

# THE COURIER OF LYONS;

OR,

THE ATTACK UPON THE MAIL.

A Drama.

IN FOUR ACTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

OF

MESSIEURS MOREAU, SIRAUDIN, & DELACOUR.

[By Charles Reade]

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,

LONDON.

902851

First Performed at the Théâtre de la Gaîté, Paris, March 16th, 1850.—And in London (in Three Acts) at the Standard Theatre, by Lewis Phillips, Esq., March 10th, 1851; at the Princess's, on Monday, June 25th, 1854; at the Victoria, July 10th; and at the Adelphi, July 17th.

### CHARACTERS.

	Standard.	Adelphi.	Victoria.	Princess's.	Victoria.	Princess's.
DAUBENTON (a Magistrate)...	M. Survile .....	Mr. John Gates ..	Mr. Parselle .....	Mr. A. Saville .....	Mr. J. Vining.	
JEROME LESURQUES (an Inn-keeper of Lieursaint).....	M. Matis .....	Mr. Cowle.....	Mr. O. Smith .....	Mr. T. E. Mills.	Mr. Graham.	
JOSEPH LESURQUES (his Son)	DUBOSC (a celebrated Criminal escaped from the Prison of Bourdeaux) ...	M. Lacressonière { Mr. J. Rayner } { Mr. R. Honner }	Mr. L. Murray ..	Mr. E. F. Saville	Mr. C. Kean.	
DIDIER (a young Citizen affianced to Julie) .....	M. E. Gouget ..	Mr. Lickfold ..	Mr. G. Lee .....	Mr. H. Frazer ..	Mr. J. F. Cathcart.	
JOLIQUET (the Garçon of the Auberge of Lieursaint)...	M. Francisque ..	Mr. H. Lewis ..	Mr. Rogers .....	Miss Leporte .....	Miss Kate Terry.	
GUERNEAU { Friends of Lesurques }	M. Rosiere.....	Mr. E. Lloyd ..	Mr. C. J. Smith..		Mr. Terry.	
LAMBERT { Courier of Lyons)	M. Beaumont .....	Mr. J. B. Johnston	Mr. Hastings ..		Mr. Raymond.	
DUMONT (Postilion) ...	M. Charlet .....	Mr. Lebarr .....	Mr. F. H. Henry.	Mr. J. Collet.		
MAGLOIRE (the Postillion) ...	M. Riche .....	Mr. Bird .....	Mr. Ridgway ..	Mr. Brunton .....	Mr. Sleakes.	
CHOPPARD (a Horse-dealer—“The Irresistible”) .....	M. P. Menier ..	Mr. T. Lyon .....	Mr. Paul Bedford.	Mr. C. Rice .....	Mr. Addison.	
COURRIOL (“The Dandy”) ...	M. Baron .....	Mr. G. Nelson ..	Mr. C. Selby .....	Mr. Henderson ..	Mr. D. Fisher.	
FOUINARD (“The Chicken”) ...	M. Alexandre .....	Mr. G. Herbert ..	Mr. Garden .....	Mr. T. Howard.	Mr. H. Salter.	
POSTMASTER .....	M. E. Pepin .....		Mr. Waye .....	Mr. Morrison .....	Mr. J. Chester.	
His GARÇON .....	M. Galabert .....			Mr. Saunders .....	Mr. Collis.	
WAITER at the Café .....	M. Charles .....					
JULIE LESURQUES (Daughter of Joseph) .....	Mme. Pépin .....	Miss Baker .....	Miss F. Maskell..	Miss Danor .....	Miss C. Leclercq.	
JEANNE (an Outcast) .....	Mme. Fernard ..	Mrs. R. Honner.	Mrs. I. Murray.	Mrs. H. Vining.	Miss Heath.	
POSTMASTER'S DAUGHTER ..	Mme. Bachelet ..	Miss Pearson ..	Miss Lalacheur ..	Miss Sutton .....	Miss M. Terman.	
Wailers, Travellers, Gendarmes, Gaoler, Mob—Male and Female.						

X6386667

## Programme of Scenery, &c.

### ACT I.

Public Room in the Cafe, 17, Rue du Bac, Paris.

#### EXTERIOR OF THE LONE INN, LIEURSAINT.

EVENING—The Courier always passes between Eight and half-past, and stops for his bottle of Cogniac.—Fate leads the good Lesurques to the spot where the Crime is about to be committed—the Bag of Gold! ARRIVAL of the POST MAIL with COURIER and POSTILION. The ATTACK and MURDER. Robbery of the Post Bags and Boxes.

The Secret Witness. Assault on Jerome Lesurques.

THE RECOGNITION.—“Oh, horror! my Son, my Son!”

### ACT II.

Corridor in the House of Mons. Lesurques at Paris.

#### GRAND SALOON

Prepared for Signing the Marriage Contract of Julie and Didier. Arrival of the Magistrate Guest, and intelligence of the Murder of the Courier of Lyons. Mistaken Identity. The FATHER BELIEVES HIS OWN SON WAS HIS ASSAILANT. Will swear it. Arrival of the Gensd'armes. Examination of the Witnesses, Joliquet, Choppard, and Courriol. Strange Chain of Events.

Lesurques Arrested on a Charge of Wilful Murder!

### ACT III.

Oak Chamber with Window overlooking the Garden.—Night.

Desperate Attack—The Knife and the Death blow.

Escape of the Murderer. FATE OF JEANNE! “I have paid my Debt of Gratitude.”

#### HALL OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

The Last Hope.

#### THE PENALTY OF DEATH!!!

### ACT IV.

#### First Floor and Balcony of the Cabaret

Or Wine Shop at the corner of the Place de Grève, with distant View of the Turrets of the Cathedral of Notre Dame.

The spot where the Culprits are to suffer. The real Murderer watches from the Balcony the approach of the victim to the Scaffold. The Living Likeness—who is to meet death in his stead. Arrival of the FATAL CART. They ascend the steps to the Block. MOST UNEXPECTED INCIDENT. Wild excitement of the Populace.

PERILOUS SITUATION OF DUBOSC,

And singular Denuolement to this deeply Interesting Drama of Facts.

## **Costumes—Period 1795.**

(See *Herbé or Le Comte's Costumes Français*).

• Broad white cravats worn by all the Male Characters—no moustache or beard.

*Daubenton.* Black suit, black breeches and stockings, tri-coloured sash, powder. Age 45 or 50.

*Jerome.* 1st.—Dark surtout, light breeches, grey stockings. 2nd.—Plain body coat, light waistcoat, white silk stockings and shoes, grey hair, head partially bald. Age about 60.

*Joseph.* Blue body coat, white waistcoat, leather breeches, striped stockings, top boots, dark hair, worn rather long.

*Dubosc.* Shabby dark surtout, soiled cravat, worn high over the chin, long muddy boots, slouch hat, hair precisely as worn by Joseph, but with evidence of neglect. Age of Dubosc and Joseph about 40.

*Didier.* } Body coats, light waistcoats, breeches or tights,  
*Lambert.* } and shoes.  
*Guerneau.* }

*Dumont.* Green body coat, cross belt, high black boots.

*Magloire.* Postilion's dress. Jacket, leather breeches, boots, spurs, and cap.

*Traveller.* Great coat, boots, belt, and couteau de chasse.

*Joliquet* Red waistcoat, shirt sleeves, drab breeches, worsted stockings darned, sabots, red cap, red hair. 2nd.—Blouse. Age about 16.

*Postmaster.* Brown coat, old-fashioned waistcoat, breeches, cotton stockings, and shoes.

*Waiter.* Blouse, breeches, striped stockings, and sabots.

*Choppard.* Soiled drab coat with capes, old leather breeches, grey stockings, and shoes. Disguise coat for the robbery. Age about 50.

*Courriol.* Scarlet body coat, light figured satin waistcoat, several under waistcoats of gaudy colours, white kerseymere breeches, striped silk stockings, shoes, gloves, large bouquet. Disguise coat. Age about 30. His demeanour as well as dress extremely foppish.

*Fouinard.* Body coat and pantaloons, dark and shabby, hair a Brutes crop. Disguise for robbery. Age about 30.

*Jeanne.* 1st.—Dark cotton dress, short sleeves, red kerchief round the head, another round the neck and bosom, no ornaments, complexion pale. 2nd.—A neat coloured dress, plain cap, and apron. Age about 22.

*Julie.* White muslin dress, very short waist, black scarf, broad flat chip hat, as in the Lady of Lyons. Age 18.

*Postmaster's Daughter.* Striped dress, high white cap.

*Ladies.* Fashionable white dresses of the time.

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

---

*The Courier of Lyons* is founded upon a remarkable Trial which took place at the conclusion of the last century,—Monsieur Lesurques actually fell a victim to his extraordinary resemblance to one of the assassins; the fatal stroke of the guillotine consummated the lamentable error of justice. That circumstance is faithfully adhered to in the original Drama; but in the English version at the Standard Theatre, adopted also in the other translations, the real culprit is discovered in time to allow dramatic justice to be dealt to the innocent and guilty. This explanation is necessary to give due interest to the following letter, by which permission to insert the real name of the victim of mistaken identity was spontaneously tendered by his descendants.

*Letter addressed by the Family of Lesurques to the Authors  
of the Drama, and the Managers of the  
Théâtre de la Gaité.*

---

"Paris, 15 March, 1850.

"GENTLEMEN,

"We have been present at two rehearsals of the Drama  
"you are about to represent at the Théâtre de la Gaité, entitled  
"'The Courier of Lyons.'

"Upon the stage it is impossible to observe that exactitude of  
"history which is expected in a judicial examination: we must  
"leave to you, consequently, the responsibility of the imaginative  
"portion of the Drama; but we cannot but feel the liveliest  
"gratitude for the interest you have throughout attached to our  
"unfortunate ancestor, the unhappy victim of the most lamentable  
"of judicial mistakes, and we beg to offer you the assurance of it.

"We do not hesitate one moment, then, in authorising you to  
"give the real name of the principal personage.

"Accept, Gentlemen, &c. &c.,

"For the Descendants and Heirs of Joseph Lesurques,

"D'ANJOU, his Grandson."

# THE COURIER OF LYONS.

---

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Public Room in an old-fashioned Hotel. Tables, R. and L.—entrances, R. U. E. and L. 1 E.*

CHOPPARD and FOUINARD discovered sitting at table, L.—WAITER in attendance.

WAITER. Citizens, will you take anything, while waiting for your friends?

CHOP. No!

FOU. No!

WAITER. Please yourselves, citizens, please yourselves—should you alter your minds, you will be pleased to call.

*Exit, R. D.*

CHOP. Well, Fouinard, this waste of time is too bad. He does not come, this Courriol—he that is to shew himself and change into louis d'ors the sous—that we have not.

FOU. I believe that he will bring some great idea—but what will this idea be, Choppard?—I have a presentiment that it will be the clothing of the armies of the Republic—pretty pickings sometimes found that way, Choppard!—I have nothing, I am only a philosopher—but you could patriotically assist your countrymen; you are a lender of horses, at twenty sous the hour, you must supply them.

CHOP. If the Cavaliers of the Republic give chase to the Prussians with the horses I lend it we shan't take many prisoners, Fouinard. But not yet, not yet, you see—what can detain him!

FOU. Are you quite sure that this was the appointed place of meeting?

CHOP. (L.) Quite! Here is the note—"Fouinard and you be at the house of Hardouin, traiteur, No 17, Rue du Bac, on the eighth of May, at ten o'clock in the morning—I shall be there—be punctual, I will explain all."

FOU. It is the writing of Courriol!

CHOP. This is the eighth of May?

FOU. Yes.

CHOP. And this house is No. 17 in the Rue du Bac. And do you think that it is ten o'clock yet? *(clock strikes twelve)*

FOU. Mark!—that is twelve striking.

CHOP. (*rising*) I am not going to remain here any longer. Do you see, Fouinard, I like independence. I should be sorry to serve under this Courriol—who does the dandy!—like the Citizen Director Barras;—who makes us wait here counting our fingers. What is he more than we?—excepting indeed he has been to college, and has fine white hands—one who has two sides to everything.

FOU. Come, be patient.

CHOP. I can't!—I am too hungry!—I shall go!

FOU. Hush!—if the Garçon hears you!

CHOP. Bah! what does it signify? Here have I danced attendance for two hours, I shall decamp. Adieu, Fouinard! (*going, r.*)

FOU. If you go, I shall go.

*They stop at the voice of the WAITER, who enters, R. U. E.*

WAITER. This way, citizen; there is room here.

FOU. (*to CHOPPARD*) Stop! here comes Courriol!

*Enter COURRIOL, R. U. E.*

COUR. Ah! Good-day!—what going?

CHOP. We have been waiting here these two hours, and—

COUR. And you find the time long? Excuse me, but coming here I perceived some figures that rather excited my observation, and thought it would be polite and prudent to avoid encountering individuals whose enquiries and attentions might be prolonged and unsatisfactory; I therefore took a circuitous route, and arrived safely.

CHOP. The explanation is satisfactory—We may be quiet enough here.

COUR. Yes, for I know no one in this quarter.

WAITER. (*advancing*) These gentlemen will take breakfast?

FOU. Yes, citizen.

*Exit WAITER, L.*

COUR. You have read my letter?

CHOP. (L. C.) You have promised to explain this affair.

COUR. (C.) At present I am as much in the dark as yourselves.

CHOP. Why do we meet here?

COUR. I am expecting our chief—as yet unknown—he that will give the idea and means of executing it.

CHOP. Who is he?

COUR. I have never seen him.

CHOP. You appear remarkably well informed!—What's his name?

COUR. That I don't know.

CHOP. How are we to recognize him?

COUR. By a signal.—A man will come here at two o'clock; he will place himself at one of the tables, and call for a bottle of brandy, which is his favourite drink, and finish it at a sitting, for that is his custom—that is the description—recognise him—who can.

CHOP. I know one man of that description, but he will not be here to-day.

Fou. And why not?

CHOP. Because those persons to whom the Republic has delegated the honour of watching and tending his health object to his appearance on the outside of the gates of his residence.

Fou. Of whom do you speak?

CHOP. Dubosc!

COUR. The famous Dubosc!—who has been confined these two years in the Chateau Trompette, at Bordeaux.

CHOP. Ah! if it is Dubosc, I shall have confidence—when in his sober senses he has ideas!—but unhappily he is not always so—he is sometimes drunk, I may say he is very often drunk, and then—

*Enter WAITER, L., bringing breakfast on a tray.*

WAITER. Citizens—your refreshments. (*placing it on table, L.*)

*Enter GUERNEAU and LAMBERT, R. U. E.*

GUER. Garçon!

WAITER. Sir!

GUER. We shall do very well here, Lambert, I think?

LAM. Yes, Guerneau, very well. Some wine. (*they sit, R.*)

*Exit WAITER, R. U. E.*

COUR. (*turning round*) Ah! Mon Dieu!—what a fatality—those men will recognise me!

CHOP. Who are they?

COUR. Two old college chums. If they see me with you it may compromise us all.

CHOP. Compromise—bah! they're no chums of mine—they've not been to college with me—and so Founard and I will breakfast.

GUER. Courriol!—Is it you, Courriol?

COUR. I am recognised.

LAM. Yes, it is he!—How do you, Courriol?

COUR. (*turns*) Ha! What Lambert!—Guerneau!—by what chance—(*going to them*)

GUER. (*R. C.*) We are expecting Lesurques, who arrived this morning from Douai. You remember the excellent and respected citizen Lesurques?

COUR. Yes, I remember him well!

LAM. He intends remaining at Paris, to marry his daughter; and we have appointed to meet him here, as being the most convenient rendezvous near his notary's.

GUER. But, you—what do you do here with these queer-looking gentlemen?

COUR. I! Oh, I was sitting down to breakfast and being alone, joined their table for company's sake.

CHOP. He denies us—the dandy!

Fou. Hush! be prudent!

CHOP. (*strikes the table*) What does he mean?

COUR. Eh! he means to call the Garçon and pay the bill.

CHOP. (*rising*) That is good!

COUR. I believe they are going to pay at the bar, for they seem pressed for time. (*COURRIOL makes signs to them to go*)

FOU. (*crosses*) Come, let's be off !

CHOP. Nom d'un tonnerre ! it is humiliating.

FOU. I see nothing humiliating in having a good breakfast and not paying for it. Come along ! Garçon—a toothpick !

LAM. Come, join us at table.

COUR. (*aside to FOUINARD and CHOPPARD*) Go ! I will remain and watch the grain ; and at three o'clock you return here.

CHOPPARD and FOUINARD *go out murmuring*, R. U. E.

GARÇON *enters with wine*, L., and places it on table, R.

COUR. (*to GARÇON*) Those gentlemen have left : bring here what I ordered—(*aside*) and silence. (*gives him a piece of money*)

LAM. A quarter past twelve !—Lesurques is late !

*Enter LESURQUES, JULIE, and DIDIER, L.*

GUER. Ha !—he is here !

LES. Come in, my children, come in ! Good day, my friends ! How are you, Guerneau ?—Lambert ? (*shakes hands with them*) Allow me to introduce my daughter Julie and her betrothed.

DIDIER. What, Courriol !

COUR. How are you, Lesurques ? it is an age since we met.

LES. We were at the college of Louis le Grand !

GUER. Mon Dieu ! Lesurques, that sweet girl your daughter ? Ah, Monsieur Didier, you have done well to be first in the field ; one feels inclined to dispute the point with you !

DIDIER. It is necessary to prove first of all, monsieur, that they love Mademoiselle more than I, or I will not yield her. (*places a chair, JULIE sits*)

LES. (*sitting*) It is a glorious thing to be happy ; is it not ?

COUR. (*at table, L.*) You are happy—Lesurques ?

LES. Yes, I am happy !—you need not ask it—you see it ! All my life is a link of prosperity—good parents, good health, a honourable service in the army (when soldier in the regiment of Auvergne) a small fortune that I have amassed from my own labour—and then, a daughter, such as I have—and a son-in-law such as I am going to have—With all this, still a little youthfulness left, and good friends—Oh, I feel a happy man !—yes, heaven never made a happier man than I !

COUR. I am astonished to hear you say so much !

LES. Is it then so rare a thing, this happiness ? (*JULIE rises*) But you rise, Julie.

JULIE. It is one o'clock, papa.

DIDIER. And you know we have many purchases to make.

LES. Yes my children, yes, go, go !

JULIE. What, must we leave you, father ? When shall we see you ? At five o'clock ?

LES. Yes, that is to say, no ; do not wait for me.

DIDIER. What ! will you not return home to dine with us ?

LES. Oh, I shall not be hungry before to-morrow.

DIDIER. Well then, we will call here for you as we return.

LES. No, no, I shall come to the house, you may expect me.  
Adieu, adieu—go, my children, go.

JULIE } (saluting) Messieurs! { (COURRIOL, GUERNEAU, and  
DIDIER } LAMBERT, bowing)

JULIE kisses her father and exit with DIDIER, L.

GUER. You have quite grieved your children.

LAM. Mademoiselle Julie is quite uneasy.

COUR. Why not tell them your plans?

LES. You ask me why I do not tell them what I am going to do—I will tell you. (*they all sit at table L.*) It is a little secret—however, it turns upon the subject that I before alluded to, and however perfectly happy one may be, there is always some little annoyance, from here, or from there. I have two sorrows—first, the remembrance of my poor wife that I have lost; secondly, my father.

GUER. Your father!

LES. He has not had the good fortune in life that I have had—the Revolution ruined him; but he is proud, and will not receive any assistance from me, his son, who owes him all, and two years since, he quitted Douai, in spite of all our prayers.

GUER. What has become of him?

LES. With his last resources, he has opened an Auberge, a Cabaret—I know not what: in the environs of Paris. It is very humble, but there is no honest trade humiliating for men of honour. Even there, misfortune still pursues him—and now, to satisfy his creditors, he is compelled to sell his establishment; but as no purchaser has presented himself, they will expel him.

GUER. And he does not address himself to you?

LES. Ah! you know him not—he would rather die of hunger! An old soldier—a man who has been in the possession of fortune—lost it! but never sacrificed either probity or honour.

GUER. And what do you intend to do?

LES. If possible, induce him to return with us, in spite of this exaggerated delicacy. It is a surprise that I intend for my dear Julie. Didier and Julie love him, as they love and respect me. Didier is a merchant, and a thriving man—if my father rebels, they will find him employment in attending to the books, or watching over the clerks. It will spare his scruples, and he shall, in spite of himself, eat the cake with us, instead of nibbling his own hard crust.

LAM. Brave Lesurques, go!—Heaven will recompense you.

COUR. (R.) I think he has already been recompensed. Rich!—flourishing!—joyous!—look at him!—he gives one the wish to be an honest man!

GUER. (R. C.) How?

COUR. That is—if one was not so already.

LES. (to GUERNEAU) I believe you have a horse, Guerneau?

GUER. Yes—but they have taken it for the Government requisition.

LES. I would have borrowed it.

LAM. What do you want with a horse?

LES. Nothing—merely a ride.

COUR. Hire one.

LES. I know not where.

COUR. (aside) It will put a few sous in the pocket of one that will not be sorry to receive it. (aloud) There is Choppard!

LES. Where does he reside?

COUR. Rue Saint-Honoré, No. 213.

LES. Good horses?

COUR. Yes, and not dear.

LES. Rue Saint-Honoré, 213. Good!—thank you! (rising)

GUER. You are going to leave us?

LES. I confess that I am rather in a hurry—but I shall see you to-morrow—it is to-morrow that I sign the contract with Julie and Didier. I have good apartments, newly furnished. I expect my friend Daubenton, he is justice of the peace of the division of Pont-Neuf. You will come, Guerneau, and you also, Lambert? As to you, Courriol, as an old college friend, you will not refuse to sign the contract of Julie?

COUR. Thank you!—your address?

LES. Rue Montmartre, No. 118.

COUR. At what hour?

LES. (rising) At four o'clock to dinner. My friends, I will say adieu!—remember, to-morrow!

GUER. We shall not remain here as you are leaving, we will go together.

LAM. We will pay the bill and go.

LES. (looking at his watch) A quarter to three! Diable, the time has passed quickly with you, I shall be off, for I am rather in a hurry.

*Exit, L.*

COUR. (aside) In a quarter of an hour the stranger will be here! If I remain it will not look well. I must accompany them, and hurry back to my appointment.

GUER. Courriol, we will accompany Lesurques as far as the Tuilleries. Garçon, my hat and cane! (WAITER brings them)

COUR. (takes his hat) I am ready!

LES. (without, L.) Come, Courriol—I am in a hurry.

*They go off, L. 1 E. followed by WAITER.*

*Enter DUBOSC, R. U. E. slowly.*

DUBOSC. Good—no one! (looks about him)

*Enter WAITER, L. 1 E.*

WAITER. Can I bring any thing?

WAITER removes the r. table, and exit.

DUBOSC. Presently! This is the house—this is the room—but there is no one here. Hark! some one comes! (sits at L. table)

*Enter JEANNE from door, R. U. E., looks around her, perceives DUBOSC, speaks in low voice.*

JEANNE. It is he, Dubosc!

DUBOSC. (*starting*) My name?

JEANNE. (c.) Dubosc! Dubosc! do not fear—

DUBOSC. (*aside*) That voice, Jeanne!

JEANNE. Dubosc, it is I, Jeanne—

DUBOSC. Pardon, madame, were you speaking to me?

JEANNE. You do not know me! Well then, I will aid your memory. I am the poor girl who believed you an honest man, and who loved you—now do you know me?

DUBOSC. My good madame, you really mistake me for some one else.

JEANNE. I have been mistaken in you, but am not so now!—she that you robbed of her honour, she that you robbed of her gold, she that you abandoned when she was a mother, abandoned with her little helpless child, now stands by your side! Do you not know her?

DUBOSC. No.

JEANNE. She that has no longer parents, (for shame and misery have killed them)—she who soon will have no longer any child (for he will die of hunger)—she who has no longer any shelter—not even bread—she that has no refuge from vice, but suicide or starvation, starvation with her child—Dubosc, do you know her now?

DUBOSC. This cursed woman will mar all.

JEANNE. You do not speak. Will you do nothing to soften your crime? It is charity I ask, but not for myself—no, no, no! were it not for my child, I should call for death with cries of despair! You have escaped from the prison at Bordeaux! Dubosc, I have followed you! I came on foot, counting every step! I have found you! I supplicate you to give me money to take me to Alsace, there I shall find charitable people who will assist me if I work—will help to nourish my child—and I shall have time to reconcile myself with heaven. Will you?—will you?

DUBOSC. (*seated*) I repeat, I have not the honour of knowing you.

JEANNE. If you will grant it, I will pardon you all the ill that you have done me—if you will listen to my prayer, never shall you hear of me—never—I swear by the memory of my poor parents! I swear by the life of my poor child! (*kneeling*)

DUBOSC. I have no money.

JEANNE. For my child—for my child!

DUBOSC. (*rising, and passing to r.*) Here comes the Garçon, if you do not go, I will.

JEANNE. Dubosc! I will leave you until to-morrow to reflect—if to-morrow, you do not give me that I ask, to support my child and aid me to hide my shame—

DUBOSC. Well?

JEANNE. Well! to-morrow I shall be desperate—and you will learn what it is for a mother to be in despair, Dubosc!

DUBOSC. To-morrow—be it so, to-morrow! I shall be far away from here to-night.

JEANNE. Adieu, Dubosc! I feel the cravings of hunger, but I must wait until to-morrow.

*Exit D. R. U. E.*

DUBOSC. Well, there was one advantage in being imprisoned, I was free from such absurd and intolerable intrusions. Ah, foot-steps! (*sits*)

(*clock strikes three*)

*Enter CHOPPARD and FOUINARD, R. U. E.*

DUBOSC. It strikes three—Ah! here is some one.

CHOP. (R., pushing FOUINARD) Go on!

FOU. (R. C.) But suppose it shouldn't be—

DUBOSC. Garçon!

*Enter WAITER from L.*

Some brandy.

CHOP. (R.) Eh!

FOU. (R. C.) Oh!

WAITER (L.) A small glass?

DUBOSC. (L. C.) A bottle and a large glass.

*Exit WAITER, who returns with bottle and tumbler, which he places on table and goes off.*

CHOP. (L. C., to FOUINARD) Do you see? (DUBOSC pours out a glass and drinks)

FOU. Oh! la, la, la! (*singing to himself joyfully*)

CHOP. It must be he.

DUBOSC. (*regarding them*) All right I think. (*pours out second glass and drinks it rapidly, they gazing upon him with admiration*)

CHOP. Citizen, in the manner in which you have rinsed down those two tumblers of brandy, I believe I can perceive —

DUBOSC. That I shall soon finish the bottle. (*drinks*)

FOU. I am sure it is he.

CHOP. It is Dubosc. (*they bow with reverence, he extends his hands, which they shake with respect and fervour*)

DUBOSC. You know me—how is that?

CHOP. All the army know their general; but the general knows not all his soldiers.

DUBOSC. You reason well, thank you!—it is flattering, but long, and we have no time to lose.

CHOP. Come, let us have something to drink.

DUBOSC. (C.) Yes, I am thirsty. Garçon, some brandy!

*Enter WAITER, takes decanter and glasses and exit, L.*

(*they sit*) Which of you is a lender of horses?

CHOP. I, Pierre Choppard, the jockey, generally known and appreciated as the amiable.

DUBOSC. And this imbecile is, Fouinard, whom they call the philosopher.

FOU. (*flattered*) He knows me—the great thief knows me—Oh, Citizen! (*bows*)

DUBOSC. We want a third.

CHOP. We want Courriol, who is never to his time.

DUBOSC. I cannot wait for him—I have business—here! (DUBOSC makes sign to FOUINARD to come near to him, he pours out a glass and they touch glasses and drink; to CHOPPARD) You have four horses?

CHOP. Yes.

DUBOSC. They will be ready! —

CHOP. In an hour.

DUBOSC. At the barrier of Charenton!

CHOP. Good.

FOU. (*timidly*) And—the object—for which we shall employ these quadrupeds?

DUBOSC. Fifty-seven thousand livres in gold; thirty for me, forty-five, you three.

FOU. Oh! oh! (*singing and dancing*)

DUBOSC. You shall know more when we are on horseback and upon our road. You will let Courriol know? (*going*)

*Enter COURRIOL, L. D.*

COUR. Here I am! here I am!

CHOP. Ah, Monsieur Courriol! always behind time!

COUR. (L.) It was not my fault. (*perceives DUBOSC*) Ah! (*in amaze*)

DUBOSC. Explain all to him, I am going to the bar. Adieu, my chickens, adieu!

*Exit, R. U. E.*

FOU. What is the matter?

COUR. Who is this man?

FOU. The famous Dubosc—the Man and the Brandy!

COUR. Dubose! is it Dubosc? If I had not left Lesurques on horseback this very minute, I could swear—what a resemblance!

CHOP. Come, come, we have but one hour, come!

FOU. Seventy-five thousand livres—oh! (*sings and dances in delight*)

*CROPPARD pushes FOUINARD, and they exeunt, R. U. E.*

SCENE II.—*The front of Jerome Lesurques' Cabaret at Lieursaint, with sign. The high road from Paris to Lyons, R. U. E. to L. U. E.; time, five o'clock in the afternoon; in the chamber, (the floor of which is raised) open to the audience, candles, buffet, bottles and glasses, tables and stools; chamber door at back; three steps to descend from house to stage, and air holes of the cellar in front, L.*

HORIZON.

TREES.

HIGH ROAD

TREES—SIGN.

TREES.

3 STEPS

TREES.

STOOL. O  
TABLE. X

COMMON ROOM OF THE  
AUBERGE,  
OPEN TO THE AUDIENCE.

Door to  
Inner  
Room.

TRAP DOOR  
TO CELLAR.

CELLAR  
DOOR.

Right.

Left.

*JEROME comes out of house and sits at table, L. C.*

JEROME. No travellers! no visitors! this, the last day of my residence here, will be as the preceding. No one! the house is cursed! 'tis well that I am compelled to quit it. I must go to Lieursaint and give my consent that the Auberge be sold, that my creditors, having all, may have nothing more to claim from me—and to-morrow!—well, to-morrow, I shall be without shelter, without resources—but at least, my honour will remain.

*Enter JOLIQUET from road, R. U. E.*

JOLI. Master! master!

JEROME. Well, Joliquet!

JOLI. What will you give me for what I am going to give you?

JEROME. Is it good or is it bad?

JOLI. It comes from Douai, therefore it must be good. (*gives him a letter and goes behind the house to the road*)

JEROME. From Douai! from my son Joseph! Ah, thank heaven! I was despairing and you have sent me consolation. (*reads*) "Dear father—I shall arrive at Paris to-morrow with my daughter Julie; we are residing Rue Montmartre, No. 118; I shall marry Julie to a noble fellow, who will make her happy. Come and see us as soon as you receive this note. We sign the contract to-morrow after dinner—from your affectionate son, Joseph Lesurques." To-morrow! (*with sadness*) Yes, I shall be able to visit you to-morrow—I shall be free—for to-morrow I shall have no business, no home. But my son shall not know my misery, nor the unhappiness that surrounds me: poor fellow! he who has laboured so hard, and so well, why grieve him with my misfortunes. To-morrow, I will put on my Sunday suit, and an air of contentment; I will not carry a gloom to the betrothal of my dear grandchild: and afterwards—we shall see. Joliquet!

JOLI. (*advancing from the road*) Master!

JEROME. I am going out—take care of the house.

JOLI. Ah, that will not be difficult, for there is very little for any one to run away with.

JEROME. True! but there is some wine and brandy; and it is necessary some one should be here when the Courier of Lyons passes, we always take care that the Courier shall be well served.

JOLI. Do not fear, master—a small glass of the hard for the postilion, a half bottle of the old for the Courier—but, where are you going, if I may ask, master?

JEROME. I am going to Lieursaint, Joliquet.

JOLI. And what to do, master?

JEROME. Sell the house and find you a better master.

JOLI. Sell the house! and me with it?

JEROME. Yes, you with it.

JOLI. Well, whoever buys us, will have a bargain with me, whatever he may have with the inn, not that that would be a bad speculation if we ever had customers—but you're not going to Lieursaint to-night?

JEROME. Yes, I must, but you will not stir from here. (*with a*

*sigh)* Now, Joliquet—my hat! (*he fetches his hat and stick*) Yes, the house must be sold—it is a sacrifice, but it must be made.

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

JOLI. Good-bye, master, and may you find a good customer for the house! Well, this is not a very bad place, that's a fact; I don't tire myself in waiting on the guests; the perquisites will never burn a hole in my pocket. It is funny, but I like to be left alone because I am frightened; and when I am frightened, I go to the top of the hill to the cabaret of our neighbour—there they laugh and talk. It is not a hermitage like this—He is gone! Yes—I'll go to; the house can take care of itself, and I'll be back before eight o'clock to receive the Courier. It is not likely that any one will come while I am away, when for days we do not see a single person. Hollo! Who is this I wonder! a traveller! What's he looking at? Why does he stop? It looks very suspicious that a traveller should come to our inn—I feel very nervous—if I hide myself I shall see what he is after!

*Music.—He enters the house and hides behind the door—darkness comes on gradually—complete darkness during the attack on the mail.*

*Enter LESURQUES, enveloped in a cloak, R. 3. E.*

LES. Yes, it was my father I saw in the distance. Oh! yes, I could not mistake him. He looked sad and bowed down with grief. Thank heaven! now his troubles will cease. What solitude!—and what misery! No one to receive travellers! I did well to leave my horse down in the little wood. I will go in and see if there is any one in the house. (*one of his spurs drags on the ground—he knocks at the door*)

JOLI. (*within, in a tremulous voice*) Who's there? (*calls*) A thief! a thief!

LES. Eh!—a thief. Which is he—is it you or I?

JOLI. I don't know! What do you want?

LES. Refreshment.

JOLI. You must go somewhere else—we don't sell it.

LES. Then what means this sign here? Open, I say! Give me one of your best bottles of wine and here is a crown for you.

JOLI. A crown! (*he opens the door and looks between the opening*) Yes, it looks like a crown—he must be an honest man. (*comes out*) You wish for some wine, citizen?

LES. Yes.

JOLI. Why did you not come earlier? Will you have white or red? You will lose your spur, the chain is broken.

LES. True, give me a little thread, I will join the links; as to the wine, which you like. Where is the cellar? (*they enter the house—JOLIQUET lights two candles and gives thread to LESURQUES*)

LES. Thank you. One can go there? (*pointing to the chamber, L. U. E.*)

JOLI. There?—no, not there, that is the master's chamber.

LES. (*mending the spur*) That is his chamber, eh?—Good! My wine, Garçon, and let it be fresh.

JOLI. I will fetch it from the cellar. (*he opens the trap and disappears with the candle, but the light is seen through the small grating in front, L.*)

LES. (*produces from under his cloak a small bag of money*) With this money, my poor father, you can pay all your debts, and be under no obligation to any one—not even to me. I have fixed upon the bag a label, which will put you at your ease in accepting it—"Restitution." My poor father has been often robbed, and, believing in the remorse of the robbers, he will think it is his own property restored. Now then to place the bag. (*he enters the room, L. U. E., and returns immediately—JOLIQUET sings while in the cellar*) I have nothing more to do here. My dear child expects me, and I would not make her uneasy. (*six o'clock strikes*) Oh! six o'clock! I shall be in Paris before seven.

*He goes out by the same road he came, R. 3 E.*

JOL. (*returns singing*) There, you'll like this, it's only disturbed once a day, that's every night, for the Courier, who passes at eight o'clock. There! do not break the glass, that is so unlucky and costs two sous. Shall I pour it out for you? Where are you?

*He looks about, then goes outside.*

Enter DUBOSC, R. U. E., (*he has on a dark mantle like LESURQUES*) followed by FOUINARD, COURRIOL, and CHOPPARD, who remain at back.

DUBOSC. Wait while I knock.

JOLI. (*seeing him*) Ah! there you are. Drink that—and give me your opinion. I like the white myself, but every one to his taste. (*offers the glass*)

DUBOSC. (c.) What do you mean? Who is this animal?

JOLI. (*placing the bottle upon the table*) Animal!

DUBOSC. You are alone here?

JOLI. No, I'm not.

DUBOSC. Eh?

JOLI. Not if you call yourself anybody.

DUBOSC. Give us something to drink.

JOLI. (*pointing to the bottle*) There's your bottle.

DUBOSC. Is one bottle sufficient for four persons?

JOLI. Four! You're not four. (*sees the three others, R. U. E.*) Ah, those heads!

DUBOSC. Where is the cellar?

JOLI. (*trembling*) You know very well—you asked me once before.

DUBOSC. (*menacing*) Well? will you bring it?

JOLI. (*trembling*) I am going. (*he enters the house and descends into the cellar*)

DUBOSC. Advance, comrades. You have seen this fellow who is in the cellar?

COUR. Yes.

CHOP. The rascal! Well?

DUBOSC. We must begin by stopping his mouth.

FOU. Poor little devil!

COUR. (L.) What do you gain by killing him?

DUBOSC. This much, that he will not see what we are going to do.

COUR. Well then! I will prevent his seeing—Garçon!

JOLIQUET comes from the cellar.

How many bottles have you brought, my man?

JOLL. (places the bottles upon the table) Two, sir. (aside) I like the looks of this one.

COUR. We must have two more, go fetch them. (gives money) Here!

JOLL. (looking at the money) It rains money to-day—I am going, sir! (goes down into the cellar)

COUR. (to CHOPPARD and FOUINARD, who enter the house) Now assist me in placing the buffet upon the trap—then this table—there, if he comes up now it will surprise me.

CHOP. I believe we are quite alone, now we can drink.

DUBOSC. Is that the wind? (drinks, goes out of the house, listens) Nothing yet—what is that? (listening)

COUR. What do you hear?

DUBOSC. What is the time?

COUR. A quarter to eight.

JOLL. (from the cellar) Ah! they have locked me in! Let me out! Open the trap!

DUBOSC. (enters the house, speaks at the trap) If you speak another word I will open it, and then, that word shall be your last! Do you hear?—silence or death?

CHOP. (to DUBOSC) Come, let us know your plans and intentions.

DUBOSC. (makes sign for them to listen) At eight o'clock you will hear the noise of horses, and the tinkling of the bells upon the horses—

ALL. Well?

DUBOSC. It is the Courier of Lyons coming this way, before mounting the hill side, he will stop here to take a glass with the Postilion.

ALL. Well?

DUBOSC. This Courier has in charge, a coach, and in this coach there is a chest; and in this chest, there is at this moment the sixty-five thousand livres that I spoke about this morning—this is the speculation!

FOU. But the Mail Courier always carries pistols.

DUBOSC. (producing his) So do I.

FOU. And the Postilion carries a hunting knife.

CHOP. And I a table knife. (shewing one)

COUR. There is generally a Traveller who accompanies the Courier—that makes three men.

DUBOSC. I have foreseen that; do not make yourselves uneasy. You have perfectly understood me?

FOU. Perfectly.

DUBOSC. Fifteen thousand livres for each of you and thirty for me.

COUR. Be it so.

DUBOSC. Now this is the plan of the attack. When the Courier arrives here, Courriol will follow the coach; I will pour out the wine; Fouinard must watch the road; Choppard must look to the Postilion; and I will take the Courier for myself.

(*eight o'clock strikes*)  
DUBOSC. Now let me see, are your hearts strong ?  
CHOP. Yes.

DUBOSC. (*regarding FOUINARD*) Master Fouinard looks pale.

FOU. It's my courage !

DUBOSC. But, Monsieur Courriol !

FOU. Oh, the coward !

CHOP. With his white hands !

COUR. (*calmly and taking off his gloves*) Monsieur Dubosc ! when I am in want of money, nothing stops me, not even the soiling of my hands.

*During this Scene, the stage has become quite dark; the Group in the Inn are illuminated by a red glare from the fireplace.*

DUBOSC. Hush ! (*distant noise of whip and bells heard, which increases until the coach arrives*)

CHOP. There !

DUBOSC. Yes ! come, Fouinard, before ; Courriol, behind the trees ; Choppard in the ditch ; I remain here ! (*they retire*) This brute of a Garçon remains still—he is quite alone here ! Let me see ! (*he enters the chamber with candle, and brings out the bag of money*) What is this—money ! “ Restitution ! ” Come, that’s delicate ! Good—I accept the restitution. (*he puts it in his pocket—noise approaches*) They come ! (*the coach appears at back of stage, the POSTILION alights*)

POSTILION. Hollo ! there, father Jerome ! house !

JOLI. (*from the cellar*) Here ! Here !

DUBOSC. The rascal ! (*concealing the voice of JOLIQUET*) Here ! here ! (*comes out of house with brandy*)

POSTILION. It is not Joliquet.

DUBOSC. No, I have taken his place—but here is your glass.

*The COURIER and a TRAVELLER come from within the coach to take refreshment.*

POSTILION. (*drinking*) Your health, Citizen ! (*drinks*) I will go to my horses. (*goes off, L., behind the house*)

COURIER. (*advancing*) It is not Joliquet.

DUBOSC. (*offering wine*) All the same, citizen, your wine.

COURIER. The same wine ?

DUBOSC. Taste.

TRAVELLER. Drink, Courier, drink.

COURIER. Your health, sir. (*they drink, cries from back of stage*) What is that ?

POSTILION. (*killed at back by CHOPPARD*) Ah ! they have killed me ! help ! (*he staggers in from L., and falls, R.*)

COURIER. (c.) My postilion assassinated ! murderer ! (*he points*

*a pistol towards CHOPPARD; DUBOSC, l. c., shoots him*) Wounded ! ah ! brigands ! there are two, but I have a companion ! (to TRAVELLER) Assist me ! defend me ! you have a sword.

TRAVELLER. Yes, I have a sword. (*he stabs the COURIER who falls*)

DUBOSC. Well done, Durochat !—now, quick—break open the chest. (FOUINARD is upon the mail throwing down all the papers and packets that he finds, they hand down the box and break it open)

DUBOSC. Durochat, here is your part, jump upon the postilion's horse, and fly ! (*the TRAVELLER runs away*) Choppard, here is yours ; you, Couriol ; and you, Fouinard—now save yourselves ! (*they go off*) I must look after the Courier's purse.

JON. (*from the trap*) Ah, he's here at last ! master ! master ! murder ! murder !

*Enter JEROME, R.*

JEROME. Ah, what is this ? (*seizes DUBOSC*) Wretch ! you shall not escape me !

DUBOSC. (*struggling with him*) Fool ! let me go—or die. (*draws a pistol and shoots him*)

JEROME. (*l., perceiving his features by the light of the flash*) Ah ! great heavens ! my son ! my son ! (*totters and falls*; DUBOSC escapes)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An elegant Apartment in the house of Lesurques at Paris, c. doors opening into another room, doors on each side, small table at R., books upon it, paper, pens, ink—a sofa R., a table L.—chairs.*

DIDIER and JULIE discovered.

DIDIER. (*a list in his hand*) I have counted and recounted, we shall be thirteen at table.

JULIE. (*sitting on couch, R.*) How unlucky ! thirteen at table on the day for the signing our marriage contract.

DIDIER. A day commenced by so good an action, my dear Julie !

JULIE. What ! you call it a good action, Didier ? to succour a poor woman in misery, it should be but natural.

DIDIER. You might have done as many of the rich—turn the head and pass on !

JULIE. Poor creature, she was dying with despair and famine, she had not eaten for three days, she would have expired with her child !

*Enter LESURQUES, C. D.*

LES. (*who has listened*) Yes, but heaven had seen this misery, has had pity, and sent to the poor mother one of its angels—my dear Julie.

JULIE. You there, and listening—fie! We shall be thirteen at table, dear papa.

LES. We shall be fourteen my child, and he who makes the fourteenth you will not be sorry to see. Adieu, my children, I am going to the notary.

JULIE. Are you going to leave us again? Not as yesterday, I hope, going no one knows where, and breaking your spurs!

LES. (*laughing*) Ah! true, true!

DIDIER. And mending it with thread.

LES. (*laughing*) I will escape now by running away! *Au revoir*, my children, *au revoir*!

*Exit by the door in c. which remains open.*

JULIE. Dear good father!

DIDIER. He has an excellent heart! Can I be of any service to you before I leave Julie? (*takes his hat*)

JULIE. No—I will excuse your absence knowing you have affairs to attend to.

DIDIER. Thanks, dearest—but who comes here?

JEANNE *appears at back.*

JULIE. Ah! it is the poor woman that I succoured.

DIDIER. And comes to thank you—I will leave you. (*to JEANNE*) Come in.

JULIE. Yes, (*to DIDIER*) you will return soon.

*Exit DIDIER, c. and l.*

JEANNE. (*near to the door*) You have saved me, madame, and saved my child! Heaven bless you!

JULIE. (*sits, r.*) Do not tremble thus, come nearer to me—You are better, are you not?

JEANNE. (*approaching*) Thank you, yes!

JULIE. I have given orders that your wants shall be attended to; but how is it you have suffered so much, and without making your misery known?

JEANNE. I have made it known.

JULIE. To whom?

JEANNE. Oh, not to hearts like yours, madame!

JULIE. You have a child—but—your husband? Perhaps you are a widow?

JEANNE. (*with hesitation*) Yes, madame—I am—a widow.

JULIE. You have parents, or friends?

JEANNE. No one. This morning I expected a little money that had been promised me, to take me to Alsace with my son—

JULIE. Well?

JEANNE. Well! the person that promised me the money, this morning, I have not been able to find.

JULIE. (*rises*) You conceal part of your misfortune—you have not confidence in me—you are wrong—What can I do for you? Speak!

JEANNE. Nothing, nothing!—you have already done too much—but why hesitate? I shall never have such another benefactress—

so compassionate—so good. Madame, will you save me? (*going up to JULIE*)

JULIE. In what way?

JEANNE. They tell me you are going to be married; you are rich, will require some one to attend upon you—I offer myself with all the ardour of deep-felt gratitude; I will not quit you, or give you time to form a wish; day and night I will devote myself to you; you may command my life! only promise me that my poor child shall be cared for.

JULIE. I consent, you shall remain with us, but I am not yet at liberty to act according to the impulse of my heart. I must consult my husband to-morrow; to-day, my father; but he is so kind, so good—

JEANNE. Oh, madame! heaven will bless you for all the good you have done me!

*Enter DIDIER and COURRIOL, c. from L.*

DIDIER. Not here, Monsieur Courriol, not here.

COUR. No one yet—I am very happy to be the first to arrive. Mademoiselle, (*salutes*) I should say, madame.

JULIE. (*curseys*) You are welcome, sir. (*JEANNE going out*) Stay, here comes my father.

*Enter LESURQUES, GUERNEAU, and LAMBERT, c. from L.*

LES. Enter, my dear friends. We are punctual to our time—Ah, Courriol, how are you? (*GUERNEAU and LAMBERT pay their respects to JULIE, then sit on couch at r., and talk*)

JULIE. (*in a low voice*) Father, here is the poor woman.

LES. (c.) Ah! Well?

JULIE. (r. c.) To assist, without humiliating her, I would take her into our service.

LES. Very well. What is her name?

JEANNE. (l.) Jeanne, sir. (*raises her eyes towards LESURQUES*) Ah!

LES. Why this emotion?

JEANNE. Pardon me, monsieur—a resemblance.

LES. You are now one of our household, Jeanne; we receive you willingly— (*DIDIER goes towards JULIE who has remained sitting*) try to do your duty, and we will do all in our power to render your labour agreeable and your life happy.

JEANNE. I thank you, sir, with all my heart! (*aside*) So good—when the other—

LES. Come, my friends, and see my little gallery in the dining room.

GUER. (*going towards JULIE*) Mademoiselle, allow me to offer my arm?

DIDIER. Pardon, sir, but—

GUER. I am sorry—pardon me, sir.

*GUERNEAU bows; JULIE takes DIDIER's arm; they follow them,*

D. R. 3 E.

COUR. Of what resemblance were you speaking of, my good woman?

JEANNE. (L. C., hesitating) I! Sir—

COUR. (R. C., aside) She hesitates!—can she have seen Dubosc?—Impossible! (aloud) You do not reply?

JEANNE. (aside) Why does he ask me that question?

*Enter DAUBENTON, C. from L.*

DAU (to JEANNE) Monsieur Lesurques?

JEANNE. Yes, here, sir.

DAU. Announce Monsieur Daubenton, judge of the division of Pont-Neuf.

COUR. A judge—oh! (salutes him)

JEANNE. (going to door at R.) Monsieur Daubenton, madame!

*Enter JULIE, D. R. 3 E.*

JULIE. Monsieur Daubenton!—Ah! my father will be very delighted to welcome you!

*Exit JEANNE, C. and L.*

DAU. And how are you, my dear little friend—you have returned—returned for ever?

JULIE. For ever—yes, sir. But excuse me, I will inform my father of your arrival—he is shewing his pictures to his friends.

DAU. (C., retaining JULIE) Do not disturb him, for I have not a moment to spare. A crime has been committed near to Paris. The affair has been confided to me, and I have witnesses to examine.

COUR. (L.) A crime? Where, sir?

DAU. Sir, at Lieursaint.

COUR. (aside) At Lieursaint, Diable!

DAU. (to JULIE) Who is this gentleman?

JULIE. Monsieur Courriol, a college friend of my father's—who dined yesterday with him: but what crime were you speaking of, Monsieur Daubenton?

DAU. A frightful one!—a terrible mystery.

COUR. (aside) A mystery!—good! (aloud) Ah! a mystery?

DAU. But we have some indication. I have sent off agents to collect witnesses. There is a certain innkeeper, named Jerome, that they have not yet found—but—

*Enter JEANNE, C. from L.*

JEANNE. (announcing) Monsieur Jerome Lesurques!

*Enter JEROME, C.*

JULIE. My dear grandfather!

JEROME. My dear Julie!

*Exit JEANNE, C.*

JULIE. This is the surprise—the fourteenth guest that he expected!—but sit down, grandfather. (*she conducts him to the couch*)

COUR. (L., aside) I think I know that figure! I have heard that voice!

*Enter DIDIER, R. 3 E.*

JULIE. Monsieur Didier, dear grandfather, my future husband; who will be a good son to you.

DIDIER. Truly, I will, sir.

JEROME. (*presses the hand of DIDIER and embraces JULIE*) Is your father here?

JULIE. Yes, grandfather, he is with some friends—I will call him—

JEROME. No, no!

DIDIER. Permit me to go.

*Exit, L. 3 E.*

JULIE. You look pale, dear grandfather—you are fatigued?

COUR. Do you come far, sir?—perhaps from the country?

JEROME. Lieursaint, sir.

DAU. From Lieursaint, sir! Do you know a person of the name of Jerome!

JEROME. (*rising*) It is I, sir!

COUR. (*aside*) I thought so.

DAU. (*to JEROME*) You, sir!—you the father of Monsieur Lesurques, established at Lieursaint?

JEROME. His father—yes! Is it astonishing that I am his father?—that I come from Lieursaint?

JULIE. Dear grandfather, this is Monsieur Daubenton, a magistrate, who has been relating to Monsieur Courriol—(*pointing to COURRIOL*)—that a terrible crime has been committed this night at Lieursaint.

LESURQUES, GUERNEAU, and LAMBERT appear at door, R. 3 E.

LES. Ah, my father!—dear and excellent father! You have arrived then!

JEROME. (*trembling and pushing him from him*) Oh—it is he!

LES. (R. C.) My father! Are you not well?

JEROME. (C.) Well—yes! (*LESURQUES takes his hand*)

JEROME. (*again repulsing him*) Ah! you hurt me!

LESURQUES. } What mean you?

JULIE. }

JEROME. (*with pain*) A slight wound in the shoulder.

LES. (*with emotion*) A wound!

JEROME. (*quickly*) It is nothing.

DAU. But, sir, you are from Lieursaint—you inhabit the place where the crime was committed! Saw you the horrible scene? Speak, Monsieur Jerome, I have sent agents to seek you for your deposition! Give me the details. (*sits R. C., ready to write*)

LES. Ah—yes! speak my father!

JEROME. (L. C.) You wish me to speak, Lesurques—be it so—The Courier of Lyons has been assassinated with his postilion before my door!

(COURRIOL *wipes his forehead with his handkerchief*)

LES. (*behind chair with surprise*) Before your door! Yesterday evening! At what hour?

JEROME. (*equally astonished*) What audacity!

DAU. (*writing*) Yes, at what hour?

JEROME. (*with calmness*) The Courier passed regularly at eight o'clock.

DAU. (*continues to write*) And you saw—

JEROME. I was absent at the time of the murder.

DAU. You have a servant, I believe!

LES. Yes.

JEROME. (*quickly*) You know that? This lad, the assassins locked in the cellar, and there—

COUR. (*with emotion*) And there?

JEROME. From there he could see nothing.

(COURRIOL breathes again)

DAU. They say you arrived at the time when the Courier was shot.

JEROME. It is true.

DAU. And you were wounded by one of the assassins?

JEROME. By one of the assassins.

DAU. Then you saw him?

JEROME. As clearly as I see my son.

LES. You could recognize him then. A crime thus odious must not remain unpunished; give the description clearly, father—say all that you know.

DAU. (*to JEROME, rising*) It is your duty, Monsieur Jerome, and I now resume the character of magistrate to interrogate you, I will return to my own house—follow me!

LES. (L.) Monsieur Daubenton, you have thrown fear and sadness into our little circle; by taking my father away from us, you will double this sadness—this fear. Remain I pray you, my father will give his deposition here, as well as at your house.

DAU. I would willingly, but I expect witnesses.

LES. But they may not come—give me the preference, this saloon will serve as your court: if of great importance, there will be time to return to your own house.

COUR. (*aside*) If I escape, it will excite suspicion.

LES. You will consent?

JULIA. Join your entreaties to ours, Monsieur Courriol, requesting Monsieur Daubenton to remain.

COUR. (*goes unwillingly towards him*) You, Monsieur Daubenton, will not hesitate—to remember—that—the dinner is waiting.

LES. (*laughing*) Good, Courriol, good, we are innocent; we will not pay for the guilty!

JEROME. (*aside*) What assurance? comes it from an honest man, or a hardened ruffian?

DAU. I will remain, as you desire it, mademoiselle.

LES. I am very glad of that! Julie, we will go to dinner, look to your grandfather take care of him, see if he suffers with his shoulder?

JULIE. Come grandfather!

JEROME and JULIE pass between DAUBENTON, JEROME looks dejected and exeunt at door, R. 3 E.

LES. (*to DAUBENTON who is going*) A word, Daubenton. My friends, I will be with you immediately—follow them, Courriol!

COUR. (*aside*) What can he want with Daubenton ?

*Exit at door, L. 3 E.*

LES. Tell me, Daubenton, will there be much trouble for my father in this sad affair ?

DAU. (L.) No ! His testimony once given, I will endeavour not to call upon him until he is required to identify the guilty party.

GUER. Lesurques, you did not tell us yesterday that your father lived at Lieursaint !

LES. He concealed it from all except me ; not one in the family knew it.

GUER. It was there you was bound for on quitting us yesterday ! some kind action you wished to conceal !

DAU. You were at Lieursaint yesterday ?

LES. (*hesitating*) No ! merely taking the air—a ride to—Vincennes.

*Enter JEANNE with a letter, from L.*

JEANNE. Monsieur the judge, an agent and two gendarmes are below with a witness.

DAU. (*to LESURQUES*) You see, a witness, it is necessary that I should go.

LES. This saloon is at your service. Can you not interrogate the witness here ?

DAU. True. It is a mere form, ten minutes will suffice.

LES. (*to GUERNEAU and LAMBERT*) Come, we will leave Daubenton ! Jeanne, bring in those that would speak to monsieur. There are pens, ink, and paper, you have there all that is necessary to convict twenty villains. Despatch them, my dear friend, quickly, the soup is getting cold.

*Exit, R. 3 E.*

JEANNE has retired and returns with the AGENT, who salutes.

DAU. Who have you brought ?

AGENT. The witness that you intrusted me to bring from Lieursaint, the garçon of the Auberge.

DAU. He that the murderers locked up in the cellar—bring him in. (*sits at table, R.*)

*Enter JOLIQUET at c.*

DAU. What is your name ?

JOLI. Joliquet, sir, in the service of Monsieur Jerome.

DAU. Jerome Lesurques ?

JOLI. Ah ! I don't know if it is Lesurques, I know that it is Jerome.

DAU. You were there when the murder was committed ?

JOLI. I was in the cellar.

DAU. But before the murder ?

JOLI. First of all, a man asked me for wine, and thread to mend his spur, the villain !

DAU. Ah, this is important ! And afterwards ?

JOLI. Afterwards, I saw him who—

DAU. (*goes to table, takes notes*) Wait.

*Enter COURRIOL from R. 3 E.*

COUR. (*aside*) Decidedly, the wisest plan will be to escape from here. (*to DAUBENTON*) Pardon, but—(*perceives JOLIQUET*) The Garçon! (*up stage*)

JOLI. (*c.*) Ah! (*in terror*)

DAU. What?

JOLI. That is one of them!

COUR. (*aside*) He recognises me.

JOLI. It is he that locked me in the cellar!

COUR. (*aside*) If I hesitate, I am lost! (*aloud*) What is it, who is it? (*advances, l.*)

JOLI. The robber!

DAU. (*r. c.*) Are you mad, young man, or speak you according to your conscience?

JOLI. I tell you it is he!

COUR. This Garçon has lost his wits from fear!

JOLI. I recognise his voice! Arrest him! Arrest him, Gendarmes! (*runs over to l. and seizes him, calling*) Gendarmes!

COUR. (*seizes JOLIQUET by the throat; AGENT goes to back of stage, beckons on two GENDARMES who remain near to the door*) Miserable wretch! (*shaking him*)

JOLI. Oh! Gendarmes! Gendarmes! (*AGENT separates them and reassures JOLIQUET*)

DAU. Sir, be patient!

COUR. (*l.*) Sir, such an absurd accusation—

DAU. You can the more easily disprove it.

*Enter JEROME from R. 3 E.*

JEROME. What is the matter?

JOLI. Ah, master, master! I have one of them, that is to say, we have one!

*Enter LESURQUES, at R. 3 E., followed by GUERNEAU, LAMBERT, DIDIER, and JULIE.*

LES. (*r. c.*) What is the meaning of this noise?

JOLI. (*l. c., pointing to LESURQUES*) Ah, here is the other! (*all start*) There is the assassin of the Courier!

LES. I?

JULIE. (*r.*) My father?

COUR. (*l., aside*) Oh, the resemblance!

DAU. (*c., to JOLIQUET*) What, you also accuse monsieur? This is folly.

JOLI. It is he that broke his spur.

JULIE. His spur! Merciful heaven!

JOLI. And to whom I gave the thread to join the chain.

JULIE. The chain! Ah, my father!

JEROME. (*r. c., with dismay*) All is lost!

DAU. (*to JOLIQUET*) But my friend has not been to Lieursaint.

JEROME. (*to JOLIQUET*) No, no!

JOLI. Ah, master! you say that—you that received his pistol shot.

JEROME. I tell you it was not him, he was not at our house.

LES. (R. C.) This is useless—I might have been at Lieursaint, and still not culpable. I am not in want of a lie to defend myself.

GUER. (R. up stage at sofa) Were you at Lieursaint?

LES. Yes. Well, did you not see me go upon the horse I borrowed of Courriol?

DAU. You own having been at Lieursaint yesterday with Monsieur Courriol?

LES. I did not say with Courriol, but a horse that he procured me.

GUER. } LES. } It is true, we assert that.

COUR. But, sir, I might lend a horse to Lesurques without going to Lieursaint. I was not at Lieursaint!

JOLI. (L. C.) That's a lie!

DAU. (C., to LESURQUES) And you entered the house of your father as the witness declares?

LES. I did.

DAU. (C.) You broke and afterwards mended your spur?

LES. Why should I deny it?

JEROME. (aside to his son) Be silent, unhappy one.

DAU. Take care, Lesurques; if you avow this, you confirm this young man's statement and recognition.

LES. Assuredly, and I recognise him also.

DAU. But he says you are the assassin of the Courier!

LES. I!

JEROME. (eagerly) No, Jolivet will not say that—he did not say it.

JOLI. (hesitating) Why, master—

DAU. Ah! you are not quite sure then!

JOLI. Why, sir—you see, he's my master's son—

LES. Oh, that is not the language required; I will have no prevarication. Did you see me at the house of my father—Yes or No? (JOLIET looks at JEROME and hesitates)

LES. Father, let him speak the truth.

JEROME. You will be lost!

LES. Did you see me—Yes or No—at my father's house; and did you give me thread to mend my spur? Why not say, Yes! since I say yes?

JOLI. Then, yes!

LES. You also know I left the house while you fetched some wine!—during the time you were in the cellar, you sang—that you know!

JOLI. (to JEROME) Must I say yes?

LES. Now, father, you speak!—you know what I went to your house for!

JEROME. (astonished) I!

LES. Yes, you must now cast aside your delicacy of feeling. Say what you found!

JEROME. What I found!

LES. In your own room—speak quickly!

JEROME. I know not what you mean.

LES. The bag, containing money, that I placed upon your bed.

JEROME. Upon my bed?

LES. Yes—why do you not speak, father? I was at Lieursaint, but to carry money for you. Justify me then, my father! you can do so; and let them not take me for an assassin!

JEROME. (stammering and tottering) No! No! Ah! (he swoons; they place him upon the couch, R.; general consternation; JEANNE brings smelling bottle)

DAU. Do you persist in saying you saw Monsieur Lesurques at your master's house at Lieursaint on the night of the murder?

JOLI. Yes, sir.

COUR. (to DAUBENTON) But then, sir, I?

JOLI. (earnestly) Oh! he is not one of the family! I will not hesitate about him! My head upon the block, I still say—yes, I saw him!—he was there!

DAU. Gendarmes, arrest that man! (rises, touches LESURQUES upon the shoulder) Lesurques, in the name of the law I arrest you!

JULIE. (going to LESURQUES) Father!

LES. (presses her in his arms) My daughter! (every one in consternation)

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Boudoir in the House of Lesurques. Window looking into the garden at back, c.; doors, R. 3 E. and L. 3 E.; secretaire, R.; a lighted candle on R. table; sofa, R., up stage; chairs; pens, ink, and paper in the secretaire.*

Enter JEANNE, R. D.

JEANNE. No, it is impossible! Judges, witnesses, nothing can ever convince me that he is culpable! There is some fatal mistake. Can his resemblance to Dubosc be the secret? Merciful heaven! Am I to be the means of saving a life that saved mine? The poor young girl, if I could only but save the honour of her family by my life, I would give it with joy! They have preserved a mother for her son—if it is my blessed lot to restore a father to his child! Oh! for a proof, a single proof that it is as I suspect, and you shall see if I can forget the good you have done to me, dear mistress! One single proof, and you shall see, Dubosc, that I remember the ill that you have done me!

Enter JULIE, R., with a letter in her hand.

JULIE. Jeanne!

JEANNE. (aside) She has been crying again—poor child! (aloud) madame?

JULIE. How is my grandfather this morning?

JEANNE. The same, mademoiselle,

JULIE. Has he slept?

JEANNE. He has not slept since he has been here!

JULIE. (*goes to table, looks amongst the papers*) No news from Monsieur Daubenton? Not one of my father's friends called?

JEANNE. No one comes here now.

JULIE. (*quickly*) No one?

JEANNE. Oh! except Monsieur Didier, who calls every day.

JULIE. (*sadly*) Yes; but he did not come yesterday—for the first time, he has abandoned me, it is but natural. If he comes—

*Enter DIDIER, L.*

Jeanne, you will tell him—(*sees DIDIER*) Ah!

DIDIER. (*going to JULIE*) Julie!

JEANNE. I knew he would come.

DIDIER. You receive me coldly, is it because I was not able to come yesterday? Oh! believe me—

JULIE. You need not excuse yourself—I have nothing to exact from you—I do not reproach you. (*giving him a letter*) In reading that, you will see, that far from accusing, I thank you. I do not accuse you, Monsieur Didier—if I were to, I should be ungrateful.

DIDIER. You will leave me?

JULIE. Read! often the hand has the courage to trace a word that the lips refuse to pronounce.

DIDIER. What word? You alarm me! Of what word would you speak? Oh! stay, Julie—I entreat.

JULIE. It is a word which places eternity between friends who are separated—it is the word adieu, Monsieur Didier.

DIDIER. Adieu!—you say adieu!—you have written it; you will separate yourself from me!—And for what?

JULIE. Because you are an honest man; because you may have a happy future; because your name is spotless, and I—Read, read, and spare me the anguish of telling you what I have written.

DIDIER. (*tearing the letter*) I will not read the word adieu, written by you, Julie. Look at me—reflect, and if you have the courage to say so to my face, then speak it.

JULIE. I tell you it is not just that you should be burthened with the weight of our shame and our misfortune. Didier, disgrace, ruin, and despair hover over this house. Fly! it is yet time—fly while I speak; to-morrow, perhaps, it will be too late.

DIDIER. Julie!

JULIE. Oh, it is not that my father is culpable—in my eyes! Of what importance is it to me what say the witnesses, or what say the accusers, or the decision of the jury? For eighteen years since first I took breath I have seen him, and known him to be the best, the most noble of men. I am the daughter of Lesurques—it is my duty to speak thus; you who have also a father—you who have sisters—you should not share our dishonour, which will fall also upon your family. You have promised me marriage—I return you your liberty. Didier, you are free from this moment.

DIDIER. Mademoiselle, I believe that I am considered an honest man,—if I take back my promise I should cease to be so. To

*Exit, L.*

whom am I engaged? To your father! Of his innocence you are sure, you say? I go further, for I will prove it—even should it take all the time I have to pass on earth.—I have sworn to your father to make you happy. That oath, mademoiselle, I adhere to! I will accomplish this work; and when I shall have reached the end of my task—when I have aided you, and, if possible, consoled you during the captivity of your father—when I see him free—when I know there exists not a shadow to mar your happiness—not a cloud in the future—then, mademoiselle, forget not your words: “Didier, I marry you, not because I am rich, happy—but I marry you because I love you.”

JULIE. Oh, Didier, I love you more than ever!

DIDIER. (*takes the hands of JULIE*) You love me, Julie—then your hand in mine. Julie, we have two inexhaustible resources that nothing can subdue—our love, which will support us through all trials—our conscience, which will plead for us before the tribunal of heaven,—we must not despair. And now, dear Julie, let me ask of you to summon all your fortitude, to bear the tidings I have to impart.

JULIE. A misfortune!

DIDIER. A happiness! Ah! a great happiness!

JULIE. (*with joy*) My father is acquitted.

DIDIER. Not yet! but he will be!

JULIE. Ah! take care, Didier, if you deceive me—after joy like this you will kill me.

DIDIER. Listen—whilst Lesurques vainly tried to prove that he entered Paris at seven o'clock in the evening of the 8th of May, I have been to the house of Choppard, the lender of horses, who has disappeared. His register of the sums he receives for the horses hired, contains the hour in which each horse returns; this book, this witness so many times invoked by your father had disappeared and could not be found. Ten times yesterday was I at the house of Madame Choppard, begging her to give me the book—this evening I returned again, “Here is five thousand francs, give me the register.” “I have it not,” she replied, “Here is ten thousand.” “Impossible!” she said, looking at the money, “I have burnt it.”

JULIE. Oh, heaven!

DIDIER. Her eyes were riveted upon the money, “Remember!” I replied, “By keeping the book you become an accomplice in the murder of an innocent man.” She began to tremble. “Well,” I replied, “It is no longer ten thousand, but twenty that I offer; here—in this pocket book; give me the register and the money is yours.”

JULIE. Well!—Well!—

DIDIER. She rose and counted the notes; then breaking with her foot the horse-hair cushion of the chair upon which she had been sitting, drew out the register—and it is here! (*draws from his breast the book*)

JULIE. Thank heaven!

DIDIER. Read, Julie. “8th of May—The Blower, hired by Monsieur Lesurques—thirty sous the hour—started at four o'clock;

returned at half-past seven—Received five francs"—signed by the wife of Choppard. It was eight when the Courier of Lyons was murdered at Lieursaint; the assassin would not be able to reach Paris before half-past nine o'clock, and this book proves your father to have returned at half-past seven—he is saved!"

JULIE. (*with emotion*) Saved! oh, blessed word!

DIDIER. There is not a moment to be lost!

JULIE. We will take this register to Monsieur Daubenton. (*going*)

DIDIER. (*stopping*) Give me your father's pistols, Julie!

JULIE. (*with fright*) What to do?

DIDIER. In coming here, I have been followed!

JULIE. Followed!

DIDIER. The moment I came out of the house of Choppard, a man entered—an ill-looking fellow—I observed another in the street—I walked fast—it appeared to me in a few moments I heard some one running behind me—I then increased my speed. I will not go out with this register without arms. This book is precious; to lose it, is to lose the life of your father!

JULIE. (*going to secretaire*) You are right.

DIDIER. But, no—hold! I think we will have a coach and go together; they will not attack a coach in Paris at half-past eight. Quick, Julie; dress yourself while I fetch a conveyance. (*giving the book to JULIE*)

JULIE. Ah, Didier, how shall I ever be able to repay you for so much devotedness!

DIDIER. (*kissing her hand*) With your love. Julie! in ten

JULIE. I shall be quite ready.

*She joyfully places the register in the secretaire and goes off, R. D.*

JEANNE. (*alone, places the light upon the stand at L.*) Now will Providence, whom I have so wrongfully accused, save the innocent and spare me the misery of denouncing the culpable. Dubosc is the father of my child! If he is doomed, it will not be by me!

JULIE. (*from outside*) Jeanne! Jeanne!

*Exit DIDIER, L. D.—JEANNE has entered during the above.*

JEANNE. Yes, mademoiselle!

*Enters JULIE's room with light—pause—the moment the light is removed, the figure of FOUINARD is seen to cut the glass and open the window; he assures himself there is no one; returns to the balcony, beckoning.*

FOU. Now, quick!

DUBOSC. (*appearing upon the balcony*) Is there no one?

FOU. No!

DUBOSC. (*entering*) Who was here?

FOU. Two women jabbering with the young man. You get the book. (*going towards window*)

DUBOSC. Where are you going?

FOU. (*upon the balcony, in a low voice*) I will watch below.

DUBOSC. You are a brave man, Fouinard! Are you sure he has not taken the book?

FOU. No, I saw him put it there ! (*he points to secretaire—opens a dark lantern*)

DUBOSC. Here it is ! (*reads*) "8th May. Lesurques—the Puffer returned at half-past seven." (*takes a knife from his pocket and begins to scratch the writing*)

FOU. Take the book—it is the easiest way !

DUBOSC. Imbecile ! That the book that cost them twenty thousand francs may be missed instantly on their return.

FOU. Ah !—that is true ! but come, come, I am getting nervous. Some one comes !

DUBOSC. Bah !—here—there is twenty thousand francs thrown away ! (*closes the book triumphantly*)

JULIE. (*speaks without*) Come, Jeanne !

FOU. Some one comes !

DUBOSC. (*at the moment when he is going to the window the door opens, l.*) Diable ! (*hides behind table*)

*Enter JULIE and JEANNE with light, R. D.*

JULIE. I think I heard the coach !

JEANNE. Yes, mademoiselle !

JULIE. Come at once ! Ah ! the book ! (*takes the book which is in the secretaire, kisses it joyfully*) Oh ! treasure ! dear, precious, book !

*Exeunt, L. D.*

DUBOSC. (*alone*) Thirty-two thousand and twenty makes fifty-two thousand francs ! by my faith, I will marry Madame Choppard when she is a widow !

*Door opens suddenly, JEANNE appears with candle in her hand.*

JEANNE. A man here !

DUBOSC. Jeanne !

JEANNE. Dubosc ! Ah !

DUBOSC. Jeanne in this house ! (*makes towards window*)

JEANNE. (*intercepting him*) Ah ! villain !—open not that window or I will call for assistance !

DUBOSC. (*goes towards JEANNE pointing to door*) Then, by here, make way for me to pass ! (*he strikes out her candle—stage dark*)

JEANNE. I let you pass !—when you can restore the life and honour of a family !—never ! never ! (*locks the door and takes out the key*)

DUBOSC. No jesting with me ! You know me ! I have no wish to settle our accounts here !

JEANNE. It is you, ruffian !—you assassinated the Courier of Lyons !

DUBOSC. The better reason that I should save myself now !

JEANNE. You do not leave this room as you entered !—the measure of your crimes is full—you shall now pay for your past wickedness !

DUBOSC. (*indicating door at R.*) Open that door !

JEANNE. (*with resolution*) You shall not escape ! (*DUBOSC makes movement to go—JEANNE places herself before the door*) You do not leave, I say ! Will you give yourself up to justice ?

DUBOSC. That is good !

JEANNE. Will you set at liberty the innocent ? Know you that there is an avenging angel ?

DUBOSC. Good-bye, Jeanne ! (*goes towards window*)

JEANNE. (*seizing hold of him*) You shall not escape me !

DUBOSC. Let go ! (*strikes her*) Let go !

JEANNE. (*runs to window and opens it*) Help ! thieves ! murder !

DUBOSC. Ah ! (*places his hand before her mouth—JEANNE, hurling him from her, screams*) Be quiet—I will make you rich ! Be still—I will make you my wife ! Be still, I say !

JEANNE. (*releases herself from him and runs to window, crying*) Help ! help !

DUBOSC seizes her—a violent struggle takes place—he strikes her down—she rises—he draws a knife and stabs her—she staggers and falls—he raises the window and escapes.

SCENE II.—*Apartment in the House of Daubenton. Doors, c.; chairs and tables with writing materials brought on.*

*Enter DAUBENTON and AGENT, C. D.*

DAU. Let the accused be conducted hither; the testimony of these new witnesses will be decisive. The man, Choppard, whom you have at last discovered, must have concealed himself to avoid affording his testimony. Lesurques has been for years my friend; I cannot believe him guilty, and will allow him every opportunity to disprove this most fearful accusation, that my duty to the public will allow. Let the accused mingle with the other parties present, and let no distinctive mark guide the witnesses in their identification of the persons accused. Should Lesurques pass this ordeal, his innocence will be at once manifest.

AGENT throws open the c. doors and beckons.

*Enter four GENDARMES, conducting CHOPPARD; they remain on each side of entrance.*

DAU. (*to AGENT*) This man is the witness, Choppard !

CHOP. (*advancing, L.*) Yes, sir, Pierre Choppard. (*aside*) Witness ! all goes well.

DAU. You disappeared the day after the murder—that is strange.

CHOP. Sir, It is my custom to attend the fair of Perche: the murder would not prevent me attending to my business !

DAU. You have also business at Paris—we require you as a witness; we would confront you with the accused.

CHOP. (c.) I am ready, sir ! (*aside*) Who have they taken ? Courriel is the only name that I know ! I care very little for him. They have not taken the grand and illustrious Dubosc, the only one of the gang in whom I am interested ?

*Enter LESURQUES and COURRIOL, followed by LAMBERT, GUERNEAU, and several Agents of Police, c. from L.*

CHOP. Dubosc !—oh, they have taken him !

DAU. (*to CHOPPARD*) Who do you recognise here ?

CHOP. (*aside*) Now is the moment. (*aloud*) I? but—I recognise Monsieur Courriol—Ah! Courriol, how do you do?

COUR. Your humble servant, Monsieur Choppard.

DAU. What have you to say, sir, relative to the 8th of May?

CHOP. Nothing in particular.

DAU. On that day did he not hire a horse of you?

CHOP. (*L.*) Perhaps yes, perhaps no—I do not know!

COUR. (*L. c.*) I often hire horses at his house, that is not astonishing!

DAU. (*c.*) Silence! (*to CHOPPARD*) There is another person here that you will recognise also?

CHOP. (*aside*) Now it's coming! Who?

DAU. (*pointing to LESURQUES, R.*) This gentleman, for example.

CHOP. (*goes up to LESURQUES*) That gentleman? I do not know him.

DAU. He was at your house on the 8th of May. (*LESURQUES comes forward*)

CHOP. My house? (*he makes a sign to LESURQUES*)

DAU. Without doubt, sir, he has himself declared it.

CHOP. (*surprised*) Sir! (*to LESURQUES*) You have declared it? that—

LES. Declared what?

CHOP. That you came to my house.

LES. Conducted by Courriol, yes.

CHOP. The 8th of May, the day of the murder?

LES. The 8th of May.

CHOP. (*aside to LESURQUES*) Ah, you are a fool!

LES. What mean all these signals?

DAU. Signals?

CHOP. Signals, oh no, its a cold I've got, sir.

LES. (*to CHOPPARD*) I do not know you; but I was at your house on that day.

CHOP. Sir, I do not say no; I did not see you, for I was not at home.

DAU. If you were not at home, where were you then?

CHOP. (*aside*) I shall put my foot into it.

COUR. (*L.*) I will aid his memory if monsieur the judge will allow me. (*upon a sign of consent from DAUBENTON*) It was about four o'clock, was it not Lesurques?

CHOP. (*L. c., astonished*) Lesurques!

COUR. (*aside to CHOPPARD*) It is not Dubosc, it is a man who resembles him, and whom they have taken for him.

CHOP. Ah, it is not Dubosc!

COUR. It was about four o'clock, and at that hour Choppard was at home.

CHOP. Ah! yes, at four o'clock, I was at home!

LES. But I did not see you!

CHOP. I might be there without your seeing me.

COUR. Monsieur Lesurques took a horse from your stables, Choppard?

CHOP. Yes, the horse we call the Puffer.

COUR. But, I—did I take a horse that day, Choppard?—was I with Lesurques?

CHOP. With Lesurques?—no, I swear that—

DAU. I did not ask you that.

COUR. Sir, it is the means to prove my innocence.

CHOP. It is true that he is innocent—like me.

COUR. Ask Lesurques again if I was with him at Lieursaint.

LES. No, he has not been there—at least with me!

CHOP. And now, sir, that you have received my deposition, I am at liberty to return? (*going*)

DAU. No, not yet! (*he is stopped*)

CHOP. But, sir, this is the hour to feed the horses, and to feed myself; I'll come, sir, at any time you please to appoint, I will, upon my honour!

DAU. I still require your presence.

CHOP. What to do, in the name of thunder?

DAU. You will know directly. (*a noise is heard*) Be seated, Lesurques. You, Monsieur Courriol, talk with Monsieur Lambert. Choppard, you will come to this side. I request that there may be no affectation, no constraint; and that no one will speak without my consent.

CHOP. (*aside, going to r. and sitting*) What devilish idea has he now, that he makes me stay here? Well, it is a resemblance!

*During this time DAUBENTON has given orders—the WITNESSES are introduced.*

POSTMASTER, his NIECE, and GARÇON, c. from L.

OLD MAN. Sir, I have been told that you desired to speak to my niece, myself, and garçon: we are here.

DAU. You are the owner of the Post-house at Montgeron, and it appears certain that the assassins of the Courier of Lyons had refreshment at your house.

OLD MAN. Unhappily, sir, yes.

DAU. You have said, I believe, that you can give some important information?

OLD MAN. Sir, I can, for I distinctly remarked all four. (*CHOPPARD and COURRIOL evince terror; LESURQUES only listens with interest*)

DAU. All! And if you should see them?

OLD MAN. Sir, I should know them.

CHOP. (*aside*) An old vagabond!

DAU. Tell us anything you may have remarked.

OLD MAN. First of all, they were on horseback, all four.

WAITER. Upon hired horses. (*CHOPPARD in great terror*)

DAU. (L. c.) Ah! you believe they were hired horses?

WAITER. That was easily known—they were so lean!

CHOP. (*in disgust and aside*) You're a nice judge!

DAU. And then?

OLD MAN. Speak, niece.

NIECE. And then, sir, I filled for one of them a large decanter of brandy.

CHOP. (*aside*) That's Dubosc's only weakness.

OLD MAN. (*to WAITER*) Do not forget the brush you lent to the most gentleman-like of the four, to remove the dust from his blue waistcoat.

COUR. (*groans and buttons his coat*) Oh!

DAU. Is that all?

OLD MAN. Ah, no—there is one circumstance which I have not related yet to any one, which I have reserved for the court of justice.

DAU. Well, then, relate it now.

OLD MAN. One of them repeated, constantly knocking with a whip upon the table, "In the name of thunder, my horses will be broken winded!"

DAU. Do you recognise him?

OLD MAN. It appears to me that I see him there. (CHOPPARD draws back) When the four horsemen were gone from my house, we discovered that one of them had forgotten his whip,—it is he of whom I speak. We sent after them—they had disappeared; but about half-an-hour afterwards he returned for the lost whip—it was I that gave it to him. He took it so rudely from my hands that the knob of the whip fell off.

DAU. He picked it up no doubt?

OLD MAN. Sir, he was in such a hurry he did not perceive that it had fallen off; when he was gone I sought for it, picked it up, and saw two letters engraved upon it,—P. and C.

DAU. P. and C.!

OLD MAN. (*giving it*) Sir, here it is.

DAU. Come and look at it, Monsieur Pierre Choppard.

CHOP. (*frightened*) Sir?

DAU. (*sternly*) Approach, sir!

CHOPPARD approaches and turns to him most reluctantly.

OLD MAN. (*recognises him*) That is the man.

LES. (*starts up*) He!

NIECE. (*recognises LESURQUES*) And that's the man that had the brandy.

WAITER. (*pointing to COURRIOL, L.*) And that's the gentleman who borrowed the brush. (*general sensation*)

DAU. You see those three men,—are you quite sure you recognise them?

THE THREE WITNESSES. We swear it! (*solemnly and raising their hands*)

DAU. This one is the owner of the lost whip, the one who spoke of the broken-winded horses, and to whom the handle belongs.

OLD MAN. Yes!

NIECE AND WAITER. Yes!

CHOP. (R.) Because there is a C. engraved upon it. Am I the only man in France whose name commences with C.?

DAU. (*makes sign to AGENT, who gives him a whip*) Look at this—see if the handle belongs to this whip, that was found just

now at the house of your wife. (*puts the knob on the whip and holding it up*)

CHOP. There are ten others at the house of my wife had your spies searched for them.

DAU. (*takes from AGENT two cheques*) But they have found something else.

CHOP. What?

DAU. These two cheques of five hundred livres each upon the bank, Nos. 159 and 180, which were stolen from the pocket book of the Courier of Lyons! Oh, I have watched you for a long time, Choppard!

CHOP. The devil—I'm done for!

DAU. Conduct him to prison! (*to CHOPPARD*) Have you any confession to make?

CHOP. I don't see what good that will do me.

LES. (L.) Gentlemen, in the name of heaven, own at least that I was not with you!—own that I was not at Montgeron!—own that you know me not!

CHOP. (R.) How would that serve *you*? when they won't believe *me*?

LES. (*to CHOPPARD*) But you know well that I am innocent. What have I done to you?—say then that I am guiltless. You know in your conscience, both of you, that I was not with you! Sir! if you have any belief in heaven!—Courriol! if there is one spark of humanity left in you!—speak and say that I was not with you.

COU. (L. C.) No, you were not with me, nor I with you. We are both innocent!

CHOP. (*crying*) They will not believe it, these blood-thirsty tyrants!

LES. I am lost! I am lost!

CHOP. Yes, but Dubose is saved! It is sweet to do good. (*aside*)

LES. (*to OLD MAN*) Is it impossible that you can be my enemy? Look at me—have I not the face of an honest man? look at me well! I drunk no brandy at your house! look at me, I say! There is no drop of blood in my veins, but boils with indignation at this most foul accusation! Speak one word, mademoiselle! (*to GARCON*) You, my friend—for my child's sake, for my father's sake—speak! say that you are mistaken! say that you know me not! (*falls on his knees*) I implore you on my knees—(*they fall back*) you do not speak! (*rising*) Oh, brain! brain! I shall become mad! (*falls powerless upon a chair, L. C.*)

DAU. (C.) This man is a monster or a martyr. (*to an AGENT*) Convey the prisoners to separate dungeons. I have investigated this case—fairly; if I have been partial, it has been in a leaning towards you, Lesurques; but all evidence condemns you—evidence that it is as impossible to controvert as to disbelieve; my conscience will not allow me to pause longer, unwilling, but truly, I declare you, Joseph Lesurques, guilty!

*Enter JULIE and DIDIER, c. from L., with the register.*

JULIE. No! he is innocent!

LES. Julie ! my child !

JULIE. Oh, my father ! you are saved ! (*to DAUBENTON*) Monsieur Daubenton, suspend the proceedings—this proof we have so anxiously searched for—the witness that will prove that my father was far away from Lieursaint at the hour of the murder, we have found !

LES. Great heaven !

JULIE. I feel choked—speak, Didier, speak !

DIDIER. (*to DAUBENTON*) If we prove that Lesurques was in Paris at half-past seven on the 8th of May, will you believe him innocent ?

DAU. Yes.

JULIE. (*giving the register*) There is the register belonging to the wife of Choppard—it contains an entry of the horse lent to Monsieur Lesurques, with its return at half-past seven, signed by the wife of Choppard, on the 8th of May.

DAU. (*turning the leaves until he finds the date*) But—I do not see anything—no—

DIDIER. How !

JULIE. Let me show you.

DAU. (*trying to decipher*) I see several words which resemble "the 8th of May," "to Lesurques"—I also see traces of figures, but all is scratched, effaced, illegible !

DIDIER. (*taking the register from the hands of DAUBENTON*) Effaced ! illegible ! yes—yes—yes—it has been effaced, but who has done this ? (*to JULIE*) You have not quitted this book, Julie.

JULIE. No, during the time I was dressing I placed it in the secretaire, and there I found it.

DIDIER. Jeanne only knows, Jeanne only !

JULIE. Oh ! it is impossible !—Jeanne, that I have saved !

LES. Who, then ? Who can have been thus my enemy—thus to steal my life and honour ?

DAU. Lesurques, this attempt to impose on justice but steals the hearts that would pity you. As a friend, it is time that I should cease to know you. You are guilty !—and as a murderer your fate is sealed—your judge tells you that your doom is death ! (*JULIE shrieks and faints in her FATHER's arms*)

LES. Now, as with my latest breath, I swear that I am innocent !

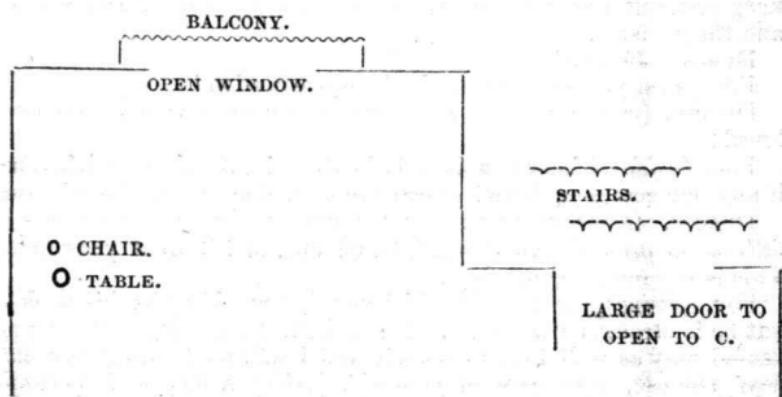
*Tableau.*

END OF ACT III.

---

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*The First Floor of a Cabaret at the corner of the Place de Gréve. In the distance is seen the Quay and Towers of Notre Dame. Outside of door, L. C., a staircase to go below.*



Right.

Left.

DUBOSC sitting at a table, r., drinking, FOUINARD standing before him

DUBOSC. Some drink ! I am thirsty !

FOU. (*uneasy*) You have had more than enough ! Go, conceal yourself, I must go below to the shop !

DUBOSC. (*a little intoxicated*) I will not hide myself ! I will not go ! I will drink !

FOU. At least don't remain here. Remember the procession will pass directly underneath that window, and if you are seen——

DUBOSC. No one will come here. I hired this room for myself, to see the poor devils executed at my ease. Here I shall have a superb view !

FOU. (*drawing back*) Cruel devil !

DUBOSC. (*rises, goes towards FOUINARD*) Ah ! is that it ! Perhaps you would prefer me to appear in this procession, rather than the virtuous Lesurques ?

Fou. Ah ! Mon Dieu ! I don't say that, but still one may feel some pity for this unhappy man !

DUBOSC. Pity ? Curse you ! You would rather it were me going to be guillotined instead of him ? (*takes him by the collar and shakes him violently*)

Fou. (*aloud*) No, friend Dubosc, no !—Now don't drink any more !

DUBOSC. (*who has left him and drained a tumbler of brandy, goes to the window and shouts*) Come on !

Fou. Oh ! murder ! you must not cry out ! you must not let them see you, or we shall both be lost !

DUBOSC. Ah ! poltroon ! contemptible sneak ! (*gives him a kick*)

I will be sure that my place on the scaffold has been supplied! When a man, right or wrong, has paid his debt to society, society has no right to make another pay a second time—is that the law?

Fou. No!

DUBOSC. You lie, you cur! (kicks him again)

Fou. Ah! yes, yes—it is the law! (rubbing himself) But do keep yourself quiet; remember we have the affair of the woman and the register.

DUBOSC. Jeanne!

Fou. Yes, you know—that little assassination!

DUBOSC. (with a drunken air) The only woman that I have ever loved!

Fou. (aside) I hear a noise—it is them! (aloud) Oh, heavens, if any one comes up here! Dear Dubosc, don't go to the window.

DUBOSC. (takes FOUINARD by the arm, whirling him about—he falls on the ground) Ah, coward, be off cur, or I'll break your neck. This is my room, be off, dog!

Fou. (rising) I go! (aside) If I could, I would twist his neck—but he is stronger than I am. I see he'll betray himself—it's no use—I may as well look to myself and I will too! Good bye, my dear Dubosc, take care of yourself. (aside) A dog, eh? perhaps you'll taste the dog's teeth presently.

*Exit, l. c.*

DUBOSC. (closes and locks the door, then goes to window and crouches down—looking through the balustrade) Here they are!—it is them!—they approach! (the noise of CROWD gets louder) Come along, come along there you devil's cart! quicker! quicker still! a few more turns of the wheel, and I am safe! (the noise ceases) they stop! what's that for?—oh, they come on again. (he advances towards the opening, draws back again towards r.) Imbecile! what am I going to do? (renewed cries of the CROWD—the cart arrives below the balcony)

COUR. (speaks beneath the balcony) Lesurques is innocent! (the noise stops) Choppard and I are guilty!—kill us, we have deserved to die!—but Lesurques is innocent! (great tumult outside—pause)

DUBOSC. (lying on ground at balcony) Ah, ah, my friend—you may spare your breath—they go on. Ah! six steps more, and I am safe! Ah, hell! what woman is that? 'tis Jeanne—yes, Jeanne or her ghost; and Fouinard too! they are pointing to this place—they are speaking of me! curses on you! curses on you!

A frightful yell is heard outside which appears to advance towards the house and room; DUBOSC with wild gestures rushes backwards and forwards in despair—as the tumult and noise of feet ascend the stairs and approach the door, he places his back and presses against it—it partially yields, and DUBOSC is borne back behind and concealed by the opening door—the CROWD with GENDARMES, led by JEANNE and FOUINARD, rush in, other GENDARMES mount over the balustrade—DUBOSC is seized, struggling violently—loud shouts heard, which herald the arrival

*of LESURQUES, who advances with DIDIER and JULIE through the CROWD.*

DUBOSC held down  
by GENDARMES.

GENDARMES  
restraining  
POPULACE.

MEN and WOMEN  
gesticulating  
violently in rage  
against DUBOSC.

JULIE. LESURQUES. DIDIER.

JEANNE.

FOUINARD.

R.

L.

Curtain.

NOTE.—*In the business and arrangement of the last scene, the editor has adhered to the alterations adopted in the London Theatres—although he by no means regards them as an improvement upon the original. In the event of any Manager feeling disposed to restore the Parisian effects, the following description will enable him to do so:—*

SCENE THE LAST.—*The First Floor of a Cabaret, &c. A door to open towards the c. at L. U. E.; a staircase beyond; at R. C. a pillar (the lower part wide enough to conceal two persons) supporting the roof; against the pillar—a table, and above it a jeu de tonneau, (a game played with pieces of copper and a cask), &c. Upon DUBOSC saying, “Imbecile! what am I going do!” he shrinks from observation behind the pillar, and (No. 2) passes still further towards the r.—the actor descends rapidly by trap and makes his change; No. 2 crawls along the ground and peeps through the balcony, exhibiting by action the emotions of the speaker. At the end of COURRIOL’s speech, “Deserve to die, but he—Lesurques is innocent!” LESURQUES (speaks without) “Yes, my friends, I am innocent—I have a father, I have a daughter, I commend them to the sympathy of all honest men—farewell! farewell!” Tumult; he then speaks as DUBOSC; the rush is heard towards the door—DUBOSC, (No. 2), with upraised knife, runs to the door and resists the pressure from without, but he is dashed down at R. C., and seized by GENDARMES (without muskets), others presenting at him; and without the unavoidable delay, consequent upon the London alteration, LESURQUES appears and enters with the PEOPLE.*

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

## NEW and SCARCE PLAYS,

Now on Sale by T. H. LACY, and by order of all Booksellers.

Price, Postage	Price, Postage	Pr. P.
<i>s. d. d.</i>	<i>s. d. d.</i>	<i>s. d. d.</i>
Abelard and Heloise 1 0 - 2	Heart of London, or the Sharper's Progress ..... 1 0 - 2	Promissory Note ..... 0 6 - 1
Adrian and Orilla ... 2 0 - 2		Rake and his Pupil .. 1 6 - 1
Agnes de Vere ..... 1 0 - 2		Ravenna, or Italian Love ..... 0 6 - 1
Ali Baba, or a Night with the 40 Thieves 0 6 - 2	Heroine, or a Daughter's Courage ..... 0 6 - 2	Richelieu ..... 2 6 - 1
All at Coventry, 8vo 0 6 - 2	Home for the Holidays 1 0	Robert Burns ..... 1 6 - 1
Armand ..... 1 0 - 2	How to take up a Bill 1 0 - 2	Robinson Crusoe, 8vo 0 6 - 1
Bachelor's Torments 0 6 - 2	Irish Heiress ..... 1 0 - 4	Runnymede ..... 2 6 - 1
Battle of Waterloo ... 0 6 - 2	Isolda ..... 1 0 - 2	Sam Weller, or the Pickwickians ..... 2 0 - 1
Blanch of Navarre, a Play by James ..... 1 0 - 2	Kiss & the Rose (The) 0 6 - 2	Scamps of London ... 1 0 - 1
Borrowing a Husband 1 0 - 2	Lady & the Devil, 8vo 0 6 - 2	Scholar (The) ..... 1 6 - 1
Bride of Abydos ..... 2 0 - 2	Lady of Lyons ..... 2 6 - 6	School for Grown Children ..... 1 0 - 1
Bringing Home the Bride ..... 0 6 - 2	Legend of Florence, 8vo ..... 1 0 - 2	Second Thoughts ... 1 6 - 1
Brother and Sister ... 1 6 - 2	Lion's Lady (The) ... 0 6 - 2	Seraglio (The) ..... 1 0 - 1
Burmese War (The) 0 6 - 2	London Assurance ... 3 0 - 6	Secret (The) ( <i>Mon- crieff</i> ) 8vo ..... 0 6 - 1
Camaralzaman, a Fairy Drama, by James ..... 0 6 - 2	Love a la Militaire ... 0 6 - 2	Shakspeare and Com- pany, a Comedy ... 0 6 - 1
Carnival of Naples ... 1 0 - 2	Lovers' Quarrels ..... 0 6 - 2	Sixtus the Fifth ..... 0 6 - 1
Catherine of Cleves ... 1 0 - 2	Loves Frailities ..... 0 6 - 2	Sommambulist (The) 0 6 - 1
Circumstantial Evi- dence ..... 0 6 - 2	Lucretia ..... 0 6 - 2	St. Clair of the Isles 2 0 - 1
Conquest of Taranto 2 0 - 2	Macbeth Modernized 0 6 - 2	Strafford, a Tragedy ( <i>Browning</i> ) ..... 1 0 - 1
Delicate Ground ..... 0 6 - 2	Mammon & Gammon 0 6 - 1	Tarnation Strange, or more Jonathans .. 1 0 - 1
De Montfort ..... 1 0 - 2	Mark Lawrence ..... 1 6 - 2	Thomas a Beckett ... 1 0 - 1
Dream at Sea ..... 1 0 - 2	May Queen ..... 1 6 - 2	Tobit's Dog (The) ... 1 0 - 1
Duchess Eleanour ... 1 0 - 2	Money ..... 2 6 - 6	Trevanian ..... 1 0 - 1
Duchess of Malfi ..... 1 0 - 2	Monsieur Mallet, or My Daughter's Letter 2 0 - 2	Trumpeter's Daughter 1 6 - 1
Earl of Warwick ..... 1 0 - 2	More Frightened than Hurt ..... 1 0 - 2	Turn Out ..... 0 6 - 1
Elisina, a Drama ..... 1 0 - 4	Native Land ..... 1 0 - 2	Ulrica ..... 1 6 - 1
Ethelstan ..... 0 6 - 2	No. 1 A ..... 0 6 - 1	Uncle Toby ..... 0 6 - 1
Ethiop (The) ..... 2 0 - 2	Oedipus ..... 0 6 - 2	Used Up ..... 0 6 - 1
Fatal Curiosity ..... 1 0 - 2	Old Adam ..... 0 6 - 2	Vagrant (The) ..... 1 6 - 1
Five in One ( <i>an imita- tive interlude</i> ) ..... 0 6 - 2	Old Guard (The) ..... 1 0 - 2	Wanderer ..... 0 6 - 1
Foundling of the Forest, 8vo. .... 0 6 - 2	Oliver Cromwell ..... 1 0 - 2	Winterbottoms (The) 1 0 - 1
Frenchman in London 0 6 - 2	One Fault or a Hus- band's Honour ..... 0 6 - 2	Woodman's Hut ..... 1 0 - 1
Gipsy of Derncleugh 0 6 - 2	Orphan (The) ..... 1 0 - 2	World (The) a Comedy 1 0 - 1
Giselle ..... 2 0 - 2	Parson's Nose (The) 0 6 - 2	Wreck Ashore ..... 1 0 - 1
Green Bushes ..... 1 0 - 2	Peasant Boy, 8vo ..... 0 6 - 2	Zoroaster ..... 1 6 - 1
Griselda (Watkins) ... 1 0 - 2	Peer and the Peasant 1 0 - 2	
Hero of the North ... 1 0 - 2	Pet of the Petticoats 2 6 - 2	
He Lies Like Truth 2 0 - 2	Polkmania ..... 1 6 - 2	
	Pretender (The) ..... 0 6 - 2	
	Presumptive Guilt, or the Fiery Ordeal ... 0 6 - 2	

### M A T H E W S   A T   H O M E .

These popular Entertainments, containing the whole of the Songs, Tales, Recitations.

Mathew's Memorandum Book.

Theatrical Olio,—First.

" " Second.

" " Fourth.

Mathew's Comic Annual, 1830.

" " 1831.

" " 1832.

" " 1833.

*Also the following Entertainments:*

Rayner's Up to Town and Back Again.

W. H. Williams' Random Recollec-

Yates' Reminiscences.

— Morsels of Mirth. [tion]

— Portraits and Sketches.

— Rhymes and Reasons.

Alexandre's Adventures of a Ventriloquist

Henry's Table Talk.

*All at Sixpence each, by Post Eightpence.*