abbé de Latour calculated the number of hours he has yet to live?

LATOEUR. But few—the calculation is neither agreeable nor difficult.

LANDRY. And yet, in the course of nature, you would still have years to live.

LATOEUR. Possibly; but it has pleased your Republic of Assassins to decree it otherwise.

LANDRY. If it were in my power to alter this decree, or rather to place within your reach the means to evade its execution?

LATOEUR. You would not.

LANDRY. If we could change positions. Would you?

LATOEUR. (*after a moment's hesitation, laughs*) No—after having caught the victim in the toils, none but a fool breaks the meshes of the net.

LANDRY. (*takes paper from table, c., and hands it to LATOUR*) See!

LATOUR. (*glancing at paper, utters a cry of astonishment*) A passport, and made out in my name!

LANDRY. A passport, the bearer of which, once free of this place, will be able to gain the frontier.

LATOUR. (*still holding paper*) A passport—made out in my name! this is a dream or—(*looks at LANDRY*) madness!

LANDRY. To leave this prison in safety, but two things more are necessary—a disguise and the password. There—(*points to hat and cloak*) is the one. “Fraternité” is the other.

LATOUR. (*almost stupefied*) And the explanation of this riddle?

LANDRY. You shall hear. (*walks to door, l., locks it and places key on table, at same time lifting cloak, and discovering two swords, one of which he hands to LATOUR, the other he retains for himself*) I am about to make you a proposition, Bertrand de Latour. On that table lies all that is necessary to secure your safe retreat. You know the password, and, but *one* more obstacle removed, none will oppose your exit from this chamber.

LATOUR. (R., *eagerly*) And that obstacle?

LATOUR. (L., *has placed himself between LATOUR and door*) Myself.

LATOUR. You are mad.

LATOUR. Not so—ours is a quarrel of long standing. You called me coward; you lied. You stigmatized the fulfilment of the just vendetta I proclaimed against you, as an assassination. Is it so?

LATOUR. (*after a pause*) It is then a duel you seek?

LATOUR. It is—a duel to the death. You have wronged me—a wrong to be forgiven only when the heart now beating in your breast is as dead and cold as *this*—(*places hand upon breast*) within my own. (*a pause—the countenance of LANDRY expresses calm determination*)

LATOUR. (*after a pause, during which they regard each other—the countenance of LATOUR expressing incredulous astonishment*) Should the chance be mine, there are those in waiting who would not be slow to avenge you?

LATOUR. None, without my orders, will obstruct the passage of the person who departs from this room; it is for you to prevent those orders being given.

LATOUR. You swear it?

LATOUR. Man! your life is in my hands! look you guard it well. (*stamps his foot impatiently on seeing LATOUR hesitate*) I pledge you the unsullied honour of a man, that Robert Landry once a corpse, Bertrand de Latour will be beyond the reach of danger. Come! come! Monsieur l'Abbé! I tell you that my life is the only obstacle between you and liberty. (*crosses to R.*)

LATOUR. (*suddenly makes a lunge at breast of LANDRY*) Then thus I remove it.

LANDRY. (*with difficulty parrying thrust*) Traitor! infamous traitor! Expect no mercy, for you deserve none.

LATOUR. Nor will I ask it. (*they fight*) Ha! (*staggers and falls—after pause, raising himself on his elbow*) A skilful thrust! Pardieu! right through the lungs—and—ugh!

LANDRY. Have you aught to say, Bertrand de Latour?

LATOUR. (*speaks with difficulty*) I would say much, Robert Landry, that might lighten the burden upon your mind, and save you from a crime; but—(*raises himself still more and looks into LANDRY's face with a look of malignant triumph*) My secret shall die with me. You have had your revenge; now I have mine! (*falls backwards, then again raises himself on elbow*) I have escaped the guillotine; but, *foi de gentilhomme!* I die by the hand of a canaille after all! (*makes effort to rise upon his knees, then falls slowly back*)

LANDRY. (*stoops over him, and places hand upon his breast*) Dead! (*rises, tears up passport, takes key from table, crosses to door and unlocks it*) My vow approaches its accomplishment, and yet—(*places hand upon his breast*) Robert Landry, do you falter? No! (*advances to table, and rings bell loudly*) My work is but half done; the oath that I have sworn I will keep! (*rings again*) Ah! they are here.

Enter LEGRAND and SOLDIERS, L.

LANDRY. (*still standing by table, points to body*) That man attempted my life, and I slew him! Citizens, remove the body of the Abbé Latour. (*they advance and gather around body, as Act drop falls*)

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*A kind of Square or Place, in c. of which stands the Guillotine—tall, quaint-looking houses surround it, and in the background appear the front and towers of Notre Dame—near the Guillotine is the trunk of a poplar tree, L., the few branches are leafless and dead.*

ROBERT LANDRY is standing with his arms folded, gazing up at scaffold, R., lights down.

LANDRY. Alas! and it is with this they would regenerate mankind, this ghastly embodiment of the madness of the time. But was the Bastille less an emblem of man's cruelty than this grim machine? (*looks at tree*) Here is another folly of the times, a tree of Liberty, and no wonder with such a

neighbour it is destitute of leaf or bud. (*laughs bitterly*) Pshaw, the air is stifling, it chokes me. (*walks, and unlooses cravat*) Why should I lament the folly of mankind. I have neither friends nor kindred; all are gone—all but Catherine, and she; where is she!

COUNTESS. Here. (*advances from behind scaffold and seats herself on steps, L. C.*) Speak on, and spare me not, Robert Landry—Catherine Duval is here!

LANDRY. (*who has recoiled, R. C.*) That dress! Mon Dieu, it is the woman of the Conciergerie—the watcher at the gate. Catherine, if Catherine Duval you are, it was you, then, who throughout this night kept solitary watch beneath yon gloomy walls?

COUNTESS. It was. I waited for you, Robert Landry.

LANDRY. For me?

COUNTESS. One hour after daybreak he is to die—one hour after daybreak he will be *here*. Robert, I would see my son.

LANDRY. Impossible—the orders are strict.

COUNTESS. Whose orders? tell me by whose orders has this unnatural thing been done? (*he turns away*) By yours? (*she lays her hand upon his arm and speaks with much solemnity*) "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord. Robert, we read that book together in our youth, and shall we forget its lessons in our age?

LANDRY. (*not looking*) I cannot, he has been condemned, but not by me. I cannot save him, if I would; his doom is fixed.

COUNTESS. (*retreats a step or two, raises her hands as if about to entreat, then lets them fall slowly*) Cruel, heartless man; it is you who have slain him!

LANDRY. (*turns to her*) Woman, your husband condemned me living to the tomb, thrust me full of life and hope into the stony jaws of the Bastille, and I swore if ever permitted to revisit the world, I would repay my wrongs with interest; who shall blame me if I keep my oath?

COUNTESS. Yourself.

LANDRY. (*starts*) Not so; repentance cannot follow justice.

COUNTESS. You loved me once?

LANDRY. Loved you? I lived but in your love. You were dearer to me than the art I followed.

COUNTESS. I know you loved me.

LANDRY. The memory of the past can never be forgotten.

COUNTESS. And do you think that you alone have suffered, Robert Landry. Look at me well, and say what signs of the beauty you once eulogized, rests in this ruin? (*throws back hood of cloak*) None! I read the answer in your eyes.

LANDRY. (*coldly*) You wrong yourself, Catherine, there is

much that neither the hand of time nor sorrow has effaced. Have I not said that to me you must ever be Catherine Duval?

COUNTESS. The past is not a blank ; you loved me then ; you love me now !

LANDRY. Love ! I have no love for any living thing. My heart is dead.

COUNTESS. You deceive yourself, not me. No man may say his heart is dead, and yet feel those mighty influences for good that are at work around him.

LANDRY. (*laughs scornfully*) Good ! and in a world that has erected this—(*points to scaffold*) as an emblem of its love for all mankind. Good ! what can this develop, but evil ?

COUNTESS. Oh ! much beside ! much of good that has been hitherto unknown ! much of virtue that man has hitherto denied ! It has shown how the spirit of a martyr may be nursed upon a throne, and also by the poor man's hearth. It has shown what holy courage may dwell in the gentle bosom of woman, and what a debt of tenderness may be found in the sterner heart of man. It has shown the child dying with the resignation of age, and age bending beneath the axe with the smiling innocence of the child. It has shown man content to lay down his life for a dream ; but *that* dream, the welfare of his kind. Oh, Robert ! terror is everywhere around ; but (*points up*) hope is over all.

LANDRY. Peace, peace, Catherine, it is a glorious faith you hold ! but it is not mine. I, who have none to love me living, or lament me dead. You told me you once loved me, and married another.

COUNTESS. None to love you, Robert ? I also remember the love of my youth ; with me that love exists—it cannot die.

LANDRY. How, Catherine ?

COUNTESS. I loved you then—I love you now.

LANDRY. You loved me, and married another ?

COUNTESS. I believed you had died in England. My father was also accused of conspiring against the State, thrown into prison, and released only at the intercession of—(*hesitates*) my husband.

LANDRY. (*coldly*) Proceed—I listen.

COUNTESS. Too late I discovered the author of my misery ; the man whose wicked councils and evil influence had done this cruel thing.

LANDRY. And his name ?

COUNTESS. The Abbé de Latour. A man who lives but to—

LANDRY. (*with triumph*) Lives ! The man is dead. I slew him !

COUNTESS. You ?

LANDRY. It was in fair combat, man to man.

COUNTESS. May heaven have mercy on him.

LANDRY. You pity him?

COUNTESS. And pardon—you have said that he is dead.

LANDRY. He died in the prison—in that prison beneath whose walls you, Catherine, sat waiting. Surely there is justice in this; besides he was a convicted spy, and doomed to die to-morrow.

COUNTESS. (*screaming*) Man! man! that to-morrow is here! See! (*points to scaffold with horror, upon the axe of which the first rays of light are falling*) The day is breaking, and over the guillotine! (*noise of approaching CROWD—LANDRY takes COUNTESS by hand—she does not move, but gazes at the axe*)

LANDRY. Come, Catherine, you shall see your son.

COUNTESS. And you will save him, Robert! You will save him!

LANDRY. You shall embrace him, Catherine, I promise this. Hark! the mob is approaching, delay no longer. (*leads her off, L.*)

COUNTESS. (*clinging to his arm*) But you will save him? Robert, you are silent! You will save my son? (*as LANDRY leads her off, SECTIONAIRES enter from the several streets, and begin to take position about scaffold—a crowd of MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN appears with much tumult at back, as scene closes*)

SCENE SECOND.—*A corridor in prison; a large window on one side.*

Enter TOUPET followed by LEGRAND, who is laughing, L., I., E.

TOUPET. (R.) Married! Cerisette going to be married! Oh! the ingratitude of women! the hours I have spent over her head, and *this* is my reward,

LEGRAND. (L.) Pooh! a woman's heart is never gained through her head; that's the last thing consulted in love matters.

TOUPET. What was all this hurry for? why couldn't she have waited; but when it's a question of marriage, women never can.

LEGRAND. Waited! She has been waiting, to my knowledge, these twenty years! besides the country is in danger, the foe is on the frontier, recruits are wanted, and Cerisette has resolved, like a good patriot, to help to supply them.

TOUPET. She might have looked on me.

LEGRAND. So she did, and didn't like thee. I have heard her say it a hundred times.

TOUPET. It is the nature of the sex to hide their love.

LEGRAND. (*laughs*) She hid hers so well that thou couldst never find it. Besides the country wants soldiers, not barbers.

TOUPET. Barbers! the race is extinct, they fell with the heads of our nation. I'm a gaoler, Citizen Legrand.

LEGRAND. That's it, Citizen Cerberus! we want men to draw swords, not bolts! France has enough of gaolers.

TOUPET. Well, it's only a change from one set of irons to another—turning locks instead of curling them, that's all!

LEGRAND. Take care, Citizen Brutus!

TOUPET. (*in a rage*) I shan't! Go! go! denounce me, and sweep another aristocrat from the soil of France! the blood of my fathers—

LEGRAND. Fathers! well, I like your candour.

TOUPET. I'll resign the keys.

LEGRAND. In your case resignation is necessary.

TOUPET. I'll—I'll spite her! I'll propose to the next woman I meet.

LEGRAND. Do! there's old Casserole, the cook. She's nearly blind, and mightn't refuse you.

TOUPET. I'll be revenged! I'll denounce him! She shall be a widow to-morrow. (*as he throws out his arms with an air of ludicrous despair, a pocket-book falls from his caramagnole—he throws himself upon it in great alarm*)

LEGRAND. What's that! (*picks up pocket-book*) A pocket-book with a crest and cypher! Concealing the property of the ci-devant is a crime punishable with death! Thou unfortunate barber, I see thou wilt be shaved by the national razor after all!

TOUPET. (*sulkily*) The Republic has its claims, and I have my perquisites. The Republic takes the life—I take the clothes!

LEGRAND. But not the purse, or the pocket-book. For shame, Brutus! and who did this belong to?—the Marquis Larrolles, or the Count Lecostre? they both died yesterday, and I see that L is one of the letters of the cypher.

TOUPET. To neither.

LEGRAND. (*threateningly*) It will be my unpleasant duty to send you for examination before those who may not be so lenient as Jacques Legrand. Once more, whose property is this?

TOUPET. Mine! (*sullenly*) It was the property of the late Abbe Latour.

Enter LANDRY, L. 1 E.—he remains unseen.

LEGRAND. Why he underwent strict search when brought into the prison. I witnessed it myself—take care, Citizen Toupet.

TOUPET. It was sewn into his waistcoat, on his left-hand side.

LEGRAND. See what it is to be used to such work. And so thy fingers ripped it from over his heart?

TOUPET. Heart! he'd no more *heart* than the Citizen Landry! (*his eyes suddenly fall on LANDRY*) who is a *most* superior person, and above all prejudices! Do what thou wilt with the pocket book, Citizen Captain. It is my perquisites, but I waive my rights—I waive my rights. The welfare of the Republic before all things.

Exits abruptly, R.

LEGRAND. (*looking after him*) What does he mean by that sudden departure?

LANDRY. (*taps his shoulder*) What hast thou there, Jacques?

LEGRAND. (*looks up, salutes and laughs*) I know now why this valorous Brutus disappeared. (*gives pocket-book to LANDRY*) This was found on the body of Latour. (*going R.*)

LANDRY. (*takes book*) It may contain letters of importance, and must be looked into. (*JACQUES going*) Why dost thou leave me, Jacques?

LEGRAND. It is time all should be at their posts. The day has dawned.

LANDRY. Yes, yes, I know; go, my good Jacques.

Exit LEGRAND, R.

The day has dawned, and Catherine embraces her son for the last time. But for this Abbé de Latour, (*opens book and looks at contents*) the serpent who crept into our Paradise and stung the hands that were gathering the flowers, how different would have been the fate of all! (*turns over paper*) Secret correspondence, I knew as much, and these—*billet doux*. Pah! how the odour of vice clings around them! (*opens paper*) A letter, and bearing the signature of St. Valerie. (*reads*) "To the Abbé de Latour:—My dear Bertrand, the news you send me fills me with consternation. Can it be that an act of thoughtless folly has had so unlooked-for and terrible a result? You tell me, and you tell me coldly, as though your heart did not shrink before the knowledge of such a crime, that Robert Landry, the seventh day after his imprisonment, was found dead upon his prison floor, and that the order of release which I had obtained, with so strange a difficulty, came too late." (*strong emotion*) Can this be true? (*reads*) "How shall we hope to atone for this act of guilt? When I think of it here, far away from the restless world of Paris, conscience speaks aloud, and I repent. Yes, Bertrand, most bitterly I repent having ever for a moment listened to your counsels. What reparation can I make to Catherine, who loved him so well, and whose reproaches on that fatal night still ring in my ears? You say that she is ignorant of all that has occurred, that she believes her lover fled to England—unfortunate Robert

Landry! Be you my witness, Bertrand, that I am innocent of premeditated crime." (*letter drops*) Can this be true? It is written from Picardy, in less than an hour those estates will want an owner. Is this the secret of which that subtle devil boasted with his last breath? the writing is St. Valérie's, the pocket-book Latour's; it *must* be true. A voice speaks to me from the grave. I listen and believe. (*a dull, grating sound, as of heavy wheels*) The tumrels, the death carts that come to fetch their living freight. *He* must be saved, but how? Robespierre would not deny me, but he is at St. Denis; St. Just is at Rouen, (*looks off*) and day has dawned an hour ago. It is too late! too late! (*face in hands*)

En' er LEGRAND, R., 1 E.

LEGRAND. All is ready, and the clock—(*pauses at the sight of Landry's emotion*) Thou art ill, Robert?

LANDRY. Where is she?

LEGRAND. (*sadly*) In the Citizen Inspector's room.

LANDRY. And her son?

LEGRAND. Making his toilette, poor fellow! He bears himself bravely though. (*same dull sound as before, L.*)

LANDRY. Hush!

LEGRAND. There goes the first tumbril carrying those who will never see daybreak again.

LANDRY. What number on the lists stands for the Count St. Valérie?

LEGRAND. Thirty.

LANDRY. Thirty. Who holds the list?

LEGRAND. Bourdan.

LANDRY. Does he know the faces of the prisoners?

LEGRAND. Not he. He is a new man from Marseilles.

LANDRY. (*aside*) There is no other way. (*aloud*) Jacques, delay as long as possible, no matter by what means, the departure of the third tumbril. Go, and remember that minutes grow into the value of years. Nay, for some, time itself will sink into eternity in the passing of an hour.

LEGRAND. It shall be done—(*surprised*) but—

LANDRY. Which of thy men canst thou trust?

LEGRAND. Pochet, with my life.

LANDRY. (*tears leaf from pocket-book and writes*) Bid him ride as fast as horse can go to the Citizen Robespierre. He will return with a passport, that passport I charge thee to deliver into the hands of—(*hesitates*) the Countess de St. Valérie. (*sound of wheels as before*)

LEGRAND. The second tumbril.

LANDRY. Quick, send Pochet to me, while I seal this note.
 (LEGRAND going, he stays him) And delay the THIRD TUMBRIL.

Exit LEGRAND, R.

Catherine, yes, he shall be saved.

Exit, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*Room in the Conciergerie, as before.*

The COUNTESS kneeling before chair in an attitude of prayer, her face hidden by her hands, R.—door slowly opens, L., and LANDRY appears, pauses, then advances to COUNTESS, and touches her shoulder.

LANDRY. Catherine!

COUNTESS. Who calls? (*draws back*) I know you not. Respect, at least, the sanctuary of sorrow.

LANDRY. (*sadly*) Not know me, Catherine?

COUNTESS. Go! Robert Landry! you have said your heart was dead—you have no longer a place among living men! Go; I hate, and despise you!

LANDRY. You wrong me. Yes, you wrong me now. My heart is living, Catherine. Even while I speak, I joy to feel its healthy beat. I have communed with the dead, and come to bow myself before you, repentant and rebuked. (*kneels, takes her hand*)

COUNTESS. (*in amazement*) Why do you say that? you who have robbed me of my son?

LANDRY. Listen, Catherine. I love you. Yes, I love you, Catherine de St. Valerie, for now I can say that name. Rise, my spirit leaps within me, as lightened by a heavy burden, and is mounting upwards where sorrow is unknown.

COUNTESS. What change is this? there is a strange light in your eyes—your voice sounds joyous as of old!

LANDRY. There is beating within me a new and glorious life. I have been wandering in the dark, losing myself among the crumbling relics of the past. I have been journeying backwards through an ever-increasing gloom; but I hail the light once more. I ask for pardon and am pardoned! Is it not so, my first love and my last? (*he holds out his arms—she throws herself into his embrace, he kisses her forehead—noise of wheels as before, L.—she screams, releases herself from his arms, and starts back in terror*)

COUNTESS. Hark! they are even now about their fatal work! Pardon me, my son, if I have for one moment forgotten thee! (*turns to LANDRY*) Robert! Give him back to me! By the memory of our early love! by the knowledge of that love re-born! I conjure thee, Robert! save him! save my son!

VOICE. (*without, a little distant, L.*) Number Twenty-six!

ANOTHER VOICE. Here! (*retreating footsteps*)

COUNTESS. Listen! they are calling the muster-roll of death.

VOICE. (*nearer*) Number Twenty-seven!

ANOTHER VOICE. Here!

LANDRY. Catherine, he shall be saved. Farewell! (*releases her and listens*)

VOICE. (*still nearer*) Number Twenty-eight!

ANOTHER VOICE. Here!

LANDRY. Catherine, we shall meet again; on that great hope I build my strength.

Exit slowly, after placing her in chair.

VOICE. Number Twenty-nine!

ANOTHER VOICE. Here!

COUNTESS. (*raises her head and gazes slowly round*) He is gone! What horrible mystery is this! Oh! heaven be merciful!

VOICE. (*close to door*) Number Thirty!

LANDRY. Here! (*without, L.*)—*all is silent for a moment*)

COUNTESS. (*starting wildly*) Whose voice was that! Thirty! it was the number written upon his cell, and yet that voice! (*sound of wheels*) Should Robert have deceived me! (*rushes to window, tears aside the curtains, then screams*) Ah! the tumbril rolls away! The gendarmes surround it! The people crowd on every side. (*great shout without*)

CROWD. (*outside*) Down with the aristocrats! (*shout*)

COUNTESS. They are gone! Robert, you have deceived me! Robert! Give me my son! (*door opens, L., and ARTHUR enters, followed by LEGRAND*)

ARTHUR. My mother!

COUNTESS. My son! my son! (*embraces him*)

LEGRAND. (*L.*) Citizen Valerie is free. I but wait the passport to see you through the barriers.

ARTHUR. (*C.*) All is mystery to me! A few moments since I stood with my fellow prisoners. My last companion had descended. I was about to take his place, when a strong grasp was laid upon my arm, and a voice whispered, "You are free!" then came the roll-call! The same voice answered for me loud and clear! I strove to advance, the Gendarmes thrust me back, and I am here.

COUNTESS. And your preserver, where is he?

LEGRAND. (*has approached window, utters a cry*) Ah! preserver, indeed! look there! (*points out—they approach window*)

COUNTESS. What is it that has blanched your face? What do you fear? You point to the guillotine! you speak not. I

see a man mounting the scaffold. His back is towards us! Now he turns this way — he waves his hand — (*screams*) ROBERT LANDRY!!! (*falls into ARTHUR's arms, LEGRAND covers face with his hands*)

TABLEAU.—*Back of stage opens and discovers a view of the guillotine, guarded by GENDARMES and SECTIONAIRES, surrounded by MOB. The tall old houses of quaint architecture are just touched by the light of early morning, which covers with a crimson glow the tower of Notre Dame. In the extreme background, upon scaffold, stands ROBERT LANDRY, prepared for the fatal axe. He extends his arms in direction of COUNTESS, as curtain slowly falls.*

MOB.	LANDRY.	MOB.
LEGEND.	COUNTESS.	ARTHUR.
R.		L.

Curtain.