

THE
CHEVALIER OF THE
MAISON ROUGE;

OR,

THE DAYS OF TERROR!

A Romantic Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

Adapted from the French of ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY

COLIN HAZLEWOOD,

*Author of "Jessy Vere," "Jenny Foster," "Going to Chobham,"
"Trials of Poverty," &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

9/3576

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CHEVALIER OF THE MAISON ROUGE.

*This Evening, SATURDAY, JULY 30th, MONDAY, AUGUST 1st, 1859, and during the Week,
The startling Romantic Drama, in Three Parts, entitled The*

CHEVALIER OF THE MAISON ROUGE; OR, THE DAYS OF TERROR.

Maurice Linday	Mr. BEAUMONT HUGHES.
Hyacinth Lorin Mr. W. TRAVERS.
General Santerre	Mr. ALFRED SAVILLE.
Dixmer Mr. HENRY LINDON.
Du Viray	Mr. W. BERTIN. (the Gaoler) Mr. W. ARCHER.
Salvoisy	Simon	...	Mr. EDMONSTON SHIREA.
Ambrose	...	(a Soldier)	Samson	... (the Headsman) Mr. TOWNSEND.
Robespierre	Mr. MORRIS.	...	Fouquier Tinville	... (the Public Accuser) Mr. G. HOWARD.
The Curate	Mr. MORELLI. Mr. WILMOT.
Louis	(the Dauphin) Miss FRITZWILLIAM.
Marie Antoinette Mrs. MORTON BROOKES.
Genevieve Miss AUGUSTA CLIFTON.
Heloise	...	(a Flower Girl, daughter to Simon) Mrs. HENRY LINDON.
Marguerite Mrs. BROOKES.

ACT I.

STREET in the OLD RUE ST. JACQUES, Paris—Night.

Martial Law—The Patriots of the Revolution—The Patrol—The Fugitive—the City Guard and The Republicans—The Affray—Maurice and his Friend—Attack and Defeat of Simon, the Cobbler—Genevieve, the Victim—The Bond of Friendship—Escape of Genevieve.

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THE PRISON OF THE TEMPLE!

Marie Antoinette and the Royal Child—The Torturer and the Royalists—Queen's Champion—Stratagem for the Escape of Marie Antoinette—The note concealed in the roll of bread—The Child and his Tormentors—Mother and Son—The Decree of the Convention—A Mother's love for her Child—A Gleam of Hope.

THE MAISON ROU

Meeting of the Girondists—The Encounter and Defeat of Maurice—The Lucky Spade—The attempted Murder—Bravery of Maurice—The Struggle for Life or Death—"While there's hope"—The Battle for Freedom—Guardian Angel—Appearance of Genevieve—Preservation of Maurice.

ACT II.

THE HOUSE OF THE CONSPIRATORS!

The Queen's Escape—Desperate Game—The unwilling instrument—Tempters and their Victim—The Visit to the Prison—The Patriots and the Girondists—Plan of Attack—The Traitor and the Republican—The Journey to the Temple—Devotion of Genevieve.

GARDENS OF THE TEMPLE AND STATE PRISONS—THE GANTZEN.

Lorin and Simon—The Defender of Innocence—The Tyrant and the Child—The Flower Girl—The Red Carnation—The holy Guillotine—The Guard and the Girondists—Heroism of Lorin—The Gaoler and his Daughter—Dixmer and his Friends—The dining hour—Discovery of the Plot and Sacrifice of Heloise.

INTERIOR OF THE PRISON!

Retribution falls on the cruel Gaoler—His Child is condemned to death—A Father's despair and a Daughter's devotion—The Traitors and the Republicans—The fatal order—All hope for the Queen lost—Genevieve—The Deceiver and the Deceived.

HOUSE AND GROUNDS OF THE GIRONDISTS.

Surrounded by the Soldiery—The Pass-word—Love and Duty—The Republic and the Nation—The Friends and the Lovers—The Traitor to his Country—Genevieve, the betrayed—The Encounter—Escape of the Chevalier—Conflagration of the Conspirators' House and Fall of the Girondists.

ACT III.

CHAMBER IN THE HOTEL OF MAURICE.

The Suspected One—The Mark of Destruction—Love's Devotion—Maurice and his Oath of Honour—The Compact—A Dream of Happiness—Appearance of Dixmer and Despair of Genevieve.

TRAIL OF THE CONVENTION.

Arrest of Genevieve—The Trial and Condemnation of the Queen—The Pardon—The Death Duel—The Deceiver deceived—Preparations for the Execution of Genevieve.

THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE!

The Pardon—Joy of Maurice—Treachery of Simon—No further hopes.

THE CROWN CART.

And Place of Execution—Arrival of the Death Cart—The Procession to the Scaffold—Triumph of Simon—The Unexpected Friend—The Defeat of Villainy—The Last Hope.

INTENSE, NOW, AND UNEXPECTED DOCUMENT !

Costumes.

ROBESPIERRE.—Green body coat of the period, white waistcoat, black silk breeches, white stockings, shoes; hair rather long, without powder; and tri-colored sash.

SANTERRE.—Broad blue coat with wide skirts, white tights, top boots, tri-colored sash.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE, (*the Judge*).—Black body coat, white waistcoat, grey breeches, white stockings, shoes, and tri-colored sash.

CHEVALIER.—*First Dress*: grey frock with small cape, grey tights, top boots, sugar-loaf hat. *Second Dress*: black gown and broad-brimmed hat

MAURICE.—Brown body coat, grey tights, three-cornered hat with cockade, top boots, tri-colored sash, belt and band.

LORIN.—Blue body coat, cross-belts, white tights, top boots, three-cornered hat, tri-colored sash, and cockade.

DIXMER.—*First Dress*: Plain body coat, buff tights, top boots, and round hat. *Second Dress*: red serge shirt and blue trousers, belt and sword.

DU VIRAY.—Plain frock, tights and boots, belt and sword.

SIMON.—Sleeve jacket, red waistcoat, dark breeches, patched grey stockings, and red nightcap.

SAMPSON.—Suit of black.

CURE.—Suit of black and gown, grey hair, and clerical hat.

QUEEN.—Black silk dress with black scarf; hair with powder.

GENEVIEVE.—White muslin dress, small white cap with little cockade, black silk scarf, and hood.

HELOISE.—Striped French gown, apron, and white cap.

LEUIS.—Coatee with frill, white waistcoat, white breeches, silk stockings, and shoes.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
<i>Right.</i>	<i>Right Centre.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Left Centre.</i>	<i>Left.</i>

This Drama is the property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.

CHEVALIER OF THE MAISON ROUGE.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST.—*Street in the old Rue St. Jacques, Paris. A garden wall crosses the stage at back; a door in the wall, c.*

Music.—Enter SIMON, PIERRE, JACQUES, GUSTAVE, and CITIZENS, L. They enter marching, with swords and muskets.

SIMON. Halt! (*they halt, L.*) Ten o'clock has just struck by Notre Dame. Parbleu, this is a cold night.

BAPTISTE. This is not the gay city of Paris that we once remember;—the theatres are all closed to prevent any distraction of the public mind, and the black flag is hoisted on the Hotel de Ville as a signal of national distress.

SIMON. Yes, the aristocrats have brought France to something; but we, as true citizens and members of the enrolled volunteers, will demand that justice be done upon all traitors—no one now is allowed to traverse the streets of Paris after ten at night without a pass, and those who are without one are traitors and aristocrats.

PIERRE. Aye, aye! we *sans culottes* are masters now. We have been rode over rough shod by the heels of the tyrants too long; 'tis the nation's turn now—and we, comrades, we, I say, are the nation!

SIMON. And the guillotine the shears that shall lop off our enemies' heads, till France is free from tyrants, and every citizen has his rights.

BAPTISTE. 'Tis coming on to rain, comrades; let us disperse, we shall have no business to night.

SIMON. Allons, citizens, March! (*music—SIMON is going, R. U. E., when he suddenly stops, looking off, R. U. E.*) See! a woman!—and one trying to elude observation. Do you mark how she glides along under the shadow of the houses, and looks behind her to see if she is followed! Stand by, citizens, this is suspicious.

Music.—They retire, L. U. E.

Enter GENEVIEVE hastily, R. U. E., veiled.

GENEV. A few steps more, and I am home. Oh, fortunate Genevieve, after all you will have accomplished your mission successfully.

(as she is going to door, c., SIMON comes, c., and confronts her—the others range, L.)

SIMON. A-ha ! Where are you going at this hour, my charming citizen of the night ?

GENEV. I am going nowhere, citizen ; I am returning home.

SIMON. Rather a late hour for a decent woman to be returning home alone.

GENEV. I have been staying with a kinswoman who is sick.

SIMON. And where is your ticket ?—Your pass ?

GENEV. What is that, citizen ? What do you mean ?

SIMON. The decree of the Commune forbids any person to be abroad later than ten o'clock, without a pass. Therefore, I say, your ticket of citizenship ?

GENEV. I have not one.

SIMON. Come to the nearest guard house then, there you can explain yourself nicely to the captain, and if he be satisfied with your replies, he will cause you to be conducted to your home ; if not, he will imprison you until further information can be had, so follow us, my little night bird. (*going R. U. E.*)

GENEV. No, no, citizen, let me return home, I implore you you. I will reward you—I will give you gold !

SIMON. Oh, oh ! I see, we have caught some game of distinction ; so come along with us my little aristocrat. (*seizes her by the arm*)

GENEV. Release me, citizen ! oh, release me ! take my jewels —my rings—but let me return home, I entreat you !

SIMON. Gold, jewels, and rings, eh ! That proves you to be an aristocrat ! (*dragging her R. U. E.*)

GENEV. Oh, mercy, citizen, mercy !

Music—Enter MAURICE LINDAY, R. U. E.

MAURICE. (L. C.) What is this, and what has the woman done ?

SIMON. (C.) Before questioning me, mind your own matters —who are you ?

MAURICE. (*throws open his cloak*) I am an officer, as you see, in the Civic Guard !

SIMON. What is that to us ? Are we expected to recognize the officers of the Civic Guard ?

BAPTISTE. Ah, what does he say to that ?

MAURICE. He says, that if the epaulettes do not cause the officer to be respected, the sabre must cause the epaulette to be respected. (*takes SIMON by the throat, and throws him round to L.*) Now let us converse like two friends.

PIERRE. (*to the others*) Let us cut this man down. (*advances*)

MAURICE. (*drawing*) Ha ! I warn you, that if you advance a step nearer, I will run my sabre through your body ; you have asked me who I am, I will tell you : I am called Maurice Linday ; I commanded a battery of cannoneers on the tenth of

August. I am a lieutenant of the National Guard, and Secretary to the section of Brothers and Friends. Is that enough for you?

SIMON. Why that is a different thing, if you really are as you say, a good patriot—

MAURICE. Never doubt it. Now, who is this woman, and wherefore were you leading her to the guard house?

SIMON. Because she has no ticket of citizenship, and because the last decree of the Commune directs that every person shall be arrested who shall be found after ten o'clock in the streets of Paris, without a ticket of citizenship. Do you forget that the country is in danger, and that the black flag floats on the Hotel de Ville.

MAURICE. The black flag floats on the Hotel de Ville, and the country is in danger, because men have become fiends who thirst for blood; not because one woman is walking the streets of Paris on her road home, after ten at night. But it matters not, if the Convention has decreed it, you are but doing your duty, and had you given me a civil answer at first, the explanation would have satisfied me. I shall not further interfere with you, lead the lady away.

GENEV. (*aside to MAURICE*) Oh, sir, do not abandon me to the mercy of these coarse half-drunk men.

MAURICE. Be it so, madame; take my arm, then I will conduct you to the guard-house, myself.

GENEV. To the guard-house! Oh, sir, for what? I have injured no one!

MAURICE. You are led to the guard-house, not because you have done any wrong, but because a decree of the Convention forbids any one to be abroad, in the present state of Paris, after ten, without a pass, and you have none.

GENEV. But, monsieur—

MAURICE. Why do you tremble? You will find at the guard house brave men from whom you have nothing to apprehend.

GENEV. (*aside*) Monsieur, it is no longer insult, it is death that I fear,—if I am taken to the guard house, I am lost!

MAURICE. (*aside*) What the deuce am I to do? Here am I—wavering and irresolute between my feelings as a man, which prompt me to defend this woman, and my duties as a citizen, which tell me I am bound to deliver her to her captors.

SIMON. (*to the others*) They're whispering together. (*to MAURICE*) Now, citizen, when you have quite done with the lady we'll proceed.

MAURICE. I've changed my mind—she must not go to the guard-house!

SIMON. But I've not changed *my* mind; I say she *must* go to the guard-house—so seize her, comrades.

Music—they advance upon MAURICE as HYACINTHE LORIN enters with a GUARD, who range, R.

LORIN. (c.) Maurice, how is this?—Oh, thou libertine, what are you about in the streets at this hour?

MAURICE. I was returning home, when I found this lady struggling in the hands of the citizen volunteers! I ran up and enquired on what account they were arresting her!

LORIN. Ah, Maurice, I recognize thee there—such are the feelings of French cavaliers. (*to SIMON*) And wherefore were you arresting this woman?

SIMON. We have already told the lieutenant—because she had no ticket of citizenship!

LORIN. Bah!—a great crime, truly!

SIMON. Dost thou know it is the decree of the commune?

LORIN. To be sure—but there is another decree which annuls that.

SIMON. What is it?

LORIN. This is it—

“On Pindus and Parnassus
It is young Love’s decree
That beauty, youth, and graces,
Day and night may pass us free.”

Ah, Simon, what say’st thou concerning this decree? It seems to me that it is gallant!

SIMON. Yes—but it seems to me it is not peremptory; first of all we are neither on Pindus nor Parnassus; secondly, this is not day, but night; and thirdly, the lady may not be young, nor beautiful, nor graceful.

LORIN. I would bet the contrary—let me see, madame—prove to me that I am in the right, and let all the world judge whether you do not come within the condition of the decree.

GENEVIEVE. (*aside to MAURICE*) Ah, sir, after having protected me against your enemies, protect me against your friend also, I implore you?

SIMON. A-ha! she is ashamed to show her face, she hides it. It is my opinion that she is some courtezan—some spy of the aristocrats.

GENEVIEVE. (*aside to MAURICE, raising her veil*) Do I look, sir, like what they call me?

MAURICE. (*aside*) What an angel! (*to LORIN*) Lorin, demand the prisoner, in order to conduct her to the station house;—thou hast the right to do so as chief of the patrol.

LORIN. (*aside*) I understand! (*to GENEVIEVE*) Come, come, my beauty, since you will not give us the proof that you are within the provisions of the decree, you must accompany us—follow me, madame!

SIMON. What do you mean by follow *you*?

LORIN. Precisely what I say. I am about to conduct the lady to the station at the Hotel de Ville, where we are on guard; and there we shall make all the necessary enquiries concerning her.

SIMON and his PARTY. No, no! she is ours, and we'll keep her!

LORIN. Citizens, citizens, we are in danger of growing warm.

SIMON. Grow warm or not, it is all one to us. We are true soldiers of the Republic, though but volunteers; and while you are patrolling the street, we may be sent to shed our blood on the frontier.

LORIN. Take care you don't shed it on the road thither, and that is very likely if you are not more civil.

SIMON. Civility is an aristocratic virtue, and we are *sans culottes*.

LORIN. Come then, do not speak of such things before madame;—she is perhaps an Englishwoman:

“A bard has sung—and we, like echoes vile,
Repeat in guarded whispers all the while—
A nest of swans is England, fair and free,
Surrounded by the everlasting sea.”

SIMON. Ah, thou betrayest thyself! thou art a spy in the service of England—an informer—a—

LORIN. Silence! Thou understandest nothing of poetry, so I will speak to thee in prose. We are but National Guards, mild and patient, but all children at Paris—which is as much as to say, that when folks rap our ears sharply, we lay it on right stoutly.

MAURICE. Madame, you see what is passing, and you can guess what the result will be—within five minutes ten or twelve men are about to cut each other's throats for you. Is the cause, which those who claim to defend you have embraced, worthy of the blood which it will cause to flow?

GENEV. Monsieur, I can tell you but one thing—it is this,—if you suffer me to be arrested, the greatest calamities will befall me and others, and I would implore you rather than abandon me, to pierce my heart with the weapon you hold in your hand, and cast my body into the Seine.

MAURICE. Fear not, madame, I will take all upon myself—Citizens, (*to the GUARD*) I command you as an officer, as a patriot, as a Frenchman, to protect this woman.

LORIN. (*to GUARD*) Make ready! charge!

(music—the GUARD charge SIMON and PARTY, and drive them to their knees, L. corner)

There, now, I hope you are going to be as meek as lambs! Have you got enough?

SIMON. Yes—dog of a Girondist ! (*rising*)

LORIN. Thou art in error, friend—and we are better patriots than thou, seeing that we belong to the club of Thermopylæ. If this had been a suspected woman she would have escaped during our quarrel instead of remaining as thou seest she has done !

GUST. Hum !—well that is true at all events !

LORIN. Moreover, we shall soon know, since my friend will lead her to the authorities ; while we in order to pass the time will go drink the health of the nation.

PIERRE. Are we going to drink ?

LORIN. Certainly we are. I am very thirsty for my part—and I know a capital wine shop at the corner.

SIMON. Why didn't you say so at first, and then we should never have doubted thy patriotism—as a proof whereof we will drink and thou shalt pay.

LORIN. Allons—hey, friends, for the wine shop at the corner—call for what you please, and Hyacinthe Lorin will be there to pay the reckoning.

*Music—Exeunt SIMON, GUSTAVE, &c., with LORIN'S PARTY,
L. U. E., hand in hand.*

There they go as meek as lambs. As for thee, citizen Maurice, I charge you to conduct this lady to the station, at the Hotel de Ville—hem ! you understand ? you are answerable for her appearance, remember. (*going*)

GENEV. (*to LORIN*) Ten thousand thanks—you have saved me.

LORIN. (*aside to MAURICE*) You hear, we have *saved* her, she runs great dangers, therefore—

MAURICE. Look here, my dear Lorin, let us be consistent ; she is either a good patriot, or an aristocrat : if she be an aristocrat, we have done wrong to protect her ; if she be a good patriot it is our duty to preserve her.

LORIN. Excellently argued, and for fear the *sans culottes* should return, and overturn thee and argument together, I'll go and join them :

“ For 'tis as plain as noon-day sun,

Two are good company, three are none.”

Exit LORIN, R. U. E.

GENEV. You little know, sir, from what dangers you have saved me, and how grateful I am. I thank you from my heart.

(*crossing, L.*)

MAURICE. But stay, madame, one moment. How is it that you are abroad in the streets of Paris, at this hour ?

GENEV. Oh, monsieur, for pity's sake, spare me answering.

MAURICE. Oh, really, madame, this is not generous ; let me have a little confidence ; will you not do me the honour to tell me who I am addressing ?

GENEV. You are addressing one whom you have saved from

the greatest danger she ever ran in her life, and who will be grateful to you so long as that life shall last.

MAURICE. You must have told your name at the guard house, had you been taken there.

GENEV. Never!

MAURICE. You would have been cast into prison then.

GENEV. I was determined to endure all.

MAURICE. But the prison at this moment is—

GENEV. The scaffold!—I know it.

MAURICE. And you would have preferred the scaffold?

GENEV. To treason. To tell my name would make me a traitress.

MAURICE. You are making me play a strange part for a republican.

GENEV. You are playing the part of a generous man—you find a lone woman who is in danger, and you protect her from her enemies—that is a noble part to play, not a strange one; it is an obligation I never can forget, and one which will be increased a hundred fold by your now leaving me.

MAURICE. Very well, madame; it is for you to command, it seems, and me to obey.

GENEV. I am at a loss to know how I can ever repay you for your kindness.

MAURICE. Oh very easily, madame, let me see you again.

GENEV. Impossible.

MAURICE. If it be but once; for one hour—one minute.

GENEV. It cannot be.

MAURICE. What! do you tell me seriously that I shall never see you again.

GENEV. Never more, sir.

MAURICE. Oh, madam, you must be jesting with me.

GENEV. Listen to me: will you swear by your honour to keep your eyes shut, from the moment in which I bid you close them until you shall have counted sixty seconds?

MAURICE. And if I swear so, what will come of it?

GENEV. My safety. Will you swear?

MAURICE. (*hesitating*) Well—yes; I promise you to do what you wish, on the honour of a soldier.

GENEV. Whatever may occur to you, you must not open your eyes until the expiration of sixty seconds.

MAURICE. Sixty seconds? Well, I promise.

GENEV. You must not open your eyes under any circumstances; even should you feel yourself wounded by the thrust of a sword or dagger.

MAURICE. Really, madam, your conditions are rather severe; but there—I will do what you wish whatever may occur.

GENEV. (*blinding his eyes with her handkerchief*) You will not run much risk.

MAURICE. Thank you. Stay! (*removes handkerchief*) let me look upon your face once more. (*raises her hood*) You are very lovely! Bless you, madam; I shall never forget that face.

GENEV. Close your eyes. (*goes to door in wall, and unlocks it with a key she takes from her pocket*)

MAURICE. (*about to untie handkerchief*) Is she gone, I wonder.

GENEV. Your oath, remember!

Exit at door in wall.

MAURICE. Time's up. (*takes off handkerchief*) Which way did she go, I wonder? (*runs to L. U. E.*) Not that way—(*runs to R. U. E.*) and certainly not that way—that was the road she came. Ha! this door! (*sees door in wall, c.*) this must be her retreat! (*looks through key-hole*) There's a garden and parlour, and, if I mistake not, a light burning in it. Oh, ho, my fair incognita, this then is your retreat!

Enter DIXMER, DUVIRAY, and SALVOISY hastily, R. 1 E.

SALVOISY. Again has our attempt to liberate the queen failed;—again have we plotted, only to see our scheme fail, at the very moment when success seemed likely to crown our labours: but I have still a life at her service, and a heart which lives in the hope that its best blood may be shed for her.

DIX. Our plans must slumber awhile;—the next attempt shall be more successful.

DU V. (*seeing MAURICE—aside to DIXMER and SALVOISY*) See, a spy!

DIX. Caution, caution—I'll question him. (*goes to MAURICE, touches him on the shoulder*) Do you desire any information as to the lodgers of this house, citizen?

MAURICE. (*hesitating*) I—I was only in quest of a friend.

DIX. Tell me his name, citizen—I know almost every one in this neighbourhood—where does this friend live?

MAURICE. I think in the old Rue Saint Jacques; but I am afraid he may have changed his abode.

DIX. But what was his name?

MAURICE. (*aside*) I can't think of a name for the life of me. Oh, his name?—yes, yes; his name is René.

DIX. And his business?

MAURICE. Ah, his business? True; his business—he is a master tanner.

DU V. In that case you ought to apply to some of the journeymen tanners; they can inform thee, I dare say.

DIX. But you say his name is René: René is only a Christian name—what is his family name?

MAURICE. (*aside*) Devil take this fellow—how he questions me. Well, upon my honour, citizen, as to his family name, I know it not.

DU V. (*aside to SALVOISY*) You hear how he equivocates—he is here to watch the place.

DIX. What, citizen, you know not your friend's family name?

MAURICE. I do not, citizen; and—and—(*getting annoyed*) and what then?

DIX. Nothing, citizen, nothing at all; except if you do not know the name of your friend, you are not very likely to find him.

MAURICE. Probably; in which case I wish you a good evening. (*goes up stage*)

DU V. Not yet, citizen. (*music—stabs MAURICE in the back, he falls*)

DIX. Wisely done, Du Viray. Let us silence him for ever!

SALVOISY. (*drawing his sword, and standing over the body of MAURICE*) Stand back! I lend myself to no murder; accursed is that cause which is baptised in blood.

DIX. Salvoisy, do you know what you are doing?

SALVOISY. Perfectly; preserving you from the crime of murder. For shame, comrades, recollect yourselves, we are men, *patriots*, not *assassins*.

DIX. Is he not a spy?

SALVOISY. How know you that he is! let us question him before we depart?

DIX. Let's bear him in. (*they raise him, DIXMER unlocks door in wall*) Make little noise; Genevieve may be not yet retired to rest. Gently, gently, he has fainted!

Music—they bear him towards the door in wall as the scene closes.

SCENE SECOND.—*Prison in the Temple. (1st grooves)*

Music—Enter MARIE ANTOINETTE, R., preceded by SIMON, who carries a bunch of keys—GENERAL SANTERRE follows the QUEEN.

SANTERRE. Now, madame, since that you have done embracing your son, you may find time to hear me.

MARIE. Monsieur, has the Convention declared that mothers shall not embrace their children?

SANTERRE. No; but it has decreed that traitors and aristocrats shall be punished, and it is therefore that we are here to question you—Come, Antoinette, answer. It is impossible that you should be ignorant of the attempt, of the late attempt to rescue you.

SIMON. (L.) Look at the Austrian woman, General, she does not even condescend to notice you.

SANTERRE. You had better answer, madame; you know me.

MARIE. I do; you are the man who came here to conduct my husband, Louis the XIV., King of France, to the scaffold. I know you and your brutal power well, you commanded eighty thousand men, and by the single motion of your finger you caused the drums to drown the dying words of my husband beneath the guillotine! Oh right well I know you! But your words fall harmless on the dignity of a poor prisoner, whose head you can cause to fall likewise, but whose firm mind you can never cause to bend or tremble!

SANTERRE. You will not answer me then?

MARIE. I do not know what you ask—I cannot, therefore, answer you.

SANTERRE. Yesterday an attempt was made to carry you off, and we are satisfied you know the guilty parties.

MARIE. We have no communication beyond the walls of our prison, and cannot, therefore, know anything that is done either for us or against us.

SANTERRE. Very well, then. We will see what your son will say about it. (going, R.)

MARIE. (staying him) Monsieur, my son is sick—he sleeps! Do not awaken him!

SANTERRE. Answer me, then.

MARIE. I have told you I know nothing, and cannot answer you.

SANTERRE. Then your son shall speak.

Exit SANTERRE, R.

MARIE. (raising her hands to heaven) My poor boy! My poor boy!

SIMON. Speak the truth, for the General will pay little heed to your prayers.

MARIE. I pray to heaven! To man—never!

Enter SANTERRE, with LOUIS the Dauphin, R.

LOUIS. What would you have of me?

SANTERRE. To know whether you heard anything last night.

LOUIS. I was asleep.

SANTERRE. You seem to be very fond of sleeping.

LOUIS. I am—because when I sleep, I dream.

SANTERRE. And what do you dream?

LOUIS. That I see my father again, whom you murdered.

SIMON. These wolf cubs are all in one story with the she-wolf; they are both sneering at us, General.

SANTERRE. Since it is so, let us execute the decree of the nation in all its rigour; come, boy.

MARIE. What are you about to do? Do you not see my son is sick? Are you desirous of killing him too?

SANTERRE. Your son is the cause of continual alarm to the nation ; he is the loadstone of all the conspirators ; they flatter themselves that they can carry you off together ; well, let them come. Citizen gaoler, (*to SIMON*) who came yesterday to bring the prisoners' food ?

SIMON. Agricola, the under turnkey.

SANTERRE. And their linen ?

SIMON. My wife.

SANTERRE. Is your wife a laundress, then ?

SIMON. Certainly.

SANTERRE. And she has the prisoners' custom ?

SIMON. Why not ? she may as well have it as another ; it is no longer the tyrants' money—it is the nation's, since the nation pays for it.

SANTERRE. You were desired to examine the linen attentively.

SIMON. Well, have I not done so ? Yesterday I found a handkerchief, in which two knots had been tied ; I carried it to the council, who ordered my wife to untie it and carry it to Madame Antoinette there, as if nothing had happened.

MARIE. (*aside*) It was my only mode of communication with my friends ;—farewell to the last ray of hope !

SANTERRE. Simon, your wife is a citizen whose patriotism no one can doubt, but from this day forth, she enters the Temple no more.

SIMON. But, General—

SANTERRE. How now, citizen, do you grumble ? Obey the orders of the Republic and hold your tongue, or you may find yourself the worse off. Stay here and overlook all that is passing, there are many eyes on you, I assure you. Now, madam, I will read to you the decree of the Convention.

MARIE. What decree ?

SAUTERRE. The decree that will command you to be separated from your son.

LOUIS. Oh, mother, mother ! (*clinging to her*)

MARIE. No, no, it is too much ; such a decree cannot exist !

SANTERRE. (*produces paper*) Thou seest 'tis here ; the Convention has too great an interest in the health of a child entrusted to its care by the nation, that they should leave it in the company of such a depraved mother as thou art.

MARIE. Of what base falsehood do you accuse me ?—tigers that ye are !

SANTERRE. Woman, you are accused of debasing his mind, and corrupting him after the manner of thy wicked heart.

MARIE. I ! Oh, this is too monstrous ! I appeal to the hearts of all mothers, for an answer to so foul and false a charge.

SANTERRE. Come, come ; this is all very fine and pretty,

but we have been here long enough, and cannot lose the whole day. Come young citizen Louis, follow us.

MARIE. No, never will I permit my child to be taken from me. Oh, in mercy, have pity on a mother!

SANTERRE. Let us know then, who are your accomplices. Explain the meaning of the knots made in your handkerchief? and your son will be left with you.

LOUIS. Do not tell them, mother; never sacrifice our friends; never, never!

MARIE. Bless you, my boy, I never will!

SANTERRE. You will not?

MARIE. Never! I will not buy even my son's life, by basely betraying the noble friends who pity a poor widow and her son. Farewell, my son, never forget your father who is in heaven, and your mother who will soon join him there. Repeat every night and morning the prayers which I have taught you. Farewell, my poor Louis, farewell.

LOUIS. Oh, mother, mother!

SANTERRE. For the last time, will you tell us what you know?

MARIE. I know nothing, I defy you all, I have no hope from man, it is to heaven I trust. Louis, think with tears of gratitude on our secret friend; he has not devoted himself through ambition, for he never revealed himself until our days of misfortune had arrived. He never saw the Queen of France to converse with her, and I to my knowledge never saw him; he can hope for no other recompense but a cruel death; that is the reward for all virtue now-a-days. But if I perish, on high, on high—I shall thank him. (*whispers to LOUIS*) His name is the Chevalier of the Maison Rouge—pray for him, pray for him, Louis.

LOUIS. I will, mother—I will!

SIMON. They whisper—the aristocrats are planning another escape.

SANTERRE. Take the boy away!

LOUIS. Oh, mercy, mercy! (*clings to his mother*)

SIMON. (*taking him towards L.*) Come, you young imp!

MARIE. Adien, my poor boy, adieu! adieu!

Music—SIMON exits with LOUIS, L., who strives to reach his mother.

Bless you, Louis, we may never meet again.

SANTERRE. (*offering his hand*) Come, madame, you will find your tears useless, I will show you to your cell.

MARIE. (*crossing him with a tottering step and recoiling from him*) No! no! (*shuddering*) touch me not, I am going sir, I—I am going.

Music—Exit, nearly fainting from anguish, R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Garden attached to Dixmer's House, a wall crosses the stage at back. The Pavilion open to the audience, L.; a door at the side, table and chairs, and lamp on table in parlour, a garden seat in garden, R.; a spade on the ground near seat.*

Music—Enter DIXMER and DU VIRAY, carrying MAURICE, (who is insensible) from door in garden wall, R. C. They seat MAURICE in garden seat, and bind him with cords.

DIX. Let us in and deliberate.

Music—They enter Pavilion, L., and seat themselves at table, MAURICE revives and looks round.

MAURICE. Where am I?—A garden!—Oh, my shoulder! Ah, I remember now, some kind friend gave me a stab in the back; I'm very much obliged to him, and if I ever find out to whom I'm indebted, I'll endeavour to repay him with interest. I'm bound too! “Safe bind, safe find,” I suppose; I really must be very valuable to those gentlemen. I wonder if any of those rascals are that little woman's husband? she's on the premises, I'll swear, for I remember looking through the key-hole of that door on the other side, and seeing her reading in yonder parlour. Perhaps I'm to be the victim of some jealous husband! Well, he can have his revenge on me to his heart's content, for I can't move either hand or foot!

Music—DIXMER, SALVOISY and DU VIRAY rise and come from pavilion, L.

DIX. (to MAURICE) I see you're not dead.

MAURICE. I'm glad you do!

DIX. Who are you?

MAURICE. I am a man whom you wish to assassinate it seems.

DIX. Are you ready to answer my questions?

MAURICE. Ask first, and then I shall know if I ought to answer.

DIX. Who sent you hither?

MAURICE. No one.

DIX. You came of your own accord then?

MAURICE. I did!

DIX. You lie!

MAURICE. (*striving to rise*) If you release me from these cords, sir, I will prove to you that I never lie.

DIX. In any case, whether you came of your own accord, or are sent hither, you are nevertheless a spy.

MAURICE. And you are cowards!

DIX. Cowards!

MAURICE. Yes, cowards! You are three to one against a

man whom you have bound, and you insult that man. I say again, you are cowards!—cowards!—cowards!

SALVOISY. This is not the man we suspect him to be: if he were really a spy, he would tremble and crave for mercy. (*to MAURICE*) In these times a man may be a spy, and yet not dishonest—he merely risks his life.

MAURICE. All hail to you who have said that word! I will answer *you* frankly.

SALVOISY. What have you come hither to seek?

MAURICE. A woman.

DIX. You lie! there is no woman such as you wouldst pursue in this quarter. Confess your motive, or you shall die!

MAURICE. Come, come—you will not kill me for the mere pleasure of killing, unless you are absolute brigands. Oh! this shoulder of mine!

DIX. Ha! you can feel that, eh?

DU V. There are still eight inches more, like the inch with which you have made acquaintance.

MAURICE. I suppose I shall gain nothing by bravado. (*sighs*) Well, proceed.

SALVOISY. Let us know who you are.

MAURICE. I am Maurice Linday.

SALVOISY. What! Maurice Linday, the republican—the patriot?

MAURICE. The revolutionist! the dearest hour of whose life will be that in which he dies for liberty: so, if you are aristocrats, here is my bosom—strike! I never deny my name or principles.

SALVOISY. Is that true, young man?

MAURICE. Feel in my pockets, and you will find my commission.

SALVOISY. (*aside to the others*) Do you hear that? A word with you both.

Music.—Exeunt SALVOISY, DIXMER, and DU VIRAY to the pavilion, L.

MAURICE. I'm certainly lost;—they'll tie a stone about my neck, and throw me into the Seine. Oh, if I were only free! (*striving to break his cords*) It's no use; I'm only driving this cord into my flesh, instead of helping to break it. Oh! if I only had a knife! (*sees spade*) What!—a spade! Oh, if I can but reach it! (*music—stretches out his legs and draws the spade near him*)

DIX. (*in pavilion*) Yes, he is a spy beyond all doubt—he is sent here to find out our secrets: if we set him free, it is at the imminent risk of his denouncing us.

MAURICE. If I can but fix this spade between my knees I can cut the cords that bind my wrists;—my hands once at liberty, I shall care for nothing. (*raises the spade between his*

knees, and scrapes the cords against the edge of the spade as the following dialogue is going on)

SALVOISY. But he has given his word that he has spoken the truth, and as he does not know us he cannot denounce us.

DIX. But he knows our address : he will return, and that well accompanied.

DU V. That argument's decisive with me.

DIX. If the Committee of Public Safety had *us* in their clutches, you would see if they hesitated thus long.

SALVOISY. You persist, then, in your decision?

DIX. Certainly we do, and trust you will not oppose us.

SALVOISY. I have but one voice, gentlemen—that voice I have given for restoring him to liberty; you have two voices. I will therefore leave you. I will be no party to assassination—I am a man, gentlemen, not a bravo.

Exit SALVOISY, l. d. in pavilion.

DIX. You hear him, Du Viray ?

DU V. He's a madman ! Dead men tell no tales.

DIX. (rising) Death be it, therefore !

MAURICE. (who by this time has released himself) Ah, the garden door ! (tries to open it) Locked and barred !—then I must try and scale the wall. (climbs wall)

DU V. Have you taken the precaution to remove Genevieve ?

DIX. She knows nothing of it—she is in the house !

MAURICE. (looking over wall) The deuce ! there are a dozen on the other side, can they be my foes ? I'll not risk it, for with a dozen I should have but a poor chance. (descends) Better stay here ; Oh, if they had not taken away my sword, I would have rushed among the villains and cut my way through them at all hazards.

DIX. It is decided then, he dies ?

DU V. If you take my advice, you will kill him through the window with a carbine shot.

DIX. No fire arms, the noise would betray us !

MAURICE. (who has been listening at the door of pavilion, takes up spade) At all events, before they can murder me, I will kill more than one of them !

DIX. Our swords will be the safer weapons !

DU V. The sword be it, then, come !

Music—They come from the Pavilion, with drawn swords.

DIX (seeing MAURICE) Ha ! he is there ! Stand by me, Du Viray !

Music—they attack MAURICE, who defends himself with the spade. MAURICE strikes down DU VIRAY, and fights up to pavilion with DIXMER, whom he is overpowering.

DIX. Your pistols, Du Viray, he will escape us!

(DU VIRAY fires at MAURICE, who is escaping up the steps which lead to pavilion, MAURICE falls on the steps)

DU V. Now, dispatch him!

As they both rush up to MAURICE with their drawn swords, GENEVIEVE enters from interior of pavilion, L., throws herself before MAURICE with outstretched arms, exclaiming, "Hold!" Picture and Act drop quickly on Tableau.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Chamber in the House of Dixmer.*

MAURICE discovered on sofa, L. C., DIXMER, SALVOISY, and GENEVIEVE watching him.

DIX. Pardon me, citizen, why did I not know all the obligations under which I lie to you? my niece has been telling me the service you rendered her last evening; if we had been aware of this, we should not for a moment have doubted your honour or suspected your intentions; so once more, I pray you to pardon me.

MAURICE. But in one word, why wish to kill me?

DIX. Here is the secret, citizen, I entrust it to your faith and honour; I am a master tanner, the acids I use in the preparation of my skins are contraband. The smugglers whom I employ have learned that; information against them has been laid before the general council; we thought you were a spy, and I will not attempt to deny that your death was resolved upon.

MAURICE. I know that very well, you are telling me nothing new, for I heard your deliberation, and saw your weapons; but now you know who I am, you are satisfied, I presume?

DIX. Perfectly; and now that we are all friends, may I ask you what has brought you hither?

MAURICE. But I have told you already, I think.

DIX. Yes, a woman, I know it related to a woman.

MAURICE. I was seeking her; she told me she lived in this quarter; I know not her name—nor her station—nor her dwelling, I only know that I am madly in love with her!

(GENEVIEVE makes signs of caution to him)

DIX. (exchanging looks with SALVOISY and DU VIRAY) What kind of woman was she?

MAURICE. A blonde, quite a fair-haired woman, with blue eyes. (giving a contrary description of GENEVIEVE)

DIX. Poor citizen Lindsay, what a terrible time we have made you pass; but I trust you feel better since last night, for you are the last to whom I would willingly have done an injury; you, so good a patriot—in fact a brother.

MAURICE. Let us speak no more of this, set me on my right road, and let us forget all that has passed.

DIX. What, leave us? I am determined that you shall not go without dining with us, in order that you may see we are not the desperate fellows you took us to be.

MAURICE. (*looking at GENEVIEVE*) I really do not know whether I ought to accept—

GENEV. We offer our hospitality with right good will, monsieur.

MAURICE. In that case I accept it in the same spirit!

DIX. We will go and inspire our workmen with confidence, and let them know they are not watched—come friends!

Exeunt DIXMER, DU VIRAY and SALVOISY, L.

GENEV. (*to MAURICE*) Ah, sir, you have broken your word, you have acted very indiscreetly!

MAURICE. What, madame, have I compromised you? In that case, pardon me, I will withdraw, and never again—

GENEV. Heavens! you have been wounded, your neckerchief is stained with blood! Oh, pardon me, you saved my life, and I have narrowly escaped being the cause of your death!

MAURICE. Am I not richly recompensed in finding you again? for you must have perceived that it was you, and only you that I was in search of!

GENEV. In mercy, monsieur, let no one hear you, or we are both lost!

MAURICE. Indeed, why so? are you then engaged to another?

GENEV. Spare me answering, you can never know my secret.

MAURICE. Oh, there *is* a secret? But, dearest Genevieve, since that is your name— (*about to embrace her*)

GENEV. Hold, sir, beware, my uncle and his friends return!

Re-enter DIXMER, SALVOISY and DU VIRAY, L.

MAURICE. (*aside*) After all, I hardly feel at home in these men's presence! (*looking at DU VIRAY*) That is the gentlemen who first wounded me with his knife, and then would have joined with the other to murder me afterwards!

DIX. (*to MAURICE*) Since by your uniform you belong to the Municipal Guard, you can, I presume, inform us how Marie Antoinette, who was once called queen, is treated at her prison in the Temple. Is that true which they say concerning them?

MAURICE. What do they say?

SALVOISY. That the prisoners are very cruelly treated by those persons whose duty it should be to protect them.

MAURICE. There are men who do not deserve the name of men. There are base cowards who have never fought themselves, who needs must torture the vanquished, in order to assure themselves that they are victors.

GENEV. You are not one of those men, I am certain, monsieur.

MAURICE. Madame, I was one of those who mounted guard over the scaffold on which the late king died ; I had my sabre in my hand, and I was ready to kill with that hand whosoever should attempt to rescue him. I wrote with my own hand the first of those ten thousand placards which were posted through the streets of Paris.—“Whoever shall salute the king shall be beaten ; whoever shall insult him shall be shot.” As regards Marie Antoinette, in spite of the opinion I entertain, that she is to an extent one of the principal causes of the misery which is devastating France—still, no man, be he who he may, even General Santerre, shall insult the ex-queen in my presence, with impunity.

DIX. Do you know that you ought to be very sure of us, to utter such sentiments in our presence ?

MAURICE. In your presence, as in the presence of the whole world, will I utter them. She may perish on the same scaffold as her husband ; but I am not one of those who fear a woman, and I shall always respect that which is weaker than myself.

GENEV. And the queen, has she ever given you any testimony that she is sensible of the delicacy to which she is far from being accustomed ?

MAURICE. The prisoner has several times thanked me, madame, for my kindness to her.

GENEV. She must then look forward to your visits with pleasure ?

MAURICE. I can readily believe so, madame.

SALVOISY. Then, since you have confessed to the possession of a generous heart, you do not, I presume, persecute children any more than you do women ?

MAURICE. I ! go, ask the atrocious Simon, whether the arm of that officer falls lightly in whose presence he had the audacity to beat the little Prince Louis ! (*all start, and are about to take MAURICE by the hand, but restrain themselves*) Well ! what is the matter with you all ?

SALVOISY. It is you then, citizen Maurice, who are the officer concerning whom so much has been said, and who so nobly defended a child ?

MAURICE. I was not aware that anything had been said about it, it was merely an act of humanity. I trust they always come natural to me, without wishing to be praised for them !

GENEV. But is Marie Antoinette so proud and beautiful as she is said to be ?

MAURICE. What, madame, is it possible you have never seen her?

GENEV. I! never! no opportunity has ever presented itself to me, we have lived in the provinces till now.

MAURICE. And I do not think you will profit by that which I fear will soon present itself.

GENEV. What mean you?

MAURICE. The probable condemnation of Marie Antoinette, and her death on the same scaffold whereon her husband died.

SALVOISY. (*aside to DIXMER and DU VIRAY*) Do you hear that? We must hasten our plans!

MAURICE. You will hardly profit by the day upon which she shall issue from her prison in the Temple to go to the Place de la Revolution, to look upon her.

GENEV. Oh, surely not. I confess, nevertheless, I should have been curious to know the poor woman.

MAURICE. Indeed? If you really entertain such a desire, say the word!

GENEV. And can you enable me to see the queen? you, monsieur.

MAURICE. Certainly, I can; the officer on duty there is my friend, Lorin.

DIX. Well, Genevieve, I hope now you are served to your utmost wish!

GENEV. No, no! I will not go!

MAURICE. And wherefore?

GENEV. Because, to do so would perhaps expose you to some danger, and if so, I should never forgive myself.

SALVOISY. There you speak prudently, Genevieve; believe me, there is much distrust on both sides; the best patriots are suspected now-a-day. Give up this project; which as you must admit, is to you a mere matter of curiosity—a whim—a fancy.

MAURICE. One would say that you were as timid as the lady, monsieur. Come let us dispute no longer; let us make a party; it is I who beg you; I go on duty this afternoon, so come and divert a poor prisoner, for when once the great gate is closed upon me, I am (for four-and-twenty hours only) as complete a prisoner as a prince of the blood.

GENEV. But why all this precaution?

MAURICE. Because it is already known, that the Chevalier Maison Rouge has entered Paris.

DIX,
SALVOISY,
and
DU V.
}

Indeed! (*starting*)

SALVOISY. And was it known by what means he entered?

MAURICE. Perfectly. The Chevalier it seems came from La Vendee, crossed the whole of France with his wonted good fortune, arrived at the barrier, and waited until nine o'clock in the morning. At that time a woman disguised as one of the lower orders went out of the barrier carrying to the Chevalier the uniform of the National Guard, in which he entered Paris.

DIX. (*looking at GENEVIEVE*) And what has become of the woman—is she known? (*to MAURICE*)

MAURICE. No; she has disappeared, and no one has any suspicion who or what she is.

GENEV. (*aside*) Thank heaven! then I am safe.

MAURICE. It was but yesterday that a friend of mine met this Chevalier, but did not arrest him.

SALVOISY. And why?

MAURICE. First, because not knowing that he had arrived in Paris, he feared to be the dupe of a strong resemblance; and secondly he was in fear, and abstained.

DIX. You would not have acted thus, eh, citizen? (*to MAURICE*)

MAURICE. No, I confess it, I should rather have made a blunder than have suffered so dangerous a man as the Chevalier of Maison Rouge to escape; I should have laid my hand on his collar and have said, "Chevalier of Maison Rouge, I arrest you as a traitor to the nation."

GENEV. And what would have become of him then?

MAURICE. This would have happened: he with all his accomplices would have been tried and guillotined by this.

GENEV. And is it known what has become of the Chevalier of Maison Rouge!

DIX. Bah! It is probable that finding his attempt a failure he immediately left Paris.

MAURICE. Not so, he is here at this moment.

DIX., SALVOISY, }
DU V. and } Here! (*starting*)
GENEV.

MAURICE. In Paris, I mean. He has not stirred hence.

SALVOISY. This is a presumption you are uttering, citizen!

MAURICE. By no means—it is a fact which I affirm.

GENEV. I confess that on my own account I cannot believe what you say; it would have been a piece of unpardonable impudence!

MAURICE. You are a woman, madame—you will understand, therefore, one thing which would naturally carry it with a man of the character of the Chevalier of Maison Rouge, over all considerations of personal security.

GENEV. And what consideration could carry it over the fear of losing life in a manner so horrible?

MAURICE. Love—madame !

GENEV. Love?

MAURICE. Certainly ! Do you not know that the Chevalier of Maison Rouge is in love with Marie Antoinette ?

GENEV. Indeed ! (*sighing and wiping away a tear*)

MAURICE. You are moved, madame !

GENEV. Did you not say that I should understand you because I was a woman ? We are always touched by devotion, however opposite it may be to our principles.

MAURICE. And that of the Chevalier Maison Rouge is the greater, because it is stated he has never even spoken to the queen.

DU V. Come, come, citizen Linday, you must permit me to say that you are very indulgent to this Chevalier !

MAURICE. Sir, I love all proud and courageous natures ! But that does not prevent me from fighting them when I meet them in the ranks of my enemies. I do not despair of one day even meeting the Chevalier of Maison Rouge.

SALVOISY. Well, sir, and then ?

MAURICE. Then, if I meet him, we shall fight it out.

DIX. Perhaps you will, my friend—who can tell ? But I must show you a dressing room, and then for dinner. Allons, monsieur ! The house we open to you is the house of a good citizen, and you will quickly perceive that it is that of a friend.

Music—Exeunt DIXMER and MAURICE, L.

GENEV. (*weeping*) Oh, lamentable, lamentable meeting !

DU V. Bah ! madame ; Maurice Linday, a recognized patriot, is a good acquaintance for us, it is a certificate of patriotism, a seal of absolution which he has set on our house. And I think that from this evening forth, even the Chevalier of Maison Rouge may reckon himself in safety among us.

Re-enter DIXMER, L.

DIX. Come, Genevieve, to table—to table; fail not, I charge you to make yourself agreeable to this young man, for it is through him we are to make our way to the queen.

GENEV. Uncle, I—I—I cannot bear to see you making a dupe of this honest and ingenuous man !

DIX. Silence, Genevieve, are you not vowed to our cause with your heart—your soul—your life ? do you forget your early obligations to her, and not only yours but your whole family ?

GENEV. I remember, I remember, too well do I remember that I am your instrument—your slave ! and it needs, be your victim. Oh, wretched Genevieve, thy fate is indeed a bitter one !

Exit GENEVIEVE, L.

SALVOISY. Dixmer, it grieves me to see you mixing up Genevieve in all our plots; not that I fear her, far from it! But the part we are playing is terrible, and it is a pity and a shame to set the head of a woman on our stake.

DIX. The head of a woman weighs the same as that of a man, where cunning, artlessness and beauty can effect as much, nay, sometimes more than strength, power and daring; Genevieve shares all our convictions and sympathies, and will share our fate.

SALVOISY. Do then as you will, I have said all that I have to say; Genevieve is worthy in all respects of the mission on which you are employing her. It is of martyrs that saints are made!

Music—Exeunt, L. (clear the stage)

SCENE SECOND.—*The Courtyard of the Temple; large gates, c., leading to garden, a winding flight of steps at the top, R. U. E.; a door leading to the prison, L. U. E. A SENTINEL is seen pacing to and fro at the back of arch; SOLDIERS discovered drinking at the door of a small canteen, R.; MADAME PLUMEAU, the landlady, serving the SOLDIERS.*

Music.—Enter MAURICE, DIXMER, SALVOISY, DU VIRAY, and GENEVIEVE, c. arch.

MAD. P. Good day, citizen Maurice; good day to you, madame, and to you, gentlemen.

MAURICE. Good day, Madame Pluméau; these friends of mine would taste some of the famous wine that you keep for your choice customers.

MAD. P. (*opening trap, R., and descending*) Directly, gentlemen; always the best wine for citizen Maurice, for he and his friends are always the best customers. *Exit, down trap.*

MERCEVAULT. (*one of the soldiers, rising from the table, and coming*) Good day, citizens; what, have you come to see Marie Antoinette, the Austrian woman? You have come in time, for, to my thinking, it will not be many days before the guillotine will do her business.

MAURICE. Alas, poor woman, I pity her!

MERCEVAULT. Pity *her* indeed! why this woman is a queen; one is not called upon to have the same feeling for *her*—for a queen—as one would have towards an honest citizen's wife and a good patriot, eh, citizen lieutenant?

MAURICE. As for me, I think that the women are sufficiently patriotic, so long as they are not aristocrats.

SALVOISY. You are right, sir; and I confess that I think a woman just as contemptible when she affects the manners and gestures of a man, as I think a man base and cowardly when he insults a woman, even if that woman be his deadliest enemy.

MERCEVAULT. Stop, stop one moment, citizen ; you except those women who are the enemies of the nation.

SALVOISY. Let us except no person : alas ! those women who are called the enemies of the nation, are, it seems to me, very cruelly punished.

MERCEVAULT. I suppose you mean the prisoners of the Temple—the Austrian woman and her child ?

SALVOISY. Precisely ; it is of them I speak.

MERCEVAULT. Ah ! when the guillotine shall cause their heads to fall into the sack—that is the day for me.

Enter MADAME PLUMEAU up from cellar, with wine ; she pours it out ; HELOISE, the flower girl, enters at the same time, C. gates, with basket of flowers.

HELOISE. Buy my flowers, citizen ! (*to MAURICE*) Buy a bouquet for the pretty lady ! She is dressed in white, and these crimson carnations will suit exquisitely one with the other. She will put the bouquet to her heart, and, as her heart is very near your blue coat, you will have the national colours ready made to your hand.

MAURICE. Yes, I will buy them of thee, because they are carnations ; all other flowers I detest.

HELOISE. (*giving him bouquet*) Take this, citizen, it is the finest one.

MAURICE. (*taking it, and giving money*) Here is a five franc piece for thee.

HELOISE. Thanks, my handsome municipal ! Thanks five times over ! I'll try my fortune with the other citizens. (*aside to DIXMER, as she crosses to table*) The note is in the bouquet ; be careful.

DIX. (*aside*) Thanks ! Thanks !

Drums beat, SOLDIERS rise and exit, L.

MAURICE. (*presenting bouquet to GENEVIEVE*) That is our summons to duty. Adieu for the present, madame ! Adieu, citizens ! I will shortly rejoin you.

Exit, R. U. L. E.

DIX. (*aside to SALVOISY*) Is all prepared below ?

SALVOISY. (*aside*) All ! I have a passage made which extends from the wine cellar below to the Porte-Foin. We have but to push a few loose bricks aside, and the road to liberty is open for the queen. She must descend into the wine cellar, and we must make good her retreat at the hazard of our lives !

DIX. Does she know when to ask for the bouquet ?

SALVOISY. Fear not ; my signals have been understood by her. Let us get the woman of the canteen out of the way.

DIX. Madame Plumeau, your wine is excellent! But wine of Saumer at least, in my opinion, is nothing without the cheese of Brie!

MAD. P. Ah, citizens! they are made as it were on purpose one for the other; but unluckily the last mouthful has just been purchased.

DIX. Then no cheese of Brie, no wine of Saumer; and here am I waiting to treat the company.

MAD. P. Give me five minutes, and I'll run into the lodge of the citizen porter, who is in partnership with me, he always has some; I shall have to pay dearer for it, but thou art too good a patriot not to make up the loss to me.

DIX. Yes, yes, go, and we during your absence will go down into the cellar and choose the wine for ourselves. (*aside to GENEVIEVE*) Go into the canteen.

MAD. P. Do just as you would at home, monsieur; I beg.

Exit, C.

DIX. (*watching her off*) Now friends, be firm; the moment of the queen's deliverance may be at hand! *Music—Exeunt DIXMER, SALVOISY, and DUM VIRAY*.

down trap.

GENEV. Oh, Maurice, Maurice; fatal was our meeting, better for me to have perished on the scaffold, than to have drawn a generous confiding heart like yours into our plots. But he shall not be sacrificed; my love is stronger than my duty, and I will save him, though I destroy myself. *Exit in canteen, R.*

SIMON. (*without, L.*) Will you work, you young wolf cub?

LOUIS. (*without*) No, I will not!

Music—Enter LOUIS flying from SIMON, L., who follows him with strap in his hand.

SIMON. Come in to thy work, little monster! if you do not— (*shaking strap at him*)

LOUIS. I will not!

SIMON. Come in and make thy shoe! or by all the thunderbolts—

LOUIS. I am a prince of France, and I will not make shoes!

SIMON. Aha! that is it, is it? We will see—we will see! (*music—rushes to him, to strike him with strap*)

Enter LORIN, C., and interposes.

LORIN. Hold! hold! Master Simon, what now?

SIMON. I am going to chastise this young imp of an aristocrat.

LORIN. And wherefore?

SIMON. Wherefore! Because the little rascal will not learn to work like a good citizen!

LORIN. Well, what is that to thee? has the nation entrusted the child to thee, in order to teach him to work?

SIMON. Why dost thou meddle in my affairs, citizen sergeant?

LORIN. I meddle with every thing that concerns a man of spirit; and it is a base deed in a man of spirit, to see a child beaten and suffer it to be done.

SIMON. Bah! The son of a tyrant—

LORIN. Is a child not the less a child, who has never participated in the crimes of his father, a child who is guiltless, and who ought not therefore to be punished?

SIMON. He was given to me that I might do with him as I would; I chose that he shall work, and work he shall!

LORIN. And I tell thee that he shall not make shoes—dost hear, cursed rogue! Ah, yes, thou hast thy great sabre by thy side, I know—I also wear one; dare to draw thine, and I will annihilate thee.

SIMON. (*about to draw his sword*) Ha! ten thousand devils!

Enter MAURICE, R. U. E.

MAURICE. What is this, citizens; why I could hear your voices even in Antoinette's prison.

SIMON. This is it! yon traitor—yon aristocrat—(*points at LORIN*) is hindering me from trouncing the young Louis Capet.

LORIN. Yes, I do hinder thee; and if thou callest me traitor or aristocrat again, (*draws his sabre*) I will thrust my sabre through thy body.

SIMON. A menance! Ho, guards! guards!

LORIN. It is I who am the guard; call me, and I shall exterminate thee, Simon.

MAURICE. The serjeant is in the right, thou art dishonouring the nation by beating a child.

SIMON. And thou also? am I then surrounded by traitors?

MAURICE. (*seizing him*) Lying knave! dare to call Maurice Lindsay a traitor, and he will shake thy ugly life out. (*throws him off*)

SIMON. A time will come, I can wait—I can wait; (*aside*) I will denounce them both, they have crossed me in my duty and let them beware.

LOUIS. Thanks, messieurs, but it is on me he will avenge himself.

LORIN. Oh, fear him not, my little Capet.

LOUIS. Why dost thou call me "Capet?" that is not my name, my name is Louis Charles de Bourbon. Capet is the name of one of my ancestors; I know the history of France well, my father taught it to me.

SANTERRE. (*from door of prison at the top of steps, R. U. E.*) Room for Marie Antoinette! (*music—descends steps*)

Enter MARIE ANTOINETTE from door, R. U. E., followed by SOLDIERS—GENEVIEVE enters from canteen, R., at the same time LOUIS runs to his mother.

SANTERRE. (*seeing GENEVIEVE*) Ha! who is this pretty citizen?

MAURICE. It is the niece of the gallant citizen Dixmer. Is it possible that you have not heard of that good patriot, General?

SANTERRE. Dixmer! Oh, true! A master tanner, is he not, living in the Old Rue St. Jacques?

MAURICE. The same, General.

SANTERRE. (*crosses to GENEVIEVE*) Good morrow, madame!

GENEV. Good morrow, citizen General!

SANTERRE. And for what have you come hither, my pretty patriot?

MAURICE. The lady has never seen Marie Antoinette, and would wish to—

SANTERRE. I understand; and she would wish to see her before—(*makes a motion of beheading*) Eh?

MAURICE. Exactly!

SANTERRE. Let no one else enter the prison, it will be a bad example; but I know I can trust thee. Where is Simon, and why is that boy out of his sight?

LORIN. Simon will be here anon, General.

SANTERRE. (*taking LOUIS by the arm, and throwing him over to LORIN*) Take charge of him, sergeant, there must be no communication between them; guard the boy closely till I have gone my rounds. (*to MARIE ANTOINETTE*) The nation permits thee to walk in the garden for ten minutes. The citizens Lorin and Lindsay will accompany you. (*to MAURICE and LINDAY*) And as you value your heads, guard her well. March!

Music—Exeunt SANTERRE and SOLDIERS, c. gates. The trap door is seen to open, and DIXMER appears and motions GENEVIEVE to give her bouquet to the QUEEN.

GENEV. (*to MAURICE*) May I offer the queen my flowers, Monsieur? Is it forbidden?

MAURICE. No, Genevieve, no. You may offer your bouquet.

GENEV. (*crosses and presents bouquet*) Dear madam, will you accept them?

MARIE. (*trembling—aside*) It is the signal! Flowers! Oh, how very long since I have seen any; how sweet they smell and how happy you must be to have them, madame.

MAURICE. Come, Madame. (*to the QUEEN*) You must proceed on your way.

LORIN. (*to LOUIS*) And you to your cell. (*taking LOUIS up steps, L.*)

MARIE. (*to LORIN*) Oh, sir, one moment! one short moment.

LORIN. The guillotine would make me shorter by a head, if I did.

LOUIS. Farewell, mother!

MARIE. Adieu, my boy! Adieu! (*weeping*)

Music—Exit LORIN with LOUIS, L., through door.

MAURICE. (*to MARIE ANTOINETTE*) I wait your pleasure, madame!

GENEV. (*to MAURICE*) And what are those dungeons to the left, monsieur? (*points, L. U. E.*)

MAURICE. (*going up with GENEVIEVE, C.*) Those are the apartments where the royal prisoners are confined, and those —(*pointing off C., towards, R.*) are the Temple Gardens, where they are allowed once during the day to take exercise. (*during this, MARIE takes note from bouquet—SIMON peeps on, L. watching her*)

MARIE. (*reads note rapidly*) “The moment you receive this, rush into the cellar of the canteen, and you are saved, we will, if necessary, form a barrier to protect you with our bodies—The Chevalier of the Maison Rouge.”

(*turns and sees the trap half raised, and utters a suppressed scream as she beholds SALVOISY and DIXMER—SIMON by this time has advanced behind the QUEEN, and snatches the bouquet from her hand*)

SIMON. To arms! to arms! We are betrayed! Lead back the Austrian woman! Treason! treason! What ho! guards!

MARIE. (*drawing his sword*) Treachery!—what is this? (DIXMER, SALVOISY, and DU VIRAY ascend from trap)

SALVOISY. Stand back! we will save the queen or die for her!

MAURICE. Traitors!

Drums without.—Attacks SALVOISY, SIMON attacks DU VIRAY, DIXMER takes GENEVIEVE in his arms, and fights his way out, C., past GENERAL SANTERRE and GUARDS who enter, C. gates—MARIE ANTOINETTE is following, C., when she is seized by GUARDS—SALVOISY and DU VIRAY strike down MAURICE and SIMON, and rush past the SOLDIERS and exit, C. gates—SOLDIERS fire after them—picture, closed in.

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Prison—same as Scene II., Act I.*

Enter GENERAL SANTERRE, SIMON, and GUARDS, with MARIE ANTOINETTE, followed by MAURICE, L.

SIMON. (*to MAURICE*) Now, my gay spark, we shall see—we shall see now who is a traitor—Simon, the cobbler, or Lieutenant Maurice Lindsay, the patriot!

MAURICE. I am prepared to furnish all necessary explanations ; but before all, I demand to be arrested.

SANTERRE. But how is this ?—thou art known to be a good patriot, citizen Lindsay ?

MAURICE. And I could have answered with my life for the friends whom I have been so imprudent as to bring with me.

SANTERRE. Answer for no one, citizen Maurice ; hold thyself at the disposition of the Commune, who will interrogate thee.

MAURICE. Commandant, I am at your orders ; but I have demanded once to be arrested, and I demand it again !

SIMON. Wait awhile ; and since you are so determined on it, we will see what we can do for you in the way of settling your job. Citizen General, (*to SANTERRE*) I denounce Maurice Lindsay and Hyacinthe Lorin as traitors to the Republic.

SANTERRE. Take care, take care, Simon ; thy zeal for the nation may mislead thee ;—Maurice Lindsay and Hyacinthe Lorin are approved patriots !

SIMON. That will appear at the Tribunal.

MAURICE. I bought the bouquet of a flower girl ; and on the word of a man, a patriot, and a soldier, I knew not that it contained a note, or aught else.

SIMON. You hear him ! you hear him ! Ha ! ha ! he speaks of a flower girl, on whom he would cast the weight of his crime ! This is a plot hatched by a company of aristocrats—who, like cowards as they are, cast the ball of treason from one to another. And where is his friend, Lorin ?—you will see that he will not be found, any more than the flower girl.

LORIN enters, L.

LORIN. Thou liest, Simon, for he is here !

SIMON. General, I demand that this flower girl, who, as I hear, is in custody, be brought before the traitors to condemn them. Now, madame, what dost thou say to that ?—does not that make thee tremble for thy friends ?

MARIE. (R.) Wretched man ! thou wilt be cruelly punished for thy hatred of me and mine.

SANTERRE. Soldiers, bring in the flower girl.

Exeunt SOLDIERS, L.

MARIE. Oh, this is horrible !—another victim to my cause—another martyr to their queen.

Music.—Enter SOLDIERS, with HELOISE, L.

SIMON. (*starting*) Heloise !—My daughter !—Thou here ?

HELOISE. Yes—father.

SIMON. And wherefore art thou arrested ?

HELOISE. Because I am accused.

SIMON. Thou accused!—Thou!—And by whom?—For what?
HELOISE. By you—for selling the bouquet!

LORIN. (to SIMON) She thy daughter! Oh, miserable wretch!

SIMON. (to GENERAL SANTERRE) I withdraw the accusation,
General, I—

SANTERRE. You cannot—we must proceed. (to HELOISE)
Since it is you who brought the nosegay—since you knew
that it contained a letter, you must needs know also what
was written on the paper.

HELOISE. Undoubtedly, I do know it.

SANTERRE. Well, then, tell us what it was.

HELOISE. Citizen, I have told you all that I can—and more-
over all that I will tell!

SIMON. No, no, Heloise—tell all.

HELOISE. Never!

SANTERRE. And you refuse to comply?

HELOISE. I do refuse.

SANTERRE. And you know to what your refusal exposes you?

HELOISE. Yes; I know it.

SANTERRE. Perhaps you have hopes in your youth—in
your beauty?

HELOISE. I have no hope save in heaven!

SANTERRE. Soldiers, take the girl away to the prison of the
Section! (they seize her)

SIMON. Heloise! Heloise! Oh, pardon me—pardon me!

HELOISE. I do, my father—I do, I do! (music—HELOISE is
taken off, L.—SIMON attempts to follow—SANTERRE stays him)

MARIE. Noble girl! noble girl!

SIMON. (to MARIE) Thou art content now—thou hast slain
my child! (crosses to R.)

MARIE. Alas, unhappy man, it is heaven who is dealing
punishment on thee for tortures inflicted on a mother, wretched
and heartbroken. Thou hast often, by thy brutality, brought
thy prisoners to that despair, on the brink of which thou now
standest. Heaven punishes thee in sending to death the child
whom thou so dearly lovest.

SIMON. Yes, and for thee—condemned for thee! it is for
thee they are about to put to death my daughter!—Dost hear,
it is for thee, Austrian woman, for thee!

MARIE. Gentlemen, will you not relieve me of the presence
of this poor man, or at least permit me to return to my cell? I
cannot endure his reproaches, my own woes are sufficient to
weigh me down. (weeps)

SIMON. Aye, weep, weep! thy nosegay has cost her dear!
It is thus with all who serve thee: they have slain thy husband
—thy friends—and now they will kill my daughter!—When,
when will they kill thee, in order that no more may die for thee!

MAURICE. Wretch ! dost thou forget that she to whom thou speakest was once the Queen ?

SIMON. The Queen ! the Queen ! is she the Queen now ?—if she be, let her forbid the executioners to kill my poor child ! Kings and Queens can pardon ;—come, give me back my daughter, and I will recognize thee for the Queen ! but thou art not, thou art but a woman—a woman who brings woe—a woman who kills !

MARIE. (*crossing to c.*) Oh, for pity's sake, gentlemen, behold my grief—my tears ?

SIMON. (*clutching at her dress*) Ha, thou wouldst fly ; thou wouldst escape the guillotine, wouldst thou ? But thou shalt not pass, I will prevent thee—I—I ! To arms, citizens, to arms ! let us march with her to the scaffold ! let her die ! let the impure blood which—which—(*falls senseless*)

SANTERRE. Has the man become mad ?—he is a maniac !

MARIE. Not so, sir ; he is only a father.

SANTERRE. Come, madame, to your cell.

MARIE. Willingly, sir. I am now without hope and feel that my cause is indeed accursed !

Exeunt MARIE and GUARDS, r.—SIMON is taken off, l.

SANTERRE. Citizen Maurice Lindsay, and citizen Hyacinth Lorin, I give you full credit for being good patriots ; lead us, therefore, to the house of this Dixmer ; he must be arrested.

LORIN. (*aside to MAURICE*) It is thy only chance, for to be suspected now-a-days is to be condemned.

MAURICE. Follow me, General ; I will discover and denounce them. (*aside—crossing to l.*) And at the hazard of my own, save the life of Genevieve.

Music—Exeunt, l.

SCENE FOURTH.—*The Garden and Pavilion, as in Act I, Scene III.*

Music—Enter DIXMER bearing GENEVIEVE in his arms, followed by SALVOISY and DU VIRAY from the door in wall, c.—they secure it.

SALVOISY. Another attempt frustrated ; heaven is not willing she should escape—her star has sunk—her destiny is accomplished.

DIX. This is no longer a retreat for us, we must leave this place. Revive, Genevieve, revive ! you have hitherto played your part like a heroine ; you must not give way now.

GENEV. (*reviving*) Maurice—dear Maurice !

DIX. Curse him, and all who like him stand in the way of our design ! Come, forget him—you will see him no more ; in an hour we shall, I trust, be many leagues from here.

GENEV. Oh, uncle, uncle, have some mercy on me!

DIX. Mercy! mercy is a word out of fashion in France! Come, Genevieve—come, friends!

Music—they exeunt in pavilion, and off, L.D.—music—LORIN, MAURICE, and SOLDIERS climb over wall.

LORIN. (*aside to MAURICE, bringing him down*) Now, that we have a moment to ourselves, let me speak to thee, Maurice. In plain words then, thou art destroying thyself.

MAURICE. I fear not the risk.

LORIN. I have not yet repeated all to thee. When I asked the General that you should be the leader of this expedition, he said to me, “ Beware of Maurice, he was seen last night in the quarter where the Chevalier of the Maison Rouge is concealed.”

MAURICE. And is it here he is concealed? Great heavens! have they then made me the instrument of their plots? (*aside*) Now or never we must try to take him!

MAURICE. True, true.

LORIN. In this house we may find important papers, which may lead to the arrest of all the queen’s party. We will go round to the front of the house—do you remain here. (*going R., with GUARDS*) Stay—what will you do for the sign and countersign?

MAURICE. True; I had forgotten.

LORIN. The pass-words are “ Carnation” and “ Covered way.” Arrest all who cannot give those words—they are the sign and countersign. March!

Music.—Exeunt LORIN and SOLDIERS, L. 1 E.

MAURICE. Can it be!—This house which Genevieve made me regard as an earthly paradise, is but the haunt of blood-stained conspiracy!—all the friendly reception awarded to me was but hypocrisy!—all the love of Genevieve was but terror.

Music—GENEVIEVE and SALVOISY enter from L. D. into pavilion, with lamp, which they place on table.

SALVOISY. Now, dearest Genevieve, let us fly;—I have passports ready, to leave Paris with you, and place you in a safe retreat.

MAURICE. (*overhearing them at door*) Oh, merciful heaven! what am I doomed to hear!

GENEV. But my uncle?—

SALVOISY. Will follow you.

GENEV. While you will—

SALVOISY. Remain here. The Chevalier Maison Rouge will never desert his Queen.

MAURICE. It is he!—’tis Maison Rouge!—Oh, have we then met at last!

GENEV. Oh, Armand, dear Armand, be cautious; your life is entwined with mine; and the blow that strikes *you*, must reach the heart of Genevieve.

MAURICE. Oh, traitress! traitress! how have you deceived me!

SALVOISY. Come, Genevieve. (*music—as they descend the steps of the pavilion they encounter MAURICE—SALVOISY draws two pistols and places them at the breast of MAURICE*)

GENEV. (*with a shriek of terror*) Maurice!

MAURICE. (*to SALVOISY*) Monsieur, although you hold my life at the muzzles of your pistols, you are the Chevalier of Maison Rouge!

SALVOISY. And if I be?

MAURICE. If you are he, you are a man of courage; and I will say two words to you,—you can kill me, but you cannot do so, until I have given the alarm to my comrades; should I do so you would be surrounded and the house reduced to ashes in a few moments. Lower your pistols, therefore, and listen to what I am about to say to that lady.

SALVOISY. To Genevieve?

GENEV. To me?

MAURICE. Yes, madame, to you—you have rendered me the laughing stock of my friends—you have made me, blind idiot that I was, subservient to all your plots; it was a base deed to do so. But you shall be punished for it, madame—for monsieur, the Chevalier will kill me before your eyes! But within five minutes, he will be lying at your feet, a bleeding corse; or, if he live, it will be to carry his head to the scaffold.

GENEV. He die! he carry his head to the scaffold! Oh, you know not, Maurice, he is my protector—the protector of my family—that I would give my life for his. If you are my love, he is my religion!

MAURICE. What, madame! *I* your love? oh, in good truth, women are too weak and too cowardly. Come, sir, you must either kill me or die.

SALVOISY. And wherefore?

MAURICE. Because if you kill me not, I arrest you.

SALVOISY. I will not dispute my life with you!

MAURICE. And why not?

SALVOISY. Because Genevieve loves you; and my life is not worth t'—emorse it would cost me to kill so brave a man.

MAURICE. (*with a sarcastic laugh*) What! Genevieve love me? oh, monstrous!

GENEV. (*crosses to MAURICE*) Oh, pardon me, Maurice, for my deceit: pardon me in the name of my sufferings. I have need to ask your forgiveness, I know I have; but oh, spare him, spare him!

MAURICE. What would you have? all men are playing for their lives now-a-days. The Chevalier Maison Rouge has played like the rest of us, and now he must pay that stake—he must die!

GENEV. I swear to consecrate my whole life to you; if needs be to die with you; if you will preserve my friend—my protector—my brother—The Chevalier Maison Rouge.

MAURICE. Your brother!

SALVOISY. Yes, monsieur—her brother!

MAURICE. Oh, fatal meeting! Oh, Genevieve, why did I behold you? for he must die—he must die!

GENEV. Die! and is it you who tell me so?

MAURICE. It is not I, Genevieve, it is fate!

GENEV. (*kneeling*) But you can save him, Maurice—you can save him!

SALVOISY. Rise, Genevieve; if my hour has come, think you I have not the courage to meet it!—I will summon Dixmer, and resist to the last!

Exit in pavilion, L.

GENEV. No, no! Save him, Maurice, save him?

MAURICE. What, Genevieve, at the expense of my honour?

GENEV. Close your eyes, Maurice, that is all I ask of you; and so far as a woman's gratitude can go, so far shall mine be made manifest to you?

MAURICE. That would be useless—there is a pass-word, without which no one can leave the place, for the house is surrounded on all sides.

GENEV. Maurice, oh, dear Maurice, have mercy on my sufferings—tell me this pass-word?

MAURICE. Genevieve, who art thou that should say to me, "Maurice, in the name of the love I bear to you, be a traitor to your word, a recreant to your honour, and a renegade to your cause?" What do you offer me in return for this?

GENEV. Oh, Maurice, save him first; and then ask me for my life?

MAURICE. Genevieve, do you love me?

GENEV. As truly as there is a heaven that hears me.

MAURICE. If I do that which you require of me, will you leave kindred, friends, and country, and fly hence with me?

GENEV. (*raises her hands to heaven*) I swear to consecrate my whole life to Maurice, to die with him, to follow him to the end of the world, if he will save my brother.

MAURICE. It is well! (*going to pavilion door*) Come forth, sir.

Enter SALVOISY, L. door.

You are free, monsieur.—These are the pass-words, "Carnation" and "Covered way." Oh, heaven, pardon me, what have I done?

GENEV. Bless you, Maurice, bless you!

SALVOISY. Farewell, monsieur! Farewell, Genevieve; if you see me no more, pray for the soul of your brother, the Chevalier Maison Rouge!

Music.—Exit SALVOISY, by garden door in wall.

MAURICE. Quick, Genevieve, quick, let us haste.

GENEV. My jewels are on my dressing table, I will fetch them in a moment, dear Maurice.

Music.—Exit GENEVIEVE, in pavilion, L. door.

LORIN. (*without, L.*) Quick, march!

MAURICE. Distraction! 'tis Lorin! (*going to pavilion door*) Quick, Genevieve, quick!

Music—Enter LORIN and SOLDIERS, L. 1 E.

LORIN. The house is well searched, but if they are about the grounds we shall have them; I defy a mouse to pass our lines without the countersign.

MAURICE. (*aside*) Genevieve is lost! Oh fatal hour!

(*drums without*)

Enter GENERAL SANTERRE and SOLDIERS by door in wall, c., with torches.

SANTERRE. Well, where is this man?

LORIN. Who, General?

SANTERRE. The Chevalier Maison Rouge. Have you suffered him to escape?

LORIN. We couldn't let him escape, since we have never taken him.

SANTERRE. Then, what did you mean by the message you sent me? A man came to me and informed me that you were on the point of taking Maison Rouge, that he was defending himself like a lion.

LORIN. A man!—what man? Did you send any one, Maurice?

MAURICE. I?—no, no!

LORIN. 'Twas Maison Rouge! I'll swear it! Oh fools that we are! Why did you let him pass, General?

SANTERRE. Why did I let him pass? Why, because he had the pass-word.

LORIN. The pass-word! Then we have a traitor among us! (*looking at MAURICE, who stands, R., with his face buried in his hands*) Oh, what can this mean? (*aside*)

SANTERRE. He cannot be far off; let us search the neighbourhood, perhaps he may have fallen into the hands of a patrol.

LORIN. Yes, yes—let us search. (*aside to MAURICE*) Rouse yourself, Maurice!

SANTERRE. But before we go, since the bees are flown, at least we'll burn down their hive.

(*takes torch from SOLDIER, and exits in pavilion—the other SOLDIERS follow him—they set fire to the pavilion*)

MAURICE. Genevieve ! Genevieve ! She will perish ! Stay, I say,—stay ! hold your hands ! (*about to rush into pavilion*—

LORIN. (*stays him*) Stay, madman, what would you do ?

MAURICE. (*struggling with him*) Let me go ! let me go !

LORIN. Fool that you are ! Come away—come ! would you destroy yourself ? Stay here ! you must—you shall !

MAURICE. (*breaking from him*) Genevieve, I come ! I come to save thee ! Genevieve, I come !

(*the SOLDIERS have fired the pavilion, which is in flames—tableau—red fire—he throws off LORIN, and rushes impetuously into the house*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Room in the House of Maurice, D. in flat, R.*

Enter MAURICE and LORIN, D. in flat.

MAURICE. She is gone—she is gone, Lorin, our search has been in vain. Should she have perished in the flames, Lorin, should she be buried in the ruins calling madly on me for rescue. Oh, Lorin, that thought is madness !

LORIN. No, no—she has escaped ; no one could remain in a burning house with the exception of Salamanders. We have done everything that is possible in search of thy Genevieve. We are now worn out—we have broken ourselves down—we have used ourselves up in searching for her ; now, however insatiable Cupid may be, he can require no more than this of a man who is in love, far less of a man like me who is not.

MAURICE. I shall never see her again—never, never !

LORIN. Permit me to observe one thing, it will not be a very great loss if we do not.

MAURICE. I tell you, Lorin, that I shall surely die, if I see her no more.

LORIN. Maurice, there is a certain decree of the Commune, declaring any person a traitor who entertains relations with an enemy of his country : dost thou remember that decree ?

MAURICE. I do.

LORIN. Well, if the public accuser hears that thou hast been seen in the company of these conspirators, that thou art even

now seeking for the woman who gave the queen the note concealed in the nosegay of carnations, thou wouldest be condemned to instant death.

MAURICE. Well, be it so. Let them kill me, the sooner the better ; I am weary of life !

LORIN. And all within the last three days. Oh, Maurice, I have done with thee !

MAURICE. Lorin, Lorin, I feel that thou art right, but I am carried away headlong ; I am sliding over the verge of the precipice, and art thou ill disposed towards me because fate drags me headlong !

LORIN. Ill disposed towards thee ? Not I !

MAURICE. Then suffer me to love—to be mad after my own way—for if I see her not again, I shall die ! I shall die !

LORIN. So shall I, if I don't go to breakfast. Cheer up, Maurice, she has escaped safe enough, and has taken refuge with some female confidant ; and in course of the day thou wilt receive by the hands of some little waiting maid, a little note couched in some such language as this—

“ If Mars would meet his Cytherea's view,

Clad in night's mantle of cerulean blue,

Let him present himself at number so and so, in such and such a street, and enquire for Madame,” &c. &c. (*going, D. in flat*) I'll look in by-and-bye and see if you're better.

“ Oh, woman false and fickle she,

Mad are they who trust in thee !”

Exit LORIN, D. *in flat.*

MAURICE. I will go and search again ; I will look in every quarter of the city ; I will not return again till I have found her : I will know the worst—suspense to me is worse than death.

Music.—Is rushing off, D. in flat, when GENEVIEVE enters and leans against door.

Genevieve ! Am I mad ! it is—it is—Genevieve ! (*embracing her*)

GENEV. I promised to be yours if you would save the Chevalier of the Maison Rouge : you have saved him ; I am here—I am yours !

MAURICE. You are mine, Genevieve, you are mine ; you shall never leave me more.

GENEV. Oh, Maurice, I tremble for your safety ; you may have compromised yourself by meeting with my uncle and his friends. It is a thankless country to serve ! Even now, I may be your ruin—for have I not plotted to restore the exiled family to the throne, and save the Queen. Maurice, I cannot, I will not, stay here to be your evil genius ;—I will not drag you to the scaffold.

MAURICE. Genevieve, this is madness ! whither would you go ?

GENEV. I will denounce myself! I will die! This is no madness! I swear to you it is love, love the most devoted. I would not that my brother should be taken, and slain as a rebel; I would not that my lover should be taken, and slain as a traitor.

MAURICE. I will prove to you, Genevieve, that I love you, and you only; I will prove to you that no sacrifice is too great for my love. You hate France; be it so, we will leave France.

GENEV. Oh thanks, thanks, dear Maurice! but how to leave Paris?

MAURICE. A good action is about to bear its recompense to-day. I was anxious to save a poor priest who had been a fellow student of mine; I went to find Robespierre; and he, at my request, granted me a passport for the poor fellow and his sister; I went to my friend with it, but, alas, he was dead, and his sister had entered a convent. I have the passport; it is worth a million at this moment, it is worth much more—it is worth life, it is worth happiness!

GENEV. Oh joy! when shall we depart?

MAURICE. Within the hour. I will run to Lorin's house; he has a horse and cabriolet: we will set out the instant I return, and before evening we shall be far away. Farewell! in ten minutes I shall be here again.

Embraces her, and exit, D. in flat.

GENEV. Heaven speed him! Oh, happy Genevieve, you will be happy once again. We will fly to England; we leave nothing to regret here; our future life shall be passed in another land, in bliss, in happiness—Ah! a footstep! he has forgotten something. (*goes to door*) My uncle!

DIXMER entering, D. in flat.

DIX. Even I!

GENEV. (*shudders, and retreats, L.*) Lost! Lost!

DIX. (*who is dressed in a red serge shirt and blue trousers, with sabre slung across his shoulders*) Well, what is the matter with you? did you think I was dead? and do you take me for a phantom? Perhaps you fancied I was far away from Paris—but no, I remained here. I set myself to work to hunt you out. I didn't expect to find you here, although I had some suspicion it might be so, or you wouldn't find me here; but here I am, and there are you. How is our dear Maurice? I'm sure you must have suffered cruelly—you, so good a royalist, to seek shelter under the roof of a republican.

GENEV. Have pity on me!

DIX. (*sits at table*) You appear to be very well lodged—wine, too! (*drinks*) for my part, I have lived on my wits since the

burning of our house ; not that I was in want of money ; I have, fortune be praised—some thirty thousand francs in gold about me ; but how would it have done for a man in this dress to pull out a piece of gold to buy a piece of cheese or a glass of wine ? I am now, to disguise myself the better, a patriot, a republican, a bonnet rouge ;—I speak thick and swear—but by our lady an outlaw doesn't circulate in Paris so currently as a young and pretty woman. I have not had the advantage of a young and ardent republican to shelter me.

GENEV. Have pity on me, for I am almost dead !

DIX. Of anxiety—I can imagine that easily ; you must have been very anxious concerning me—but console yourself, here I am ;—I have returned, and we will leave one another no more. (*rising, and drawing sabre*)

GENEV. I implore you to kill me, rather than torture me with these cruel railleuries !—kill me !—in mercy, kill me ! (*kneels*)

DIX. You confess, then, that you deserve death ?—you the daughter of a noble Vendean house, who have lost all for the cause of royalty—who have seen all thy family hunted to ruin and despair by these accursed republicans ; and thou wilt give thyself to one of them ! Never, never—thou shalt die first—thou shalt die !

GENEV. Kill me !—I will not utter a cry !—far from it—I will bless the hand that strikes !

DIX. No, madame, I will not kill you ; but it is probable that you will die all the same ; (*seizing her by the arm*) a decree has been issued granting a free pardon to any one who will denounce any friends or partizans of the Chevalier of Maison Rouge—well, in this disguise I have denounced you, and I have here my pardon. (*shows paper—goes to D. in flat*) Come in, citizens !

Music—Enter SOLDIERS, D. in flat.

Now, madame !

GENEV. Give me time for one prayer !

DIX. For whom ?

GENEV. That concerns you not ; from the moment in which you decree my death, I have paid you all. I owe you nothing more.

DIX. (*goes up*) Be quick then !

GENEV. (*kneels*) Maurice, forgive me ; I never expected to be happy myself ; but I did hope to render *you* happy. Farewell, my well-beloved ! on this earth we shall meet no more. It is over ; (*rising*) I am ready.

Music—Exeunt DIXMER, GENEVIEVE and SOLDIERS, D. in flat.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Interior of the Conciergerie, prepared for the trial of the Queen; a gallery runs across the stage at back, filled with wild and picturesque MALE and FEMALE REPUBLICANS; a door in flat, C., under the gallery; the PRESIDENT of the TRIBUNAL seated, L.*

LORIN discovered, L.—MAURICE enters to him.

MAURICE. (*aside*) Lorin, my friend, I have been seeking you everywhere; quick—let us leave this place—I have not a moment to spare!

LORIN. Maurice, my friend, are you mad? I am not at liberty—know you not I am on duty? The trial of the queen is about to commence, and it will become neither you nor I to be absent.

MAURICE. I must leave this place--and that immediately! I am waited for!

LORIN. Stay! or you will destroy yourself!

MAURICE. Oh, fatal delay—this will ruin all!

Music—*The QUEEN preceded and followed by SOLDIERS, enters, c.*

PRESIDENT. Widow Antoinette! listen to the Tribunal!

MARIE. I am Marie Antoinette Jeanne Josèphe of Lorraine, Arch-Duchess of Austria, and Queen of France!

PRESIDENT. Whatever you call yourself, your reign is over. There is no pardon for thee—thou must die—no one can now save thee!

MARIE. I would not, if I could, be saved! I would wish no more blood to be shed for me. Let me be sacrificed, for heaven cannot pardon me the lives that have been lost in my unhappy cause.

PRESIDENT. Such, woman, is the end of thy ambition. You came to France but to plunge it into riot and bloodshed, and thyself into the grave that now opens to receive thee.

MARIE. And yet, alas, I did not come by my own act. Two monarchs said: “It is important that two royal children who have never seen each other—who do not love each other—shall be married at the same altar, that they may die on the same scaffold.” And not even there will your vengeance cease; for my death will bring on that of my unhappy son, who in the eyes of my few remaining friends, is still the King of France. Proceed with your sentence, fear not that I shall lack courage to hear it; you have long forgotten that I am a *woman*, remember me only as a hated queen.

PRESIDENT. The court has found thee guilty, and condemns thee to death. Thou must die at twelve o'clock by the guillotine, on the Place du Revolution.

MARIE. I shall welcome the blow that releases me from earth. I have now no hope from man; I now crave for mercy from One who is above all; I appeal from *your* tribunal to that of heaven. I am ready.

PRESIDENT. Lead her to her dungeon, and from thence, at twelve o'clock, to the scaffold.

Music.—Exeunt the QUEEN and GUARDS, c.

MAURICE. (*aside*) Thank heaven it is over! I should lack strength to bear this much longer. She said nothing to implicate Genevieve, and I may leave France with her unobserved.

PRESIDENT. (*reads paper*) "The Citizen Public Accuser against Genevieve Dixmer."

MAURICE. (*starting*) What!

LORIN. Be careful; let us hear.

Music.—GENEVIEVE, guarded, is brought on, c.—DIXMER enters and goes to R.

MAURICE. Oh, fool that I was to leave her! I will die with her!—I will—(*striving to pass LORIN*)

LORIN. (*points, R.*) Hold! see you not Dixmer among the crowd?

MAURICE. Dixmer! (*aside*) Oh welcome, Monsieur Dixmer! we have a heavy reckoning to settle.

PRESIDENT. Genevieve Dixmer, you are the niece of a most desperate conspirator, called Dixmer, and sister of that dangerous traitor, known as the Chevalier Maison Rouge. Your life, it appears, was devoted to the ex-queen. Every citizen of France owes his life to the nation only; but you would have given your life as a sacrifice to the enemies of France, therefore yours is an act of two-fold treason.

GENEV. A woman cannot plan such a conspiracy as the one of which I am the victim. I belonged not to myself, but to another, who drove me to my fate.

PRESIDENT. Who drove you?

GENEV. One who threatened me with death if I disobeyed.

PRESIDENT. Why did you not call for help?—every good citizen was bound to assist you.

GENEV. Alas! I had no friend near me.

PRESIDENT. Tell us the names of your instigators.

GENEV. I had but one.

PRESIDENT. Who was he?

GENEV. My uncle.

PRESIDENT. Inform us of his retreat.

GENEV. (*looks at DIXMER, R.—he trembles—she turns to the JUDGE*) It is not for me to denounce, it is for you to discover.

MAURICE. (*to LORIN*) I will denounce the traitor!—I will—

LORIN. Silence! Genevieve will recognize you, and then what can save you?

MAURICE. True, true;—it is not by the guillotine that Dixmer must die.

PRESIDENT. You refuse therefore to name the conspirators?

GENEV. I took an oath to Dixmer that I would never do so, and I cannot therefore do so, without rendering myself as contemptible in the eyes of others as he is in mine. (**PRESIDENT confers with the tribunal**—**GENEVIEVE raises her eyes to heaven**) Farewell, Maurice! I have preserved the hope of life to the last moment for your sake; and I weep now, not at the near approach of death, but at the termination of my love, which will expire only with my life.

MAURICE. You hear, Lorin!—you hear!

PRESIDENT. Genevieve Dixmer, the tribunal condemns you to death at two o'clock, without hopes of mercy.

GENEV. I am ready.

Music.—The GUARDS take her off, c.

PRESIDENT. The court is dissolved. Citizen Lorin, follow me to my house; there is business for you.

LORIN. (*aside to MAURICE*) Dixmer—remember!

Music.—Exeunt PRESIDENT, the JUDGES, LORIN and

CROWD by door under gallery, c.—DIXMER is going last, when MAURICE touches him on the shoulder, DIXMER turns with a start.

DIX. Ah! good day, Citizen Republican.

MAURICE. Good day, Citizen Coward. You have avenged yourself—miserably avenged yourself—on a woman.

DIX. Yes, she has served my purpose well.

—**MAURICE.** Oh, no wit, sir. I know you to be better at deeds than words—witness that day on which you would have assassinated me;—on that day thy natural disposition spoke aloud in thee.

DIX. And I have more than once reproached myself that I did not listen to it!

MAURICE. (*touching his sabre*) Well, I offer you your revenge.

DIXMER. To-morrow, if you will; not to-day.

MAURICE. And why not to-day?

DIX. Because I have business.

MAURICE. Some base scheme of treachery rather—some infamous plot.

DIX. Infamous?

MAURICE. The conduct which I call infamous, is that of a man to whom the honour of a woman is entrusted, and who has used her beauty as the base means of accomplishing his designs; you had a duty, a sacred duty to perform—the duty of protecting that woman; and instead of protecting, you betrayed her.

DIX. She was about to fly with you ; she would have abandoned the cause she swore to die for.

MAURICE. And you can basely fly and conceal yourself.

DIX. I fly ! I conceal myself ! Is to be present at her condemnation, to conceal oneself ?—Is it to pursue her to the scaffold, and see her standing there, to conceal oneself ?

MAURICE. You will see her again !—You ?

DIX. (*taking pocket-book from his pocket*) Look you ! dost see this pocket-book ? It contains an order, signed by the Clerk of the Palace : with this order I can obtain admission to the condemned ; well, I will stand beside Genevieve, and call her "Traitor !"—I will accompany her even to the death cart—and as she sets her foot on the scaffold, the last word she shall hear shall be "Traitor !"

MAURICE. Listen, there is one thing yet wanting to this vengeance.

DIX. What is that ?

MAURICE. That you may be able to say, "I have met your lover, and slain him."

DIX. On the contrary, I prefer to say to her, "Your lover lives ; and so long that life remains to him, he will suffer for ever from the memory of your death !"

MAURICE. You shall slay me, or I will slay you ! (*drawing*)

DIX. Oh, you know well I am not afraid of your sabre.

MAURICE. Afraid of my sabre ?—No ! but afraid of losing your vengeance ; and yet, now that we stand face to face, you must say farewell to it !

DIX. (*drawing*) Ha ! ha ! dost think so ? We shall see !—we shall see ! (*attacks MAURICE*)

MAURICE. I think decidedly that it is I who shall kill you, Dixmer ! (*pressing on DIXMER*) And who, after having killed you, shall take the pass from your pocket-book ; by means of it I shall gain admittance to Genevieve ; I shall say to her, "Dixmer is dead—I love you, and I will save you !"

DIX. (*thrusting at MAURICE*) You will take the pocket book ? You ? and you will denounce me perhaps ?

MAURICE. No ; cowards, like Dixmer, may denounce ; I only mean to kill thee.

Music.—attacks DIXMER, who after a fierce encounter falls dead.

Well, citizen Dixmer, I have kept my word ; I said that I should kill thee. Now for his pocket book. (*takes it from DIXMER'S vest*) What is here ? (*takes out papers*) A list of the conspirators ! Oh, can this be ! The Convention has offered life and reward to those who would discover them. I will go to Robespierre ; I shall save Genevieve—yes, yes ! oh joy ! oh rapture !—Genevieve ! Genevieve ! *Music.—Rushes off, c.*

SCENE THIRD.—*Plain Apartment in the House of the Curate of St. Landry.*

Enter DAME JACINTHE and the CURATE, R.

JACINTHE. And the poor queen dies to-day.

CURATE. Alas yes! poor lady! and I am summoned to the prison to offer her all the consolation I can in her last moments; let us thank heaven, Jacinthe, that it made us poor folks who can live unsuspected and unharmed.

(knocking without—JACINTHE goes off, L., returns showing in SALVOISY, and exits, R.)

SALVOISY. Monsieur Curate, you are about to ask me who I am; I will tell you. I am a man proscribed, condemned to death, who live only by my own audacity; I am the Chevalier Maison Rouge.

CURATE. (*starting*) You?

SALVOISY. Oh, fear nothing; listen to me—you go this morning to the prison to see the condemned queen: I come, therefore, to implore you, to pray to you, to take me with you.

CURATE. Are you mad? Would you destroy me—would you destroy yourself? The poor woman is condemned, and hope is over for her!

SALVOISY. The queen is lost—I know it; but allow me to prostrate myself at her feet for one moment only.

CURATE. My son, my son, you ask of me the sacrifice of my own life!

SALVOISY. Refuse me not! You must have an assistant; accept me—take me with you.

CURATE. No, no; it would be to fail in my duty. I would consent to die could my life be useful to my neighbour, but I will not be false to my neighbour.

SALVOISY. But I swear to you I do not desire to save the queen.

CURATE. For what purpose, then, would you go thither?

SALVOISY. She was my true benefactress—she has some attachment for me yet;—to see me at her last hour will be, I know, a consolation to her.

CURATE. And is that all you require?—this no plan to attempt her deliverance?

SALVOISY. None.

CURATE. (*hesitating*) No, no—I cannot promise it to you.

SALVOISY. Listen to me,—my heart is on fire with despair! Lo!—I am armed! (*draws dagger*) Fear nothing—I will only supplicate you, and do so still; let me see her for a moment. (*takes out paper*) This shall be your safety: (*reads*) “I the Chevalier of the Maison Rouge, declare on my honour that I by

menaces of death have compelled the worthy Curate of Saint Landry to convey me into the prison in spite of his strenuous resistance. In testimony thereof I subscribe myself the Chevalier of Maison Rouge."

CURATE. It is well—but swear to me that you will commit no rash act; it is not my life only that must be saved—I am answerable for yours likewise.

SALVOISY. Oh, let us not consider that—you consent?

CURATE. It must be so, if you require it absolutely; come into my room—you shall have my gown; but when we reach the prison, let me beg you to be prudent—follow me, and quickly.

Exit CURATE, R.

SALVOISY. (*shewing his dagger*) At least she shall die like a queen, untouched by the hands of the headsman. *Exit, R.*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Interior of Prison; c. d. in flat, R.*

Enter MERCEVAULT, c. door, meeting SIMON, R.

MERCE. (L.) Well, Simon, it seems to me you keep good watch.

SIMON. As usual, citizen;—I don't think you often find us wanting!

MERCE. But as the woman Antoinette dies to-day, there is more need of vigilance than ever, for they say the Chevalier of Maison Rouge has been seen about.

SIMON. What has he returned then?

MERCE. He never went away.

SIMON. He is a bold one.

MERCE. He is indeed.

Music—Enter CURATE and SALVOISY, d. in flat.

SIMON. How now, citizens?

CURATE. Dost thou not see I am the Curate of Saint Landry, and this my assistant?

SIMON. Ah, right; you were sent for, I remember. But silence! here comes the woman Antoinette.

Music.—Enter SOLDIERS, GENERAL SANTERRE, and SAMSON, the headsman, with MARIE ANTOINETTE, R.

CURATE. (*to QUEEN*) Madam, a Christian who is about to die, ought to die without hatred in her heart. Will you accept the services of an humble servant of the Church?

MARIE. Sir, since you have taken an oath of obedience to the Republic, in the name of which I am about to be put to death, I can have no confidence in you.

CURATE. Madam, you ought not in your present position to repulse a minister of the Church, under whatever religion he may present himself to you.

SALVOISY. (*advancing*) Madame—

SIMON. (*intercepting him*) Stand back, citizen;—one at a time.

SALVOISY. But I am the curate's assistant.

SIMON. As she has refused the curate she cannot want you.

CURATE. Oh, madam, you will yet accept—

MARIE. Go, sir—leave me. Since we now live in France under the rule of liberty, I claim the liberty of dying in accordance with my own humour.

SALVOISY. But, madame—

MARIE. Go, monsieur—I tell you to leave me: I will have it so.

SIMON. (*to CURATE*) Go—return to your house. Since she rejects you, let her die as she will: she does right, and I would do as she does.

CURATE. One word; it may recall her to her duty. The Commune has imposed this duty on me, and I must obey the Commune.

SIMON. Be it so; but send away your assistant then. (*goes up*)

SALVOISY. Never.

CURATE. (*aside to him*) Spare my life and yours. You see that all is lost;—for your own sake destroy not yourself with her. I will speak of you as we go along—I swear it! I will tell her that you risked your life again, to look upon her for the last time.

(SAMSON, the executioner, places his hand on the QUEEN'S shoulder)

SAMSON. Now, madame; my name is Samson.

MARIE. Your come early, monsieur. Can you not delay a little time?

SAMSON. No, madame; I have orders to come. (*proceeds to pinion her*)

SALVOISY. Never! she shall not die on the scaffold; this shall prevent her.

Music.—As he attempts to stab her, GENERAL SANTERRE, MERCEVAULT, and SIMON run him through with their swords.

MARIE. Oh, mercy for him, mercy! (*SALVOISY falls*)

SALVOISY. I would have saved thee from the scaffold! I have lived in the hopes of saving thee. I now die for thee.

MARIE. Oh, unhappy man, who art thou?

SALVOISY. I am the Chevalier of Maison Rouge—pray for me, and pity me.

OMNES. Maison Rouge!

MARIE. (*rushing to him*) My friend—my dearest, only friend!

SANTERRE. Come, madame! (*points off*)

SALVOISY. Farewell, my queen, farewell, but soon to—to meet

again; even death is kind, for that will re-unite us. Bless you, madame, bless you!

MARIE. My last friend gone—my children taken from me—come, come then, and hear me cry, “Vive la guillotine!” since it gives me the freedom of death and the repose of the grave.

Music—she kneels by SALVOISY, who kisses her hand and dies—Grand Tableau—the scene closes.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Apartment in the Hall of Justice (1st grooves).*

Enter ROBESPIERRE and MAURICE; table and writing materials with a portfolio and papers brought on from R.

ROBESPIERRE. (*looking over paper*) This is indeed an important document.

MAURICE. A list of all those who conspire against the Republic, also the names of those royalists who have hitherto baffled the nation; for which I claim the reward offered by the Republic—the pardon of a citizen, no matter for what cause arrested.

ROBESPIERRE. (*signs the paper*) Here is a pardon for your friend, fill it up with the person's name—take it to the prison and they are free. I must to the Committee of Public Safety—Citizen Maurice, you have indeed rendered the nation a service, by the document you have brought us. *Exit, R.*

MAURICE. She is free!—she is free! I shall fold her in my arms and call her mine.

SIMON peeps on, L., and conceals himself—MAURICE sits at table, takes up pen, writing on paper on portfolio, “Genevieve Dixmer!”—She is free!

SIMON. (*stabbing MAURICE in the back, and taking up paper from table*) Never!—My child Heloise died for her, and now she shall die for Heloise!

Music—Exit with paper, L.

MAURICE. Help! Help! (*rises and attempts to follow him*)

LORIN entering, R.

LORIN. Maurice, what is this?

MAURICE. (*rising*) Follow me, Lorin!—the paper!—the paper!—the paper! *Rushes off, L.*

LORIN. Paper!—what paper?—does he mean any of these? (*taking up portfolio*) I'll take all of them, and then I can't be wrong. Here, Maurice, my dear fellow—what has happened, Maurice?

Music.—Exit LORIN, hastily, L.—clear stage.

SCENE SIXTH.—*The Place du Greve, with scaffold and guillotine erected.*

GENERAL SANTERRE and SOLDIERS discovered—GENEVIEVE on scaffold, under the guillotine, c.—SIMON enters, l., lighting his pipe with the paper he took from the table.

SIMON. So much for the pardon—let her die as my child did.—Bah!—These aristocrats should be made to feel that we are their masters now;—yes, my fine madame, your time has come—you soon shall be shorter by a head. (*crosses, R.*)

SANTERRE. Madame, are you prepared?

GENEV. I am prepared, and ready to meet my fate!

(music.—kneels under the guillotine)

MAURICE enters, l., hastily.

MAURICE. Stay, General, stay!—She is pardoned!—Genevieve is pardoned!

SANTERRE. Where is the pardon?

MAURICE. (*points to SIMON*) Ask that villain!—he stole it from me.

SIMON. You lie!

Enter LORIN, l. 1 E., with portfolio.

LORIN. So he does, Simon; you are right.

SIMON. You hear, General—you hear! I did not steal it!

LORIN. No, my cunning Simon; you only meant to do so, but (*opens portfolio*) in mistake you took the wrong paper, and left the pardon behind you! It is here. (*holding up pardon, and giving it to GENERAL SANTERRE*)

SANT. (*reading it*) Genevieve Dixmer is free!

Music.—The populace shout; MAURICE runs up steps, and brings down GENEVIEVE in his arms—LORIN seizes SIMON by the throat, and forces him on his knees, R. Sho's.

Curtain.